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I N D E X

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V O L U M E 247

JULY — DECEMBER 1973

Numbers 1478 — 1483

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE CO.
2 Park Avenue New York, N.Y. 10016

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Kurt Vonnegut / Edward Hoagland / Gloria Emerson

The Senate: Profiles in Caution

July 1973 $1.00

Harper's

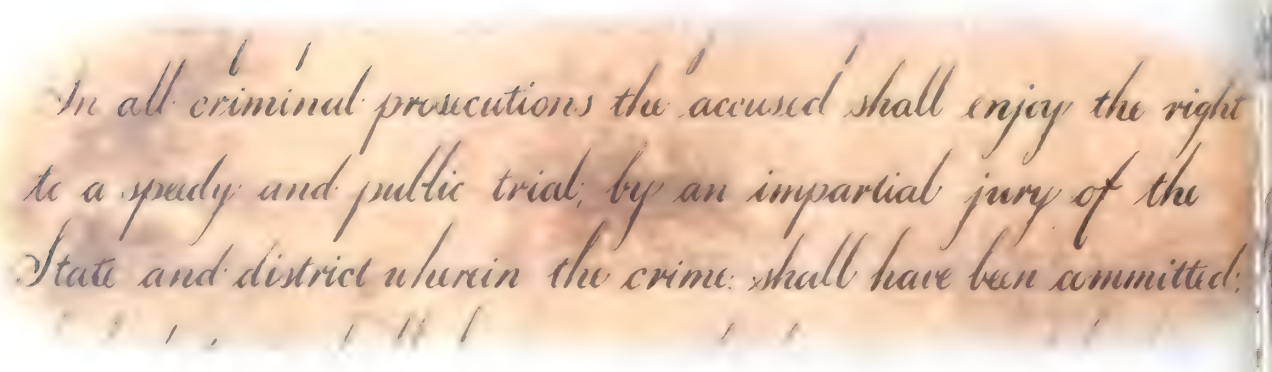
Magazine

WOMAN IN PURSUIT: The Suicide of the Sexes



JUN 2 0 1973
LIBRARY

The ideal
Amendment VI of the Constitution of the United States of America.



artist: george tooker the metropolitan museum of art george a. hearn



The real
In many parts of the country, "a speedy trial" has come to mean many months of agonizing delay. The wheels of justice have practically ground to a halt. The accused languish.

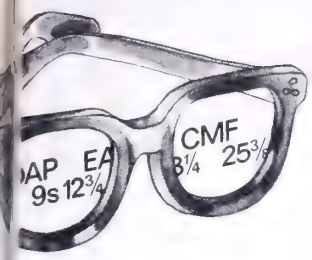
Court dockets are overloaded. Judges move from case to case w barely enough time to absorb pertinent information. The state allows defendants to plead guilty t lesser charges, for the sake of expediency.

Our court procedures were create when the nation was rural and sm can they be effective now that the country is urban and large? Can o laws and their mechanics be revis without harming those whom they were written to protect? The way must be found—and soon.

AtlanticRichfieldCompany

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At The American
le individual investor is an institution.



mex is vigilant. Tomorrow
ng, a computer print-out will
the full history of today's Amex
g. Time, price, number of shares,
ading pattern will all be there
utiny. The computer will also
tention to unusual trades.

This isn't a matter of opinion. It's a matter of fact.

Of all major stock exchanges in the U.S., only The American is dominated by individual investors.

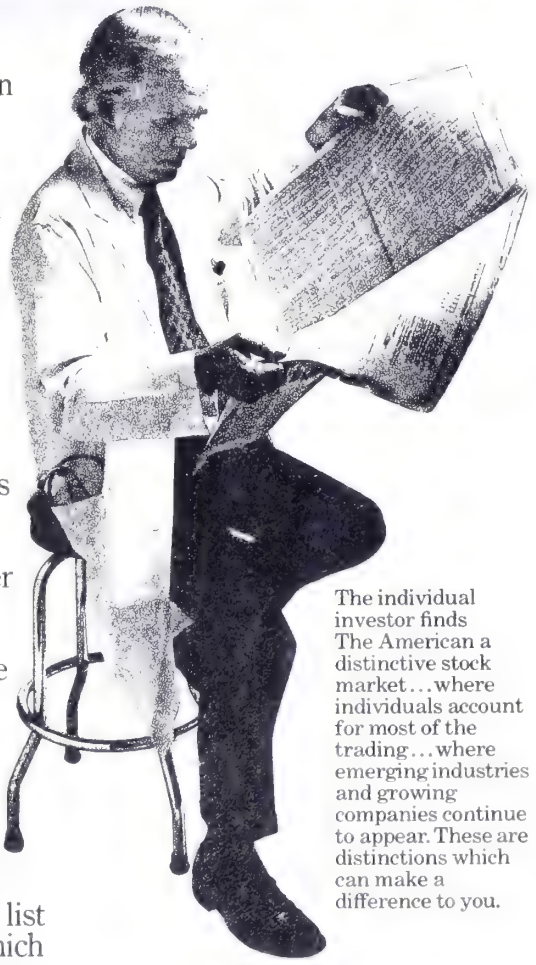
Individuals account for nearly 75% of Amex public trading volume. The Amex is *their* stock exchange.

This individual character also is reflected in the kinds of stocks listed on The American.

Many represent an exciting future. These are the younger companies which are answering the new needs of a changing society—companies offering new technologies—companies identified with new growth regions of the country.

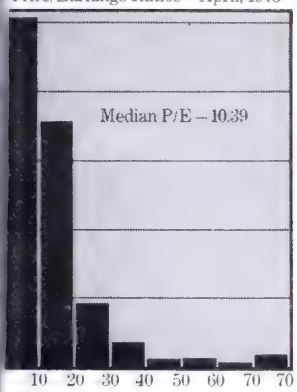
In addition, there are the larger companies with established track records, whose prices and multiples are down right now. For instance, the majority of Amex-listed companies have shown increased earnings for the past 12 months. Yet according to an independent survey, only 3% of them have higher p/e ratios than a year ago.

For investors who focus on dividends and yields, the Amex list includes 267 common stocks which have paid consecutive dividends ranging from 10 to 125 years. More than 40 of these long-time dividend payers currently yield more than 6%.



The individual investor finds The American a distinctive stock market...where individuals account for most of the trading...where emerging industries and growing companies continue to appear. These are distinctions which can make a difference to you.

Price/Earnings Ratios – April, 1973

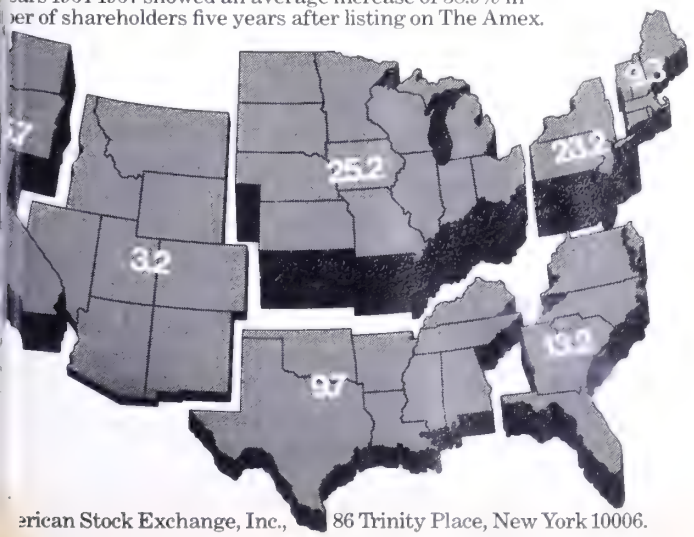


price/earnings ratios are
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t research has found that companies newly listed during
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ber of shareholders five years after listing on The Amex.



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Harper's

JULY 1973 FOUNDED IN 1850/VOL. 247 NO. 1478

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE PRESS **EDITOR:** Lawrence S. Freundlich; **PUBLISHER:** Peter Mollman

Published monthly by Harper's Magazine Company, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Cass Canfield, Honorary Chairman; Russell Barnard, President; Ro Shnayerson, Executive Vice-President; Lewis H. Lapham, Vice-President. Subscriptions $8.50 one year; $21.00 three years. Foreign except Canada and Pan America: $ per year additional. Harper's Magazine Company is a division of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc. John Cowles, Jr., President; Otto A. Silha, Execu Vice President; Howard Mithun, Secretary; William R. Beattie, Treasurer.
For advertising information contact Harper-Atlantic Sales, 535 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Other offices in Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco.

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Printed in the U.S.A. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and a tional mailing offices.
POSTMASTER: Please send Form 3579 to Harper's Magazine, 381 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302.
Reprints and Permissions: Lucy Mattimore, Harper's Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

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WRAPAROUND

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OOD: The Spirit Made Flesh

ing is a biological tyranny an't escape. The choice is we regard it. We can cer- ialize eating as the most ent self-conscious act of aining life. Or we can re- it to a necessary evil, a age to immediate circum- e and animal nature that d be compressed to the est possible dimension. In nd, how we eat says a deal about what we think rselves.

e American way favors . Food is to be dispatched niently and efficiently so an get on with the more rtant business of life. Mc- ld's hamburgers, closet- kitchens, TV dinners, im- t waiters, and "instant" fasts all signify that eat- s essentially an unpleasant that should be accomp- l in as flat, predictable, characterless a manner as ble. Food equals fuel, mak- meal nothing more than vice-station function.

undance allows this indul- . If we waste more by g less attention to food, the cost seems small next e advantage. We are buy- ime away from the work od—the selecting, prepar- erving, cleaning up. Other, intense pleasures are avail- we imagine, to compensate he consequent loss of zest gusto about eating. We can ot the dismal truth that the fare at festive and expen- banquets is unredeemably utional and uninteresting. hat our kitchens have taken he aura of bathrooms, cor- ners of compactness where biological function is discharged cleanly and unobtrusively.

It is the mark of technological civilization to create such distance between man and his food. Beyond the fact that it goes into our bodies, we aren't on very intimate terms with what we eat. How long has it been since you ate anything you raised by your own labor? In the extreme, technology ruptures entirely the link between man and nature and gives rise to the illusion that we stand independent of the earth's fruitfulness. Can your children tell you the original state of the foods they see on supermarket shelves or advertised on television?

While technology has mastered innumerable practical aspects of food, science has barely begun to engage the crucial questions of nourishment. We are presented with unstinting amounts of data but little conclusive evidence. Men who can describe the body's metabolic processes in grand detail hesitate and grope when asked to prescribe an ideal diet. The body, like most total systems, has frustrated narrow-gauge investigation by the enormous intricacy of its subsystems. The areas of agreement among experts are obscure and have not begun to filter into the public consciousness. Even though the best-selling diet book in history is right now being disparaged by a united front of nutritionists, its sales continue undiminished.

Given such unsettled territory, food faddism is hardly a surprising phenomenon. There are any number of proselytizers who would tell us what we ought to eat. Their systems compete in luxurious variety, common sense sitting more easily in some than in others. But they all offer the opportunity to ceremonialize eating. They compel their devotees to take food seriously and attentively. They make eating a more fully conscious act, and that in itself is bound in some degree to be healthful, for it lessens the distance between man and himself.

The more unconscious a person's act of eating, the greater the likelihood it will be ruled by habit or compulsion instead of need. This means relinquishing an easily grasped control over how one feels. As an integral aspect of health, diet affects the body and should in turn be affected by it. Ignored, diet becomes the playground for vague compulsions that quickly mature into respectable neuroses.

Further, the more inattentively food is treated, the greater difficulty we have comprehending hunger—a sad reality repeatedly manifested in the apathy that greets reports of starvation "somewhere else." Those who eat three meals a day without giving them a thought are hard pressed to accept a reality that exists beyond the reach of their own sense organs. To understand a hungry man becomes too demanding a leap of the imagination, and we are content to assume that hunger is the badge of some startling incompetence.



Summer *by Arcimboldo.*

This issue of **WRAPAROUND** offers a buffet of ways we think about food. The material is intended to resonate with your own experiences and stimulate you to give thought to its place in your life. Our primary assumption is that nourishment consists of more than simply what you find on your plate.

—*Tony Isaacs*

WRAPAROUND REPORT

"There is more simplicity in the man who eats caviar on impulse than in the man who eats grapenuts on principle."
—G. K. Chesterton, 1874-1936

POLITICAL GASTRONOMY

[illegible] he most eminent men [illegible] between a hungry man and a man well [illegible] them, and they know that the table establ[illegible]ain: after a meal a [illegible]e certain impressions [illegible] influences; and this is the origin of political gastronomy. Meals [illegible]nment, and the fate of nation[illegible] been sealed at many a banquet. —**Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin**

Comparisons

At a time when many [illegible]icans feel they are spending [illegible] ink in a number of dif[illegible] from a study [illegible]d Expenditure Sta[illegible] the International Labour Office [illegible]. Because the base[illegible] tries, the figures aren't strictly comparative, but they give a [illegible]l indication of how large a percentage of disposable income goes for food in various countries.

Country	Percentage of household expenditures for food
[illegible]	49.0
Burma	65.5
[illegible]	31.0
Ceylon	[illegible]
Denmark	33.4
Fiji	51.4
France	46.2
Germany	38.2
India (urban)	62.2
(rural)	69.8
Iran	48.7
Ireland	40.3
Israel	35.8
Japan	42.3
Morocco	70.6
Netherlands	40.7
Philippines	57.7
Poland	49.6
South Africa	26.5
South Korea	58.9
Spain	57.7
United Kingdom	33.0
United States	24.1



Fairy tales from the vegetable kingdom

THE TASTE OF SIMPLICITY

The foods we chose to live on were those that had the simplest, closest and most natural relationship to the soil. Jared Eliot called them "the clean productions of the Earth." All foods, animal as well as vegetable, come from the land, but raw fruits, nuts and vegetables are the simplest, come most directly and in the closest connection. They appeal to the taste with no adulterants, with no added flavoring or condiments, come crammed with vitamins and minerals and involve the least care and no cooking. We might call them primary foods.

In practice, the theory gave us a formulated regime: fruit for breakfast; soup and cereal for lunch; salad and vegetables for supper.

—**Helen and Scott Nearing**
Living the Good Life, 1970

Food as Life-style

Several times each day you can expect your stomach to grumble, gurgle, rumble, or tickle, a reminder to your consciousness. If you want the pestering to stop, you feed it. Some love the ritual, others would rather not be bothered. Then there are those who live [illegible]

It is by no means a new phenomenon. Food and diet have always absorbed man's energies in one way or another. But as the world grows more threatening, people tend to seek solace in community with others who think and act as they do. And in some ways it makes perfect sense that communities should crystallize around such a vital life function as eating.

Macrobiotics are one such group who live their lives according to a highly formalized philosophy of food. They believe that the universe is summarized in a grain of brown rice, that it's the way we cook food and chew it that determines how healthy or sick, how happy or sad we feel.

Macrobiotic ideas are basically Oriental and were brought to this country in the 1950s by a Japanese named George Ohsawa, who claimed to have cured himself of a number of fatal diseases by following a strict diet. Ohsawa claimed it was the same diet that brought "longevity and rejuvenation" to the Zen monks in the ancient Japanese monasteries. Thus, the name macrobiotics, meaning long life. But many nutritional authorities disagree with Ohsawa, claiming the diet has brought disease and even death to those who practice it. The problem seems to be one of definition, since many who think they are following a macrobiotic diet, as well as those who criticize the diet, have little idea of what macrobiotics is all about.

Modern-day macrobiotics has come a long way from Ohsawa and his concept of purging the body with a ten-day rice diet. While it is still a strict regimen, macrobiotics today eat a wider variety of foods. A winter breakfast in Maine might consist of a bowl of Miso soup (soybean puree) and a grain like kasha (buckwheat groats), wh[illegible] cooked to a cereal consist[illegible] Dinner might start off wi[illegible] other soup to be followed b[illegible] grain such as brown rice, [illegible] vegetables, beans, and seaw[illegible] A few sips of Bancha tea [illegible] end the meal. Macrobiotics [illegible]lieve in drinking little li[illegible] and consuming few dairy pr[illegible]ucts. They hold meat and su[illegible] to be the enemies of manki[illegible]

A majority of America's m[illegible]robiotics live in Boston wh[illegible] [illegible] teachings of Michio Kushi[illegible] leading macrobiotic philosoph[illegible] Many converts live in one of [illegible] communal houses that pro[illegible] a room, macrobiotic meals, [illegible] a serene atmosphere in which [illegible] study the tenets of their [illegible] way of life. Kushi gives ab[illegible] 10 lectures a week to stud[illegible] macrobiotics in which he [illegible] plains the workings of the [illegible] by macrobiotics. He stresses [illegible] necessity of maintaining a [illegible] ance between the intake of [illegible] (expansive) and Yang (c[illegible] strictive) foods. He says [illegible] can alter your consciousnes[illegible] well as your physical health [illegible] your moods through food. [illegible] instance, if you're irritable, [illegible] using less salt, a Yang food[illegible] you catch a cold it's probab[illegible] because you've been eating [illegible] many Yin foods like fruit.

Macrobiotics live the [illegible] they eat: carefully, with a st[illegible] of asceticism. They carry [illegible] balls wrapped in seaweed [illegible] their lunchboxes. They ten[illegible] meet and marry their own [illegible] and raise macrobiotic child[illegible] rather quickly since they d[illegible] believe in birth control. The[illegible] almost never overweight, [illegible] though they talk more al[illegible] food than any other sub[illegible] Their fantasies tend to focu[illegible] chocolate cake rather than [illegible] ual perversions. Some of [illegible] most memorable moments [illegible] shared in a ceremony called [illegible] binge in which all manne[illegible] forbidden food is consu[illegible] with lust. All of which goe[illegible] prove that in the end the [illegible] versal stomach cares not a[illegible] for the nourishment of the [illegible] mic consciousness.

—[illegible]

Carole Getzoff served as const[illegible] for this issue of WRAPAROU[illegible] She is the author of The Ni[illegible] Cook's First Book, *to be publi[illegible]*

"He was a bold man that first ate an oyster." —Jonathan S[illegible]
Polite Conversation, c.

WRAPAROUNDWRA

ling to an article in *:an Scientist*, the average :an today consumes no an two pounds of sugar

ertwinkie

years ago the U. S. De- nt of Agriculture initi- school breakfast program 9.3 million impoverished :an children could have ice, milk, cereal, bacon, gs each morning. But a hortage, poor administra- nd local politics prevented of the eligible children eceiving their free USDA sts. One major problem at many ghetto and rural , were lacking the neces- tchen facilities and eating

years ago ITT's Conti- Baking Company came h an imaginative answer problem: let the kids e. An ITT vice-president the USDA and pointed at children adore Conti- s Hostess Twinkies. He ted ITT could come up upertwinkie called "As- l" fortified with all the ent contained in an or- juice, bacon, and egg ast.

October 1970 the USDA d that schools could sub- "fortified baked products ream filling" for the old nd cereal breakfast. ITT supplying breakfast su- nkies to children in St. Memphis, Little Rock, tlanta. Astrofood markets ng considered in the Seat- s Angeles, and New York systems. Naturally other nies are following ITT's Tasty Baking Company plying 50,000 Philadel- choolchildren with forti- kes. The firm says parti- n in the breakfast pro- has "proved helpful" in ting the rest of its line in s.

USDA is convinced that weet snacks are the solu- o their breakfast plan ms. The agency has com- ed a Rutgers University that predicts children will e able to choose between d pop tarts, fruit pies, rs, doughnuts, cupcakes, ies, wafers, puddings, and rinks each morning.

e nutritionists are fright- about putting these arti- ficial sweets in the hands of schoolkids every morning. They suggest the program is turning kids into junk-food addicts instead of pushing sound nutritional values. But more and more school principals are buying the supertwinkie because it is efficient. "None of this business of glasses of juice spilling over," says one USDA official. A truck simply backs up to the school door and dumps the cakes into the hallway.

—Roger Rapoport

Roger Rapoport is an occasional contributor to Harper's.

BREAKFAST IS BEST

It is more than possible that in the cities we have passed through, traffic-harried, there are good and distinguished restaurants with menus of delight. But in the eating places along the roads the food has been clean, tasteless, colorless, and of a complete sameness. It is almost as though the customers had no interest in what they ate as long as it had no character to embarrass them. This is true of all but the breakfasts, which are uniformly wonderful if you stick to bacon and eggs and pan-fried potatoes. At the roadsides I never had a really good dinner or a really bad breakfast.

—John Steinbeck

Travels With Charley, 1961

Glossary for Short order Cookery

through the garden—with lettuce and tomato
seaboard—take out
jack back—grilled American cheese with bacon
radio—tuna on toast
midget—shrimp salad
chick back—chicken salad with bacon
dutch combo—ham and American cheese
adam and eve on a raft—two poached eggs on toast
a burn—a malted
van burn—a vanilla malted
a stack—pancakes
tommy—with tomato
stretch one—a large Coke
shoot two—two small Cokes
draw one—coffee
cremated—very well done
mahogany—whole wheat
whiskey down—rye toast
grass—lettuce
grade A—milk
51—tuna
51—hot chocolate
86—no more left

Good Times in the Garden of Eden

I heard about the Garden of Eden from my children. The biggest supermarket in the world. Two whole blocks. In our neighborhood. On opening Sunday, too excited to sleep, we got on line at five in the morning. At one o'clock a band played *The Star-Spangled Banner* and the mayor snipped a red ribbon tied to a piece of cheese higher than the inaugural platform. The smell was overwhelming and a few people fainted. Others panicked and ran. But the rest of us moved forward and received slices.

We loaded up our shopping carts. Chunks of Nova and dozens of frozen bagels. We took cat food, cleansers, mops, educational records, toys, sneakers, meat, fish, chicken, vegetables, ice cream, Sara Lees, watches, shoelaces, shoe polish, key chains, paperbacks, magazines, and a portable swimming pool. I filled out a form for a charge account, and in seconds we received laminated cards with our pictures and numbers.

That night we called friends and had a party. We ate until we got sick, then ate some more. Our cats picked at the dozens of cans we had opened for them. The children swam in the portable pool.

Every day after school they loaded up with candy bars, syrup, and toys. My wife began to buy oysters and caviar. I drank Russian vodka. It took three or four trips just to throw out the garbage. Our house was so cluttered with food we had to squeeze from room to room.

The first bill was for $9,000. At the credit office they were sympathetic, but, since we were





one of the first families in debt, they wanted to make an example of us. I signed over my car, color TV, washing machine, dryer, and hi-fi. The welfare department had set up an office in the store, and the social worker gave us food stamps we could use only at the Garden of Eden.

Food-stamp customers had to climb back stairs to a small room with armed guards, mirrors, alarms, and buzzers. Everything was in bulk and inferior—rancid meat, overripe bananas, wormy apples. When I complained to a clerk, he laughed and threatened to call a guard.

Management costs had gone up, so prices rose. I took a second job, and the store gave work to my family. My wife sorted vegetables. My daughter worked a checkout counter, and my son packed bags. With this added income they took away our food stamps, so to reduce our costs we decided to board our children at the Garden of Eden. They had a dormitory for young employees and trained them for responsible positions at the supermarket. We missed the children and were sorry that they seemed to forget us so quickly. The few times they did come home, my son spoke scornfully of debtors and my daughter complained that the apartment looked terrible.

Larger Gardens of Eden are being built throughout the country. The management has spent huge sums to educate the public to use the stores wisely. They have television courses explaining how to economize and still live well. But people keep running up big bills. They are greedy and lazy. Fortunately the Garden of Eden is sympathetic and patient. They still want to bring us the finest quality at a low cost, if only we cooperate.

—Steven Schrader

Steven Schrader is a short-story writer and director of the Teachers and Writers Collaborative in New York City.

AROUNDOWRAPAROU

"A critical deterioration of the nutritional value of Federal food assistance has happened recently as a direct result of unprecedented food-price rises in the past few months." —"Hunger, 1973" Senate Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs

THE COWBOY'S CHILI PRAYER

At this old cowboys' reunion in Amarillo, Bones said his "chili prayer." He had cooked a huge pot of chili con carne. Everyone was anxious to get at it. But Hooks had a deep reverence for good chili. Before it was dished out, he got on his knees and bowed his head. The other old cowpunchers just bowed their heads. Most of them were too stove up to get on their knees. Bones' prayer went something like this:

"Lord, God, You know us old cowhands is forgetful. Sometimes, I can't even recollect what happened yestiddy. We *is* forgetful. We just know daylight and dark, summer, fall, winter, and spring. But I sure hope we don't never forget to thank You before we is about to eat a mess of good chili.

[illegible] good to us. The heathen Chinee don't have no chili, ever. The Frenchmens is left out. The Rooshians don't know no more about chili than a hog does about a side saddle. Even the Meskins don't [illegible] whiff of it unless they stay around here.

"Chili eaters is some of Your chosen people. We don't know why You so doggone good to us. But, Lord, God, don't never think we ain't grateful for this chili we about to eat. Amen."

—Frank X. Tolbert

A Bowl of Red; A Natural History of Chili con Carne, 1966

Food Makes Your Future

In a world where population is increasing at an enormous rate, we find one half of that population not adequately nourished. Moreover, this is the half which is multiplying most rapidly. In spite of the efforts in the past few years to deal with this dilemma, the situation is becoming worse. Each day several hundred thousand children are born, most of whom will be exposed to severe undernutrition during their most formative years. Some of these children will die. In some areas only half will survive. Malnutrition will be a major contributing cause of death in most of these children. Infectious diseases which are innocuous in well-nourished populations may be fatal in the undernourished child. Measles, for example, carries an extremely high mortality rate in developing countries. If this were the only dimension, the problem would be serious enough, but at least the survivors could be helped. During the past 20 years, however, evidence has been mounting that an infant who has survived a period of severe malnutrition may be seriously handicapped—handicapped in terms of his physical and mental development. The implications of such evidence are staggering. The vicious cycle which is set in motion is self-perpetuating and continues from generation to generation. The malnourished infant growing up in poverty is unable to acquire the skills to deal with the complexities of modern society. The result is that he remains poor for the rest of his life and his children are born into the same social and economic conditions. The family does not have the resources to adequately nourish the new infant. He in turn becomes seriously malnourished and, if able to survive, is handicapped in such a way as to prevent him from extricating himself from the plight of his parents. Thus a condition of poverty is perpetuated and will be passed from one generation to the next.

—Myron Winick

"Nutrition and Mental Development," 1970

What is Fat?

Fats—in the diet and in the body—are remarkable for their diversity. The fat we eat, the fats we transport in our bloodstream, the fat we burn for energy, the fat which makes up the bulk of our brains and spinal cords, the fatty vitamins, the fats which are essential components of all cellular membranes—these compounds number in the hundreds.

They all share the property of preferring their own company to that of water, and so they tend to adhere to each other in droplets or in films, rather than to be dispersed in watery solution.

Without specifying the specific differences which are so fascinating to the chemist, we can state simply that the bloodstream always contains a mixture of fatty materials—about equal amounts of cholesterol compounds, triglycerides, and the phosphorus-containing fats called phospholipids. Every 100 milliliters of blood plasma contains about 500 milligrams of mixed fats.

A man of 175 pounds has about 4,000 milliliters of plasma; this in turn contains about 20 grams of mixed fats. But the typical American eats about 150 grams of fat daily. Since this must be transported from the intestinal tract to the tissues each day, it is apparent that the fats of the blood are in a continual state of rapid flux.

The fat we eat is mainly triglyceride, and the fat under our skins (adipose tissue) is also mainly triglyceride. But our brains are composed in the main of cholesterol and phospholipids, as are the membranes which separate each cell from its neighbors. It is convenient to think of the triglycerides as energy fats, and to think of cholesterol and phospholipids as structural fats.

After an individual eats meals which contain fat (mostly triglyceride), there appears in his blood stream a shower of [illegible] droplets easily visible to [illegible] naked eye. By chemical m[illegible] surement we can plot a [illegible] curve of triglycerides wh[illegible] reaches a peak in four to se[illegible] hours; however, the concent[illegible] tions of cholesterol and ph[illegible] pholipids do not change.

When we eat too few [illegible] ories to satisfy our ene[illegible] needs, the concentrations of the blood fats decrease; [illegible] when we overeat, so as to nec[illegible] sitate the storage of energy the form of more adipose tiss[illegible] all the blood fats increase so[illegible] what. Thus, the level of all fats in the blood of over Americans tends to be sig[illegible] icantly higher than in f[illegible] grown but underfed adults lands where living standards [illegible]

—A. H. Ahr[illegible]

Dr. Ahrens is a professor at [illegible] This report is adapted from his ar[illegible] on hardening of the arteries in Journal of Rehabilitation.

The Wall Street Journal [illegible] **in some Japanese supermar[illegible] is $16 a pound.**

OUT OF THE ORDINAI

Catherine de Medici [illegible] sumptuously received by the [illegible] of Paris in 1549. 30 peaco[illegible] 33 pheasants, 21 swans, 9 cra[illegible] 33 ducks, 33 ibises, 33 egrets young herons, 30 young g[illegible] 99 young pigeons, 99 t[illegible] doves, 13 partridges, 33 [illegible] lings, 3 young bustards, young capons, 90 quails, boiling chickens, 66 In[illegible] chickens, 30 capons, 90 sp[illegible] chickens in vinegar, 66 chic[illegible] "cooked as grouse" were se[illegible] at this banquet. There we[illegible] great number of other di[illegible] from which, in principle, bu[illegible] er's meat was excluded, b[illegible] considered too ordinary, wh[illegible] however, did not prevent [illegible] organizer of this monster [illegible] quet from serving to his g[illegible] many young piglets, rabbits, a vast quantity of vegeta[illegible] such as asparagus, broad b[illegible] peas and artichokes.

—Prosper Mont[illegible]

Larousse Gastronomique,







hrinking space-flight food.

ına from NASA

recent years, food tech- y has soared to new s. An ordinary garden pea be frozen, dehydrated, d, compressed, irradiated, jected to a process known trade as "thermostabili- ." Nowhere have these ds been more exquisitely d than in the preparation acking of food for manned flights. In addition, noz- hat shoot liquids directly he mouth and tubes filled near-premasticated pap to queezed into the mouth been perfected, and bite- finger foods have been d for popping into the n. All space-program foods been designed technically nutritionally to fuel the ine commonly known as tronaut with maximum ef- cy.

e Skylab Program is devot- great deal of attention to astronauts' diet. Crews, ing one- to two-month hes in orbit, are scheduled dergo extensive physiolog- measurements and other in the hope of reducing t losses and mineral im- ces experienced in earlier s. The men are therefore red to consume fixed quan- of food; once they set levels of consumption, have to stick with them. keep gastronomic morale motivation high, the Sky- esearchers want to present stronauts with meals that r to be just like meals home, even though no cule is left unprocessed. nen have planned their own menus (although they had to do so eighteen months in advance; the last supper will be about a year old when it is eaten), chosen special treats (ice cream, pre-buttered rolls, lobster Newburg, and canned, irradiated bread that, according to a NASA spokesman, has just "a little bit of an 'off' flavor"),and will dine with forks and spoons on conventionally served portions that have been endowed with taste, smell, shape, color, texture, and temperature rated by NASA as "satisfactory."

"It's extremely important that we give the men something they like," remarked Dr. Malcolm Smith, Chief of Food and Nutrition at the Manned Spacecraft Center in Houston. "Not because we want to cater to them, but because it's very important to our experiment. Early in the Apollo Program we used to ship a lot of food up and then we'd get a lot back." Compressed food cubes, for example. Although they were perfectly formulated, strawberry cubes did not go down well. They have since been coated in Lucite and are distributed as souvenirs to Spacecraft Center visitors.

Dr. Smith went on to say that the men on Skylab must eat everything prescribed for each day, or else. He said that any astronaut failing to eat everything on his plate would be subject to "a little bit of a severe penalty, severe enough so that he doesn't do it twice." The nature of the penalty remains undisclosed.

—Glenda Adams

Glenda Adams is an earthbound freelance writer.



VOICES

QUESTION: *What do you think of the quality of food today?*

Angelo Gagliano, director of food services, Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center and Hospital For Special Surgery, New York, N.Y.: "The quality in general is slowly disintegrating. Foods like potatoes have a synthetic taste. Tomatoes don't taste the same anymore. Geneticists grow them to avoid certain diseases rather than for taste. And certain vegetables like beets just aren't available. Recently in one of our cafeterias we served fresh string beans. People didn't like them because they didn't look as green as the frozen ones."

Matty Machittrick, manager, Bohack Supermarket, Brooklyn, N.Y.: "Food is fantastic. Food prices are not even that high when you look at how much something like hospitalization costs have gone up over the years."

Yvon Guillou, chef, Mon Paris Restaurant, New York, N.Y.: "I definitely think quality is going down. The only thing we can do about it is tell the peasants to feed their cows better."

David Heilweil, president, Heilweil Produce Inc., wholesalers of fresh and frozen fruits and vegetables: "The quality of food has deteriorated because of the use of certain kinds of fertilizers, chemicals, and other new methods of farming. Trying to produce a greater yield with these methods is like forcing nature's hand. We look for the same things in terms of quality in food that you would look for in a car—the make, season, etc. For instance, if it was late in the year you'd be looking for a new model. In our case we'd be looking for a new crop."

Shelley Robertson, grain farmer, Pendleton, Ore.: "I'm vitally concerned about our future food supply. If we do away with the independent farmer as they did in Russia we will never have enough food. The cost of food production is out of hand. We're also not feeding the land a balanced diet, so the quality of food is going down. We're taking shortcuts to produce more food, so quality is suffering at the hands of quantity. It's like hopping up a horse before a race. He may start out with a bang but he falls behind before too long."

Joe Cacamese, sanitation worker, West Islip, N.Y.: "The quality of food is good today. Better than in the past. There's a big choice. But they're using a lot of artificial things. Sometimes you don't even know what you're eating, especially ice cream."

Jane Talcott, food advertising copywriter, New York, N.Y.: "I think it's terrible that everything has chemicals in it. I think in the future there has to be a whole different emphasis on what food should be like. Like if you've ever had a fresh apple you know that it's the taste that counts, not how red it is."

Marcia Sherlock, housewife, New York, N.Y.: "As far as food goes, I'm most concerned with the high cost. It seems that the prices rise each week. I try to buy the most economical size of the foods we use, which is not always the largest size. It's best to buy quality food and get the most for your money. A consumer today has to be a shopper."

Willie Sledge, cook, The Branding Iron Steak & Seafood House, El Paso, Texas: "I think the quality of food was better in the past when there wasn't imitation behind it. The vegetables today are good but precooked foods are not. It might be worse in the future."

Glen Zeller, supermarket manager, Des Moines, Iowa: "I feel the quality of food today is real good. The meat has improved; it's leaner. Vegetables are not a lot different than in the past but there's more variety. Frozen food is one of the fastest-growing items. Of course, the consumer is paying for it."

Rex Stout's Most Extraordinary Meals

Harper's: Some of the most magnificent food in fiction has been served up in the old brownstone on New York's West 35th Street where Nero Wolfe and Archie Goodwin live. The conclusion that you, their creator, must have eaten some pretty memorable meals seems inescapable. What's the most extraordinary eating experience you've ever had?

Rex Stout: In 1945, the Army Air Force, as it was called then, took 14 writers to the European Front. We were all on the Writers' War Board, of which I was chairman. Naturally, we had a good many meals of different kinds. (Among other things we had lots of dried eggs. Have you ever eaten dried eggs? Don't.) At one point, this was in late January, they took Mark Childs and me to the front in France to an Army Air Force installation about 15 kilometers east of Epinal in the Vosges Mountains. As soon as I got there the colonel said that their mess sergeant had read some of my books and knew that I was supposed to know a lot about cooking. And so, a few days before we arrived, he had gone out with a couple of other guys and they had killed a wild boar. I was told that the animal had weighed 185 pounds when they brought it in. They'd skinned it and fixed it and had it all ready. For two and a half days, all I ate was wild boar.

The very first thing I had, for lunch that day, was the heart of the wild boar, cooked in a certain way by the mess sergeant and cooked pretty well. And that evening we had pork chops. The next morning at breakfast we had wild boar bacon. And the next day at lunch we had a couple of slices of fresh wild boar ham. That evening we had a roast. Honestly, I don't know what part of the animal it was, because I wasn't used to wild boar.

All of the meat had a gamey flavor to it. There was more of a difference between it and pork than between venison and beef, for instance.

In a way the best meal we had from this boar was days later, because when I left the sergeant gave me a plastic package (even then we had some plastics) with a big hunk of head cheese in it that he had made from the boar. I took that back to London with me and eight of us writers ate that head cheese for lunch at the Savoy Grill.

At my age, which is 86, I have had a lot of funny and some interesting and some pretty bad extraordinary eating experiences, but I think that the wild boar was maybe It.

THE LOWLY ONION

I am thinking of the onion again, with its two O mouths, like the gaping holes in nobody. Of the outer skin, pinkish brown, peeled to reveal a greenish sphere, bald as a dead planet, glib as glass, & an odor almost animal. I consider its ability to draw tears, its capacity for self-scrutiny, flaying itself away, layer on layer, in search of its heart which is simply another region of skin, but deeper & greener. I remember Peer Gynt; I consider its sometimes double heart. Then I think of despair when the onion searches its soul & finds only its various skins; & I think of the dried tuft of roots leading nowhere & the parched umbilicus, lopped off in the garden. Not self-righteous like the proletarian potato, nor a siren like the apple. No show-off like the banana. But a modest, self-effacing vegetable, questioning, introspective, peeling itself away, or merely radiating halos like lake ripples. I consider it the eternal outsider, the middle child, the sad analysand of the vegetable kingdom. Glorified only in France (otherwise silent sustainer of soups & stews), unloved for itself alone—no wonder it draws out tears! Then I think again how the outer peel resembles paper, how soul & skin merge into one, how each peeling strips bare a heart which in turn turns into skin.

—Erica Jong

Fruits and Vegetables, 1971

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Vegetable sculpture: green peppers are the medium.

Savory Words

The English language is an ideal medium for the purpose of conjuring up gastronomical sensations. It is so delightfully imprecise. Almost every word has a multiplicity of meanings, giving rise to different memories for each reader.

There is always the choice of the romantic word against the unromantic. We have never enjoyed snails as much as *escargots*, prawns as much as *scampi*, soup as much as *bisque* or *consommé* or *potage*. If I use the words "crackles on the tongue" or "filled with foie gras" or "studded with black truffles," thousands of readers write in for the recipe. The poetic rhythm of the words is immensely important. Wouldn't you rather be offered a glass of Lagavulin (the lovely Scotch malt whiskey of the island of Islay) than a glass of Pshitt (the soda pop of France)?

Then there are the "dangerously negative" words. The words tabooed by the advertising agencies. The words considered controversial in mass marketing. My favorite Chinese waiter no longer offers me "sweet and sour pork." It is now "sweet and pungent." After all, something "sour" may give the impression that it has started decomposing. Cheese manufacturers no longer speak of "sharp Cheddar." After all, sharpness could imply an unpleasant edge. Cheeses are now either "robust" or "deliciously mild." I wonder about equating deliciousness with mildness.

But the most dangerous word of all is "fermented." Fermentation of foods and drinks—the controlled development of bacteria for the purpose of enhancing flavors and softening textures—is one of the most universally positive factors in gastronomy and oenology. My Chinese friends say, "We let [illegible] foods go just enough bad [illegible] taste good." When a sirl[illegible] steak is "aged," it has been [illegible] mented. Without fermentati[illegible] there would be no wine, [illegible] cognac, no Scotch, no Pils[illegible] beer. Yet, the other day, wh[illegible] I described the benevolent [illegible] tivities of bacteria in the wi[illegible] cation of the wine of Châ[illegible] Lafite, an advertising man s[illegible] to me, "Don't you think t[illegible] word bacteria may give [illegible] readers the idea that the w[illegible] could be dangerous to dr[illegible] —like polluted water?" A[illegible] recent Hunanese dinner, [illegible] waiter served, as a garnish[illegible] the plunge-fried lamb, s[illegible] bright-red salmon roe. W[illegible] me tasted the roe, pronoun[illegible] it excellent, and asked wha[illegible] was, I said, "Those are [illegible] mented fish eggs." She gas[illegible] Her voice choked up. [illegible] stopped eating. I should h[illegible] told her that it was a raspbu[illegible]

[illegible] **de Groot**

Baron de Groot is a food and [illegible] writer for various national maga[illegible] and the author of The Auberg[illegible] *later this year.*



[illegible] tell[illegible] **there are 2,500 additives in[illegible] in the food industry, of w[illegible] fewer than half have been t[illegible] for safety.**

Menu for the Vampires' Ball

The food! Champignons [illegible] grecque, jellied eggs, je[illegible] beef, jellied pigeon, je[illegible] pheasant, jellied partridge, [illegible] lied duck, little lobsters in[illegible] tuce, shrimp in aspic, whel[illegible] wine, limpets in brine, oy[illegible] (gray in silver shells), mu[illegible] (blue and split and steam[illegible] crab and asparagus, crayfi[illegible] butter, spitting on braziers [illegible] turquoise flames; salade ni[illegible] (anchovies, tuna, tomatoes [illegible] tatoes, green beans, and e[illegible]

WRAPAROUNDWRAP

à la d'Argenson (pota-
d beets in a vinaigrette),
and tomato, ratatouille,
prawns, turnips à la ly-
e, à la reine, à la russe,
d brussels sprouts, écha-
la suisse, endives en sauce
choux-fleurs en verdure,
kes au gratin with parsley
ure, Egyptian peas sprin-
th chives, Algerian beans,
se greens, eel pâté, lam-
âté, salmon pâté, turbot
blackbird pâté with truf-
d flavored with Madeira,
âté, hare pâté, quail pâté
oie gras, woodcock pâté,
pâté, sweetbread pâté
nushrooms and velouté
glazed suckling pigs on
d silver platters, decor-
ith cloves, dripping and
ng; a whole lamb, cruci-
a circle of rice, juice
g clear from beneath the
d skin; huge lobsters split
and bulging with meat,
rince Orloff, sliced neat-
coated with gravy; six
he color of polished ma-
, braised duck surrounded
white potatoes, coquilles
lacques and escargots mai-
heeses the color of corn-
, orchids, dandelions,
rod, jonquils, and violets;
unny as phlegm, Vimou-
Camembert, Corsican As-
ne first of the season),
Kaas, Edam, Gouda, Étu-
romé flavored with ani-
fennel, caraway; goat
in bay leaves, in grape
in lemon leaves; blood-
varot and black Pra Per-
Pont-l'Évêque, Port-Salut,
avored Brunet, late Ca-
early Amou, magenta
Perre, Bavarian creams
ge and chocolate), car-
custards, apple Charlotte,
aux pêches, tartes aux
es, kumquats, loquats,
es, melons, lion's-foot
, grapes from Badause,
i, Frankenthal, long
Spanish, Chasselas (Rose,
, late Vibert), black Ali-
(not quite ripe), sultanas,
rom Egypt, dates, Villars
ts, candied orange rinds,
d lemon rinds, candied
inds, candied plums, gua-
apayas, pineapples, pome-
es, gooseberries in sherry,
in white wine, black cur-
and Rire de Mort (glazed
chopped quite fine).

—David Black

*Black is a hungry writer who
ently finished a novel entitled*

A CACOPHONY OF COOKERY

The great gastronome C.V. de Lapin was once heard to remark sagely after a fifty-three-course meal at Versailles, "It's a good thing eating exists; otherwise we great gastronomes would have nothing to do but make sage remarks." It would appear that many a publisher concurs.

What would the little wife do without, *par exemple*, *The Daytime Television Cookbook*, or *Creative Cooking With Aluminum Foil*, or *Magic in Frosting: The Ultimate in Cake Decorating*? One might well ask! But if you think that it is only the little wife humming in the kitchen like a busy bee, you'd better think again. And I do not refer to Dinah Shore's *Someone's in the Kitchen With Dinah Cookbook*.

No, indeed. There are cookbooks for every *Weltanschauung*. There are cookbooks for those who would improve their lot (*Entertaining Woman's Cookbook: A Multitude of Man-Tested Recipes & Menu Advice That Will Lift You Out of the Category of Cook & Help to Make You an Entertaining Woman*; *Competitive Cookery*; *Freedom Through Cooking*), cookbooks for the politically-oriented (*Women's Republican Club of Greater Naples Treasury of Great Republican Recipes* and *Peace de Resistance: Cookbook No. 2*), cookbooks for the mystically illumined (*Supper of the Lamb*; Sisterhood of Congregation of Beth-el's *From Manna to Mousse*; *Zodiac Parties*), and cookbooks for good sports (*Cooking on Your Knees: A Guide for Cooking Afloat on Any Size Boat*; *The Newlywed Game Cookbook*).



"When eating refrain from speaking, lest the windpipe open before the gullet, and life be in danger." —*Babylonian Talmud*, c. 540



There are cookbooks dusted with the glitter of the stars (*Liberace Cooks: Recipes from His Seven Dining Rooms*; Joe Franklin's *Weekend Cookbook*; *The Myra Breckinridge Cookbook*) and there are cookbooks for the literary-minded (*Classics in the Kitchen: An Edible Anthology for the Literary Gourmet*; *The Eater's Guide to Periodical Literature*). And cookbooks for the arty (*Picasso & Pie Buffet Cookbook*) and the crafty (*Murder on the Menu*) and the technically ept (*The Microwave Oven Cookbook*; *The Appliance Cookbook*).

If you are anxious about the quiver of Cupid in your aspic, you need only turn to *The How-to-Get-Your-Man Cookbook*; *The How To Keep Him After You've Caught Him Cookbook*; *The Way to a Man's Heart is Through His Capricorn Cookbook*; *The Seducer's Cookbook*; *Fanny Hill's Cookbook*; *Up Your Apron: Tantalizing Recipes From the Files of an Airline Stewardess*; *Cooking for Orgies & Other Large Parties*; *Pandora's Cook Book Box*; *The Aphrodisiac Culinary Manual*; *Wild in the Kitchen*; and, finally, *The Making of a Cook*. And you'll probably want a copy of *The Pregnant Cook's Book* too.

If the outré is your forte, get into *The Aleister Crowley You Are Who You Think You Eat Cookbook*, and if you're as tired of food by now as I am, you may want to dip into Jazzman Freddy ("Have a Ninth Day") the Thirteenth's *Cookin' With Cocaine*. **—Gwyneth Cravens**

Ms. Cravens has set the above piece to the tune of "When It's Apple Blossom Time in East Orange, New Jersey, We'll Be a Peach of a Pair."

Food or Sex?

The following purports to be the manifesto of M.A.M.E., the Marie-Antoinette Association for Morality and Eating, dedicated to the high ideals of the woman who gave her life that we might all eat cake:

If Escoffier, rather than Freud, had founded psychoanalysis, we would all be happier today. Obsessed as our society is with sexuality, we have forgotten the delicious serenity of a satisfying food life.

The new permissiveness has spawned surprisingly few gluttons. Bookstore shelves are crammed with sex manuals but bare of alimentary tracts. Massage parlors proliferate while gourmet restaurants continue to close. Helen Gurley Brown is replacing Betty Crocker as the ideal of the American housewife.

The age of instant gratification hasn't entirely forsaken the palate for the pallet. It has given us vast green-light districts along major highways where society has erected houses of grill repute to dispense what are known euphemistically as "fast" foods.

There has been a simultaneous growth of orally directed pornography. From the mouth-watering purple prose of Howard Johnson's menus to the suggestive airbrushed photos that grace frozen food packages in supermarkets, we are constantly subjected to the arousal of our basest appetites.

It is our firm belief that man should be elevated by what he eats. It was the French who long ago named their greatest art *haute cuisine*, most accurately translated as "high" cooking. It was also the French who learned that the way to a man's stomach is through his mouth. Yet at this very moment the enemy is at the gates—the rage of Paris is a recently opened McDonald's.

We must act now if we are to continue enjoying happy and varied food lives in an atmosphere of good taste and nourishment without guilt. Eternal vichyssoise is the price of freedom! **—Steve Ditlea**

Steve Ditlea was once a waiter at Steak & Brew.

AROUNDWRAPAROU

Love what you do. If you are full of hatred, if you do not like anyone that day and like yourself even less, do not enter the kitchen; it is a sacred place where the man of tomorrow will be created. Don't forget that only high monks in the East were allowed to enter or work in the kitchen! —Michel Abehsera
Zen Macrobiotic Cooking, 1968

Asparagus Tops

I am on the phone with Robert Kushner, a 23-year-old conceptual artist who makes clothes out of food, and we are having a discussion about what he will design for me.

"I'd love to make you something in asparagus," he says. "I could get very excited about that—asparagus is in season now, and I've never worked with it before."

"Okay," I say. "I've always liked asparagus."

A few days later, I go over to his place, on the Lower East Side of Manhattan, and Robert takes out of the refrigerator the halter he has made. "Cold, crisp, fresh, and beautiful," he says, holding it up for me to admire. "Though you can't really see the line till it's on."

The halter, mostly asparagus, has a radish inset and a scallion back, and Robert has made me a hard salami necklace to go with it. "I've only had two shows, so far," Robert says as I try the halter on and he adjusts the asparagus. "For my first show, in California, I used only fruits and vegetables. I designed banana skirts, strawberry shirts, celery necklaces. Then I invited the audience to eat the food off the models, and we all had a lot of fun.

"My second show, in New York, marked a major development in my work because I moved from fruit and vegetables into cooked meats and cheese—I did Velveeta epaulets, my favorite work, in that show. Recently, I whipped up some stuff for an entertainment at Fairleigh Dickinson, but it wasn't serious; they just wanted a few quick things the audience could have as appetizers before going in to dinner."

Is this an expensive medium to work in?

"I couldn't really say," says Robert. "Like with this, a friend's mother gave me the scallions and the salami, and I sort of borrowed the asparagus from this restaurant that I manage. But I'll have to bring it back, because we're having asparagus soup tomorrow."



Sivan Mevorah

I have it for lunch ourselves?" I

chopping my halter into a large wooden bowl, adding mush- and feta cheese and onions and a red wine vinegar dressing, and we sit down to eat while he explains his art form.

ng food as subject matter creates a tension between food as food and food as ornamentation," he says. "It's kinetic sculpture, treating the body as sculptural form. There's the public sexual confrontation of eating someone's clothes. There's the absurdity of it. And, of course, I always try to make the food taste good.

"You know," he goes on, chewing a scallion, "you might really enjoy my next show. I'm going to have this costume made entirely from roast duck: duck mittens and duck slippers —*only*. Also a Jell-o dress. It will be part of a new concept where the models are wheeled out, and special assistants serve them. Maybe you'd like to model."

"I'll think about it," I say. "I've always liked Jell-o."

—Joyce Wadler

Joyce Wadler is a reporter for the New York Post.

The can was invented in 1819 by Ezra Daggett and used first for preserving salmon, oysters, and lobsters.

The Sensuous Cook

Julia Child says, in her mushroom variation on spinach soufflé, to take ¼ pound finely minced mushrooms and, "a handful at a time, twist the mushrooms in the corner of a towel to extract their juice." It's an astonishing act to wring mushrooms of their moisture. I haven't gotten over it.

Firm fresh mushrooms slice like nothing else. Their insides are dazzling white, the slivers that form each like a miniature tree. A dull knife dulls the ease, the results, the pleasure. A sharp knife in fact is a sine qua non for working with all raw food. Disjointing a fresh chicken is a gruesome idea. Yet feel the leg rotate in its socket, find just the right place to hack, pick up a sharp knife, and slash—a smooth and coordinated act.

Meat of all kind is generally a grim deal. For color, texture, and symmetry, vegetables are best. A green pepper in its summer convolutions sits like a piece of sculpture on the kitchen counter. Sometimes when I unpack my grocery bag I do it in order to arrange a momentary still life: *green* pepper; perfectly oval onion—beige and papery; radishes—small, red and white; carrots, preferably with their lacy tops still on; an eggplant, which I seldom find a way to use before it's gone soft but which I never can resist buying for its rich purple elegance; mushrooms again, for their leather-look and texture; scallions for their length; dill. Tomatoes in the city are a lost cause, no smell, no taste, so I ignore their looks and [illegible] them alone. But when I [illegible] them I give in. Then I [illegible] pot of water and dip them for a few seconds, just [illegible] for the skins to loosen. The sides remain cold in the [illegible] of my hand, and the [illegible] skin, grapelike, just slips [illegible]

Some people who find pleasure in cooking mind the time it takes to prepare certain things, like raw vegetables. [illegible] have a pound of fresh [illegible] beans to get ready, [illegible] relish every snap of the [illegible] The sound is musical enough for my ears. And if I have shred a cabbage I choose [illegible] it by hand, my eyes feasting the while on the predict[illegible] ragged concentricity of [illegible] leaves.

With some food the spectacle of its preparation is inseparable from the anticipation of eating, like the beginning of a cream sauce, after the butter and onions have cooked and the flour is added. There follows a quiet bubbling in the pan as the ingredients meld, slowly hypnotic. Yet the reward for the relatively arduous task of preparation is in the taste itself, the finished product.

Still, in cooking as in all journeys, if your mind is absorbed only with the destination, you will miss countless pleasures along the way. I consider myself lucky to have discovered more about food than simply its final taste, and I wonder about people who haven't let food affect all their senses, who therefore miss its subtle, secret pleasures.

—Suzanne Mantell

Suzanne Mantell is on the staff of Harper's.

MAKING MONEY MAKING FOOD

The food industry is the largest retail industry in America, having total sales of approximately $125 billion in 1969. Like any industry, its job is to make money, and because it does the job well other giant moneymakers are buying into it.

Economically, the industry is moving toward monopoly. A report of the National Commission on Food Marketing, released in 1966, reported a "sharp rise in conglomerate type acquisitions by large food manufacturers in the past two decades." The report continued, "The size and diversity of the large food conglomerate gives it great ability to survive its own mistakes or intense competitive struggles in particular food fields. It can engage in reciprocal trading arrangements not available to conventional firms. Food conglomerates are likely to grow, to reduce the number of independent competitors in the industry as a whole, and to change the various segments of the industry more neatly into a market system characterized by the kind of non-price competition in which they excel."

—James S. T[illegible]

The Chemical Feast,

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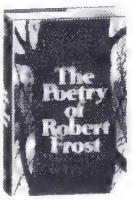
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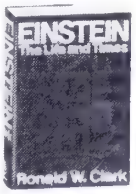
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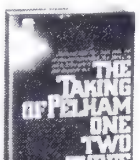
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John Fischer

THE EASY CHAIR

The possibly glorious dream of Mrs. Gloria M. Segal

LIKE THOUSANDS of other energetic matrons whose children have grown out from underfoot, Mrs. Gloria M. Segal began to dabble in real estate. Typically, such dabblers end up as partners in a small agency, selling a couple of split-levels a month. Not Mrs. S. To her own bemusement, she now finds herself serving as den mother of a new town—unlike any venture ever attempted here or abroad—that eventually may house thirty thousand people. The first 1,300 residents were moving in this spring, but to complete the town Mrs. Segal and her associates expect to spend up to $30 million a year over the next two decades, some of it their own money.

If this large, economy-size dabble works out according to Mrs. Segal's dream, it could change the life-style of millions of Americans. For Mrs. Segal hopes to create not only better homes but a new kind of urban environment, a potential model for much of the building this country must undertake during the next half-century. (It will not be the sort of environment I would choose, but Jane Jacobs and the Rolling Stones should love it.) Even if it falls short—and the risks are high—its failures will provide some useful lessons for every American city.

If some things do go wrong, it will not be for want of vision. Mrs. Segal has enough vision to outfit Joan of Arc, Joan Baez, and all of the Brook Farm utopians.

HER DREAM is taking shape on a hundred acres of run-down real estate at the eastern edge of Minneapolis. It is called Cedar-Riverside, after the two main streets that intersect there. It is the first new-town-in-town to be undertaken under the federal New Communities program. In looks, physical workings, and social patterns it will be quite different from any project you have ever seen. Item:



rich and poor families will live together in the same building and in similar apartments with nothing to show which family pays the maximum $500 a month rent and which pays the minimum $50. Item: the project already has a thicker concentration of experimental theaters, handicraft shops, dance groups, leather boutiques, coffeehouses, and alternative-culture hangouts than any community I know of between Greenwich Village and San Francisco. Mrs. Segal enjoys that kind of scene and has invested considerable money and ingenuity in fostering it. A little raffishness, she feels, helps make a city exciting.

The plan calls for a high-density community, packing in more living units (about 120 per acre) than do some congested sections of Manhattan. Yet it will (so the vision goes) offer light, air, architectural distinction, playgrounds, and safety from muggers, automobiles, and suburban boredom, plus all the cultural amenities of a great city, from swimming pools to art galleries. The residents will be a rich mix of ethnic groups (including Indians, who are Mi sota's most troubled minority), r dle-class professionals and poor p ple, artists and housewives, stud and businessmen, the young and elderly. Most of them are expecte walk to work at the universities, l pitals, and offices close at hand, o downtown Minneapolis, only tw blocks away. Others will travel the Twin Cities rapid transit syst now in the planning stage; or haps by "people movers" or "h zontal elevators"—still only a gl in Mrs. Segal's wide brown eyes. avoidable auto traffic will be c pletely separated from pedestri who will move through a comple plazas, parks, and covered walkw linking all buildings at second- third-story levels.

For women residents especi living habits will change. Unlike suburban housewife who spends m of her day chauffeuring childre school, doctors, and playmates, young mother in Cedar-Riverside have day-care centers, schools, playgrounds within strolling dist in her own "neighborhood." (

John Fischer is an associate editor of *Harper's*.

munity will be divided into five "neighborhoods," each with its grocery, drugstore, laundry, and ar services. The first is now close ompletion.) A twenty-four hour h service will also be available eighborhood clinics, sponsored he nearby hospitals. For major ping and recreation, one will go ne Centrum, a combination of n Street and the classic Greek *a*, at about the middle of the pro- It will incorporate some of the r old buildings still standing—example, a nineteenth-century ouse now converted into a neighood social center, and Dania , an abandoned clubhouse of the e vintage, with a ballroom and ter.

wo-way television, for which con- are being laid as the buildings p, could also change life-styles. f you are not feeling well," Mrs. l explained, "you can flick on TV and report to the local th station. And you might do shopping the same way. You d make up your grocery order a list on the TV screen, a com- r would register it, and in due se a box would appear at your ."

he same circuits might also be for a community forum, among lies relaxing in their own living ns, or for reporting prowlers, or surveillance of problem areas.

ther technological innovations are far-out. One of them is a new of heating plant, developed in eration with two local utility panies, that can serve up to four sand dwelling units, at low cost with little or no environment ution.

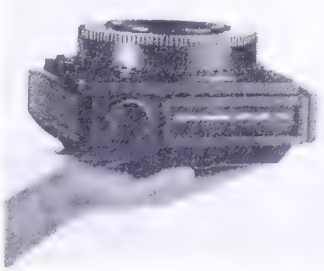
o some observers, including my- a lot of this sounds, well, vision- The plans and models reminded a little of Piranesi's dream- ctures or of the anthill-like "ar- gies" fantasized by Paolo Soleri. n not at all sure that life in a compacted environment will out to be as cozy and joyous as Cedar-Riverside brochures sug- There is some evidence, admit- y inconclusive, that personal ss and antisocial behavior tend to ease in step with population den- and that crime rates in apart- t buildings go up in rough ac- lance with their heights. (Some ne Cedar-Riverside structures will to thirty and forty stories.) More-



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over, the first apartments put on display to potential renters struck me as smallish, at least for families with a couple of children, though they might be fine for young singles. Their balconies are a nice decorative touch, but they are too narrow to hold even a single chair. And from my own scant experience with computers, I would confidently expect a televised grocery order for a head of lettuce to produce a dozen pigs' feet and a case of champagne. Plenty of other questions, financial as well as architectural and social, cannot be finally answered for years.*

Yet Mrs. Segal and her associates might just bring it off. Already they have accomplished things that any sensible land developer would consider impossible: in the assembly of their land, for example, the relocation of its occupants, and the manipulation of some thirty-five city, state, and federal agencies, not to mention bankers and investors. On the record so far, I would not bet against Gloria on anything she really wants to do.

THE RECORD BEGINS IN 1962 when, as Mrs. Segal says, "I was looking for a tax-sheltered investment." (She likes to come on as a hard-nosed businesswoman because, I suspect, she is afraid her bubbling idealism might put off men of practical affairs. In fact, that idealism is her greatest asset, and she really isn't capable of concealing it.) Her husband Martin, a prosperous but by no means wealthy doctor, went along cheerfully, as he had with her earlier enthusiasms for music and for Democratic politics. He has never taken an active part, however, in her real estate ventures.

On the advice of a friend, Keith Heller, who taught accounting and tax law at the University of Minnesota business school, she used $19,000 of the family savings to buy an equity in an aging apartment house. Once refurbished and refinanced, it yielded a comfortable return.

At about this time Mrs. Segal was annoyed because she had a hard time finding parking places near the university concert hall. Heller suggested that she buy a vacant lot in Cedar-Riverside—then a semi-slum where land was dirt cheap, but still within easy walking distance of the university by footbridge over the Mississippi. She did, and vastly enjoyed her private parking lot.

She also wondered why it had come so cheap. Cedar-Riverside had once been a respectable though poor community, settled a hundred years ago by Scandinavian and Eastern European immigrants. (Mrs. Segal's uncle ran a grocery store there.) But gradually it turned into a honky-tonk district, infested with lumberjacks on a spree, alcoholics, whores, and assorted bums. Cedar Avenue became known as Snoose Boulevard, after the Swedish word for the tobacco juice that splattered its sidewalks. As the stable families moved out, the population fell from 20,000 to 4,000: many of the old one- and two-story frame houses stood empty; shops, except for the shabby bars, were mostly boarded up.

On the other hand, the district lies just between the business centers of Minneapolis and St. Paul, both expanding rapidly. It is bordered by two new interstate highways. On its outskirts are two small colleges, two hospitals, and the giant University of Minnesota—which in 1959 began to reach across the river to establish a new West Campus in Cedar-Riverside. A little later the city designated it as an urban renewal area and announced plans for a good-sized park along the river bank.

Mrs. Segal and Professor Heller smelled a bargain. They decided to buy up a few more of those cheap lots and build a small apartment building, for rental to students, faculty members, and employees of the neighboring hospitals.

WHEN THEY CONSULTED R
Rapson, now head of the
versity's architectural school,
didn't think much of the idea. "I
nuts," he said. Why not buy up
more of the land while the going
good, then tackle something bi
like a housing complex of architec
al distinction and real social valu

So Mrs. Segal remortgaged
original apartment house and
the money to buy additional p
erties. By this time she and H
were partners in Cedar-Riverside
sociates, Inc., and gradually
brought in other investors, now
talling about fifty-five. The firm
habilitated some of the old ho
it bought, rented and remortga
them, and put the proceeds into
more acreage, until it owned or
trolled about 85 percent of the
vately held property in Cedar-Ri
side: in all, some five hundred
arate parcels.

Meanwhile, the original vision
growing like the fairy-tale beanst
Instead of building one dinky ap
ment, or even a housing complex
Associates were now bent on crea
a whole new town. It seemed pruc
then, to bring in somebody who k
something about new towns—
about coping with the multitudi
arms of government that inevit
would become involved. They tu
to Henry T. McKnight, a former
senator, a Republican (to offset
known liberalism of the Segal-H
combo), a noted conservationist
father of the state park syste
friend of Hubert Humphrey, a
cessful land developer—and,
significantly, the founder of Jonat
a new town abuilding about tw
five miles southwest of Minneap
McKnight became chairman of
dar-Riverside Associates, with H
(who had left his university job
president and Mrs. Segal as
president and cheerleader.

From then on the enterprise
ceeded as a curious partnership
tween the Associates and governm
They never tried to fight city
Instead they seduced it—so suc
fully that the city council pa
twelve new ordinances on a si
day, June 4, 1971, to loosen
straitjacket of zoning and buil
codes. To direct the planning,
Associates brought in Donald A
cobson, who had many years of
ilar experience with the Minnea
Housing and Redevelopment Au

*Both crime rates and the behavior of residents also are strongly influenced by the way a building is designed and sited. How this works is brilliantly demonstrated in a recent book, *Defensible Space* (Macmillan, $8.95) by Oscar Newman, director of the Institute of Planning and Housing at New York University. Certain types of buildings—notably those put up in many public-housing projects—are open invitations to muggers, burglars, and vandals. Other types, no more expensive and at least as pleasing aesthetically, are far safer and more pleasant to live in. This holds true not only for low-income housing but also for "luxury" apartments. In view of Newman's findings it is hard to imagine anyone ever again building one of those monumental-slabs-in-a-barren-landscape beloved by Corbusier and other celebrated architects of his school.

I am not sure how thoroughly the Cedar-Riverside planners have absorbed Newman's lessons, but I'm confident that they will take them into account in the designs of at least the later stages of their new town.

re it's discouraging when your kid even flunks recess, but...



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ity. A former mayor, Arthur Nafta became a consultant. Their kn how in dealing with governmen and McKnight's—made possible intricate arrangements for financ the project. The key to it is a million guarantee to private invest under the federal New Communi program, but the project also t half a dozen other sources of pu funds, local and national, includ rent subsidies for low-income fa lies. In similar fashion, every s in the planning is being worked hand in hand with public agenc from the state highway departm to the university.

URBAN RENEWAL has becom hateful term in many cities, cause it has so often meant the struction of existing neighborho and the uprooting of thousands poor families. Mrs. Segal and partners were determined that n ing of the sort would happen in dar-Riverside. Of the 150 people t have had to move so far, all but have been resettled within the c munity—in better quarters and no increase in rents. This was sible because the Associates bought up nearly all the old ho in the area, many of them vac and had rehabilitated them for express purpose. By the time last of them is torn down, twe five years from now, all the resid will have had a chance to move the new buildings.

Meanwhile they are being han with extraordinary tact. A cas point is that of the Sixteen Old M They had lived together for year an old frame house. When its had to be cleared, they were off apartments in a housing project elderly people that already had g up a few blocks away. "Hell, they said in effect. "We don't wa move into that coop full of cha ing old women. We want to stay r where we are. We are used to other, and we are used to our home, such as it is."

So Mrs. Segal came up with a ternative plan that they accepted gratitude. One night they all we a hotel for dinner, a party, an overnight stay, at the Associates pense. Next morning they went to their old house, where they f everything in its accustomed p down to the last beer bottle. Bu

e had been moved during the
t to new foundations on a va-
lot a few hundred feet down the
t; for them the only change was
iew.

ich delicacy perhaps accounts
he fact that the Associates, land-
; for four thousand people, have
r had a rent strike or used a rent
ctor. "All rents come in over the
ter or in the mail," Mrs. Segal
"and we have less than 1 per-
uncollected. That's fantastic."

nother reason for their comfort-
relationship with their tenants is
the Associates, particularly Mrs.
l, have made themselves part of
community. Their unpretentious
is in the middle of it, in what
to be an ice-cream factory. Mrs.
l is accessible to anybody with
estion, a gripe, or an idea for
project; and many of her eve-
s are spent discussing plans and
lems with neighborhood groups.
student commune wants to re-
t its house with purple flowers
green peace symbols—as several
iem have—she comes up with
t and brushes the next morning.

HE BEST OMEN for the future of the project is the quality of its ning. In the early stages Mrs. l visited many new towns in ope. At Tapiola in Finland, one ie most widely praised new com-ities, she snared its founder, cki von Hertzen, to serve as a -time consultant. Gradually she ed to the planning team a dozen r firms and individual consul-s—specialists in engineering, ar-ecture, environmental design, eco-ics, energy systems, and sociol-Together with the Associates' time management staff, small but petent, they have produced an ordinarily imaginative basic . To judge from scale models and construction already under way, ill be visually exciting, with none ie sterile monotony that deadens nany other large-scale housing rprises, such as Co-op City in York. It incorporates novel and arently farsighted solutions for y urban problems, ranging from best use of a river bank to (in . Segal's phrase) "the psycho-al effect of planting ten thousand bulbs." Although people like who crave a good deal of soli-and open space, might find it claustrophobic, I am sure that for others Cedar-Riverside will be both stimulating and conducive to a sense of community. Mrs. Segal herself believes that its appeal will vary at different stages in a person's life. Single and young married people may especially enjoy its teeming social life. When their children come along, they may prefer to move to Jonathan or some other suburban environment; and when they near retirement, they may want to move back to Cedar-Riverside, for its convenience and cultural assets.

But there are a couple of somber omens too. One of them was the Nixon Administration's cutback last January of federal housing and rent-subsidy programs. It probably will not much affect the present stage of the Cedar-Riverside development, for which funding is already committed, but unless new government money begins to flow again within a year or so, the future stages may be hard to finance.

Another was the death last winter of Henry McKnight, after a brain-tumor operation. I can't judge what his loss as chairman will mean to the Associates, but his special combination of business and political acumen obviously will be missed.

How the project will turn out as a business venture is another open question. Informed outsiders told me that Mrs. Segal's equity is now probably worth something more than $1 million: an adequate, shall we say, rate of growth from her original $19,000 investment eleven years ago. On the other hand, it will be decades—"perhaps not in my lifetime," as she says—before it begins to yield a cash return. What that may be will depend on such imponderables as the occupancy rate and operating costs. So too with the value of the physical investment. If building costs continue to escalate at 12 percent a year every brick laid today could look golden in twenty years—provided, of course, that thirty thousand people actually will want to live in Cedar-Riverside when it is completed.

Mrs. Segal gave me the impression that she couldn't care less about how much money she stands to make. Her real reward is the glorious fun she is having right now, in building a laboratory for urban living. Its lessons, for good or bad, will begin to flow long before the cash return. □



Edward Hoagland

OTHER LIVES

What we want is the smell of brimstone in lives made too affluent and easy





THERE SEEMS OFTEN TO BE a playfulness to wise people, as if either their equanimity has as its source this playfulness or the playfulness flows from the equanimity; and they can persuade other people who are in a state of agitation to calm down and manage a smile. If they believe in God and an afterlife, then the parts of life we are not responsible for are naturally rather a game. If they don't believe, they find that generally it is more sensible to be amused than miserable. But what used to surprise me and make me a good deal less judging of people was to realize how vulnerable nearly all of them were, including these grown-up types. Unless he craves to straddle the world, there may be just a kernel of basic reassurance that each person needs. He needs some friends, some modest success in love or love life, a reasonable sense of accomplishment in the work that he does, and a home. Yet these benefits, in competition, are not so easily obtained. If our needs seem relatively simple, the psyches with which and the circumstances from which we must win satisfaction are not, and we live a long while, besides, seldom able to rest on our laurels.

So one discovers that everybody's equilibrium is surprisingly shaky, that you can't with impunity criticize someone, and that if you do criticize him you may rattle him more than you had intended. More to the point, though, I began to grasp that snap judgments are incomplete, unjust, that the complex of emotion and difficulty in which another man lives cannot be quickly ascertained. Of course the glory and luck of it is that running counter to all that shakiness is a resilience: you can't shake up the fellow for long. Most of us have a way of riding out assaults or disappointments of even the toughest variety, an animal salubrity that takes over somehow and that we trust in, that makes us begin to grin a little again after a night's sleep, a long walk in the sunshine, a good meal or two.

The great leveler nowadays is divorce; almost everybody thinks of it, whether because we expect to be happy all the time—daily, weekly—or because we want the smell of brimstone in lives made too affluent and easy. Maybe some of us will end up back with the same wives and husbands again at the end of our lives (we sometimes hope so), but in the meantime it's as if marriage had become some chancy, grim, modern experiment instead of an ancient institution. *We have other lives to lead*, we say to ourselves, casting about for more freedom or erotic sizzle, more simplicity, leisure, "integrity" at work, or money, or whatever. Physiologically men re their sexual peak at nineteen, an propriate age for their original span of thirty years, but now have forty more years to go, and expectation is that every year sh be terribly straightforward or ribly crowded in every respect. be original is to be lonely, we've ways been told, and for that rea too, we may feel the need to some form of hazard enter our li especially if it was not in our when we were young. Many divo are not really the result of irrep ble injury but involve instead a sire on the part of the man or w an to shatter the setup, start from scratch alone, and make work for them all over again. T want the risk of disaster, wan touch bottom, see where botto and, coming up, to breathe the again with relief and relish.

It's not easy. The public effor look harmonious may help hold t together. After sitting in silence ing to a party, they will hold ha in the taxi when they come ho they make love rarely, but do so pleasure if they have company s ing over. Some of their differe are disconcertingly homely ones, She wants to sell the house, he w to keep it, and they disagree a the children's school. He resents fact that she got herself preg "accidentally" for each of the dren, but she is sick and tire

Edward Hoagland is the author of two collections of essays, The Courage of Turtles *and the recently published* Walking the Dead Diamond River.

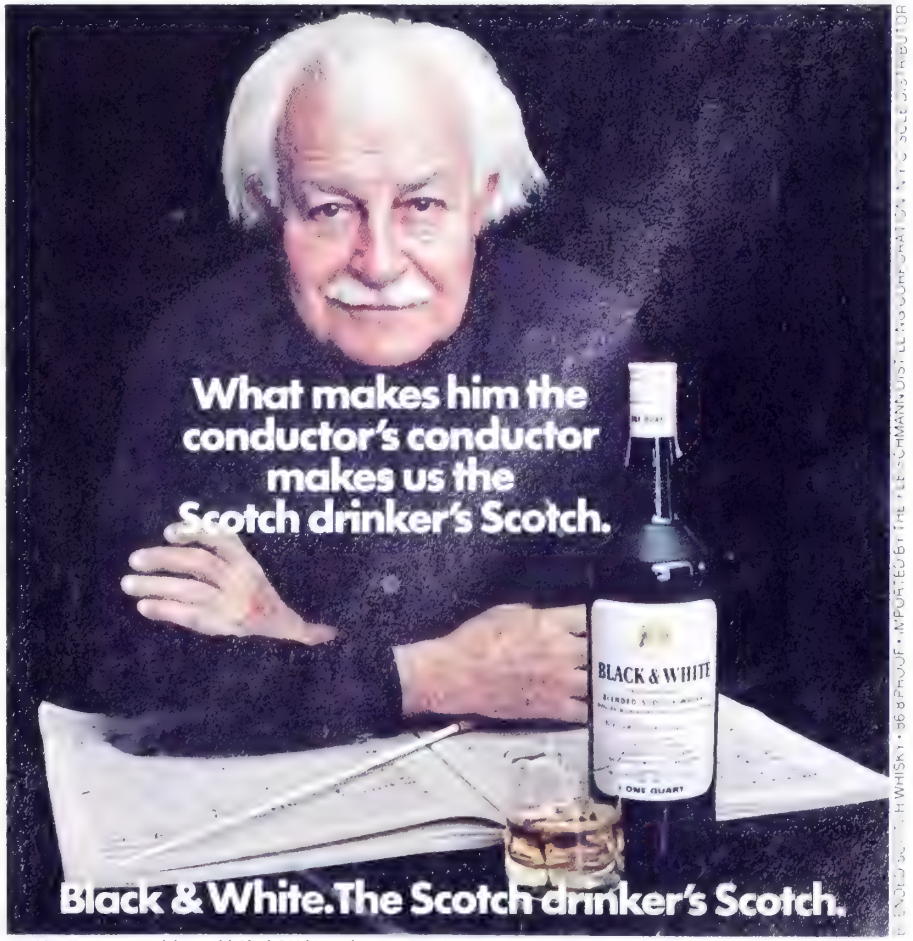
ing his timidity, which, among
· things, would have meant that
never have had any children in
first place if she hadn't taken
ers in hand. He resents almost
betrayal her quick abandonment
ost of the sex games (what she
"Krafft-Ebing" now) that so
ed him during their courtship
drew him on, but she is tired of
ng him to a maturity that should
the head of a household; it
n't seem to come naturally to
Bachelors fall into two types,
thinks—the "glassies," who re-
back what they encounter, and
hickset, blocked sad fellows, to
n passivity is painful—and he
ably would have been one of the
· if she hadn't turned up, had
first child, and settled down into
ly life, putting on shoes instead
r rakish black boots. She wants
to Europe this summer, how-
whereas he wants to bask at
each. She thinks he treats his
er and father badly and that his
vior in their own fights is a con-
tion of hangups he has with
, but he makes no bones at all
t his contention that her affec-
for *her* parents is livelier than
she feels for him, that even her
cupation with motherhood is
y an attempt to give the world
nother all over again.
ney're at swords' points; grotes-
ies in each come to the fore. He
es a portable radio everywhere,
e dinner table, to the bathroom,
she constantly plays with the
In bed, when they argue late
the night or lie rigid, unable to
k, she crosses her arms on her
and he holds his genitals as if
ep them intact for life later on.
ehension, exhaustion make them
one separating, but they take to
ing via notes left in prominent
about the house, "bulletins,"
read in silence and answered
a day, which cuts down the
as well as the angst. Neither
y wants disaster; their nerves
their stomachs beg them to have
e.

R A POOR BOY, just earning a lot
money used to be plenty. Now
eymaking is seldom sufficient—
ave other lives to lead. On the
ary, the higher the wages, the
wildcat strikes there are; a mal-
afflicts the assembly lines. It's

the time off that people are concerned with. Hitchhiking has had a new vogue for its dramatization of rootlessness, and a good many young men and women brought up comfortably in the suburbs have plunged into bucolic living, the men immediately confronting the extraordinary question of whether or not they could build a house for themselves. To do so seemed essential to them, and a surprising proportion did manage somehow. As one visits among the communes, one finds the woods full of houses—sheepherders' cabins, Japanese hutches, alpine chalets, airy, belvedered, summery bowers—that often are empty. The fellow, hastily beginning the job, worrying about that formidable scatter of sawmill lumber—the footing and sills and studs and siding—forgot to think about locating water (or built uphill from his spring). Maybe the site is so woodsy-lovely that his girlfriend finds it frightening at night; they're sleeping instead in a Volkswagen van parked next to the central farmhouse. Isolated shacks dispersed about may have come to seem in conflict with the overall experiment in living; or perhaps the builders merely moved on, leaving th homes like dated bomb shelters.

Because it's a bad time for ideology, the communes are fading in favor of families who live private lives on a separate but friendly basis. The problem remains that a place where land is cheap enough for the simple life is also a depressed area where even the natives don't find much work, and so the women tend to do rather better than the men, as the months become years. Not feeling obliged to come up with the mortgage money, the women set about doing what they might do anywhere —taking care of the kids, being ameliorative, homemaking. Particularly if they are the earth-mother sort to begin with, they thrive, while the men are dishwashers during the tourist season or carpenters or mechanics, or set up a bakery, do leatherwork, carve salad bowls, drive a truck, until the limitations to earning a living in such a parched economy come to seem not worth a candle.

I don't believe this rural activity is only a footnote to the divisiveness of the Vietnam war. People are going to keep choosing a manner of living to suit themselves, and there



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are going to be different ways; we forget what miracles we are. On summer holidays some of the long-haired couples and communes in my town in Vermont get together for a big softball game, everybody contributing food for the meal that follows. The lush grass is high except where they've knocked it down, the outfield is full of extra fielders, and each team tries to run up the score. Watching the playing, the smiles people wear as they swing, I think it must be as gleeful a time as any, these late-twenties that most of them are in. Sometimes I feel as though I'm looking at snapshots taken today of one or another person, young, happy, at a kind of peak, on the best afternoon of the summer of their twenty-eighth year. It's so American a scene that nearly everyone must be represented here, the lank hair only a disguise, I think, wondering where they will be, what will have happened to them, what changes their faces will show in twenty-eight more. Smiling in the sun, a girl takes a strong swing, and I feel perhaps some of the same painful tenderness she herself would feel years from now, holding pictures from today in her hands, pictures such as old men or women will show you to indicate that they too were graceful once and had happy times.

Afterward, when the crowd is gone, my friend who owns the ballfield calls in his herd of goats for milking—"Goatee! Goatee! Goatee!" The goats with their bland farmer faces run in a bevy of white bobbing heads, mild-looking. The new unfinished barn is a competent crosshatch of joists and roof beams, taller than it will seem when it is completed. We are friends because recently we walked forty-five miles together, cooking over wispy fires, eating from the same pot, hunching under a canvas fly in the rain. He is so well settled here after eight years that it took me almost the whole forty-five miles to see him in that other guise that I always look for—what he would have been like if he *hadn't* left New York City. Finally, in the rain when he was tired, I recognized the New York face he would have worn, and it was darkly confused and sad. Often behind the communard's veil of hair one sees a man who is just marking time, sliding past forks in the road that he should take, but here was my friend, with his fields and his garden and goats, midst of life.

IN NEW YORK IF I GO OUT m and turn left I'm at the holding penitentiary almost diately. Loudspeakers, guard carbines, and men in fetters a last look at the street before led inside. There are attorney the rigmarole of bread deliveri visiting wives, mothers, and —"ten years!" in the snatc conversation. It's said not to harsh place and probably wou have the facilities to handle a deal of trouble, in any case guards who do look like ugl tomers are the out-of-staters prisons like Lewisburg who driven in vans to transport th tenced prisoners for a longe They play with their chains a wait—long waist and leg chai

Turning right on the stree soon at a drug peddlers' loca slithy spot at midnight, whe dozen trucks are kept closely p in a narrow lot and the very light is blocked off by railroad running above. Over by a sing at the far corner a mechanic cover, is leaning into an engine ing some repairs, while the several of them, pace in and o tween the tight trucks, quick appearing in the darkness to pear at another spot. A ser Dickensian starvelings scutte each one palavering furtivel moving off, while other addict their turn in the gloomy doo down the block. They are ge so thin that they remind me poverty of another continent ing desolate-looking faces bac as they come and go, to see w anybody is following them. Bu drive up and park, and a couri vice is operated for wholesale because every few minutes a duty taxi swings slowly pas makes a pickup—if the cab scared he keeps going arou block until one of the peddlers tles at him. It's a perfect maz if all the people transacting bu in an evening were scooped u would fill the federal detention quarters. Some will find them there rapidly enough anyway them it is only a step from bein to being nabbed. They've a largely been nabbed.

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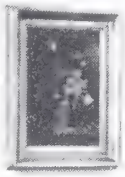
The foghorns of the waterfront, carried through the window, cause a slippage of resolve in me, just as they must work to demoralize the prisoners and peddlers and addicts nearby—we have other lives to lead. I'm not so sure I know what is permanent anymore, although as recently as a year or two ago I thought I did. The stars, the flowers, and so on—genes, mountains, and even the sore points of love. Picking at the heaps of raspberries growing up from the ruins of an old barn—sweet from the manuring of twenty years—I'd find a quietude in that. Our choreography, too, outlives us. A porcupine pushes its head around the corner of the house and, with weak bulging eyes, cautiously sits up on its hindquarters before venturing onto the lawn. Porcupines chew holes in houses, so I slide inside for my gun. When my dog sees me loading he thinks his time may have come. He knows there is no escape, if so, having seen other men shoot other dogs, and cringes as our eyes meet. The porcupine, which had retreated alongside the house, heads for the woods when I reappear, its waddle transformed into a flight for life. It's a primitive animal that, when wounded, still only waddles, cannot limp, but die it does, sighing as a person would. And yet during this sad episode I've felt larger, quicker, hardly myself, augmented as though by the fact that each of us has moved along tracks older than our own time and place.

Most people enjoy some sense of permanence, even rather approving of the circumstance that old people die eventually (part of the permanence), until they themselves grow old. Much of my own feeling of permanence has been grounded in the wildness of the natural world. Wildness is permanence because it is what is unaltered, an infinity of particulars that are changing only very slowly without special reference to man. That the sun shines just as brightly on somebody who is dying of thirst is our good luck, because if he could turn out the sun for himself it would go out for us. Now "wildness," instead of being infinity and superabundance, has a different reference, however, often simply the sniper gone haywire up in the bell tower.

Although there should be other reasons besides what we call nature to believe in the permanence of the world, if nature in health and wealth and variety is to be permitted to exist only for its recreational value to man, then we must base our convictions about the world's permanence, in the meanwhile, on the permanence of him. That wouldn't be so hard to do, when one considers people to be more good than bad, except for the exceptional power at hand nowadays in those brutal moments, even just to the local vandal. Ten years of good intentions can't match one night of cruelty; what we watch is the dangerously balanced duality. Where the Indians were spellbound by the succession of thunderheads in their sky—which was so much bigger than ours—we eye ourselves; or, when we do turn our attention away from our own psyches, we watch our leaders, who have become bigger than the sky.

WE HAVE OUR FREEDOM and miraculous variance, and lately I've tried to discover which is the wildest mountain left in Vermont, from scouting as well as map-reading and talking to people. I think that I have. A Jeep could bump to within a mile or two of the east or west base, but nobody happens to climb it. The mountains round about are encountered first, and it's an intricate, broad-topped, low little mountain, a confusion of starfish ridges and high swamps thick with windfalls. Nothing spectacular, no cliffs, waterfalls, or fifty-mile views, just lots of forest. Its distinction is only its wildness, and moose, bear, lynx, and coyotes make their homes there. I'm drawn to it and frequently wind toward it in walks, tasting the creeks that run off its sides, getting to know the valleys below, spending the night on mountains nearby so as to look at its contours at dusk and at dawn. Old log-skidding trails go halfway up, and I soft-foot up some of these, watching for animal prints, but though it seems like a low little mountain, hiding its higher complexities, eventually I turn back, postponing climbing clear to the top. Such an important event should not be rushed. If this indeed is the most remote mountain in Vermont, I hope to explore it gradually for many summers and never really climb it. Wildness is indifference, wildness exists without any knowledge of whether or not it









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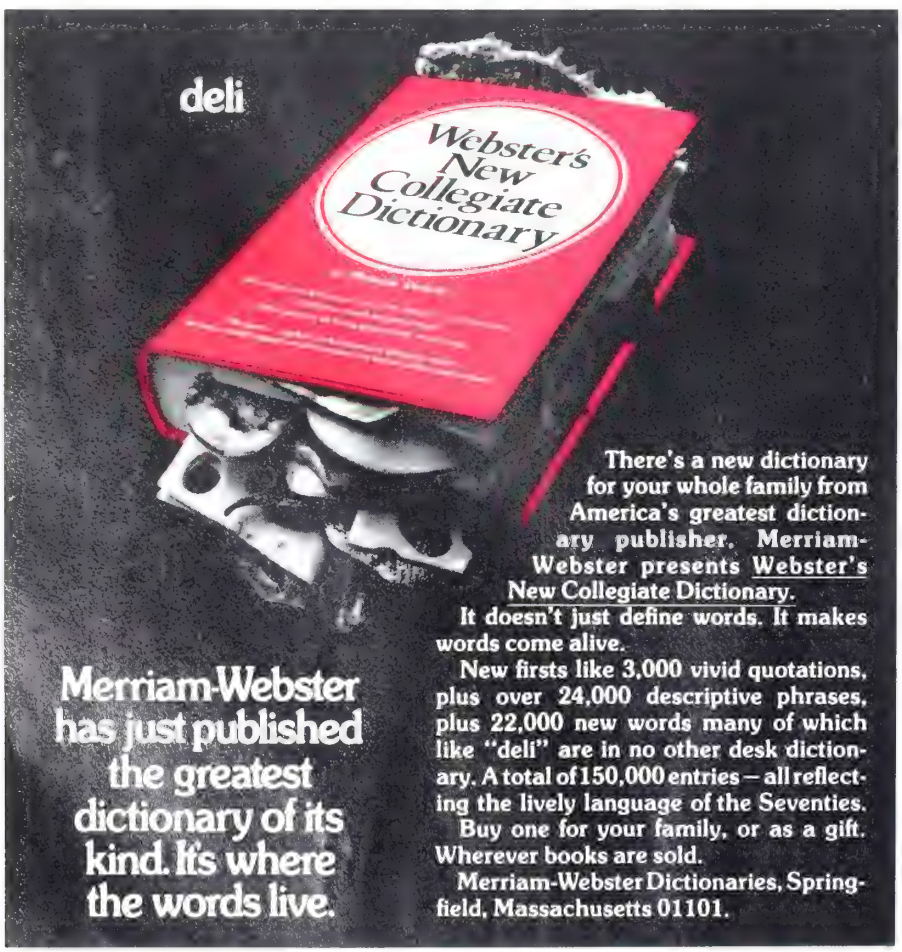
will be destroyed. Its survival on this last mountain matters not to the mountain, not to the attributes that define wildness, but only to me.

Half the battle is knowing what matters, and if we are prepared to make up our minds, an almost unlimited number of choices exists; in a way the world is less crowded than it used to be. Alongside the closeness and safeness and sameness of modern living is a frightening roominess—cheap instant travel, swift risk and misery, wars marbled with primeval terror, old-fashioned loneliness and poverty, yet scholarship leading straight toward the roots of life, and so many experiments in pleasure in progress that it takes only a minimal gift for adventure for somebody to live several lives in the space of one. What is scandalous or impermissible now? Kicking a child in the street: maybe a few other odd taboos. So, what is happening is that we come to face the decision: do we want to explore ourselves in several marriages or in only one? Do we want one life to lead, or more? And how much does our own ambivalence really interest us—are we ourselves, in self-concern, the best focus in life? No doubt there aren't single answers: nor will our private answers necessarily have much to do with how we behave. Instead, as always, we trust that when we make a mistake we will land on our feet. What we know, as social sea changes come roaring at us, is that human beings are extraordinarily adaptive.

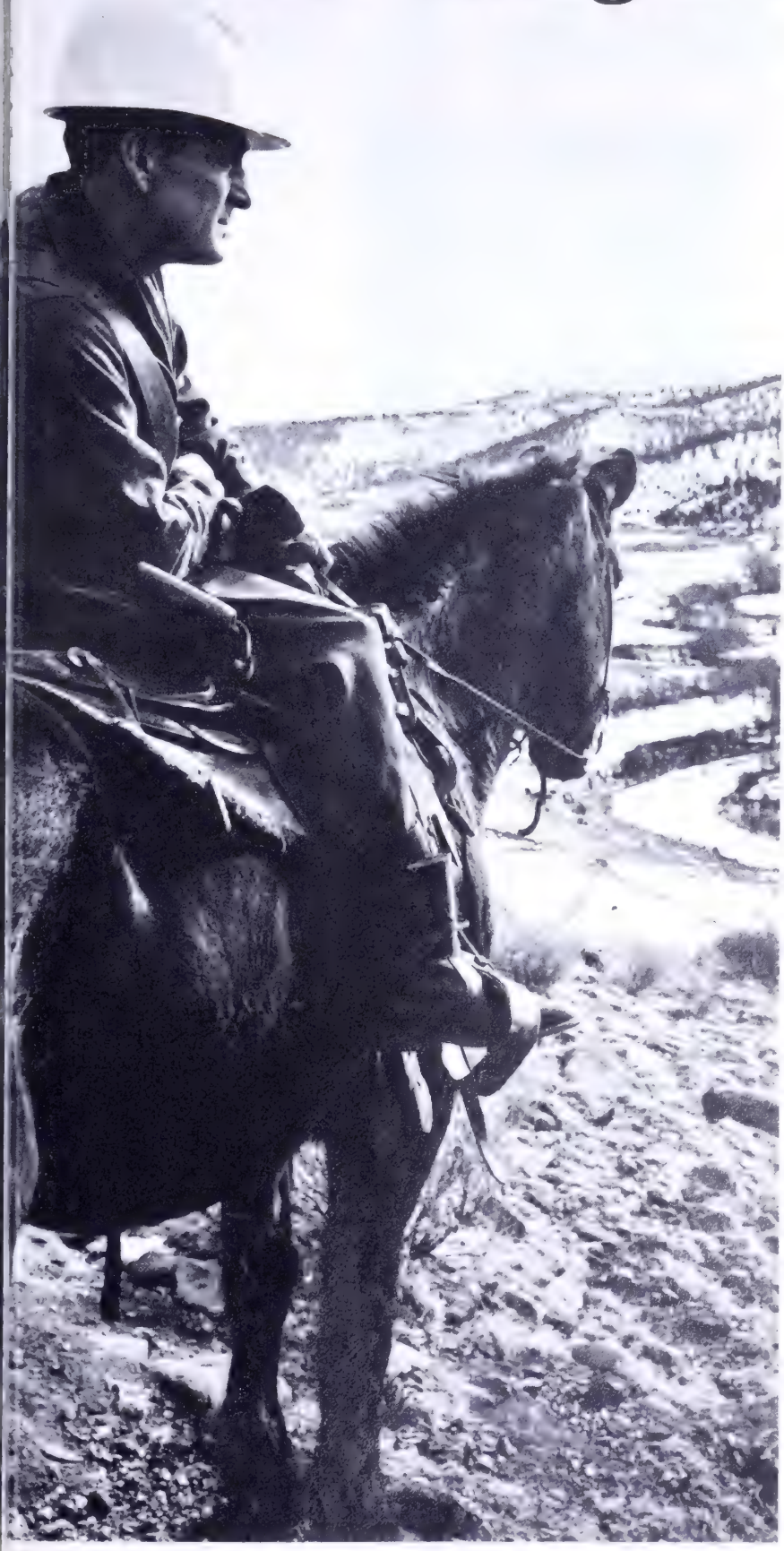
I stand on a pier near my house, looking at the river and south toward the larger harbor. If I were feeling glum it might seem an escape route, but I'm simply watching the sunlight jiggle on the wide currents—refreshingly wider than the yardsticks of distance that one is used to in the city. The water's jiggling establishes a parallel lightness in me, and though the weather happens to be cold, the sunlight brings out from within me, besides my good spirits, the lizards, snakes, turtles that I originally was all the creatures that merged to make me, and that loved the sunlight, depending upon it so much that even if I no longer need it myself as imperatively, I can't feel it on my skin without slowing my thoughts and my feet, stopping and closing my eyes for a moment to *bask*.

And so the day is lovely—sunshine that I turn my throat to slowly, the water hopping and sparkling, many moiling dogs. Fortunately my own safety, however, I'm ne dog nor lizard, because this is center of the city and two or t hundred other people besides me taking their ease on the pier. A ventory of what they look like c wind up as the history of the w which, needless to say, I'm not t on this fine afternoon; but I'l home with them. Without spa much attention from the boats the children, the lovers and girls old people whose stories I'd lik hear, I can pretty well spot peop trouble and those who spell tro and get a handle on anybody ambles near. Schizophrenia, dia collapse, belt-between-the-teeth epilepsy—subway things. There encroachers and trapped people. people here before they go hom dress for a party; one can place in their apartments and with friends.

Hundreds of people . . . ar freighter steaming grandly by, barges, tugboats, police boats, s seers' launches. The West Side H way provides constant engine st and two private planes are cros overhead, and now a 707 on a scent pattern, sweeping around ward LaGuardia. A helicopter is ing downtown, very low above with another angling in stiffly i New Jersey. From every direc aircraft are converging, it seem third helicopter, I suddenly noti and the trucks on West Street, the roar of the cars on the high over them, and these crowds wrought-up people here to relax an hour. Lizard though I am, that I am, I am able to absorb it Whirlybirds, arrested-looking in air, furrow through the other la of sound—and big flat airliners gray as the newest invented m and large-looking as skyscraper they turn—and some stunting in a powerboat making waves d where we are. Yet somehow the r the merrier. I'm grinning. It's swimming in the ocean and sudd Lake Superior is dumped in, the Danube and Nile, then the pian Sea. But one bobs above th Whether one will always bob al them is a question. But, grinn one finds that somehow each in ment is adjusted for; one rides al it; it can all be absorbed.



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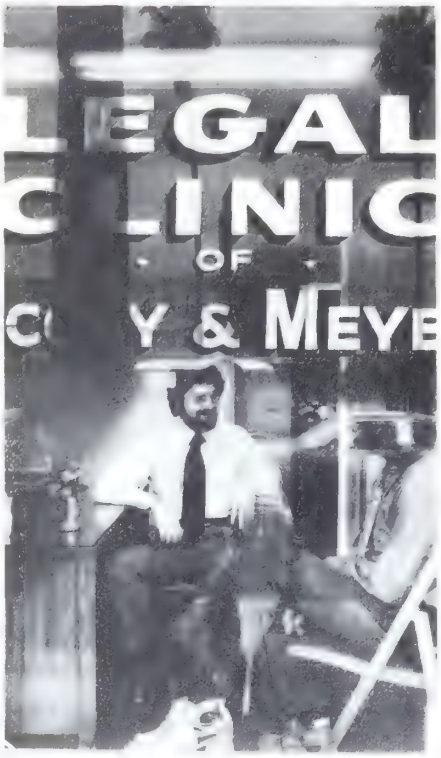
Demystifying the lawyers

THE SIGN APPEARED ON Van Nuys Boulevard in the second week of September 1972. Painted in gold letters on the plate glass window of a small storefront office, it read, "Legal Clinic of Jacoby & Meyers," and a little farther down, "Park in rear." Pasted in the corner were the familiar blue and orange rectangles of BankAmericard and Master Charge.

Through the window the usual philodendron could be seen standing in a corner of the waiting room. A sign, "Peace and goodwill are not just words . . ." hung on the wall, and a coffee table placed in front of a black Naugahyde couch was littered with magazines. "Initial consultation fee $15," read a notice at one end of the receptionist's desk, and a stack of brochures entitled "A message to our clients" waited at the other. Invitations to a September 13 opening-day reception given by a Los Angeles consumer group, the Consumer Legal Action Council, were already in the mail.

By noon of that day the small office was crowded with newsmen. Frank Damrell, president of the Consumer Federation of California, had flown in from Sacramento for the event and was conducting a press conference in the waiting room. "The largest sector of our society, the middle-income group," Damrell was saying, "is not being provided with the services it so badly needs. What this clinic provides is an effective legal delivery system to handle the day-to-day problems of the consumer."

Maurice Mayesh, president of the Consumer Legal Action Council, was being interviewed before television cameras in the hall. "Jacoby and Meyers," he was saying, "have a successful private practice in Westwood. Meyers is an honors graduate of UCLA Law School and a former



Claire Steinberg

California Rural Legal Assistance lawyer who's been involved in a number of major consumer class action law suits. Jacoby used to be an attorney for a large corporation and is also active in consumer law. In addition, they have a criminal specialist who was editor in chief of the *UCLA Law Review*, an administrative law specialist who's a graduate of Harvard Law School and was Director of Major Cases for the Los Angeles Legal Aid Foundation. They've got a bankruptcy specialist who graduated from Loyola Law School, worked for Los Angeles Legal Aid, and has a successful private practice in bankruptcy."

In one of the inner offices, Stephen Meyers, the thirty-year-old, redheaded attorney who, with his partner Leonard Jacoby, had started it all, was talking on the phone to a reporter from KRLA. "That's right. We'll reduce fees by cutting overhead, using paralegal counselors and a systems approach toward standard legal problems. There's a self-help counseling service and—no, no side funding. This is strictly a supporting operation."

Jacoby was in the next office ing to a reporter from the *H Examiner*. "Trouble with the If they're really as concerned as say they are about the needs o middle class," he was saying the deadpan delivery of a Mi Caine, "I should think they w welcome us."

The bar did not. Two weeks a letter bearing the seal of the Bar of California was dropped i clinic's mailbox. It was labeled sonal. In re: State Bar Inve tion." The lines were drawn in may prove to be one of the significant conflicts in the recen tory of the American legal p sion.

WITHIN THREE MONTHS o opening, the Legal Clinic doubled its staff and was proce over 1 percent of the divorc Los Angeles County. More thar new clients had been helped on ters ranging from bankruptc child custody to consumer plaints. Stories on the clinic ha peared in *Newsweek* and *The tian Science Monitor*, and plans being made to open a second in the city, while attorneys other parts of the country were ing inquiries about how they set up similar operations.

The concept of a legal clin simple—namely that through a ficient operation and a large vo business, quality legal services be delivered cheaply and effect to the middle-income legal cons without outside funding or subs Moreover, the Legal Clinic law firm that makes no attem foster the mystique that the p sion as a whole has so carefull tivated; the storefront office approachable as the drugstor the corner or the five-and-ten the street.

Sally Disco, an attorney practicing in Los Angeles, and Susan Meyers (Mrs. Stephen Meyers), a free-lance writer, are currently writing a book entitled The Legal Dilemma.

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Once inside, the client fills out a form with his name, address, and the nature of his problem, and is given a brochure folded so that the first item to meet the eye is a list of fees. Apart from the initial $15 consultation, which covers a counseling session with both a paralegal counselor and an attorney, the brochure lists prices for sample cases: "A default divorce in which no support, children, or property are involved, $100 [local bar associations' suggested minimums range from $350 to $450]; letter terminating a consumer contract, $15; individual bankruptcy, no assets, $200 [a large Los Angeles bankruptcy law firm charges $275]; defense of most misdemeanors after arraignment, $200 [criminal attorneys' fees vary widely]."

Publication of fees and advertisement of specific expertise is unique in the private practice of law. Normally, if fees are discussed at all, it is after the client has entered the inner sanctum of the attorney's office and made a certain psychological commitment. And if the question of competence to handle a particular type of case is brought up, the attorney—who has to scurry for business in today's lawyer-glutted market—is likely to claim it, and later proceed to school himself in the law—at his client's expense.

"I think that's why people don't mind paying the initial consultation fee," Jacoby says. "When they talk to us, they feel they're getting their fifteen dollars' worth but not necessarily committing themselves to anything more. They get a chance to look us and the clinic over and then decide on the basis of what we tell them whether they ought to proceed to legal action and whether they should use us to represent them.

"They don't object to the paralegal counselors either; we thought they might, but that was just our own lawyer's mentality coming through. People don't have any illusions about an attorney being needed for all of the work in a legal case."

PEOPLE ALSO SEEM TO HAVE no illusions about the routine nature of many legal services. What the legal clinic has done is to break down the standard procedures in various kinds of cases (divorce, bankruptcy, consumer complaints, for example) and organize them into work kits. The kits contain a summary the law pertaining to the problem, list of all questions the client mu be asked and information that mu be gathered before a legal judgme can be made, and the procedures th must be followed after that jud ment is made. What happens is e sentially this:

The client is first interviewed l a paralegal counselor who infor him that he will be assisting a lawy in the preparation of the case. T counselor uses the prepared kit gather the preliminary informati the lawyer will need and then brin the data he has gathered to the torney, summarizes the problem, a introduces him to the client.

At this point, the attorney tells t client what courses of action a open to him. If it is decided to pu sue the case, the attorney then e plains the legal steps to be take quotes him a fee, tells him wh court costs he can expect, and d cusses the method of payment. T clinic attorney *always* brings up t matter of payment in this first s sion and discusses it in an open wa If the client agrees with the attorn as to fees and the disposition of t case, he then will supply his pa legal counselor with whatever ad tional information is needed. T counselor's work is then reviewed the attorney in charge of the ca and any additions or corrections a made. The papers are filed and a necessary court appearances a made by the attorney.

What has been the public respon to this approach to the delivery legal services? The sheer volume business done by the Legal Clinic far would indicate that it has be overwhelmingly positive. Within t legal profession, however, the qu tion is: "How do they think they going to get away with it?"

"I'd say that's been the major sponse we've had from lawyers Meyers says. "There seems to this enormous gap between the w the public looks at something like t clinic and the way the legal co munity looks at it. That's becau lawyers are so imbued with the valu and attitudes of the organized b that they've let themselves get caug up in a kind of legal doublethi that distorts their perspective."

If the methods of the Legal Clin work, if clients are satisfied a prices are reduced, why is it unc

stigation by the California State ? The allegations are that Jacoby Meyers participated in a cam- n to publicize the Legal Clinic in ıtion of Rule 2 of the California :s of Professional Conduct. Rule ohibits a member of the state bar ı soliciting professional employ- t by advertising or other means, therefore, a finding that they vio- l Rule 2 would result in the im- tion of some kind of discipline ıe state bar—a reprimand, a sus- ion from the practice of law, or ibly disbarment. Their violation ule 2 is yet to be proved, but the · raised goes far beyond the fate ıcoby and Meyers and the Legal ic and is absolutely central to the le problem of the supply and very of low-cost legal services to middle class. For low-overhead, ·ost legal services probably can- be provided without some form dvertising, and such an idea is hema to the legal profession.

UESTIONED BY NEWSMEN about the investigation of the Legal ic, Mark Robinson, a member he board of governors of the fornia State Bar, said recently, · bar is not interested in protect- he business of lawyers, but it is gated to protect the public in- st. It is not in the public interest lawyers to advertise." The re- ın of most lawyers would prob- be to agree. After all, advertis- violates professional ethics, and hardly in the public interest for ers to behave unethically.

ıe real reason for the prohibi- s against advertising and solici- n, however, is to control compe- n among lawyers—ideally, to ent any lawyer from gaining a ıetitive advantage over any other er except as naturally results ı the reputation he is able to es- sh. This may or may not be the things work in the great law s of large cities, but the l solo practitioners—the attor- most consulted by middle- clients—do compete for busi- , and in view of a coming glut ıwyers that will see their num- doubled in the 1980s, they compete ever more viciously in future. At present, however, this petition is of a special kind. Cut rom the corporate client as a ce of a relatively constant flow of income, the individual practitioner relies on someone in a particularly advantageous position for identifying and channeling potential clients. This person—"the broker"—may be another lawyer, an accountant, a doctor, a bail bondsman, or anyone else in a position to deal with people needing legal services. It is for the broker, rather than the individual client, that the lawyer competes, and the broker must be paid. Whatever form this payment takes, it eventually comes out of the client's pocket.

In light of all this, the *Yale Law Journal* recently proposed a revision of Canon 27, the American Bar Association's version of California's Rule 2. As an alternative to the absolute prohibition of advertising contained in the present ethics, this new rule would draw the line between what kind of advertising is permitted and what kind prohibited on the basis of whether the information conveyed is deceptive. This would seem to be a step in the right direction, but, to date, the organized bar has resisted any change in the practice of law that might adversely affect the status of the individual private practitioner. It has worried not only about a loss of business but about a loss of dignity and prestige. But it may well be that the public image of lawyers would greatly improve and their employment by the public would greatly increase if legal services were made less costly and more available.

Whether change will come from within the organized legal profession or will be forced upon it remains to be seen. Jacoby and Meyers were asked recently about their plans to open another clinic office, one that could not benefit from the free publicity of the first one. How would they make themselves known to the public and how would they attract clients? Would they be willing to enter into some form of advertising?

"Well, considering the way the bar's already reacted to us," Meyers replied, "I don't know if that would be wise, but then, the only way things ever get changed when you have an entrenched organization like the bar in control is by someone just going ahead. Not asking permission or trying to think of ways of getting around things, but just going ahead. I guess the question is, do we want to be the ones to do it. Now that's something we'd have to think about —long and hard." □

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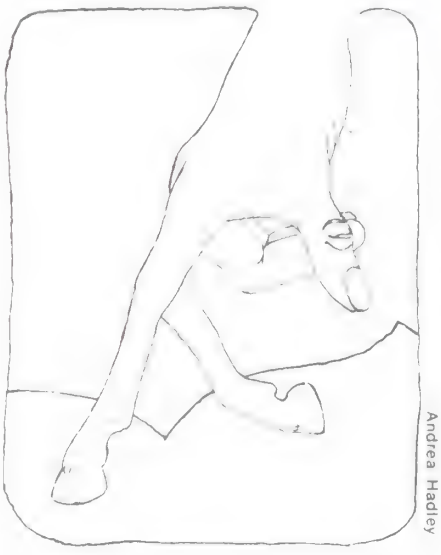
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GETTING A LINE ON A BOOKMAKER

A few rules for the sucker in search of the action


Andrea Hadley

OF ALL THE GAMES people play, only one depends irrevocably on the outcome of other games people play. And of all the games people play, only that one—gambling on sport—is played with so pure and peculiar an intensity: pure because it is born of risk to both pride and purse, and peculiar because the risk is most often taken illegally.

Horse betting is legal, of course, at racetracks and at a handful of state-sanctioned offtrack-betting parlors. But wagering on the outcome of a sporting event other than racing is legal only in Nevada. Most people do not live in Nevada, and so they must seek impersonal but accommodating service organizations known as bookmakers.

Precise figures are understandably hard to come by. Conservative estimates have it that more than eighty million Americans gamble in some form or other. Government officials still cling to a modest 1967 guess at the annual illicit gambling figure: $50 billion. That figure is undoubtedly too low. Danny Downtown, a New York bookmaker self-described as "moderate-sized," has a clientele of sixty-four bettors, some small- and some obviously big-time: each week they call in about $120,000 in bets—just over $5 million a year.

Admit it or not, America loves to bet and bet heavily through its bookies. Social status and geography don't count: Westchester and Nob Hill are right in there betting alongside Bed-Stuy and Roxbury. There are furtive noontime phone calls, hours rotted away watching seemingly pointless televised games, waking-dream murmurings about last-second field goals or missed foul shots. In more and more homes, the sports page has become the financial page. The reasons America loves to bet do not really matter here, although psychological lobbyists offer a fascinating line of variations: early absence of a strong father figure, ditto a strong mother figure, ego-suicide/death wish, ego-hype/survival instinct, boredom, insecurity, aggressiveness, desire for unearned reward, titillation at gamboling in forbidden orchards, recalled varsity glory. Or, in the more succinct language of an affluent bookie in Boston's North End: "Guys who played ball think they got an edge. They figure Boola Boola equals moola moola. Horseshit."

There are, of course, those who don't bet, even those who are close to the action. Nick Sanabria, longtime handicapper and columnist for the *Daily Racing Form* and the old *Morning Telegraph*, has a standing dictum on bookies and sport wagering: Don't Bet On Men. Still, for a horseman, he takes an indulgently Runyonesque view: "This has always been a country of gamblers, public as well as private. Look at the Pentagon, for instance. They booked Ho Chi Minh's round robin, and they blew. Big." The bookie, he says, is "like every other American folk hero: the richer he gets the more honest he becomes. The American Dream is chicanery rewarded."

Legitimate bookmakers do not, in fact, need to bother with chicanery. They are solidly in the American business grain—hardheaded laissez-fairegoers with an unbluntable built-in edge: the 10 percent they levy on all losing sport bets. That assessmer is called vigorish, or simply the vig and it's just a matter of which o their clients' hides it comes out o There is no such edge in horse be ting, but most bookies figure tha horses and numbers combined a count for no more than 15 percent o their business. Horse betting is o fered as an accommodation to thos who, as one Bronx bookie neatly pu it, "want to find a different way o beating their heads in." The averag customer likes sport, thinks he know sport, wants to bet sport.

The basic sport-betting unit is $ As in any business, there is a verb shorthand: $100 (a twenty-unit twenty-"time" bet) is simply a "do lar"; $500 is a "nickel" and $1,00 a "dime." In football or basketba betting there are point spreads on e ery game, and the bettor either tak the favorite, spotting the points, takes the underdog plus the point If he bets a dollar and his team bea the spread, fine—he wins his $10 If not, thanks to the vig, he's o $110.

Baseball is bet with odds rath than points. The bookie's marg again is guaranteed: the successf underdog bettor makes 10 perce less than the money lost by the ma who backs the favorite in that gam An example: the Dodgers are "7-5 over the Cubs. The Dodger bett risks $8 to make $5; the Cub back puts up $5 in hopes of an upset an a $7 return. If there are opposing te unit bets on the game, the Dodg man is risking $80 to make $50 an the Cub bettor $50 to make $70. the favored Dodgers win, the book breaks even—taking in $50 and pa ing out $50. But if the Cubs win, s does the book: $80 raked in, $7 shelled out. Red-blooded America that they are, bookies always root f the national pastime's underdogs.

Obviously the bookie would hir self be gambling if he had more a tion on one side of a particular gam than on the other. The bookmak makes his surefire money by keepin

John Phillips is a free-lance writer and television journalist whose favorite endangered species is the underdog.

ction balanced, so the vig comes ng through. (In Danny's case, eekly handle of $120,000 and ctly balanced books would mean ss take of $6,000.) Bookies are ıg the world's most conservative ey managers. They simply re- ibute their clients' cash, taking percentage as they do so. The ie corrects imbalances as they r, either by adjusting the lines dds to make the less-bet team alluring, or by laying off.

aying off," says Danny, "is fun- ental. Take this year's Super . In Miami everybody's bettin' Dolphins. Small fry bet with their ts; every city's loaded with towners. So in Miami there's much Miami action. So the Mi- book calls an office that he's got rrangement with to take some of verage. But now maybe they got much Dolphins too, maybe they to dump twenty, thirty grand. ts to the point where you need thing: out of town. That's what nized gambling means—it's or- ed because you can call other s and throw off. So Miami calls D.C. Naturally, Washington's d with Redskin money. They're y to get Dolphin action to bal- out. Your edge don't guarantee you're a winner unless the bets ırranged in such a way as to be ad around real nice. That's layin' Believe me: it works."

the client-bookie relationship is honor among by-definition es, since each is trying to do the r out of illicitly wagered money. honor it is, because the relation- is based on credit and trust. The it is tacitly extended by whoever ıead at the moment, and it lasts ıgh the final day of the betting . (The cycle normally runs ıgh Sunday night; Monday is ightest day in sport, a day off, a to lick one's wounds or lips in ipation of Tuesday—payday.) t is established and maintained biding by what one book prag- cally calls the show-up factor: aring on time in the drop zone, bar or street corner or library el or wherever, with enough ey to cover the week's action.

HE BASIC PRODUCT, money, is unchanging. Equally so are the ons for betting through a bookie ıe is to bet at all: convenience (all a client needs is a phone), credit (the nondaily bread arrangement can mean a Sunday revival for a man who was hundreds behind on Saturday), anonymity (the bettor's tax-free winnings are his alone to squander, his alone to know about). A bookie is even the clinical guarantor of friendship. When a man wants to put his money where his mouth or his instinct is, the last person he needs is a pal. He might win his fifty or his five hundred, but it might cost him a friendship. "Losers don't forget," says Sonny, a sad-faced San Francisco bookie. "I think of myself as part of the Love Movement." But given these basic premises, the fact remains that there are bookmakers, and then again there are bookmakers. Some primary criteria:

• The bookie must be solidly recommended, ideally by a friend who himself has dealt with the man and can vouch for his reliability. It is strictly caveat emptor: the new client is making a presumably long-term connection that will involve huge sums of money. Even the man whose weekly betting total is only $100 will put more than $100,000 on the line over the course of twenty years. Along with the bookie's phone number, the friend should be able to provide an idea of the man's soundness—how long he's been in business; what his betting limits are (a book who won't take more than $100 on a basketball or football game is a little shaky); whether the authorities or the competition has ever forced him to go "off the air"; whether, sin of sins, he's ever pulled a payday no-show. All of this is especially important in light of the past decade's TV-boosted interest in sport and sport betting, and the concomitant rise of the quick-hit bookie. That specimen is not interested in building a sizable list of enduring clients. He wants only to hook a few easily baited fish: if they lose, he collects; if they win, he vanishes. He is an expert at playing connect-the-dolts.

• On the consumer's establishing phone call, a legitimate bookie will ask a lot of questions or will arrange a meeting where he'll ask them. Where does the man work and bank? How much does he earn? Does he have an outside income? Roughly, how much does he expect to be betting? The bookie wants to determine the man's ability to cover his losses, wants to keep him safely out of debt and snug-



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ly on the hook—for years. "You don't necessarily want to bleed a guy to death," says the gentleman in Boston, "but then again you wouldn't mind him sending your grandchildren through Harvard either. Me, I got banker buddies who put through phony credit applications in a new guy's name just to see if he's a little jammed up. Sort of a D & B on him. The idea is, you try to contain the person within the reason of his income." Just so: data at hand, the bookie establishes a new man's limit, and if that loss figure is reached, that's it for that week. The ceiling figure may be changed later on, depending on the bookie's reappraisal of the bettor's fortunes, gambling or otherwise.

• The good bookie is accessible. The telephone is everything, the message being all but inseparable from the medium. The book tells the client his working hours, usually from 12:30 to 2:00 and from 5:30 or 6:00 to 7:30, and he is at his phone during those hours, period. Nothing so enrages the mind-made-up bettor as the unreachable bookie twenty minutes before the start of a football game. And rightly so: the unanswered phone is an unforgivably broken promise.

• A substantial bookie carries full lines on whatever sports are in season (professional and college football and basketball, professional baseball and hockey, and limelight prizefighting) and takes action, according to his specified limits, on horse racing at all tracks covered by the area's regional racing newspapers.* In football he should give the midweek opening lines and the subsequent changes as the weekend nears. Baseball, basketball, and hockey lines are available on the day or night of the games, but there are frequent fluctuations once they're on the board; the bookie should quote them when asked for them. No good bookie expects or demands that every call will be a bet-placing one.

• The bookie's phoneside manner should be brisk and businesslike but still patient. Assuming the client knows how to bet (if he doesn't, he should be briefed by a fellow bettor or should ask the book for an off-hours seminar), the bookie should recite his lines clearly and should read back all bets. If a customer wants the American League lines for that night, for instance, the bookie should run it down: "Boston even-6; Yankees pick-'em; Oakland 8-9; Baltimore 6½-7½ with Palmer pitching—no Palmer, Baltimore 5½-6½ . . ." The client, either then or after he's thought it over and called back, says, "I'll take Oakland for a dollar." Response: "Okay, you got the A's and you're laying one-eighty to make a hundred. Right?" Right. Click. Both parties have it written down (the truly meticulous book also has it on tape); no problems, no arguments on payday.

AS THE RELATIONSHIP progresses, the client can get an ever-clearer idea of the man he's dealing with and of whether it's wise to continue. There are checkpoints:

• The good bookie does not "call the shot" on a client, does not try to beat him by typing him and adjusting his lines accordingly. If he sees that a client usually bets favorites or habitually backs a certain team, a bookie may alter his quotations—for that bettor only—to give himself an extra edge. The smart bettor checks periodically with others who use the same bookie. Says Danny: "If the friend's got a different line, the bookie's petty, he ain't legit. He's no good, now or later on—when he might owe you a load and not show up. A tilted line's a tip-off the guy's rotten. Dump him."

• A bookie worth his salt shows an accountant's attentiveness to pluses and minuses, especially when the bettor is ahead. As a matter of course, he should cite the customer's running net, his "bottom figure," every co of days, but on the day before day it should be the book who t the initiative with a winning cli "Let's see. The straighten-up fig for the week is seven-fifty your right? Okay, tomorrow at 2:30 at Burger King on Eighth." No gr ing, no foot-dragging—both sign a solid pro.

• A bookie should keep his clie dealings confidential. If one custo says to another, "I hear you down the drain with the Reds in Series," he could have heard it from one other source.

• A good bookmaker is a b one. The occasional or even frequ busy signal, even if the book more than one phone, is a part of game the client should welcome. his phone's never busy," says Dan "there may be nobody else call him. Maybe he's waiting just for y Figure it out. You're a pigeon."

• In time the bookie may o certain fringe benefits. He may all a bet to be washed (erased) if it d not adversely affect his action-bala and if, obviously, the customer c before game time. It is a courtesy tended to a client who has had sec thoughts about a bet he's made; saves him the vig he'd have lost he had to place a nullifying bet the other team. The bookie may a come to a "tap figure" arrangem with the bettor, wherein there is exchange of cash only when a s ulated level is reached—plus or nus $500 or $1,000, say—thus viating the every-week rendezvo Such an agreement is patently ba on mutual trust.

• Legitimate bookmakers resp clients whom they know use otl bookies. It indicates they are seri and smart enough to shop arou ("Anybody who bets a dollar game," says Danny, "it's ridicul he doesn't have lines from two three guys.") Periodically a book w "roll a pearl" at such a client. T bettor may ask for a particular fo ball line, only to find the game is the board. If the client mentions t his other man is carrying the gan the bookie may tell him what h heard (and why his line has be suspended): an injury to so-and- weather uncertainties that might fect one team's offense, and so The book is not touting the gan He is simply passing along inform tion, and if the client wants to

* The bookie does not pay off at track odds, and he has ceilings on all horse bets, lest he get burned by "hot" (informed) action or by the occasional lucky bettor. He should explain clearly his limits to the new client interested in horses. Few books will pay more than 40- or 50-1, for example, on even the smallest win bet; normal daily double and Exacta ceilings are 75-1 and 50-1, respectively. Most bookies will not take more than $200 on a given horse, and few will take place or show action without something riding on the horse's nose as well. But he does offer "fancies" unavailable at the track or at OTB: round robins, parlays, if-bets, back-to-backs, reverses. The indulgent book will also allow stipulation wagering: a bet may be valid only if so-and-so is the jockey or only if there is no condition-of-race change (from turf to dirt, say, if the course is deemed unraceable at post time). It's all a matter of accommodation: everything else being equal, the serious horse bettor should seek the bookmaker with the highest payoffs and the greatest array of services.

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with his other, less-informed bookie, that's up to him. The every-so-often pearl is a good indicator. A bad indicator: the bookie who asks a client to bet for him with the man's other bookie(s). That can only mean the book is having trouble laying off—that his contacts are drying up—or for some reason things are not running smoothly.

• Competent bookmakers mind their mannerisms in the public aspect of their trade—when they meet clients to pay or be paid. In Danny's words: "The Nathan Detroit crap just doesn't go. Flashy cars, loud clothes, that stuff. It's dangerous. You're there to do business, not to be noticed. You got to be nonchalant but, you know, alert. If the book's payin', he should have the money already in an envelope and it should be in the largest denominations possible, unless the customer's said he wants to be paid in garbage. The guy who starts peeling bills off a big wad, or who gets uptight when he hands a customer an envelope with five grand in it, he's not too sophisticated. He can't be clammy-fisted or shifty-eyed or any of that." There are other kinds of drop-zone gaffes. "There was this one smart-ass book who had a guy that was losing pretty regular, had him on a nice little streak. Well, just before Christmas the book meets him on a Tuesday night at the regular place, this dive in the Village, and he says, 'I got a Christmas present for you.' So the guy opens the box, and it's this soap-on-a-rope set. You know, Yardley or somethin', real nice. The guy's about to thank him when the book says, 'I thought you could use it, since you been takin' a bath all year.' Big laugh, right? Well, the guy's embarrassed, and he never calls the book again. A lot of it's psychology, a sense of knowin' what's right."

PUTTING-DOWN EXERCISES work both ways. A man keeps the services of a good bookie by being a good customer, because there are some things that will make a book drop a client without further *à deux*. Some guidelines:

• The customer does his own homework. Bookies are neither scoreboard shows nor research fonts. What team or what horse won this afternoon, the injury status of Griese or Frazier, who's pitching the opener tonight in the Astrodome—such data are available elsewhere, and that's where the diligent bettor should obtain them. Nor can a novice expect more than one rundown of the basic rules and procedures of the Telephone Hour. Again, the man in Boston: "When a new guy repeats over and over, when he institutes the same questions again and again, with a lack of retention insofar as basic comprehension goes—look, if the jerk can't understand what the hell I'm telling him night after goddamned night, I'll probably get impatient. I don't need lifetime rookies."

• The customer also shows grace under pleasure. "For one thing," says Danny, "you don't do a victory dance just because you're a small fry who suddenly gets hot and wins eight hundred for the week. Take your cue from the bookie; he's got more to worry about than you do anyway. Relax. Put the envelope in your pocket and let me buy you a drink. And there's somethin' else too. There's a lot of small bettors gettin' into it now—brokers, insurance guys, young guys mostly—and some of them pull a weird kind of, well, macho number. Like I had this one creep who bet once or twice a week—four- , five-time stuff, a real nobody. But on paynight he'd always bring along some girl and make a big deal about introducing me. 'This is him. This is the guy. This is my *bookie*.' Jesus. I finally chased him. He was a small-timer and a phony, and he made me nervous. Plus the broads he hauled along weren't anything extra either."

• A solid bookie, as noted, wants all his customers to "stay indoors." No book likes to hear that a client needs just a little more time to pay. Danny: "You hear that, you register in your head that that's the end of the line with him. Next to a rich mother, the guy should have self-restraint. No excuse, gettin' in so deep. You try to give him the time, an extra week, maybe a month. You bend a little because nobody wins if you got to lean on him. You try to avoid the, ah, unhealthy options. But if he doesn't get it up—or if I hear he's using another book to try to get the money he owes me, which makes me look like I'm dumb—I'll get aggravated. I'll go to his house or his office, and I'll embarrass him in front of his wife or his boss. Or if that doesn't work I'll get a bat and start in on him, right below the knees. Shins don't have much give."

DESPITE SUCH RUMBLINGS and d spite the apparently disparagi references to small bettors, go bookmakers know that small fry a their lifeblood; like Uncle Sam, wh he says he needs *you*, he is not loo ing for generals. The small bet buffers a bookie's "wise guy" acti the money from informed bettor The wise guy does his homework spades (he is aware, for instan that in certain college football co ferences the favorites rarely cover t spread), and he lays out heavy ca for information from pipelines to c lege campuses and professional loc er rooms. He may hear that a seni lineman is worried because his chee leader girlfriend has missed her pe od, that the pro quarterback storm out of a private session with h coach, that it looks like last-minu sloppy weather at a distant trac Wise-guy money arrives in dim rather than in units or dollars even nickels; it tends to come heavily on one side of a given ga or on a particular horse, and it usu ly comes in late. As one bookie p it, "you got to scramble like a scar cockroach" to lay off. The wise g has an edge, and he bets to it; t average bettor does not. He is hunch-player, a heart bettor, a gue er, "a handicapper." The book nee him because guessing means b anced action.

Enough bookmakers realize t to make the search for a legitim one less than Diogenic. The hot-to- novice usually need only ask son one at the office or plant, or at l favorite bar. In smaller cities, t best way to find a book is to ke one's ears open in a bar with a spo glued TV set, to start talking fo ball with the proprietor of a can store or a dry-cleaning establishm (any place with a high traffic volu is a possibility), or to pass the ti of day with the man at the railw or bus-depot newsstand—usually t first place the racing papers hit t street.

The man determined to indulge sporting certainties or fantasies v eventually come upon a bookmak and then it's a matter of each sizi up the other.

In the maintenance of the cus mer-bookmaker trust fund, the ba idea—as San Francisco Sonny p it, his enunciation still betraying Bronx upbringing—"is to operate good fate."

DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



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ARILYN MICHAELS

E: New York City

: 28

FESSION: Entertainer

BIES: Painting and writing

T BOOK READ: "Jonathan Livingston Seagull"

T ACCOMPLISHMENT: Developed one-woman of her paintings and etchings in New York City.

TE: "At the end of a performance it is a very ional experience to have an audience giving you at love. But that only lasts two hours a night. need for a totally fulfilling relationship outside ork is most important to me."

FILE: Her need to create is compelling. The "entertainer" hardly begins to describe her many ts. She moves from one medium to another with and competence to satisfy her unusually strong ive drives. Yet a genuine warmth and feeling for le comes through in everything she does.

TCH: Dewar's "White Label"



Authentic. There are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." The quality standards we set down in 1846 have never varied. Into each drop go only the finest whiskies from the Highlands, the Lowlands, the Hebrides.

Dewar's never varies.

Every minute, someone dies of heart disease.

General Electric is doing something about it.

Last year, more than 650,000 men, women and children died of a heart attack.

Many of them, suddenly. Without warning.

Thousands could have been saved. If the disease had been diagnosed in time. If they had been helped in time.

Earlier diagnosis.

The sooner a doctor can diagnose heart trouble, the better the chance of survival.

GE has developed an X-ray camera that takes movies of the heart in action.

One thing that makes this camera possible is a technology pioneered by General Electric called image intensification. It allows the doctor to take sharp, clear X-ray movies using small amounts of radiation.

Second-by-second watch over heart-attack patients.

The first few hours after a heart attack are the most crucial.

GE has developed a new patient monitoring system that allows a nurse to keep second-by-second watch on all her patients. This system not only measures slight changes in a patient's condition, but it also can detect trends that could lead to trouble.

This system gives a medical team time to *prevent* deterioration in a patient's condition before it happens. It's estimated that coronary care monitoring equipment improves a heart patient's chance of survival by about 30%.



More time for surgery.

The invention of the heart-lung machine made it possible for doctors to operate on the heart for the first time.

Now GE has developed a new device for heart-lung machines that gives doctors hours longer to operate. It gives them time never before possible to perform more complex heart surgery.

These are some of the ways GE is fighting heart disease.

It's the biggest killer in America today. General Electric is working to make it smaller.

Progress for People.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

COUNTERSIGNS

way out for Richard Nixon

Optimists argue that Watergate has ıded the national trance under which merican Presidents acquired some- ing close to the divine right of kings. ccording to this view, the fall of the ouse of Nixon—toppled by the force truth and a diligent press—proves at the U.S. democratic "system" is ronger than mere Presidents. Once gain, the chief executive is account- ıle to the people. Three cheers for the 'atergate disaster.

All this assumes that the courts actu- ly will convict various Nixon cour- ers for crimes allegedly committed in ehalf of his reelection. But that re- uires unassailable proof of guilt, a sk of exquisite difficulty in these un- recedented cases. Even more improb- ıle is the notion of a majority vote in ıe House to impeach Mr. Nixon and a vo-thirds vote in the Senate to remove im from office. As Taylor Branch sug- ests in this issue (page 63), the Senate unlikely to surmount its ingrained rudence—not when removing Mr. lixon would create a President Agnew, ı say nothing of incalculable damage ı U.S. prestige abroad. Such conse- uences do not attract Senators seeking eelection.

That leaves the Ervin hearings as a ignal to Mr. Nixon that he had best art heeding Congress or even abandon is office. But so far he insists on his nocence and retreats into the dark orners of his sullen piety. Perhaps he elieves that all the fuss eventually will ore the public and mobilize assorted efenders of Presidential sanctity, some f whom yearn to "preserve the office" n order to occupy it. Meantime Mr. Nixon, having managed to become the amest-duck President in history, will pend the next three and a half years itfully playing his favorite role of global peace (and war) maker every- vhere but in the United States. Where his will leave the economy and other lomestic problems is anybody's guess. Mr. Nixon's renewed reliance on his nofficial (and unaccountable) adviser John Connally evokes no confidence except in the oil industry.

Beyond all the melodramatic intrigue, the real Watergate issue is whether the American Presidency is worth preserving in its present form. The dollar cost alone is immense, starting with over $400 million for the last election. More important, the constant growth of Presidential power, mostly caused by wars and economic crises, has weakened Congress and virtually nullified the constitutional intention of checks and balances. As a result, Americans now delegate sole responsibility for the fate of the nation to one man—and he is quite possibly the man furthest removed from reality in the United States.

Why be surprised? Having rejected a parliamentary system, we offer the equivalent of an eight-year sovereignty to the candidate who makes the slickest deals with special interests for the most campaign cash. And the winner takes all; even a minority President like Nixon in 1968 need not respect the desires and diversities of more than half the electorate, who voted against him. The winner's ambition for historical greatness makes reelection his first priority—and that wish, often blocked in domestic affairs by a nay-saying Congress, invariably finds its most satisfactory expression in foreign affairs. Hence more foreign adventures draining the country's blood and treasure. The patriotic myth holds that politics stops at the water's edge; it is a notion that almost always guarantees a second term.

Watergate is the culmination of a long trend that has enveloped Presidents with personal assistants devoted to protecting the boss, not the nation's interests. Going back to Roosevelt, those fierce young men have unwittingly converted democracy into monarchy, with all its blinding effects on the ruler. When a man surrounds himself with courtiers who tell him only what he wants to hear, when he is understandably convinced that he has a mandate from heaven, when he leads the "free world" and commands the most awesome military power on earth, then that man exposes himself to hallucinations. The Presidency is likely to exaggerate the incumbent's worst character traits. And he risks losing all perspective.

That is the root of the Watergate disaster: an astounding lack of realism by those charged above all with being realistic. How could Watergate's masterminds ever imagine that a veteran politician like Larry O'Brien would keep incriminating documents in his desk? That Daniel Ellsberg was a homosexual blackmailed by Hanoi into publicizing the Pentagon Papers? That all the chicanery would never be traced to the highest White House officials? Rarely have sinister actions arisen from more naïve perceptions.

The flaws of the Presidency will not vanish with a satisfactory resolution, if any, of the Watergate cases, or with the eventual retirement of Mr. Nixon. Indeed, the next President may well compensate for Watergate by walling himself behind a facade of extreme rectitude protected by a new palace guard that will differ only in style from Mr. Nixon's Hessians. Moreover, if the successor has reason to fear assassination, the result may worsen the central Presidential danger—total responsibility, total unreality.

All of which suggests that the long-term solution is to *decrease* one-man Presidential power—for example, by establishing a multiple-person Executive elected as a team with a rotating chairman. Too inefficient? But what is less efficient than giving one man the impossible job of running the infinitely complex U.S. government? That way lies a potential era of coups d'etat. Surely we must now consider some form of government more in line with the British parliamentary system, with its virtues of flexibility and responsiveness. Anything that would at least limit the current opportunities for aggrandizement of power, isolation, and self-deception. Of course, any change would require a constitutional amendment and perhaps years of political bargaining. Still, the person who pioneered such a reform would be assured an unparalleled place in American history. In fact, the man in the best position to do so would be none other than an incumbent President. Is Richard Nixon listening? □

George Gilder

THE SUICIDE OF THE SEXES

Are feminism, gay liberation, and the playboy philosophy really all the same?

THERE'S AN EXTRAORDINARY CHORUS in the land these days—all bouncing between water beds and typewriters and talk shows—making sexual liberation ring on the cash registers of revolution. They haven't much in common—these happy hookers, Dr. Feelgoods, answer men, evangelical lesbians, sensuous psychiatrists, pornographers, dolphins, swinging priests, polymorphous perverts, and playboy philosophers—but they are all at one in proclaiming the advent of a new age of freedom between the sexes.

Nothing is free, however, least of all sex, which is bound to our deepest sources of energy, identity, and emotion. Sex can be cheapened, of course, but then it becomes extremely costly to the society as a whole. For sex is the life force and cohesive impulse of a people, and their very character will be deeply affected by how sexuality is sublimated and expressed, denied or attained. When sex is devalued and deformed, as at present, the quality of our lives declines and the social fabric unravels.

Even our attitude toward the concepts "sex" and "sexuality" illustrates the problem. The words no longer evoke a broad pageant of relations and differences between men and women, embracing every aspect of their lives. Instead, "sex" and "sexuality" are assumed to refer chiefly to copulation, as if our sexual lives were restricted to the male limits, as if the experiences of motherhood were not paramount sexual events. In fact, sexual energy animates most of our activities and connects every individual to a family and a community, and through these to a past and future. Sexuality is best examined not as sexology, physiology, or psychology, but as a study encompassing all the deepest purposes of a society.

The differences between the sexes are perhaps the most important condition of our lives. With the people we know best, in the moments most crucial in our lives together, sexual differences become all-absorbing. Intercourse, marriage, conception of a child, childbearing, breast-feeding are all events when our emotions are most intense, our lives most thoroughly changed, and society perpetuated in our o image. And they are all transactions of sex differences reaching in symbol or consequen into the future.

These differences are embodied in a numb of roles. The central ones are mother-fath husband-wife. They form neat and apparen balanced pairs. But in the most elemental s ual terms, there is little balance at all. In m of the key sexual events of our lives, the m role is trivial, easily dispensable. Although t man is needed in intercourse, artificial inse ination can make his participation rudimenta indeed. Otherwise the man is completely u necessary. It is the woman who conceives, bea and suckles the child. Males are the sexual o siders and inferiors. A far smaller portion their bodies is directly erogenous. A far smal portion of their lives is devoted to specifica sexual activity. Their own distinctively sex experience is limited to erection and ejacu tion; their primary sexual drive leads only ward copulation. Beside the socially indisp sable and psychologically crucial experiences motherhood, men are irredeemably subordina

The nominally equivalent role of father is fact a product of marriage and other cultu contrivances. There is no biological need the father to be around when the baby is bo and nurtured, and in many societies the fath has no special responsibility to support the c dren he sires; in some, paternity isn't even knowledged. Without long-term commitments and from women—without the institution marriage—men are exiles from the procreati chain of nature.

One of the best ways to enrage a young fe inist today is to accuse her of having a mater instinct. In a claim contrary to the evidence all human history and anthropology—and to increasing body of hormonal research*—m of these women assert that females have no m

*The increasingly conclusive evidence that the t sex roles originate in profound biological differen is summarized and appraised in a brilliant new sch arly study by Steven Goldberg, *The Inevitability Patriarchy* (Morrow).

George Gilder has been an editor of The New Leader *and a fellow at the Kennedy Institute of Politics.*

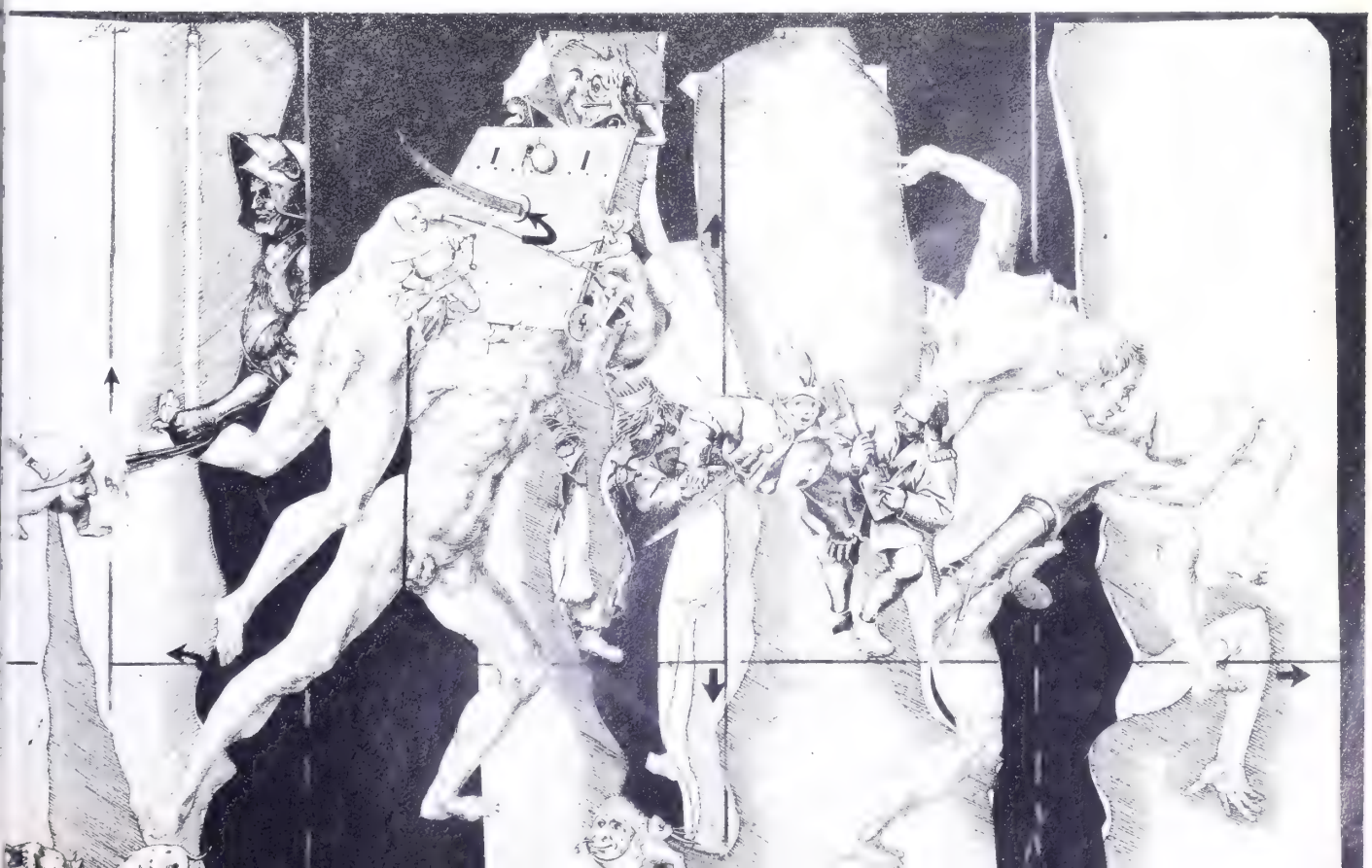
Adapted from Sexual Suicide *by George Gilder. Copyright © 1973 by George Gilder. To be published in October by Quadrangle/The New York Times Book Co.*

te disposition to nurture children than do . The usual refrain is, "I know lots of men far more interest in babies than I have." whether instinctual or not, the maternal role nates in the fact that only the woman is nec- ily present at birth and has an easily iden- ble connection to the child—a tie on which ty can depend. This maternal feeling is the of human sexuality. If it is not deeply cul- ed among the women, it does not emerge ng the men. The idea that the father is in- ntly equal to the mother within the family, at he will necessarily be inclined to remain it, is nonsense. The man must be made l by the culture; he must be given a way ake himself equal.

MAN'S PREDICAMENT BEGINS in his earliest years. A male child is born, grows, and finds being in relation to his own body and to the es of his parents, chiefly his mother. In ing her he learns to trust himself, and trust- himself he learns to bear the slow dissolu- of the primary tie. He moves away into a world, into a sometimes frightening psy- space between his parents; and he must attach his evolving identity to a man, his er. From almost the start, the boy's sexual tity is dependent on acts of exploration and ative. Before he can return to a woman, he t assert his manhood in action. The Zulu rior had to kill a man, the Irish peasant had uild a house, the American man must find a job. This is the classic myth and the mundane reality of masculinity, the low comedy and high tragedy of mankind.

Female histories are different. A girl's sexuality normally unfolds in an unbroken line, from a stage of utter dependency and identification with her mother through stages of gradual autonomy. Always, however, the focus of female identification is clear and stable. In a woman, moreover, sexual expression is not limited to a series of brief performances: her gender is affirmed and demonstrated monthly in menstruation, her breasts and womb further represent an extended sexual role. Even if a woman does not in fact bear a child, she is continually reminded that she can, that she is capable of performing the crucial act in the perpetuation of her family and the species. She alone can give sex an unquestionable meaning, an incarnate result.*

*Doris Lessing, a writer frequently praised and published in *Ms.*, states the case with her usual vehemence. Speaking of feminist characters in her own work, she said in a recent interview, "We're very biological animals. We always tend to think that if one is in a violent state of emotional need, it is our unique emotional need or state, when in matter of fact it's probably just the emotions of a young woman whose body is demanding that she have children. . . . Anna and Molly [in *The Golden Notebook*] are women who are conditioned to be one way and are trying to be another. I know a lot of girls who don't want to get married or have children. And very vocal they are about it. Well, they're trying to cheat on their biology. . . . It will be interesting to see how they're thinking at thirty."



George Gilder

THE SUICIDE OF THE SEXES

Regardless, then, of any other anxieties she may have in relation to her sexual role and how to perform it, she at least knows that she has a role. Her knowledge, indeed, is ontological: it is stamped in her very being—with the result that women rarely appreciate the significance of the absence of an extended sexual identity in men. Women take their sexuality for granted, when they are aware of it at all, and assume that were it not for some cultural peculiarity, some unfortunate wrinkle in the social fabric, men too might enjoy such deep-seated sexual authenticity.

Throughout the literature of feminism, in fact, there runs a puzzled complaint, "Why can't men *be* men, and just relax?" The reason is that, unlike femininity, relaxed masculinity is at bottom empty, a limp nullity. While the female body is full of internal potentiality, the male is internally barren (from the Old French *bar*, meaning man). Manhood at the most basic level can be validated and expressed only in action. For a man's body is full only of undefined energies. And all these energies need the guidance of culture. He is therefore deeply dependent on the structure of the society to define his role in it.

Of all society's institutions that work this civilizing effect, marriage is perhaps the most important. All the companionship, love, and inspiration that have come to be associated with marriage are secondary to its crucial social role. Marriage attaches men to families, the source of continuity, individuality, and order. As we should have long ago discovered from the frequent ineffectiveness of schools, prisons, mental hospitals, and psychiatric offices, the family is the only agency that can be depended upon to induce enduring changes in its members' character and commitment. It is, most importantly, the only uncoercive way to transform individuals, loose in social time and space, into voluntary participants in the social order.

Of course, families can exist without marriage. Almost always, they consist of women and children. The problem is this leaves the men awash in what one set of marriage counselors approvingly terms the "nowness of self." And the problem with *that* is the willingness with which men grasp their "nowness." Throughout history, societies have recognized the great price to be paid in securing family commitments from men. The alternative male pattern of brief sexual exploits and predatory economics accords very nicely indeed with the many millions of years of male evolution as a hunter. Women have had to use all their ingenuity, all their powers of sexual attraction and discrimination to induce men to create and support families. And the culture has had to invest marriage with all the ceremonial sanctity of religion and law. This did not happen as a way to promote intimacy and companionship. It evolved and su vived in the course of sustaining civilized soc eties, where love, intimacy, and companionshi might flourish.

Men and wor

EVERY SOCIETY HAS a sexual constitution th undergirds its economy, politics, and cu ture. Although its central concerns are marriag and families, nearly every contact among h man beings contains a sexual charge. How a these charges are organized—the nature of th sexual constitution—will deeply influence th productivity and order of the community. will determine whether social energies are sho circuited and dissipated, or whether they a accumulated and applied to useful pursuits. will determine whether the society is a fabric fully integrated citizens or whether it is an a omized flux, with disconnected individuals pu suing sex and sustenance on the most limit and anti-social scale.

At every job site, in every classroom, in e ery store, office, and factory, this system com into play. To anyone else, a man at work is pe forming an economic task, subject to legal a political regulation. But to the man himself, th formal role probably seems incidental. To hi the job is chiefly important because of the co nections it affords with his co-workers and wi the existing or prospective women and childr in his life.

A job is thus a central part of the sexual co stitution. It can affirm the masculine identity its holder; it can make it possible for him court women in a spirit of commitment; it c make it possible for him to be married a thereby integrated into a continuing comm nity.

Crucial to the sexual constitution of emplo ment is that, in one way or another, it assu that over the whole society, class by class, m men will make more money than most wom Above an absolute minimum that varies fr country to country, pay and poverty are r ative. And for most men, most importantly, th means relative to women. A man who does n make as much money as the significant wom in his life—his girlfriend, wife, and closest workers—will often abandon his job and w pursue women in the plundering masculine sp it that the women's movement so woefully co demns.

The feminist contention that women do n generally receive equal pay for equal work, c rect in statistical terms, may reflect a preferen for male need and aggressiveness over fem credentials. In any case, this tendency sho be considered in light of the greater cost to t society of male unemployment. The unemploy



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George Gilder

THE SUICIDE OF THE SEXES

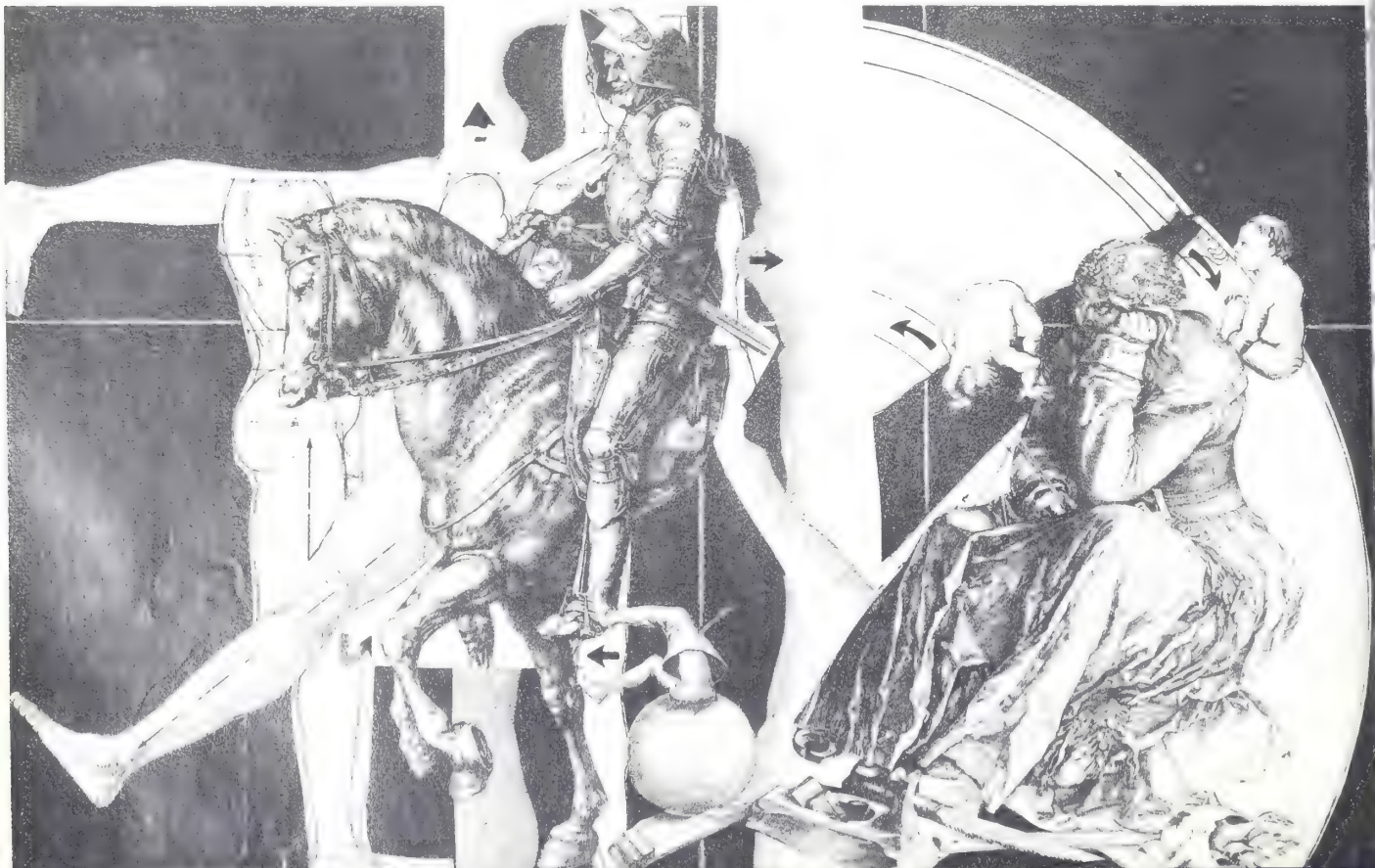
male can contribute little to the society and will often disrupt it, while the unemployed woman may perform valuable work in creating and maintaining families. In effect, the system of discrimination, which the movement is perfectly right in finding nearly ubiquitous, tells women that if they enter the marketplace they will probably receive less pay than men, not because they could do the job less well but because they have an alternative role of incomparable value to the society as a whole. The man, on the other hand, is paid more, not because of his special virtue, but because of the key importance of taming his naturally disruptive energies. The male job advantage, therefore, is based on the real costs of female careerism to raising children and socializing men. The society will have to pay these costs one way or another.

It is vital here to understand the sexual role of money. Particularly in relatively poor communities, a woman with more money than the men around her tends to demoralize them. Undermining their usefulness as providers, she weakens their connections with the community and promotes a reliance upon other, anti-social ways of confirming their masculinity: the priapic modes of hunting and fighting. A society of relatively wealthy and independent women will be a society of sexually and economically predatory males, or a society of narcotized drones who have abandoned sexuality entirely.

A male's money, on the other hand, is socially affirmative. If the man is unmarried, a much higher proportion of his money tha woman's will be spent on the opposite sex. money gives him the wherewithal to undert long-term sexual initiatives. It gives him an centive to submit to female sexual patterns, he knows he will retain the important role provider. His sexual impulses can assume a ilizing, not a subversive, form.

THE WOMEN'S MOVEMENT ARGUES that m women work because they *need* the mon That is precisely the point, and these wom must be permitted to earn it. (They will not helped, incidentally, by the competition of creasing numbers of non-poor women for job Those who support children should receive ch allowances. But men also need the money—a need an increment above the woman's pay—f unfortunately nonrational uses: for the "lu ury" spending on women that is necessary men are to establish and support families. T more men who are induced to serve as pr viders, the fewer women who will be left to su port children alone.

Nothing is so important to the sexual co stitution as the creation and maintenance families. And since the role of the male as pri cipal provider is a crucial prop for the famil the society must support it one way or the oth Today, however, the burdens of childbearing n longer prevent women from performing th provider role; and if day care becomes wide available, it will be possible for a matriarch



al pattern to emerge. Under such conditions, ever, the men will inevitably bolt. And this elopment, an entirely feasible one, would obably require the simultaneous emergence police state to supervise the undisciplined and a child care state to manage the chil-n. Thus will the costs of sexual job equality passed on to the public in vastly increased s. The present sexual constitution is cheaper. Of course, the male responsibility can be en-ed in many other ways, coercively or through gious and social pressures. It is perfectly sible to maintain male providers without tak-social costs into account in determining es and salaries. In modern American soci-however, the "social pressures" on women marriage and family are giving way to pres-es for career advancement, while the social ssures on men are thrusting them toward ual hedonism. The society no longer rec-izes, let alone communicates forcefully, the raordinary social costs incurred when wom-neglect their role in male socialization. In t, it has begun to actively promote the de-its of easy sex, while indulging a pervasive icism toward married love.

At this point, therefore, any serious govern-ntal campaign for equal pay for equal work uld be destructive. It would endorse the false inist assumption that a greatly expanded fe-le commitment to careers would be econom-l—using "human resources" that are now asted." The fact is that the triumph of a ca-rist ideology among American women would pose ultimate costs to the society far greater n the net contribution of the additional wom-in the work force. Already, save for the ex-otional minority, female careerism is impos-; heavy psychological penalties on women mselves, since most of them will not be able fulfill themselves in careers. The feminists uld establish an ideal chiefly practicable for mselves. The rest of womankind would be d, preposterously, that they are inferior to n unless they make comparable salaries.

Perhaps the most quixotic of all feminist de-nds is that men at work treat women first as uman beings." Male psychology is in large rt a reaction formation, shaped in relation to men. As women further invade realms con-tionally regarded as masculine—and as mas-line technology further transforms other male es—men will increasingly define themselves *not*-women, and their responses will be in-easingly sexual. If all the usual job stresses e intensified by sexual competition, the men ll retaliate through bureaucratic sabotage or ert viciousness on the job, or they will des-rately try to escape—either to the street or to gher levels of the bureaucracy. Already sub-ct to severe sexual strains from women, men ll not easily endure professional ones.

The effeminate stud

IN ALL THESE ECONOMIC QUESTIONS the feminists are right in virtually every superficial way. Men *do* get paid more than women; women *are* persistently discouraged from competing with men; the minority of women who are sufficiently motivated *can* perform almost every important job in society as well as men; job assignments by sex *are* arbitrary and illogical; most women *do* work because they have to; the lack of public child care facilities *does* prevent women from achieving real financial equality or opportunity.

But at a deeper level feminist women are terribly wrong. For they fail to understand their own sexual power; and they fail to perceive the sexual constitution of our society, or if they see it, they underestimate its importance to civilization and to their own interests. In general, the whole range of the society, marriage, and careers—and thus social order—will be best served if most men have a position of economic superiority over the relevant women in the community, and if in most jobs the sexes tend to be segregated by either level or function.

These practices are seen as oppressive by some; but they make possible a society in which women can love and respect men and sustain durable families. They make possible a society in which men can love and respect women and treat them humanely.

What is happening in the United States today is a steady undermining of the key conditions of male socialization. From the hospital, where the baby is abruptly taken from its mother; to early childhood, when he may be consigned to public care; to the home, where the father is frequently absent or ineffectual; to the school, where the boy is managed by female teachers and is often excelled by girls; possibly to a college, where once again his training is scarcely differentiated by sex; to a job, which, particularly at vital entry levels, is often sexually indistinct and which may not even be better paid than comparable female employment —through all these stages of development the boy's innately amorphous and insecure sexuality may be further subverted and confused.

In the end his opportunity to qualify for a family—to validate in society his love and sex through becoming a husband and provider—may be jeopardized. The man discovers that manhood affords few wholly distinctive roles except in the military, which is less inviting than ever. The society prohibits, constricts, or feminizes his purely male activities. Most jobs reward obedience, regularity, and carefulness more than physical strength; and the amount of individual initiative and assertiveness that can be accommodated by the average enterprise is

"The feminists would establish an ideal chiefly practicable for themselves. The rest of womankind would be told, preposterously, that they are inferior to men unless they make comparable salaries."

George Gilder

THE SUICIDE OF THE SEXES

very small indeed. Thus the man will find few compensatory affirmations of masculinity to make possible his expected submission to female sexual and social rhythms; and without a confident manhood he feels a compulsive need to prove it sexually, which he will do in ways that feminists, like the respectable women they are, fear and despise.

The American woman, meanwhile, becomes increasingly self-sufficient. While men are almost completely dependent upon women for a civilized role in the society and for biological and sexual meaning, women are capable of living decent—though often discontented—lives without men. The culture no longer much disapproves of unmarried mothers. The state affords them welfare and, increasingly, day care and maternity leave. In any case, birth control and legalized abortion give women complete control of procreation; and sexual liberation—not to mention masturbation and lesbianism—opens sexual enjoyment to them with only the most tenuous commitment to males. In fact, women are more than ever willing to adopt as their own an impulsive male sexuality, and although men may consequently find sexual partners more readily than before the meaning of their sexuality is diminished and they can derive less assurance from it. How could it be otherwise when more and more men and women now confront each other, *Joy of Sex* manuals in hand, joined in a grim competition of orgasmic performance. The barely discriminate ruttings of the liberated woman find a nice complement in the stud vanity of the swinging male.

The stud, like his chief activity, is without significance except in dramatizing the largely spurious glamour of primitive masculinity: the love-'em-and-leave-'em style of most of our male heroes in novels and films. But the ordinary man may also come to feel his sexual role devalued in a context of overt sexual liberation. And he too will turn away from the family. He watches televised football and other sports for hours on end and argues about them incessantly. He becomes easy prey to jingoism and the crudest appeals for law and order. And he is obsessed with women. He tries as much as possible to reduce them to their sexual parts, and to reduce their sexuality to his own limited terms: to meaningless but insistent copulation. Exiled from the world of women, he tries to destroy consciousness of its superiority by reducing it to his own level. He insists—against all his unconscious and ulterior knowledge—that women are as sexually contemptible as his society tells him he is.

He turns to pornography, with fantasies of sex and violence. His magazines—*Male* and *Crime* and *Saga* and *True Detective*, even respectably prurient publications like *Playboy* and its refined imitators—are preoccupied with barren copulation, or with war, perversion, and crime. He is an exile, an outlaw under the se ual constitution. Often he becomes a literal o law as well.

What he is *not* is a powerful oppressor, wi hypertrophied masculinity. Such men lead i potent lives, and, as Rollo May asserts, violen is the product of impotence grown unbearab Their problem is a society inadequately affir ative of masculinity: a society seduced by obsessive rationalism and functionalism—a c of efficiency, and a fetish of statistical equal —to eliminate many of the male affirmatio which all human societies have created throug out history to compensate for male sexual security and female sexual superiority. T women's movement seems determined to crea more and more such exiled "chauvinist" mal all the while citing their pathetic offenses as rationale for feminism.

Thus the society both provides for its o disruption and leaches itself of positive m energies. Engels said that marriage is the har maiden of capitalism; one could say, howev that it is the handmaiden of any producti society. For male insecurity is also the "divi unease" that in socialized males, strong enou to submit to women, produces the driving for behind a society's achievements in industry, a and science. It is wrong to suggest that eith women's liberation or male irresponsibility chiefly to blame for our current predicame Both phenomena are reflections of larger tren in the society hostile to enduring love.

Love vs. s

THE "LOVE THAT DARE NOT SPEAK its nam used to be homosexual. Today, it's the lo between men and women, especially husban and wives. Feminists are not alone in their e barrassed confusion over this subject, but usual they are a highly visible symptom of t general condition. They often avoid the pr lem by deferring a definition to some post-r olutionary stage—to be achieved after the wi ering away of masculinity—when people will last recognize each other as "human being

Until then they offer an alternative, appe ing to many people who are both disillusion with their adolescent images of love and cited by a sense of new possibilities of sex freedom and variety. For while love, in t form of euphoric monogamy, seems increasing elusive, sex as a way of communicating warm and exchanging pleasures seems increasing available. It even appears that sex is best wh it is spontaneous: exempt from the psychol ical complications of a deep love.

The movement women, with the strong s port of the counselors of sex technique, go to argue that sexual relations will be most gr

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The Grapeshot.

(A drink to things past.)

Remember how you used to race the neighbor kid home from school—and you'd get so thirsty you could drink the whole Mississippi? Then Mom would give you grape juice that left you with a nice purple moustache.

We thought about all that when we created the Grapeshot, a drink you might try sometime when you're feeling playful. If you haven't felt that way in a while, a purple moustache might help.



To make a Grapeshot, pour an ounce or so of Smirnoff in a glass with ice. Fill with grape juice. Garnish with lemon and orange wedges.

Smirnoff leaves you breathless.

George Gilder

THE SUICIDE OF THE SEXES

ifying if the conventional roles of the two sexes are not closely observed. They advise that the old "missionary position" be frequently abandoned (a male chauvinist relic, say the pamphleteers of *Out From Under*). And they give the impression that ineffable pinnacles of pleasure can be reached if couples are just willing, with the advice of the new sex manuals, to overcome inhibitions and role-stereotypes—leaving no erogenous zone unexplored, or orifice unfathomed. The "tyranny of genital sex" is to be exuberantly overthrown, and oral and anal access affirmed.

Pleasures, of course, can be given and received by a variety of people, and since variety is refreshing there is seen to be little physical or psychological reason for restricting sex to a single partner. And since sexual orgasm, the supreme pleasure, is in fact considered crucial to mental health, there seems little moral sanction either for depriving those who have failed to find a long-term lover.

These attitudes are also convenient for homosexuals, who have long since abandoned sexually determined roles and escaped from the genital tyranny of the missionary position. The view that sex is best when the partners perform in psychologically similar, if versatile, ways, in fact leaves little grounds at all for objecting to inversion. It comes as no surprise then that the proponents of gay liberation, as well as some literary avatars of that movement such as Gore Vidal and Kate Millett, should seem to be moving beyond a claim on our tolerance and compassion to an advocacy of the wonderful benefits of a homosexual style of life.

It would be a great mistake, however, to identify this fashionable concept of sex chiefly with feminism and gay liberation. For, ironically enough, it is also the essential ideology of male chauvinism: the playboy philosophy. Although the chauvinists may secretly nurse visions of male dominance, they are delighted with the prospect of female liberation. Like that *Cosmopolitan* girl and the "human beings" of *Ms.*, the playboy philosophers want to "finally and unanswerably break the connection between sexual intercourse and reproduction." Like the feminist writers, the male chauvinists fantasize polymorphously aggressive women, free of inhibitions and fixations. And also like the feminists, the male chauvinists do not like to envisage their women dependent or—God forbid pregnant.

In practice, this popular image of spontaneous and carefree "love between mature and equal human beings" is often workable. Mutual needs are fulfilled lovingly, as long as is mutually desired, and the couple parts amicably. Each partner is defined as autonomous: neither, in theory, can be deeply hurt by the departure of the other. In a mature relationship no one is believed to suffer the mawkish toils of dependen The two partners are free. They are liber at once *from* expectations of lifelong ench ment, rarely fulfilled, and *for* deep phys gratifications more easily attained. Thus, cording to the theory, they will be happier less vulnerable, dealing not with fantasies with possibilities in the real world.

WITH RESPECT TO MARRIAGE, the femir offer a similar blueprint. A recent best- ing book, *Open Marriage*, by two anthro ogists, George and Nena O'Neill, is a repre tative vision. Much of the prospectus is rem ably silly. The O'Neills invite us to transc "mere togetherness" and reach "the ultimat cooperation . . . that creates, through expan feedback and growth, a *synergic couple*" (t italics). If some of us are not yet ready for "opening expanding energy system" of "now" marriage, if "high points" and "p experiences" and "super moments" inspire vertigo, the authors will understand. They cede that there may be those who might pr to "ignore the peaks [and] huddle in the row valleys" of "conditional and static t unequal status, limited love, and a closed, limiting energy system." But, if one really w to have a fulfilling union, they are firm in claring that only an "open marriage" will

Oddly, however, the terms of the O'Neill r riage contract turn out to be extremely st As in the image of sexual relations betw "human beings," so the open marriage er ages two partners with completely flexible reversible roles. The O'Neills categorically miss the notion of sex-assigned functions responsibilities, for unless the woman e money (preferably as much as the husba and the man keeps house (also on equal ter the O'Neills fear that the couple will have little in common to "grow together." When actually scrutinizes their notion, equality t out to mean sameness. The man earns mor so must the woman. The man philanders must his wife. The man initiates sex; so r she. The woman decorates the house, cool meal, or makes a bed; the man must eventu reciprocate.

Children, of course, are rather awkwar this scheme and the O'Neills would have as tle to do with them as possible. They positi celebrate the childless marriage and dec that "the importance of motherhood has b inflated out of all proportion." "Motherho they argue, "must be disentangled from wife's role." It should be "optional" in an o populated world, rather than "glorified."

Actually, the danger of overpopulation little to do with the O'Neills' advocacy of optional status of children. What they re

is the snare of domesticity. The home, they rt, "may have its pleasures, but none of n makes sufficient demands to bring about growth." Domestic life programs the wom- or "mediocrity and dulls her brain." Far er to get out into the world of business and professions with all their "inspiring chal- es" and "broadening vistas."

his view of the way to find both good sex reasonably enduring love seems plausible ost sophisticated Americans. The feminists no more daringly rebellious in their usual al imagery than is Hugh Hefner in his k-heroic battle against the dread forces of erican puritanism. Nonetheless, the feminists s well as the playboy philosophers, the *Joy ex* technicians, and the gay liberationists—grotesquely wrong about both love and sex. hese groups have at least this in common: eagerness to divorce sex from procreation. s desire is hardly extraordinary. It is resist- only by the Catholic and Baptist churches Norman Mailer, among major American in- tions; and in the general alarm about over- ulation, it has gained the moral momentum a crusade and the financial support of the or foundations. To a considerable extent, effort is reasonable enough.

he members of the new sex coalition, how- r, go well beyond the search for a better traceptive. They also want to eliminate the chological and symbolic connections between rcourse and childbirth. They may reluctant- acknowledge that in a sense procreation is most important current role of intercourse nd certainly the key role in the history of nkind. They may even recognize that during millions of years when the species evolved our sexuality was formed, fertility deter- ed survival. Nevertheless, they look forward a time, not too far distant, when artificial ans may be employed for human reproduc- n.

his ideology of non-procreative sex is not a ial matter. We all know that in the age of traception all sexual activity does not have e intentionally procreative, if indeed it ever . But it hardly follows that sexual pleasure otally unrelated to the complex of drives and ires that converge to reproduce the species a loving and secure environment. Nor does ollow that a complete break between procre- e and erotic instincts will not ultimately un- mine all forms of sexual pleasure. To state question directly: does sex that is wholly ached from a procreative mode—that violates genital focus and sense of futurity—does this d of sex ultimately reduce sexual energy and lermine love? Does the separatist ideal of ymorphous pleasures so fail to correspond the inner syntax of sexuality that it strains bonds of human personality, becoming dis- integrative, not integrative, of body and mind and spirit? To answer these questions, one must explore the ties between sexual pleasure, procreation, and love.

THE BEGINNING OF A MAN'S LOVE in a civilized society lies in his desire, whether conscious or not, to have and keep his progeny. For this he must choose a particular woman. His love defines his choice. His need to choose evokes his love. His sexual drive lends energy to his love, and his love gives shape, meaning, and continuity to his sexuality. When he selects a specific woman, he in essence defines himself both to himself and to society. Afterwards, every sex act celebrates that definition and social engagement.

The sex act then becomes a human affirmation, involving a man's entire personality and committing it, either in fact or in symbol, to a long-term engagement in a meaningful future. In fact, one can say that the conscious or unconscious desire to have children with a specific partner is a workable definition of sexual love. It is not, in bold specific terms, the only definition. But across the range of sexual experience in a civilized society, this motive seems to run strongest in the phenomenon of love.

This concept of sexual love, originating in the desire for children and symbolized in genital intercourse, again emphasizes the differences between the sexes. A man's love is focused on the symbols and associations of a woman's procreative powers—embodied in her womb and her breasts and elaborated in her nurturant sentiments, her tenderness, and her sense of futurity. The woman loves the man for his strength and protectiveness, for temperamental qualities that provide an ability to support and protect her while she bears their children—or while she surrenders to orgasm. She loves him for his ability to control her in sexual intercourse and for his submission to the extended demands of her sexuality.

Beyond these primal attractions, of course, both the man and woman will seek a companionable and compatible partner. Both, that is, will seek someone whom they can imagine enjoying over time and who respects the values they want to transmit to their children. Such a relationship, it should go without saying, will accommodate a wide range of sexual activity, from deliberate attempts to conceive children to casual sex play.

Sensuous massage

THERE IS A MODE OF SEX, HOWEVER, that is not affirmative, that tends to tear apart the armature of sexuality and identity. That sort

"While love, in the form of euphoric monogamy, seems increasingly elusive, sex as a way of communicating warmth and exchanging pleasures seems increasingly available."

of sex occurs when the sex act does not express love, is not associated even unconsciously or symbolically with the aspiration to conceive children, and does not subordinate male instant gratification to female futurity. Then the sex act becomes a transient pleasure, an ephemeral kick, which, if pursued, leads to emotional fragmentation rather than to a sense of continuity with nature and society. If this kind of sex prevails, the male circuit of impulsive and predatory sexuality can become the dominant rhythm in the culture.

The women's movement, the male chauvinists, the gay liberationists, the sexologists, and the pornographers all tend to indulge and promote such a disintegration. All present alternatives to loving sexuality. The man and woman who are attempting to fulfill their sexual natures in an affirmative way are bombarded with contrary ideologies. The pornographer pervasively advertises the potential joys of promiscuity, of unknown but shapely bodies—continuously stimulates primal male impulses and subverts the effort to maintain monogamous ties. The sex manuals present utopian images of the bliss that comes with an abandonment of "inhibitions" and "stereotypes" that may be important to affirmative sexuality. The women's movement offers visions of a spurious sexual equality, in which women are to be considered as erotically impulsive as men, or more so. The gay liberationists romanticize a pattern in which ultimate sexual fulfillment is impossible and in which temporary gratification is paramount.

The danger in the sexual separatist program is that unsocialized men will become culturally dominant, while the civilized will have to resist the pressures of the society at large. A civilization dependent on families, on long-term commitments, will be confronted by a powerful mass culture propagating a sexuality of immediate gratifications. A society profoundly reliant on monogamy will face a culture advertising promiscuity. We find ourselves close to that situation today.

The effect on men is most immediate and far-reaching because their identities and secondary sexual behavior are more dependent on culture and therefore more vulnerable to shifts in social pressures. But ultimately the impact on women is just as tragic. Women face a cruel dilemma, exemplified in part by the current women's movement. Some have responded to the increasing abdication of men from civilized social and sexual patterns by trying to play both key roles, sustaining long-term commitments as well as familial responsibilities. The most talented and stable will succeed, thus perpetuating civilized behavior in the face of a hostile culture. Other women have chosen careers alone, while either forgoing sex or halfheartedly adopting the male pattern. Still others have enthusiastically embraced an essentially male chauvinist ethic promiscuous "openness," narrowing their pectations of men and of the potentialities their own bodies.

IN THE END, THE SEXUALITY of both men women and the spirit of the community reduced to the limited, barren, compulsive cuitry of uncivilized males. Confined in a sl low present, with little hope for the future interest in the past, neither sex works or lo devotedly. While sex is given a steadily lar role, it loses contact with its procreative sour and becomes increasingly promiscuous and differentiated, homosexual and pornograph It becomes what in fact our current liberati ists—male and female—already imagine it be, essentially a form of sensuous massage shapeless, dissolute, and destructive pursuit ever more elusive pleasures by ever more dra techniques. In the quest for a better orgasm more intense titillation, a frustrated populati goes on ever wilder goose chases in "litt known erogenous zones"—on ever more fut scavenger hunts for sexual erotica, picking a whip here, an orgy there, but always retu ing to the sterile and shapeless lump of th own sexuality. Such are the aporias of carn knowledge—the dead ends of "spontaneity."

Our sexual potentialities are to a great exte fixed. But what we do with them is determin by culture, which is shaped by us. The first a most important step in restoring a sense of o der and purpose and community is to reesta lish the social pressures and cultural biases favor of durable monogamous love and ma riage—the long-term feminine sexual patter —that the women's movement and the playb philosophers find so "oppressive." It is wom who will most benefit in the beginning, for the discomfort in the toils of male sexuality is a ready inducing a revulsion toward sex altoget er. But ultimately the whole society gains. F as we cultivate more profound patterns of lo and sexuality, we will create a deeper sense community, a more optimistic embrace of th future, and a more productive society.

The differences between the sexes are the sin gle most important fact of human society. Th drive to deny them—in the name of women liberation, marital openness, sexual equality erotic consumption, homosexual romanticism— must be one of the most quixotic crusades i the history of the species. Yet in a way it is typ ical of crusades. For it is a crusade against particular incarnate humanity—men and wom en and children—on behalf of a metaphysica "humanism." It seems unlikely, however, tha the particular men and women one meets in th real world will ever voluntarily settle for long i an open house of barren abstractions. □



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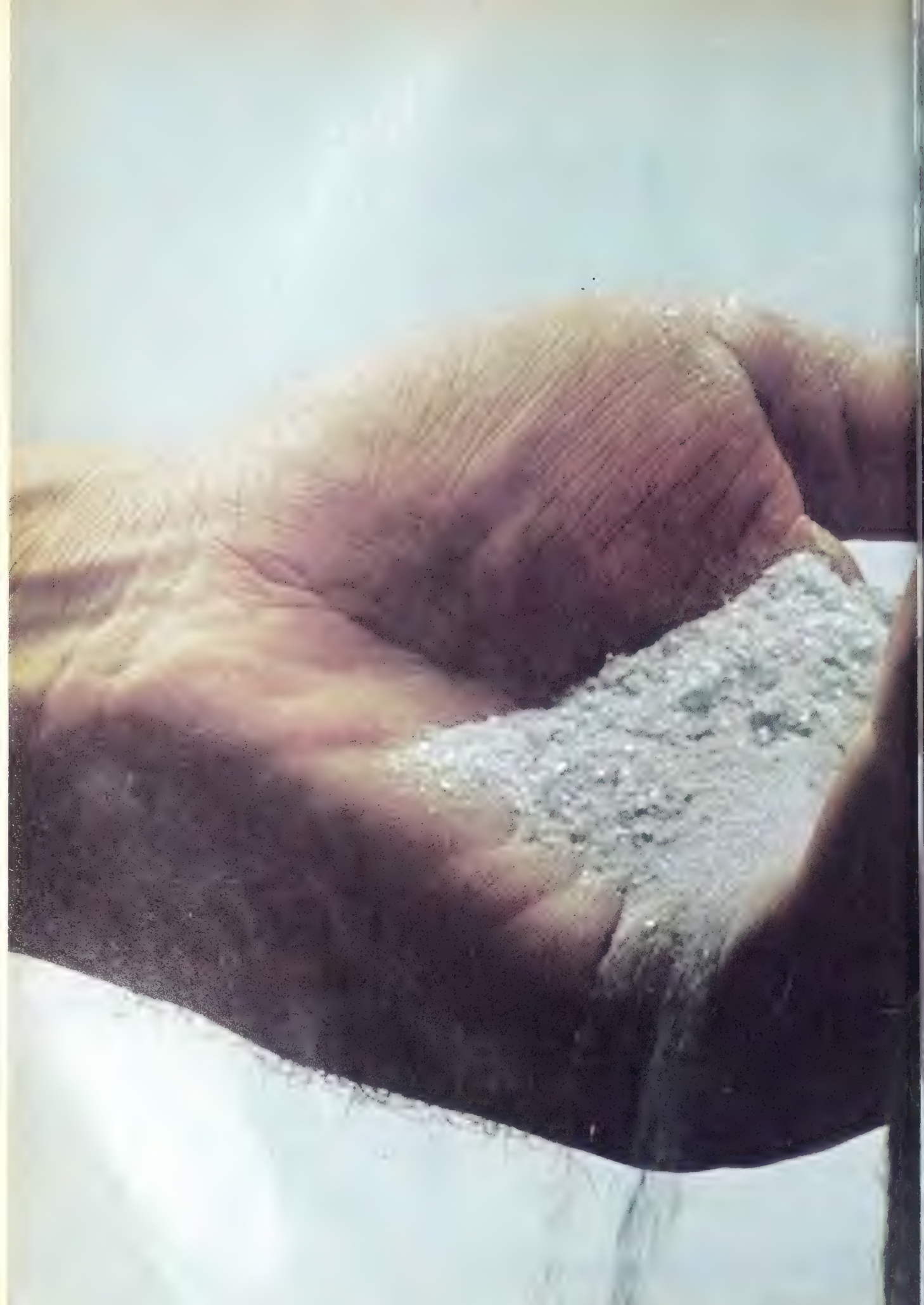
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Glass. It's a natural.

Richard Selzer

THE HARBINGER

A dark ritual of belated passion



LUCAS HAD NOT TOUCHED HER in twelve years. That wasn't so surprising, considering the fact that he was seventy-six years old. One summer he had quietly shriveled into retirement. No announcement, just a comfortable agreement with himself, she supposed. Ora had briefly wondered at the wisdom of nature and accepted without regret. They still shared the same bed, and now and then their legs would touch and she would feel the hairlessness of his calves. It made her sad. When she touched her own slack flesh or looked in the mirror at her dry gray hair, she felt no emotion. Only curiosity. It was "interesting" to watch age sift into her body. Such a tender invasion. But she hated to see Lucas get old. He needed his youth more th she did. A man does. It's the strength that m ters to him. He's got to get up into a pear tr and saw off the dead branches. When he can't it hurts too much to do it anymore, he gets qu and starey. Still, there was so much work to on a fruit farm, even a small one, and they h no help. A hundred pear trees could sap a ma strength. Ora worried over him and his lun and his boots.

They were two weeks into April and Ora w standing by the sink peeling onions. Work ways absorbed her fully, so that the chill t crawled across the middle of her back came u emphatically to her attention. Her hands k

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ing but she half-turned to see the shadow of
n disturbing the kitchen floor. It was an-
second before she realized it was Lucas.
as standing at the doorway looking at her.
What you doin' back so soon, Lucas? It's
unchtime." For a long moment he didn't
er, and she felt the severity of his gaze.
ee ya," he said, and slouched outside again.
ow that was odd, she thought. It *was* odd,
Ora preferred not to think about it and did
gain until much later.
hat night, as she undressed, he raised up on
elbow and watched her. He had had yellow
and white teeth, now the yellow was in the
and the hair was without any color at all.
and fine as a baby's. His pale blue eyes
ed always about to liquefy and run out of
sockets.
Aren't you tired, Lucas? Here, get into your
mas."
e did, and as she fell asleep she was almost
that he was lying awake and tense. Ora
ke to feel his hand on her body. She had
dreaming of moths. In her dream she had
up into the attic to put away the heavy
er coats. As she opened the old chest they
out, a little white cloud, fluttering, staying
together, moving as one. They rose toward
face and she backed quickly away, her arms
ding her head. The moths floated closer.
was in a corner, half-crouched, head up-
d and her face covered with her arms when
settled on her, covering her eyes, sucking
lips, beating at her nostrils. They crept be-
h the neck of her blouse and down her body,
ng, crawling. With a groan she stirred and
ted herself awake.
was then she felt Lucas' burry hand on her
y. The knowledge of it startled her to mo-
lessness, and she lay with her back to him,
ntened, unsure of what she should do, and
knowing, she lay still, submitting. After a
e he stopped and she could feel his arm
g heavily on her and his breathing told her
he was asleep. It was Ora who lay awake
l dawn.

DAYBREAK SHE ROSE, dressed, and walked
outside and up to the sloping orchard of
trees in neat rows. The narrow black
ches were still leafless and dry.
uke's got a lot of lopping to do this year,
thought. She walked slowly up the slope to
further end of the orchard, out of sight of
house. The last tree in the next-to-the-last
had been struck by lightning in the fall. She
remembered hearing the crack, as of a large bone breaking in her ear. It was followed by a growl, black and ominous, that gathered in the deep chest of the sky and rose to be coughed from its running wet mouth. The storm had awakened her and she lay in bed thinking, "So close, it's hit a tree." Next to her, Lucas had stirred and with a sudden movement turned and threwn a leg across her thighs. He did not awaken. For a long while she lay imprisoned, then sat up and lifted the leg from her body and placed it gently on the bed. Then she rose and stood by the window, watching the rain, listening to the streams pouring from the eaves.

The next morning Lucas had gone out to see and had reported to her the injured tree. The largest branch had been torn loose and lay on the ground, attached to the trunk by a small isthmus of bark. It wouldn't take much sawing to separate it completely. That was in November.

Now she paused by the tree, looking down at the fallen branch, submitting to the feeble spring sun. That sun, gelded by the knives of winter, sniffed about the crevices of earth, fingering her wrinkled face and blue-veined hands, and she let it, though feeling no warmth from the cool rays.

She had to think about Lucas, what he had done last night. It seemed surreptitious, furtive, almost boyish. She could understand why he didn't talk about it beforehand. He'd always been somewhat shy about their lovemaking, as though it were woman's work. He never talked about it, just did it, surely enough, but shyly too. Ora wouldn't have expected there to be any conversation about this. "But what's got into him?" she wondered. "I'm frightened."

By the time she got back into the house she was thoroughly chilled. Lucas was boiling water for the coffee. They didn't speak of it.

"If it keeps up like this, we'll be in flower in three weeks, Luke."

"That's right. Gonna be a good year for pears."

"What's it gonna be today, Luke?"

"Checkin' and mendin' the fence. Probably take me all day, what with a lot of the big stones knocked out."

"Well, you wear your high boots and I'll bring lunch out and we can eat out by the trees."

At noon she took the basket of sandwiches and fruit up the hill and down the far slope. Lucas was far below, at the edge of the north field. The sun was pleasantly warm and she enjoyed the walk. When she had come to within fifty yards of where he stood, she could see that he wasn't working. He was standing still, his

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back to her, looking over the stone fence at the pasture beyond. She had a faint tremor of alarm that passed as quickly as it had come, and she continued walking toward him. Immediately behind him she stopped and turned to follow his gaze. In the pasture beyond she saw the two horses, one mounted and high, thrusting powerfully, rhythmically, relentlessly, its mane shaking with each probe, its head lowered and straining forward on the long curved neck. The other was docile, accepting, her head turned to the side as though waiting, waiting, on the brink. Once her hind legs buckled under his force, then, wobbling, stiffened to brace against him. Lucas was watching, absorbed, unaware of her presence, his whole body drawn to tightness and hung from those blinkless blue eyes.

"Lucas," she said quietly. Her throat was dry and she felt cold.

He did not turn or answer. She watched, too, but her gaze turned from the pasture to Lucas and back again. There was a sudden loud, high, ringing neigh. The male's head shot up and back, eyes bulging with white, mane electrified, and the force of his body pushed the female forward in an awkward burst of side steps. She struggled to maintain her balance. Abruptly the stallion dropped from her back and bent immediately to nibble at the grass. His insolent tail flicked and whisked. The female remained still, hind legs apart. She seemed to be suffering his departure, or, heavy with the smear of life, unable to move. As they parted, Lucas gave a deep sigh, turned, and said, "I'm hungry. Let's eat now."

That night he moved across her body gravely, recklessly, kneading her, pressing. He seemed occupied by something, a lust, late and suddenly sprung, that licked his blood and itched his flesh.

"Lucas?" she said. It was a question. Again, "Lucas?"

He did not answer, and his breathing came fast and hoarse. Now and then he coughed wetly. Arthritically ajar, she lay still as he poked among the dry leaves of her. In her hand she clutched a balled handkerchief and listened to an owl deriding the night.

The next day she mourned the purple bruises on her bony prominences, and remembered the clacking noises they made when bone struck bone. His struggle saddened her, the long slow swelling, the small puff of dry smoke. That was all there was. If only they could talk about it, but then, they never had, and surely not now. "No good will come of it," she whispered to herself. "It's not good."

It was unusually quiet at the farmhouse three weeks they circled each other durin day and played out their solemnities at Lucas' passion had sprung, not an old fancy but a dark ritualized thing, earnes placable. It needed no words and none spoken. It was outside of themselves, livi the house, a weight, a goad. They faced other at dinner with it seated between the needed no food. What they ate was someho food, fed it, and they grew thin and wordl

SHE MADE HER WAY up the slope with lunch basket on her arm. The trees we full bud but no open flowers yet. Who imagine the hot color soon to be delivered those cool knobs? When she reached the to paused under the blasted tree, and from shade of the tree next to it peered out int brilliant vision-taking sunlight. It was hot a edge of a knife. She saw it all happen as within an airless rocking bubble. Lucas w the pasture with the two horses. He had t off his clothes and was standing naked besid mare. He seemed to be studying her flanks fleshy rump. The stallion faced her, chee cheek. Their unstirred tails and manes heavily in the absolutely still air. For a long ment they were frozen in a group that wa most two-dimensional. Suddenly Lucas r his hand to touch the mare's rump.

At that instant the stallion flung up and b ward on his hind legs as though pulled a neck by a powerful rope. His mane flashed sprayed about his head and his great boxy t gaped at the sky. A scream broke from his m and bubbled out his nose as he galloped, his f legs down, down from their height, char through the sunlight onto Lucas. At the last ment Lucas turned and looked up at the rea horse, but made no move to run or even to r his arm to fend it off.

Ora heard the thud as the dented ground c plained. Lucas never moved but lay where was flung. Again and again the stallion r shook at the zenith, gathering, then raced d the burning air to smack his hooves into man. From the distance the hooves were t swinging delicately on the legs. All the wh the mare stood motionless, presenting her ru staring down at the grass, only her ears po ing to listen. Ora leaned against the tree, face fluttering downward. Spiking from the t base, the blackened limb lay upon the grou its dry little branches were covered with fie open blossoms.



g. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine,
er cigarette, FTC Report, Feb. '73.

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›r Branch

ROFILES IN CAUTION

Senate's bad advice and grudging consent

ER SINCE THE WATERGATE discoveries es-tablished the duplicity of the Nixon Admin-ion, United States Senators have been ning around the wounded President like os around the carcass of a beached whale. have demanded so much rectitude and cleaning that optimistic observers have cted a major resurgence of Senatorial lead-› in the country. Senators are making hes and appearing on television every-e, deploring things. They even speak of im-ment, which prevents the press and the cutors from stealing the whole show, and makes up for the negligible role the Sen-layed in bringing the scandal to light.

e Senators will extract what humiliation can from Nixon, and they will bluster with s and resolutions. But they will fail to re-their powers over the purse and foreign y because they, like everybody else in the try, remain too dependent on the office of President. Soon they will join the national for a restoration of the Presidency. They a powerful chief executive to hide the that the Senate has spent forty years slip-away from responsibility for the difficult ions in American politics. The Senators provide ceremony and theater for Water-but, unhappily, they will contribute little Even if Nixon falls into oblivion, the Sen-will be of about as much use as they were Nixon was running over them like so blades of grass. The Watergate affair will the power of a President to be limited by wn conscience, not by the checks or bal-s of the Senate. It will also show that the rity of the Senate has lapsed into disuse in s of need, emerging only in verbal displays all is safe and easy.

ie Senators have been ignored, impounded, run over for so long they have fallen into the t of self-deprecation. "We are not strong gh. We are not vital enough," laments Sen. b Javits. "It is just about time we spoke t it openly," echoes Hubert Humphrey. "We are out of date, out of step, out of style, and we have made our own trouble and our own mess." Speaking of the Senate's incontinence in money matters, Minority Leader Hugh Scott says that Senators are "like a dope addict. They go to the President, in effect, and say, 'Stop me, save me, help me, I can't help myself.'" And Sam Ervin, who is trying to spearhead a Senate comeback with his Bible and his tattered Constitution, surveyed his troops with a sigh: "A lot of Congressmen and Senators like to draw their breath and their salaries and not do much else."

The record of the past few years bears out this sad appraisal. In foreign affairs, the Senate commands even less influence than Secretary of State Rogers. It whined through the whole Vietnam war from the sidelines, appropriating the money while protesting the unconstitutionality of the President's policies. Presidents Johnson and Nixon disregarded the Senate until questions of legality became embarrassing. When Congress repealed the Tonkin Gulf Resolution, President Nixon said he didn't need it anyway, since he had a constitutional duty to use American forces to protect the American forces in Vietnam—a bit of circular sophistry so bold it wasn't questioned further.

In its legislation on Indochina, the Senate has resembled a drunken moose at hopscotch. In 1969, it passed an amendment prohibiting the use of American ground troops in Laos and Thailand; in 1970, President Nixon invaded Cambodia. By the time an appropriate amendment got through the grist, the troops were finished and gone. Legislative efforts on the war have all but ceased, and tired old Senator Fulbright has retreated into deeper sarcasm and despair: "Like Humpty-Dumpty, who would not be mastered by a mere word, the Nixon Administration has shown that it will not be gotten the better of by anything so trivial as a *law*." Having neither money nor armies, the Senate must rely on laws, which often have the force of paper airplanes or bogus lottery tickets.

Taylor Branch, Washington correspondent for Harper's, was formerly on the staff of The Washington Monthly.



Robert Pryor

The trivial treat

MANY LEGISLATORS REMEMBER the Sena
treaty powers in foreign affairs, by wh
Senator Lodge and his colleagues once preve
ed U.S. entry into the League of Nations a
hastened Woodrow Wilson's death. These pow
have been embalmed in the archives, beca
Presidents now conduct important internatio
business by means of executive agreemen
which simply omit the word "treaty" and theru
avoid the interference of the Senate. There
now something like three thousand execut
agreements in effect, while treaties are incre
ingly limited to minor matters like internatio
study agreements and cultural exchanges. "
ery day we vote on treaties that have to do w
trivial matters," sulks Sen. Frank Church. "
fact, the more trivial the matter, the m
inclined the Executive is to submit it to the S
ate for ratification as a treaty."

The Senate's performance in domestic a
economic affairs is highlighted by a similar t
dition of irrelevance. Ever since the Depressi
Congress has been finding new ways to pass
ficult political issues to the President, until mu
of the current legislation consists of a hope
mandate for the President to do good thi
about the cities or pollution or drug abuse. O
the past forty years, in times of war and e
nomic disaster, Congress has passed 580 la
at latest count, which give the President extra
dinary powers to fight all kinds of enemies d
ing declared states of emergency. We are n
actually living in a triple state of national em
gency—the first proclaimed by FDR in 19
the second by Truman in 1950, and the th
by Nixon in 1971 when he decided to c
trol how much everybody gets paid. Senat
Charles Mathias and Frank Church have fou
that under these laws "the President may se
properties, mobilize production, seize comm
ities, institute martial law, seize control of
transportation and communications, regul
private capital, restrict travel, and, in a host
particular ways, control the activities of
American citizens." The emergency statutes a
put the Senators in an excellent position to cr
icize or hail the President's actions without g
ting gored themselves. "I think the trend sin
the Thirties has been that Congress has be
in a rush to surrender its powers to the Ex
utive," says Florida's Sen. Lawton Chiles. "
item after item, Congress did not want to ta
the heat or the responsibility."

Of course, there are pervasive historical re
sons for the Senate's desire to get away from t
firing line. Over several generations of crisis a
emergency, government has grown into a hu
labyrinth of bureaucracy and complicated re
ulations, until all public spending now accou

1 out of every $3 in the gross national
act. Power, in search of efficiency, has be-
more centralized—flowing from the states
ashington and then into the White House.
tupendous complexity of Washington give
normous advantage to the galaxy of expert
e Executive Branch and to the President,
appears as the single hope for order and
ficity and leadership. He rises out of the
, whereas the Senators find themselves en-
ed in it. They are generalists and politi
. and they don't want to become manager
reaucrats. They don't have enough time or
mation to reach definitive positions on all
ig issues facing them, and so they offer
e. Taking the harsh responsibility for de
ns makes enemies, and enemies lose votes.
a Senator with good intentions succumbs
storical forces that make it seem wise and
ent for him to assume the role of an Eric
reid, counseling the nation from a seat in
balcony. President Nixon recognized this
l and decided by logical extension that he
ld quit trucking around with Congress.

HE PRESIDENT MOST BRAZENLY demon trat
ed his contempt when he sent a well-groomed
g *apparatchik* named Howard Phillips over
e Office of Economic Opportunity with or-
to dismantle it. He neglected to send Phil-
name to the Senate for confirmation; and
Harrison Williams, chairman of the Sen-
ommittee that would consider the nomina-
, wrote to ask about it, Nixon ignored the
r. There was general agreement in the Sen
hat Phillips acted illegally, but from a prac-
point of view it didn't matter.

f all the indignities the Senate suffers, the
st is that the Administration portrays it
ugh the media as a collection of children
overblown allowances, waving their arms
re the cameras to show that they will spend
gh money to be everybody's friend. The
inistration's portrait suggests that the leg-
ure simply can't help itself when it goes
ping, and the Justice Department state
mnly that "our nation needs the impounding
ority vested in the President to check this
rwise ruinous tendency of Congress." More-
r, says Nixon, Congress is trained to do the
ling of special interests who want their pock-
lined. Even the President's supporters in
Senate confess to the truth of these insults
penitent tone. Clifford Hansen, who is so
h a dapper petroleum Senator that his
ches have the rhythm of a pumping oil der-
, ended his discussion of the Senate's spend
urge by saying that "we compound the
blem in order to save face with the special
rest groups coming before us with these
uests."

The Senate is just not made of the stuff re-
quired for the responsible management of a
first-rate power, says the Administration, and
therefore it should be kept abreast of govern-
ment actions to the extent that no harm will be
done by the Senators' compulsion to leak, which
is second only to their compulsion to spend.
Senate requests for information run into clas-
sification, bureaucratic entanglement, or the
unvarnished cold shoulder. Senator Fulbright's
correspondence with the Defense and State De-
partments on foreign-policy information reads
like the diary of a panhandler—will you please
respond to my last letter asking you to recon-
sider your previous letter denying the Foreign
Relations Committee the Administration's plan
for foreign aid? The letters are particularly
embarrassing because Senator Fulbright does
not demand the information but freely admits
that he will stop bothering people if the Presi-
dent will just whisper "executive privilege"
over the relevant documents.

In both foreign and domestic affairs, the Sen-
ate has shrunk to a subordinate role in govern-
ment at precisely the time Senators are becom-
ing more visible on TV talk shows and when
almost any Senator without a speech defect is
considered a potential Presidential candidate.
This is fully in the Roman tradition, as Gibbon
records that the majesty and splendor of the
Roman senators rose to unprecedented heights
when Augustus and later emperors humored
them into thinking they had a greater than cer-
emonial role.

Nixon never humored the Senators, who have
been shocked into realizing how much their sig-
nificance rests on the exchange of courtesies.
Now Watergate has forced him into a more con-
ciliatory posture, as he submits sullenly while
the Senators scourge him with resolutions. The
Senators vigorously reassert their right to pub-
lic attention, but their hidden unwillingness to
share the burdens of government remains un-
affected.

If a new constitutional convention were to
rewrite the founding document to reflect mod-
ern realities, the delegates could reduce Article
II, on the powers of the President, to a single
sentence: The President is Commander-in-Chief.
And to further condense matters, they could
write a simple new Article I on the Congress:
The Powers and Duties of the Congress shall
be to Cheer the President, and to Complain
about Him. Ceremonial votes could be taken to
test the ratio of cheerleaders to complainers on
any given issue. This is not too far from the
current arrangement. Moreover, if you spend
time talking with the gentler and more likable
members of the Senate, such as Mike Mansfield
or Clifford Case, you will find them espousing a
philosophy in harmony with the new Constitu-
tion. The Senate serves primarily as an educa-

"Having neither money nor armies, the Senate must rely on laws, which often have the force of paper airplanes or bogus lottery tickets."

Taylor Branch

PROFILES IN CAUTION

tional forum for public opinion, they say, where some of the most informed people in the country [illegible] as a sounding board for the discussion of our political ills and get the public worked up when things go wrong. The President will respond when there is enough noise or wisdom in the air.

The Senators prefer to operate in the realm of theater, where Sam Ervin excels. They can score symbolic victories at confirmation hearings, embarrassing the President and occasionally forcing him to send up another name. But in order to achieve the presumed constitutional equality with the President, the Senate would need to forge itself into a parliamentary unity that could speak with one voice. Senators would be obliged to sacrifice some of their precious individualism to the collective power of the Senate as a whole. Instead of waiting for the President's budget and tinkering around with his foreign policy after the fact, the Senate would offer its own agenda, and Senators would run for election based on how they propose to change it. At present, they run on how they propose to remonstrate with the President.

A strict constructionist

WHEN THE 93RD CONGRESS convened in January, an unprecedented number of Senators were angered by the President's impoundments. Both liberals and conservatives were disturbed about the Senate's diminished powers, and they resolved to study their predicament and do something about it. So more than seventy Senators sponsored a two-day conference on the constitutional rights of the Congress, which convened on March 7.

The man of the hour was Sam Ervin, chairman of all the committees standing toe-to-toe with Nixon — the special Watergate committee; the Judiciary Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights, which handles the police-state problem as it relates to newsmen and wiretapped individuals; and the Government Operations Subcommittee on Separation of Powers, which handles impoundment and executive privilege.

Until last year, Ervin was fairly obscure, another of the old Southern bulls in the Senate, known as the leading opponent of the Equal Rights Amendment. He was regarded as a warm-hearted constitutionalist who filibustered against the big civil-rights bills because he found "not one syllable" in the Constitution to justify such measures. Now, besting Nixon in strict construction, he doesn't find any syllables authorizing impoundments, executive privilege, or rigged [illegible] and he discovers himself on the cover of [illegible] major newsmagazine in the country, drawing the admiration of liberals and big lecture [illegible] on college campuses. His notoriety and power came at the age of seventy-six, l even for a Senator, and he was obviously joying himself.

Ervin has a pleasant, Santa Claus face, w twitching bushy eyebrows and sparkling ey You can see his feet together in first positi under the table and his crooked right forefing waving in the air as he begins his standard c ies speech on the mechanics of the Consti tion, laced with quotations from George Wa ington's farewell address and the yarns of old country lawyer. Ervin often says that t Constitution directs the President to take ca that the laws are faithfully executed. Could t mean that he can execute the laws the way hangman executes a criminal? Ervin leads audience in a round of laughter and then turns to the Founding Fathers and the Federa ist papers. Even when he threatens to put t White House aides in jail, there is a benevole twinkle on his face, like grandpa playfu threatening to spank a child. By the time Erv concludes his speech, everyone is in a go mood, the Constitution has been invoked, a the air is so filled with the powder of old wi that you half expect James Madison to stroll for a round of applause.

Ervin sang hymns to the enduring vitali of the Constitution, and the liberal academi at the conference—among them Arthur Sch singer, Jr., Henry Steele Commager, and Ale ander Bickel—sang right along. There was so irony in this. For forty years liberals have garded the Presidency as the only hope for o nobler political ideals, while Congress has be caricatured as a collection of doddering a recalcitrant old relics. But now Congress is t hero, and the liberals appear to have becon converted Madisonians.

Professor John Saloma led the argument th the Senate needs more staff, observing that t Congress, with some one thousand profession workers, can't hope to compete against the C fice of Management and Budget and the tw and a half million employees of the Executi Branch. He proposed that Congress beef its up, use computers (the Senate now has o computer, which is used mainly to make o pay checks), and make a comprehensive su vey of staff capabilities so that a Senator w know where to find a specialist on day-care ce ters or Section 221 housing programs. The Se ate must avail itself of new technologies, ever one said, and stop acting like an old generali debating club.

Others stressed that the Senate must get with seniority reform and anti-secrecy measur in an effort to put its own house in order b fore doing battle with Nixon. The lawyers sa that Congress should have its own lawyer enforce Congressional will in the courts. T economists said Congress needs more econ



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mists to get a handle on the budget, although Wildavsky, the conference jester, remarked that even the prodigious work of the OMB is largely guesswork, having been more than $20 billion off the budget since 1969.

Henry Steele Commager recommended that Congress get more information: "Ralph Nader seems to have more information about the problems facing the United States than the Congress." Others suggested that Congress reorganize, and there was a general agreement that there should be a new committee to have overall responsibility for the budget. Still others argued that Congress needs not more committees but fewer ones, charged with broad problem areas. This view was advanced by Sen. William Brock of Tennessee, one of the new breed of Southern Republicans, who has learned the advantages of attacking the seniority system and sounding as vaguely progressive as John Gardner. He made the case for fewer committees and the big picture. "Why don't we treat these problems in the context of the whole?" he asked. "We simply can't have a housing policy without considering transportation in the urban community. Why not deal with the problem of the urban community? Why not deal with the problem of the human being?"

Sheepish Senators

THE CONFERENCE WAS OVERWHELMED with admirable if somewhat hackneyed suggestions about how the Senate should reform itself, but the litany of shortcomings was so depressing that it drove the Senators into self-flagellation. Some went so far as to say that it was good for the Senate to be maligned, because only a strong dose of vicious abuse could wound the Senate enough to make it act. "This President has done us a favor in rubbing our noses in where our powers once were," said Lawton Chiles, one of the promising young Senators, who sported a flashy blue suit, a big gold tie, and black leather boots. "Nixon is treating Congress with the contempt we deserve."

Such talk emboldened the academics to abandon their deference and describe the Senate as a pusillanimous collection of weak sisters. One pedantic scholar from the lowly Congressional Research Service lectured the Senators on the abysmal way they spend their time—posing for photos with constituents, running around in search of cameras and reporters, dashing to the Senate floor to ask an aide or a functionary how they should vote on an amendment they never heard of. Professor Donald Devine said that the Senate has all the power it needs, but questioned "whether the will and the wisdom are there." Some professors trod a little too heavily on the toes of Edward Kennedy, who told them he was expecting constructive suggestions in of pep talks and mushy discourses. He le ter dozing through a few speeches. But the of despair had caught on. It persisted, de occasional spurts of optimism, until Adlai venson's confession near the end of the ference: "I have been here for a little more two years. I have wondered at times wha heck I am doing here." This mood conti through the spring, relieved only by the ate's enjoyment of the Watergate revelat Even as the Senators planned to take a against a weakened President on the three jor constitutional issues—impoundment, power, and executive privilege—there w prevailing caution that had been absent in earlier pronouncements on the morality of ging. The corrective legislation itself see designed to allow the Senate to take as responsibility as possible.

Sam Ervin's anti-impoundment bill is a in point. It passed the Senate by a vote of 24 in the big Watergate month of April. Ervin bill says that although impoundments strictly unconstitutional, the President can p tice them in the future if he will notify C gress within ten days. Unless Congress appr the impoundment within sixty legislative thereafter, which will usually work out to a eighty calendar days, the President has t lease the funds. Thus, Congress can disapp the President's action by doing nothing. On Senate floor, the Republicans tried unsucc fully to amend the bill to require the Cong to actively disapprove an impoundment be the President has to spend the money, Sen. William Roth making the well-worn c that Ervin's language would "tie the Preside hands behind him." The two sides fought the advantage that always goes to the advoc of Congressional inaction, and Ervin won his bill becomes law, the President will when the Congress sits on its hands.

IN ANOTHER EFFORT TO REGAIN its const tional powers, the Senate passed the Ja War Powers Act last year. It failed in the Ho and will come up again this year. The bill s that the President can use armed force to r what he considers an attack against the v interests of the United States, but he must tain the approval of Congress within thirty d after the shooting starts (which, as in Vietn is sometimes difficult to discern). If the Pr dent fails to convince Congress that the wa a good one, the funds are automatically cut Again, Congress in its self-confidence has inc porated the guiding principle that the Presid will lose if either House of Congress avoids issue. The military license has to be renew every year.

- Javits bill has been called the most im-
t piece of legislation before the Senate
y because it seeks to restore the constitu-
rights of the Congress in the critical realm
r-making. The odds are in favor of its pas-
because many legislators feel they can vote
without hamstringing the President's mil-
options. In short, the War Powers Act i-
bet because it will make Congress look
without changing things much.

ll wars are popular for the first thirty days,"
Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., who believes that
roposed law would not have affected the
ct of the Vietnam war. Once the Pre-
has the flag planted and the cannons roar-
gislators pale at the thought of cutting off
nds. They don't want it said that they
d the ammo right out of our boys' hands
eft them helpless on the battlefield. The
e had to approve the Vietnam war with
ve action on the appropriations bills every
and either house of Congress could have
ed the money simply by failing to muster
otes. Essentially, the Javits bill would tack
fence on to the appropriations to say, "We
this war is a good idea."

THE SENATE IS NOT QUITE AS FAR along on the third major constitutional issue—its ignorance, as perpetuated by the President's misclassification and executive privilege. President Nixon maintains that his use of secrecy through executive privilege is "rooted in the Constitution," just as his power to make war is grounded in the Commander in Chief clause and his right to impound under the Constitution is "absolutely clear." The Senators respond that they do not find one syllable of roots in the Constitution and that executive privilege has not been authorized by a single statute or single judicial decision. At this point, spokesmen for the Administration usually argue that the practice of executive secrecy is implied in the separation of powers and that in any case the Senate has acquiesced in executive privilege for so long that it has become part of the Constitution by custom and common law.

After exhaustive hearings in 1971, the Senate resolved to do something about the ignorance problem. Avoiding precipitate action, it resolved to pass a bill this year. In April the subcommittees settled their disputes regarding who has jurisdiction over secrecy, agreed to an alliance to hold hearings on Senator Fulbright's executive-privilege bill, and invited then-Attorney General Kleindienst to speak for President Nixon.

Kleindienst surprised the Senators, who expected him to put forth the traditional doctrine that executive privilege exists to protect the confidentiality of advice between the President and his close associates. (The Senators themselves accept this and the debate usually rages over its interpretation.) Not so, said Kleindienst. Under the Constitution, the President has the right to withhold testimony on any subject by any of the two and a half million employees in his service, and also to withhold any document in their possession. Since this right is emblazoned in the constitutional doctrine of separation of powers, it is not subject to review by either the Congress or the courts, and any legislative or judicial challenge is "academic."

The Senators were flabbergasted. Are there no standards, asked Senator Chiles? Does this not make us a government of men rather than of laws? Where is the check in the system? You have all kinds of remedies, replied Kleindienst, speaking casually over his left shoulder as he turned to the side in the witness chair. "You could impeach the President of the United States and the Vice President. You would have the Speaker of the House of Representatives becoming the President. Then you could impeach the Judiciary and appoint a new Judiciary, and if you wanted to exercise your power you could have a whole new government." The Senators recoiled, since the subject of impeachment is more taboo than Congressional ethics. Ervin broke the ice by joking that impeachment would be impossible under the Kleindienst doctrine because the President could suppress the evidence by refusing to allow executive witnesses to testify. Kleindienst ignored the humor and replied that the Senate didn't need evidence to get rid of the President, just votes. The idea that evidence is irrelevant shook Ervin to his legal bones, and anxious to reassure himself, he told the audience that the Chief Justice presides over impeachment trials in the Senate and that he would require evidence. Nonsense, said Kleindienst. He couldn't prevent a vote, and if he did the Congress could just get itself a new Chief Justice. Ervin fell silent.

Senator Muskie jumped in angrily and told Kleindienst it was the most outrageous testimony he had ever heard. He began peppering Kleindienst with questions and interrupting his answers. "If I may finish, Mr. Muskie," said Kleindienst, "and then I will respond to your piercing inquiry." He stated his position over and over again and then, reversing normal procedure, dismissed the Senators. "I appreciate your courteous hospitality," he said, and walked out.

Senator Fulbright, the next witness, ambled into the chair and said he had found it "very hard to restrain myself" during Kleindienst's performance. "What in effect he is saying," continued Fulbright, "is that you are all a bunch of boobs and you don't know how to use the power given you, and therefore the Executive is going to take it over." He and the other Sen-

"The Watergate affair will show the power of a President to be limited by his own conscience not by the checks or balances of the Senate."

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tors were so upset by Kleindienst that they all but neglected to discuss the particulars of Fulbright's bill to fix things up. Which was just as well, considering what the bill proposes.

If enacted, the new law will require all executive witnesses to appear before Congress when summoned "even if," says Fulbright, "upon their arrival, they do nothing but invoke executive privilege." The bill also provides that if a committee does not like the witness's reason for invoking the privilege, it can recommend "appropriate action" to the full Congress—which, of course, the committees can do already, and which begs the question since the President says the Congress can't do anything about it because of the constitutional roots. Finally, the bill says that a formal invocation in writing by the President shall be the only basis for denying information to Congress, and that an agency or department must either cough up the data or claim executive privilege within thirty days of an official request. Otherwise, its funds will be cut off automatically without any action required by the Congress. Once again, the legislation is carefully designed so that the Senate can discipline the President by doing nothing.

Government by the tube

THE SENATE'S LEGISLATIVE PROPOSALS on all three constitutional fronts are so riddled with holes that they amount to a confession of weakness, especially since it will require a spurt of forgotten boldness in the Congress just to get them passed. Each bill would have some positive effect, but if you push the proponents about that effect, they will say that the main impact will be a symbolic one – that the laws will signal a change in the "atmosphere" between the President and the Senate. They would certainly indicate a different attitude in the Senate than the one prevailing two years ago, when the chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee, the late Allen Ellender, made a speech on the floor of the Senate in which he said that even he did not know how much money Congress gives the CIA each year or what the agency does with it all. Moreover, he said he did not *want* to know, because if he did he might spill some of our foreign operations and mess up the national security. In one fell swoop, he tossed away the power of the purse, control over foreign policy, and the Senate's right to be informed.

The atmosphere—all the intangibles that determine the stature of the Senate relative to the ident is really the crucial element, for all restorative legislation would be unnecessary the Senate commanded the same respect in country as does the President. As it is, the lent has the overwhelming attention of the American people, whether they consider good or evil. It is hard to imagine the Se speaking with an authoritative voice on nati policy that would rival the President's o imagine conditions in which the public w *expect* the Senate to react with masterful thority against intrusions on its authority insults to its rights. People don't identify the Senate or look to it for leadership. It woul be a national crisis if half the Senate were e oped in scandal, because the Senate occu a remote place in the national conscious where it can be trampled without much dam to public confidence, especially in times of ea shaking events. As long as Senators can t things are in order.

The Senate can't hope to look the Presi in the eye until it establishes the elemen mutual respect that prevails in politics and animal kingdom—whereby the President kn that if he kicks the Senators in the shins t will kick him back just as hard, and vice ve

The problem with the strategy, other than scarcity of votes for it, is television. The S ators know they can't compete with Nixon control of public opinion, because he will g all three networks and set the tone of nati politics for months. A Senator is lucky to three minutes on the *Today* show, says H phrey, but when the President goes on the t "the eagle has its wings up, and the whole tion is called to attention." There is nothing to watch, and anybody who can go on TV that must be important.

The Senate finds it impossible to get on air. After Nixon's March network address how the big spenders in Congress were mak prices and taxes go up (estimated audie 100 million), Senator Mansfield reported to Senate that all the networks refused to grant t for a Congressional response. "One netw even raised questions about what was to said," he declared angrily. During the deb on the Vietnam war, the networks refuse *sell* time to a group of Senators led by Ha Hughes. "I could buy time to sell soap or w en's underwear," fretted Hughes, "but no speak as a United States Senator on issue war and peace."

Probably the most potent action the Se could take would be to pass legislation req ing the networks to give Congress media acc identical to the President's. Senators find idea appealing, but they realize they would h to overcome the opposition of the broadcast on whom each of them depends when the election campaigns roll around. They also r ize that many voters would consider it an frontery and a bore to have some Congressi leader preempt *Mod Squad* or the ball game respond to the President and announce the C gress's plans for the country.

Remember when you read about these animals in the Bible?

They are about to become extinct.

group of Americans, of all faiths, don't think e end of these animals is inevitable. They vite you to join them in establishing the oly Land Conservation Fund.

THE land that gave birth to Christanity, Islam and Judaism, the llife live in the shadow of death. Thirty-three centuries of war, ontrolled hunting and environtal damage have now reduced great herds that once grazed this ed soil to a handful of endangered mals.

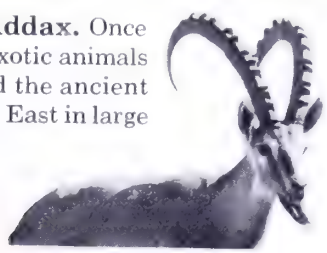


Onagers

e Onager. Nearly 2000 years Jesus rode into Jerusalem on the k of a sturdy Onager, the Persian ld Ass domesticated in the Mesotamian civilization. Exactly 11 vive in the Holy Land.

e Nubian Ibex. The first book Samuel tells us how David fled in le from King Saul to "the rocks of wild goats." Exile was Ein Gedi ar the Dead Sea, an oasis which s endured to this day. The goats, Nubian Ibex, have fared less well. few hundred are all that remain.

e Addax. Once se exotic animals amed the ancient ddle East in large

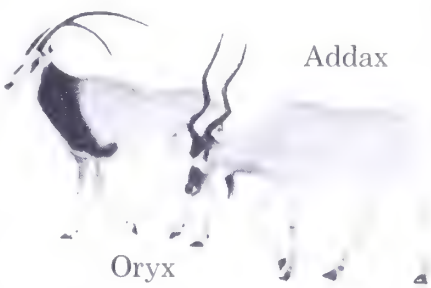


Nubian Ibex

numbers, getting their entire water supply from the sparse vegetation. Now the Addax has almost vanished —but not from lack of water.

The Arabian Oryx. Old and New Testaments speak frequently of this fabled antelope. In Isaiah we learn how the Oryx was caught in nets. Through the ages all but a handful have been caught—and destroyed.

If Noah built an ark today he would not be able to fill it.



Addax

Oryx

Promised land. A miracle is needed to save these animals from extinction. Even in the Holy Land that takes some doing.

Yet in the Judean Desert, near King Solomon's Mines, not far from the Red Sea, a miracle may be happening.

Here, a group of conservation-minded Israelis have led the last of the Bible's animals to a promised land: *Hai Bar,* a 10,000 acre nature reserve where hunters, predators and industry may not poach.

Inside Hai Bar's protective fences, Onager, Ibex, Addax and Oryx now breed safely in the Holy Land for the first time in hundreds of years. They may yet be saved for all the generations to come.

In time, it is hoped that a second Hai Bar can be created near the Sea of Galilee to protect other animals mentioned in the Bible: fallow and roe deer, red sheep, golden squirrels, Syrian bear. All are now endangered.

Paying for the miracle. To save these rare creatures is expensive. A pair of Oryx costs $25,000—and that was the price five years ago!

There are other necessary costs: fences, roads and equipment to maintain the nature reserves. And, hopefully, simple facilities for scholars and travelers who will come to study the wildlife and celebrate their survival in a setting free from commercial interests and unchanged since the writing of the Bible.

The people of Israel are contributing to the nature reserves from their already hard-pressed budget.

Now Americans, of all faiths, have formed the Holy Land Conservation Fund to help them.

We hope you will join in this campaign. Your contribution will be tax deductible. Please write the most generous check you can afford.

Only with your support can the animals of the Bible again be fruitful and multiply.

Holy Land Conservation Fund H
150 East 58th Street
New York, New York 10022

I wish to support your efforts to preserve and protect the animals of the Holy Land.

Here is my contribution.
☐ $100 ☐ $50 ☐ $10 ☐ Other_

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Please make your check payable to Holy Land Conservation Fund. Your contribution is tax deductible.

HOLY LAND CONSERVATION FUND.

Should such a law become effective, it would throw Congress headlong into its organizational problems, another major reason for its weakness. Who would go on TV? The Congress is a fragmented collection of rough equals, divided into two bodies with a silly tradition of intense jealousy. Senators look down on the House as a bunch of pedestrians and used-car salesmen, while Representatives find the "other body" composed of prima donnas who get all the attention while the House does the work.

Within the Senate itself, there is a sprawling disorganization. Having expressed their genuine affection for Majority Leader Mansfield, many Democrats will gingerly mention the leadership problem. "Mansfield is a coordinator, not a leader," says Hubert Humphrey, and Mansfield himself declares that his only function is to make sure that all Senators are treated fairly and that the votes are scheduled after everyone speaks his piece.

But the most serious impediment to an effective organization of the Senate seems to be the monumental Senatorial ego, which prevents any single member from sacrificing his own prominence for the overall dignity and clout of the Senate. Senators, especially liberal Senators, have difficulty getting together on anything. Several years ago, collective action against the war often broke down over the problems of which Presidential contender would sponsor legislation and who would be the spokesman.

The Democrats elected Mansfield as majority leader, and, on balance, they prefer his kind of leadership. He allows them to feel like principalities. He allows them to give in to the dizzying centrifugal force in the Senate, by which each member feels compelled to spend the bulk of his energies on his own little chores and on the public poses that will keep him in office. In the Executive Branch, everything points toward the President, but in the Senate everything points toward the fringes, to the duchies of Ohio or Kansas. It is easy for a Senator to believe that he is really too small to help run the country the way the President does, but it is very difficult for him not to enjoy being a Senator. Back when the state legislatures chose them, Senators were usually political bosses who fed off patronage and raw politics. But now politicians catapult into the Senate largely because of their performances on television, and what they find to sustain them in the Capitol is a kind of unattached glory. Whatever happens to the collective power of the Senate, a Senator can get satisfaction from his newspaper clippings, his special elevator operators, the limousine that meets him when he visits foreign countries, and the fawning subservience he can extract from his staff and the smaller bureaucrats. (Sometimes they can go too far: Sen. Robert Byrd's administrative assistant quit because he got tired of mowing Byrd's lawn on Saturdays.) The erudite Senators like to right small wrongs, thoughtful statements in the *Congressional Record*, and participate in the great educational forum.

Stolen without

THE SENATORS LIKE MANSFIELD'S leadership for the same reason they cheer and complain—it allows them to concentrate on their individual courtesies instead of taking the risks and responsibilities that follow any assertion of authority by the Senate as a whole. Nixon scorned these individual attentions, and some Senators admit privately that this breach of etiquette accounts for most of the hostility toward him. Always effusive, Hubert Humphrey was willing to go on record: "That's what's got most of these fellows mad around here. Nixon robs you without any courtesy. Now, Johnson used to rob the Senate, but when he wanted to take something from you, he'd invite you to lunch. He'd put his arm around you and talk to you while he picked your pocket. You'd go away thinking you'd contributed something, and you'd at least feel consulted. But Nixon sticks you up in the night. You don't even see him. It's like rape without any personal contact. I mean, the Senators are used to being used but not to being ignored. That drives them crazy. Under Nixon, you find out about programs based on cheap departmental press releases. You don't get advance notice from the President, and the Senators miss that White House stationery."

Sometimes this obsession with form gets even blatant. During the February hearings on impoundment, for instance, Sen. Charles Percy spent all his time asking the executive witnesses if they didn't think all the "unnecessary ruffled feelings" in Congress could be assuaged by giving the Senators a little advance notice—"even if is only twenty-four hours or five hours or one hour"—before the Senator was to be screwed by an impoundment. That hour would give Percy time to prepare a statement for the press so he could look as though he were in on the big doings of government.

For all its talk about the battle lines of politics, the Senate has a heart of Victorian femininity—concerned with being noticed, admired, pampered, and put through the rituals of importance. While the Senators did not create television or the bicameral legislature, they will allow themselves to be seduced by perquisites and Presidents until many of them do not *want* to share equally with the President in the responsibility for government. They don't know what that would be like, and they would rather just be Senators—or, in the best of all possible worlds, President.

RED and BARNEY drive the INTERSTATES



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THE PLAIN TRUTH ABOUT THE ARMSTRONGS AND THE WORLD TOMORROW

Get in on a good thing at the Last Judgment

by William C. Martin

IN 1930, HERBERT W. ARMSTRONG was a business failure in Oregon. Today, vital and energetic at age eighty-two, he is preparing to rule the world from his and God's headquarters in Pasadena, California, P.O. Box 111. The shift in Mr. Armstrong's fortunes began in 1931, when he was called and ordained to be the "leading minister, to direct this entire era of God's work on earth." Though a sizable portion of the world has carelessly neglected to acknowledge his apostolic authority and power, Armstrong has managed, by dint of imagination, zeal, and organizational genius, to ensconce himself firmly atop one of the most remarkable tumors ever to develop on the Body of Christ.

Shortly after Mr. Armstrong received his call, he initiated *The World Tomorrow*, which is said to be the most widely broadcast religious program in existence. At one time or another, almost everyone has heard Armstrong or his better known son, Garner Ted, denounce the sad state of human affairs and offer *The Plain Truth* magazine and a spate of books and pamphlets that promise to unlock the secrets of a wide range of hitherto unfathomable mysteries, most of which can be fully understood only in the light of Biblical prophecy. Garner Ted never asks for money in his broadcasts, and all publications are available free, a fact that creates an aura of respectability uncommon among radio evangelists.

Even those who put no stock in the application of Biblical prophecy to current events are inclined to admit that Garner Ted is a remarkably articulate and intelligent man who seems genuinely to care about the state of the world, unlike so many of the God hucksters who proclaim their version of the Gospel from the Great Church of the Airwaves. He may be smug, but he is not crooked and certainly not dangerous. A casual listener might reason that if men must preach on the radio, better to have them concerned about pollution and crime and quoting scientists and philosophers than shouting hell-[illegible] and damnation and urging us to send for [illegible]vial of healing oil squeezed out of olives from the Garden of Gethsemane.

What is heard and seen, however, even most [illegible]f what is read by those who write away for the [illegible] literature, is the tip of an iceberg. And what is beneath the surface is not just another [illegible]liar religious sect but an astoundingly [illegible] coordinated religious empire with an estim[illegible] annual income of over $50 million and a [illegible] on the lives of its members that is tyrannic[illegible] nature and pernicious in its effects.

THE MOST VISIBLE INSTITUTIONAL compo[illegible] of the Armstrong empire is Ambass[illegible] College, with units in Pasadena; Big Sa[illegible] Texas; and Bricket Wood, England. The [illegible]nal campus in Pasadena is a utopian jewel [illegible] an opulent but tasteful blend of luxurious [illegible]ern buildings and beautifully renovated [illegible] mansions set on elaborately landscaped gro[illegible] complete with fountains, tree-lined paths, a[illegible] recirculating rippling brook. The other two [illegible]puses are slightly less grand, but quite lo[illegible] These colleges, with a combined enrollme[illegible] 1,600, are the ostensible sponsors of *The W[illegible] Tomorrow* broadcasts, and all printed mat[illegible] bear the imprint of the Ambassador Co[illegible] Press. The radio and television facilities a[illegible] Pasadena campus are superior to many [illegible] mercial stations, and the Press covers an e[illegible] city block. Another building houses the L[illegible] Answering Department, where 180 men [illegible] and answer as many as 250,000 letters a m[illegible] from Garner Ted's listeners.

But all of these—colleges, broadcasts, [illegible] Press, and the Letter Answering Departme[illegible] are but front and support organizations fo[illegible] unpublicized and little known sect called [illegible] Worldwide Church of God. Few outsiders [illegible] ever heard of the 80,000-member church [illegible] the national media focused minor attentio[illegible] it after Garner Ted suddenly and mysteri[illegible] disappeared from the broadcasts in Oct[illegible] 1971.

THE RELATIVE OBSCURITY of the World [illegible] Church of God is not accidental. Garner [illegible] has rarely mentioned the church on his br[illegible] casts, and that only since his return from [illegible] in June 1972. Local congregations meet in [illegible] marked rented halls, do not advertise, are [illegible] listed in the telephone book, and turn a[illegible] visitors who have not been cleared by the [illegible]

William C. Mar[illegible] graduate of the Ha[illegible]vard Divinity [illegible] and an associate [illegible] fessor of sociology at Rice University. He i[illegible] presently working on a book about popu[illegible] evangelism.

or other leaders. The only disciples they re those who give abundant testimony, in and deed, that they are and will remain believers.

assure the level of commitment they want, rmstrongs till only the most fertile of the n which their widely broadcast seed falls. e receiving a visit from a minister of the , the typical seeker goes through several , all self-initiated. From the broadcasts he of and requests *The Plain Truth* and per- several of the other publications offered. likes what he reads, he enrolls in the free correspondence course, which leads him y step through the Gospel according to the trongs. In various unobtrusive ways, these ials inform him there is a church that em- s these teachings, but he receives no pres- o join. If he wants to learn more, he must to Ambassador College and request a visit a representative of the church.

er this initial self-screening has narrowed eld to the genuinely interested, the church its own winnowing process. Prospective bers may be rejected after only one inter- if the visiting minister feels they would neet the church's rigorous moral, financial, doctrinal standards. Additional visits are to the more promising prospects until the ter is satisfied their personal lives are in order and they thoroughly understand and t the tenets of the Armstrongs. Only then ney permitted to enter into the full fellow- of the church. New members enroll in clubs raining classes to receive detailed instruc- n every aspect of the church's doctrine and ice. These are supplemented by publica- available only to members and by a steady n of letters and memos from the Messrs. trong and others at the top of the church's rate hierarchy. This intensive indoctrina- is complemented and aided by systematic ion. Social fellowship with nonmembers is dden. Children may not participate in inter- l athletics. Most important, members are nanded not to entertain any religious ghts that might prove unsettling. They are ed to read no religious materials other than provided by the church, to listen to no interpretations of the Bible, and to an- no questions about the church unless they ure the questioner wants to join.

The chosen people

E BEDROCK OF THE ARMSTRONGS' dogma, spelled out in Herbert Armstrong's book, *United States and British Commonwealth ophecy*, is the belief that the True Israelites ot the Jews but the Anglo-Saxons, who are nded from the Ten Lost Tribes of Israel and are therefore the rightful heirs to the land and riches God originally promised to the offspring of Abraham. They, and not the Jews, are the chosen people. As good Anglo-Israelites should, the Armstrongs and their followers regard much of the Law of Moses as binding on them. They follow kosher food regulations strictly, observe Passover and other major Jewish holidays, and keep the Sabbath as their day of rest, while forbidding observance of such "pagan" holidays as Christmas, Easter, and birthdays.

Armstrong calls his teaching the "Master Key" that unlocks the many Biblical prophecies intended for the present age. These prophecies are, in the main, discouraging; for thirty-five years the Armstrongs have pounded out a litany of unremitting despair and doom. The world as they see it is mentally, morally, and spiritually sick, filled with heartache, frustration, broken homes, dope, crime, insanity, perversion, racial hatred, poverty, filth, pollution, disease, and traffic jams. Against these and other sorrows and evils, modern science, technology, and education are helpless. But things will get worse—much worse—before they get better. According to the Armstrongs' inside information, we may soon expect Great Britain and America to be hit by drought, pestilence, and famine that will claim one-third of their populations. This catastrophe will signal the beginning of World War



Anthony E. Friedkin

William C. M[illegible]

THE PARADOX OF THE ARMSTRONGS

III, which will end with the utter defeat of British-America at the hands of a Holy Roman Empire revived through the good offices of the Vatican and led (probably) by Germany. The war will be fought with the hydrogen bomb and will result in the death or enslavement of the remaining two-thirds of the British-American population. Communist hordes will then fight and defeat the Holy Roman Empire, at which point Jesus Christ will return to set up God's government on the earth. Faithful members of the Worldwide Church of God will then be admitted to God-status and will reign over the renewed planet. Under this new administration in the Wonderful World Tomorrow, survivors (including millions who will be given a chance to accept Truth once they discover the Armstrongs have been right all along) will experience "compulsory joy"—apparently whether they like it or not.

Herbert Armstrong's original scenario called for a cataclysm in the 1930s; after it failed to occur, he reread the signs and singled out January 1972 as the date most likely to usher in the apocalypse. The Armstrongs now deny ever having set dates and have expunged all allusions to 1972 in a new edition of *The United States and British Commonwealth in Prophecy*, but their writings make it abundantly clear that 1972's record as merely bad and not catastrophic was a severe disappointment.

IF MENTAL ASSENT TO BIZARRE theological propositions were all that membership in the Worldwide Church of God entailed, one could scarcely find serious fault with the group, except as an exercise in intellectual snobbery. But the Armstrongs want more than assent. They seek, in fact will not settle for less than, complete control of the lives of their adherents and unquestioning acceptance of demands more oppressive than those prescribed by any other significant religious group in America.

The most obvious stripes laid on new converts are financial. Every member is required to contribute one-tenth of his gross income to the church. A second tithe is set aside to cover expenses incurred while attending the holy day festivals at church-owned sites. Every three or four years, still a third tithe is exacted, ostensibly for the upkeep of widows and orphans, although skeptical ex-members claim much of this money is siphoned into an expensive private jet in which church leaders travel the world in high style.

In addition to these fixed obligations, which can take as much as 40 to 50 percent of a family's net income after taxes, members are constantly badgered into sending additional contributions and loans to the church. Further, because the expected imminent end of the age makes long-term financial planning superfl[uous] Armstrong instructs members to buy only s[mall] term life insurance and to avoid paying S[ocial] Security whenever they have an option. T[hese] measures bring in an estimated 70 percent [of] Armstrong empire's million-dollar-a-week [income]; the rest comes from "co-workers" ([regu]larly contributing nonmembers) and other[s] sons who simply like what they hear or read[,] send occasional gifts in response. Many fam[ilies] are placed in such severe financial straits [that] nonmember spouses and other relatives s[ome]times write pathetic letters begging for re[lief] from the heavy burden.

WCG members can perhaps afford t[heir] tithes better than many in similar financ[ial] brackets, since they run little risk of incu[rring] the medical expenses that often strain ot[hers]. The Armstrongs urge their followers to pu[rsue] a diet-exercise-sleep regimen designed to [re]duce radiant health. Physical disease is see[n] the result of personal physical sins. Since [only] God can remove sin, only God can heal phy[sical] disease. Herbert Armstrong has written: "T[here] isn't a cure in a car-load—or a train-load [of] medicine." An article in *The Good New[s]* magazine available to members only) states, [that] to accept medical science is to spit on the s[acri]fice Christ made. Drugs are denounced as [poi]son, vaccines described as compounded [of] pus and filth. The only medical measure[s] lowed are those in the "repair" category, [such] as stitching wounds and setting broken bo[nes] but even these are to be performed wit[h] benefit of anesthetics.

The church practices faith healing but [has] never made claims for spectacular results. [Let]ters to ministers and members commend t[hose] who have had the courage to resist medica[l] tention pressed on them, but they also re[port] their failures, acknowledging that some die[d] spite their prayers that God would heal th[em]. Christian Scientists and other groups, of cou[rse] hold similar views of illness but make their[be]liefs a matter of public record. The Armstro[ngs] delay introducing any teachings that might [cre]ate resistance until prospective members [are] well hooked into their overall system.

Some apparent casuistry is practiced. W[hen] Director of Ministers Roderick Meredith [suf]fered a detached retina, Herbert Armstr[ong] granted him permission to obtain "repair [sur]gery," but ministers were cautioned not to [an]nounce that Meredith had "had an operati[on]" lest members get the wrong impression. [Mr.] Armstrong, however, can hardly be accused [of] ordering one thing for rank-and-file memb[ers] and another for key leaders. His son Rich[ard] might have escaped death following an a[uto] accident had Armstrong not refused to al[low] transfusions and other medical measu[res] deemed necessary.

Four self-reliant women tell why hey rely on the American Express Card.



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whole thing.
's a lot more
venient."



Susan Wayne

"I am a film producer. I shoot quite a lot on location. I live in hotels, motels, eat in restaurants, and shop all over the place, because invariably I forget something.

"When I arrive in places where nobody ever heard of me, the American Express Card identifies me.

"For a woman it is particularly important because it gives her stature in the business world.

"Hopefully in a few years that will all be ridiculous, but, at this moment, if a woman has the American Express Card it gives her a certain amount of standing."



Jane O'Reilly

"I'm a free-lance writer. It's important that the people I deal with take me seriously.

"In a strange business like free-lancing, there are times when the American Express Card underscores my credibility. If I take people to lunch and pay with the American Express Card, I have produced a symbol that I am a serious person.

"It permits all manner of gracious businesslike gestures over the dinner table or on airplanes, or in stores for that matter.

"The American Express receipts help me do my taxes easily and send in my large and varied expense accounts. And it's the only Card with a certain cachet.

"It certifies that I'm a grown-up and a real person."



Lorraine Di Paolo

"As stockbroker, I entertain clients over lunch and dinner occasionally, and find the American Express Card to be an unobtrusive yet gracious way of entertaining a client.

"I can pick up the tab and not feel awkward about it, nor do my clients feel awkward.

"But if I pulled out cash, they surely would.

"When I'm going out, the most important contents of my evening bag are my license, registration, and my American Express Card."



AMERICAN EXPRESS

William C. Martin

THE PLAIN TRUTH ABOUT THE ARMSTRONGS

From personal letters and conversations, accounts of reliable witnesses, and various Armstrong publications, I have gathered a depressing collection of stories of children suffering from untreated rheumatic fever, epilepsy, spinal meningitis, blackouts and convulsions, asthma, infections, and iron deficiency; of ministers confronting a member in a hospital corridor in an attempt to talk him out of a cancer operation for his son, and of adults who suffer broken health or who are dying of diseases that might have been arrested or cured with proper treatment. Early in my research I asked a former Armstrong disciple what members do when they become seriously ill, expecting to hear that allowances are made for critical cases. Her answer was succinct: "They die."

Armstrong thought is not body-affirming even when that body is a sin-free, healthy one. Articles in *The Good News* encourage members to look at themselves from "a God's-eye view" so that they are able to see themselves as God sees them—"a self-centered, hostile, shriveled-up, rotten, vile, filthy, sinning hulk of rotting human flesh" and can learn to say, "I'm carnal, I'm selfish, I hate myself," and "*really mean it.*" Despite the enormity of the challenge, the church is willing to help members manage their carnality. In the booklets *Modern Dating* and *God Speaks Out on the New Morality*, the Armstrongs warn teenagers that necking is sensually arousing, creates lust, and causes incre daydreaming. With this much one can ha quarrel; but the Armstrongs go on to assert necking is "A CAPITAL SIN" of the same nitude as lying, stealing, and murder.

Masturbation, not surprisingly, is conden as that than which there is "no greater plag Parents are urged to be "*vigilant*, ever wat imperceptibly," and to take "proper mea protect their children from this CURSE!" in marriage, members are relatively free t joy "the ecstasy of occasional coitus," as as they "restrain caressing and lovemakin between the times of full intercourse" and to "the two most natural and commonly positions."

Dating is allowed, but since dating lea mating, and "wrong-mating" can lead to un piness, murder, suicide, homosexuality, de tia praecox, economic disaster, night sw and fits, one should be careful in choosi date. Garner Ted recommends that serious ing should not be undertaken without chec for compatibility of blood types and that y lovers should inquire about the conditio their companion's physical health, defect eye or ear, and the genuineness of teeth hair. He also warns darkly that although "fellow who arrives on time, dresses ne looks 'cool,' and asks you where you want may be a TERRIFIC partner . . . [he] may



otential wife-beater or child molester, or
al drunk. OR QUEER."
se elaborate precautions take on a certain
atic logic when one considers them in the
f the church's teaching on divorce and re-
ge, a doctrine so central that ministerial
often refer to it simply as "D and R."
lly, the Armstrongs maintain that if a
iarriage is a valid marriage, in which no
or misrepresentation was involved, the
can never obtain a "scriptural divorce."
ubsequent marriages after a valid union
iated by civil divorce are regarded as adul-
. Persons who join the WCG while part of
nd, "adulterous" marriage must separate
their spouses and are urged to move at
one state away from each other to mini-
emptation to reunite and to hamper efforts
nmember spouses to visit the children
the member has been given custody. Her-
mstrong concedes there are practical prob-
nherent in the application of this teaching
insists that "separation only SEEMS
," that "GOD'S WAYS AND THE LAWS
ALWAYS RIGHT," and that we will be
ore unhappy if we do not obey them.

The sacred canopy

EW OF WHAT MUST BE CONSIDERED formi-
ble obstacles to recruitment, how do the
rongs attract and hold a following?
begin with, they know how to package and
eligion to persons troubled by ambiguity
nxious for certainty. They lace broadcasts
ublications with provocative questions:
you ever wondered what present world
tions *really* mean? What will be the out-
of the crisis in the Middle East? *Why*
pollution and the population explosion?
so much crime, chaos, confusion—even
hy? What does the *future* hold?" Then, in
nner remarkably free of self-doubt, they
le answers that bespeak a firm and confi-
old on truth. These answers and the char-
ic authority of the men who provide them
e true believers to find order in the midst
os, to erect what sociologist Peter Berger
alled a "sacred canopy," a symbolic super-
ure that makes sense of all that comes
it—the grand sweep of history, current
s, and one's own biography. Under this
y, confusion and doubt disappear. All is
ined, and a detailed blueprint for living is
ded. The escape from autonomy and its
demands is complete.
e Armstrongs protect their sacred canopy
fanatical determination. Because the
h's teachings on medicine and divorce are
tial sources of damaging litigation and
ive publicity that might result in loss of
contributions, the original versions of the booklets *Does God Heal Today?* and *Divorce and Remarriage* have been withdrawn. Ministers have been instructed to continue preaching the doctrine these booklets contained but to be extremely careful in any situation that might cause trouble for the church. In a special instruction letter to ministers dated July 18, 1969, Roderick Meredith stated that if a couple is told to separate, the decision must always be delivered "*verbally, in person.*" "Do not," Meredith warned, "under ANY circumstance, put the decision in writing! It could be used against us in court . . ."

Ministers in the Akron, Ohio, area received a similar set of detailed instructions on how to avoid legal problems that might arise when failure to seek medical aid resulted in death. This six-page document offers the following recommendations:

> Don't say anything! *Avoid telling anyone that you* knew *the person was* seriously ill. . . . *If you are a witness, there is no better way out than the old time-worn cliché, "Look, I just don't want to get involved." . . . Deny any knowledge that the ailment was serious . . . If the question of a doctor should arise, it might be met with, "If I had any idea that she was that sick and that a doctor could have healed her, I certainly would have called him immediately."*

Not all serious threats, of course, come from outside. The Armstrongs realize this and have learned to maintain order within their empire by using techniques long favored by rulers of closed societies: fear, radical invasion of privacy, and absolute intolerance of dissent.

Fear is basic to the Armstrong approach. Publications with optimistic titles like *The Wonderful World Tomorrow* are filled with photographs and vivid descriptions of war, crime, pollution, famine, and assorted examples of human depravity. Ex-members assert that terror is also a common element in many sermons preached by local ministers and claim to have seen young people faint or vomit in response to such sermons.

The fear that a single misstep may bring the wrath of God crashing down on one's head is probably sufficient to keep most disciples on the narrow path, but the Armstrongs take no chances. Teams of ministers and other church leaders frequently visit members to question them about their private lives, including their sexual activity. A ministerial letter dated July 18, 1969, offers counsel on how to obtain such information:

> *Let them know that you have gone into intimate details of* dozens *of cases and that you are not going to be shocked at all. Tell them . . . you are bound as God's minister not to*

"Dating is allowed, but since dating leads to mating, and 'wrong-mating' can lead to unhappiness, murder, suicide, homosexuality, . . . and fits, one should be careful in choosing a date."

William C. Ma

THE
FOUR FACETS
ABOUT THE
ARMSTRONGS

divulge any of it to anyone, and that, in fact, you forget most details anyway as you go through more and more cases.

Another letter, dated July 8, 1969, cites a member's complaint that a visiting team had searched her closets and dresser drawers and recommends that ministers exercise greater tact and discretion in their visits. This practice has aroused such resentment among members that *The Good News* has run articles defending the visits, including one entitled, "The Visiting Program or Gestapo—Which?" One such article complains that visiting teams have encountered people who fidgeted, who were secretive, or who hid and would not answer the door. Another asks, in an accusatory tone, "Has the minister ever had to *extract* the *whole* truth from you—or have you always freely told him everything, starting with your most obnoxious sin?" The information gathered on these visits, along with records of contributions and attendance, is forwarded to the Pasadena headquarters, where, according to ex-members, it becomes part of a computerized file begun when a prospective member first requests a visit from a WCG minister. Herbert Armstrong apparently has no second thoughts about using computers to store personal data. He has written: "Although the designers of the new third-generation computer, IBM 360, don't know they designed this fantastic tool for God's work, they did! God inspired its conception." THINK about *that*, Tom Watson.

Scare tactics and gestapo techniques fit well into the Armstrong policy of demanding absolute and unquestioning obedience from their followers. No sin is regarded as more serious than questioning the teachings or actions of the Armstrongs or any other ministers of the church. Members are sternly informed they have no right to disobey any command a minister gives them and are warned: "If any member comes to *you* to point out where the church is wrong DO NOT LISTEN! Rather, tell him to take it to *the* CHURCH! And then report him to Headquarters." Those who violate this policy are summarily "disfellowshipped," and other members are ordered to have no communication with them, on pain of a similar fate. Mrs. Irene Peterson of Seattle, who left the WCG after it broke up her second marriage of twenty-five years (she and her husband have since reunited), recalls that she often heard those who had been disfellowshipped accused of adultery, incest, sodomy, or demon possession. "As a result," she says, "none of the members would ever dare contact these people again. . . . It was a spiritual concentration camp." Mrs. Peterson's account is corroborated by others, including one West Coast man who obtained retraction of a false accusation of homosexuality only after threatening the Armstrongs with a slander suit.

There is reason to believe a version o gambit may have been used to hide a r tween Herbert and Garner Ted Armstro a letter to members dated September 26, the elder Armstrong announced that h would soon be taking a well-deserved re October 14, Mr. Armstrong reported t health, frayed nerves, and the high tens Ted's "heavy and crushing responsibility forced an immediate leave of absence an all suspicions and questions about his s departure from the broadcasts should forthwith. As curiosity mounted despite t junction, Mr. Armstrong gave broad hint his handsome son had succumbed to one more popular sins of the flesh. When T Ted reappeared months later, he also allu having sinned against "the wife God gave my youth." On other occasions, however Armstrong had characterized his son's tran sion as "spiritual, not moral," and most strong-watchers agree that the implicati sexual impropriety was probably a smoke s to obscure the far more serious sin of dis ing with God's Number One Minister over of doctrine or organizational policy.

THE COMBINATION OF SELECTIVE scree continued indoctrination, isolation, fear reprisal for doubt or dissent, and—let it b mitted—sincere belief has enabled the strongs to boast a low rate of apostasy. who seek refuge within their fold are appa ly quite content to trade the present fo future, to wait like sheep in the expectation will become as lions. But a widespread net of expelled and escaped refugees, together others angry over what the church has do their families, has begun to oppose the strongs by initiating lawsuits, collecting m rials to document their charges, and infor the media of the darker side of WCG be Some of them believe Herbert W. Armst is a fraud. The more pessimistic, like Ge Schwartz of Perrine, Florida, fear tha is maniacally sincere. Angry that his ex-wi rearing their seven-year-old daughter in WCG, Schwartz charges Armstrong with ha "wrapped the Bible in barbed wire" and "If that old man could get to the button, blow up the world in a minute, just to see prophecies come true."

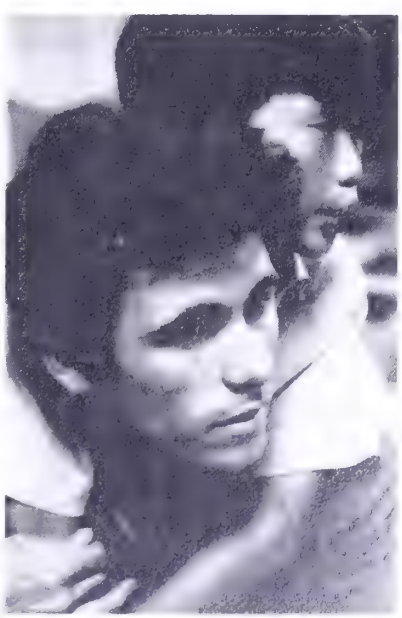
Whatever the motives of Herbert and Ga Ted Armstrong, the religion they espouse the capacity to destroy community, to harm body, to twist the soul, and to shrivel the sp It is a kind of religion that has always appe to some, and no doubt its appeal will conti But it does not seem exactly what Jesus ha mind. And there is not much about it that authentically be called good news.

heir war's not over.



e are the street boys.
iere are hundreds of them in
on and other Vietnamese cities.
spend their days scrounging
gh to just stay alive. They
d their nights like this.
rphaned, abandoned, products
ie war, they live by the streets.
have nothing else, not even
nselves. For they have long since
ed to care.
would take someone extraordi-
to touch these boys. Someone
has already touched many of
n. His name is Dick Hughes. He
opened houses where the boys
sleep and get a decent meal. He
s them medical care and school-
ing. And love. He believes in them. He trusts them. And what is most important, they trust and believe in him. That is the road back.

Dick wants to keep running his houses. He wants to open more so that more boys can escape the life of the streets and find a home. He wants to start projects the boys can run to begin to make them self-sufficient. He has such hopes for them. But he needs help. Your help. Give a dollar. Two dollars. Five. Send it to: Dick Hughes, 165-34-8867, Press Mailroom H, FPO San Francisco, Calif. 96620. Or to: Shoeshine Boys, 522 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10036. If you want more information call: (212) 972-0545.



HELP DICK HUGHES

VERSE

by Alan Dugan

UNTITLED POEM

Who can abide whom or what? That's
the problem of my harbor where
the goddess Liberty holds up her green
pistachio ice cream cone to all
comers and children: they have
to go up underneath her skirts
to reach the windows in her diadem
to be her living jewels. They stare out
as strangers at their city and her harbor.
They think—they're all the brains she has!–
"It's been a hard climb up here but we paid
to be allowed to, so we'll look around and leave
our named hearts on her vaginal walls,
and leave because it's easier going down."
They don't take her, Emma Lazarus, they don't
take Liberty, although you said she says she gives.

ON A PROFESSIONAL COUPLE IN A SIDESHOW

She is the knife-thrower's lady:
around her outline
there is a rage of knives.
Unharmed, he hopes, inside,
she is love's engine
of dark business
and the target of design.

What does she think of this?
The same, reversed: money is money
and spangled tights.
Those whistling knives of his
are kitchened at night.

I: BUSINESS JACOB, THE ANGEL WRESTLER

Not to avoid him but
to try him rightly armed
is why I go around

sweating with business while
an "I" sits sound asleep
wisely in full awares.

It waits for a touch at night
touching its terrors, to
reply: "Here is your man,

Angel: wrestle him fed,
housed by the working day,
and clothed in currency,"

but only hears a voice
laughing and going away,
saying, "No thanks,

I don't fight punks."

II: COMMENT ON "BUSINESS JACOB, THE ANGEL WRESTLER"

You can't win, you can't draw,
sometimes you can't even lose,
but even to train up to such a fight
is Victory. That man is lucky who
has even had his challenge listened to:
he can go out at night sometimes
and play around with the beasts,
and not get locked indoors to sleep
with the women, children, and slaves,
dreaming: "Isn't there something else
that I should do or die? What
have I got to lose except securities?"

;UN IS SUCH A HORSE

n is such a horse
are thrown around by it
carrots and sugarcane
an iron shoe for defense and games

rse though has such
if it were a gun
d shoot itself
ıer would run weeping
o the field

ın is such a mosquito
r any target

the mosquito were a gun
would be much the same
ıch the same

ın is like the whale
ıe whale is blue
ry happy
ckles her young

ın must be kept dry of milk
of grass
e mosquito may sit on its barrel
ng and thin

EY

is a letter written in this slow motion,
hick from the fanning of strong wings,
George Venn's bees.

remain
wherever I touch.
have weighted the snowberries down
nto dreaming jars.
am the color of dry mountains,
wheat fields, and the red fox
squirrel's underbelly.
am as slow
ıs fogged-in airports
or I no longer fly.
You can feel my perfume—
it is not that of cocktail waitresses
but of a cellist
and the music raw,
full of mistakes,
that fills you with joy."

y jar there is a letter that will not escape,
ıot be sent, will be eaten, makes new cells
e body that eats it.

t of a jar of honey from George's bees,
ing that feeds the Columbia, a little
on a mesa.

DIGGING

So many worms—failed transvestites—I must
Be too careful almost as I admit the sharp air
To this old garden bed. It's for my cheerful
And cynical marigolds, my abject leeks,

But is plain earth as yet, black-yellow spillway
Whose exquisite incest may be sparked by dew.
"Nothing is dirty," I remember telling an in-law
To his dirty joke. Putting my hands in it—

Going to the opera on the subway; fearing you
Do not think of me as still on earth; and where
Is your femur or tooth? I return as a dog.
Or a squirrel I saw bury a saltine cracker—

It is mush—that's what happens to all the good
Solid feeling when I cover it up. And I am here
Without a single thought's abetting it, trying
To convince you that how I feel I would like to grow,

Down and out if need be but somehow lawful
And unpsychological: earth. And why do I write
Letters even when they start as verses about mud,
About handshakes, about love? I don't have any ideas.

WEARING WHITE

The old dogged ways of writing poems
Cover with snow. Juncoes, bodied like lynx tails,
Fly out of the empty prison.

Dipping his hand in blood the taxidermist complains
Nothing will stay on this white. He raises
A frozen wasp by a leg, beginning to move.

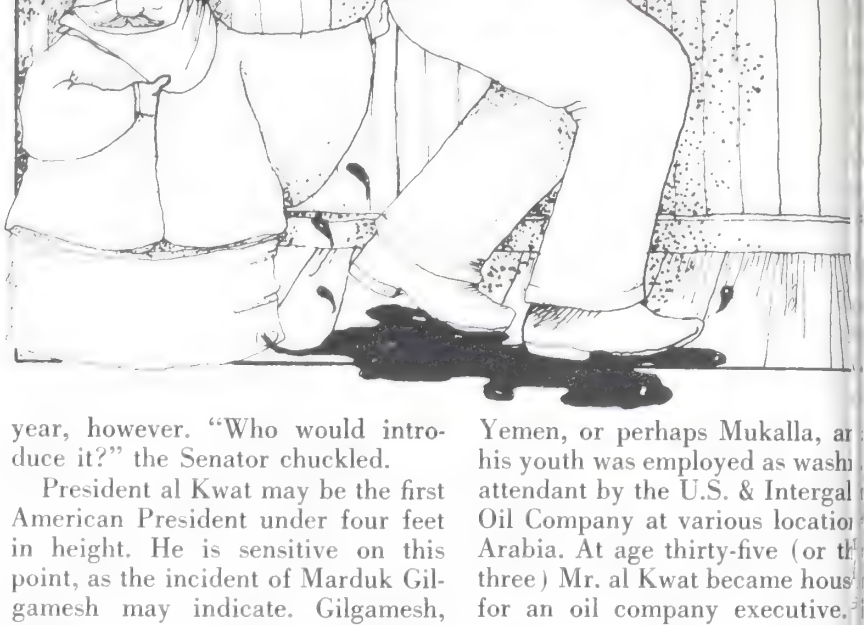
On maples the sensory tips say: we refuse,
Not another experiment. They wonder if they are not
Warped by feeling. Frosting the interior

That faces them a pocket watch hangs, stopped
And silver. It listens as the leaves clatter
Into glassy cornerings. An idea

Of what to do with an idea: I am wearing white—
The height of the heart of a tree in my boreal
Cloths. My seamstress sets down

Her needle, with a headache. Like windows
Painted shut, snow everywhere hardens. My hands
Are cold, and they must keep cold, like milk.

COMMENTARY



CRYPTIC BULLETIN FROM AMERICAN INTERIOR

The election of a chief executive who is neither a citizen nor a resident of the United States and who speaks no English may bring changes in government protocol. President Hajji Nausir al Kwat's inauguration address, delivered in Arabic from his front porch in Yemen, raised eyebrows in Washington.

The President's order that the great seal, orb and scepter, and crown jewels be delivered to him led some to speculate that the President believed he had been, or had been in fact, elected President of Great Britain. However, his order exiling Vice-President Robert Winstanly reassured others that the President is aware he has been elected President of the United States and not of some other country. "After all," one Senator remarked, "England has no Vice-President Winstanly."

The same Senator, who declined to be identified, stated that many members of Congress question the need for the Vice-President's exile. No new legislation will be introduced this year, however. "Who would introduce it?" the Senator chuckled.

President al Kwat may be the first American President under four feet in height. He is sensitive on this point, as the incident of Marduk Gilgamesh may indicate. Gilgamesh, managing editor of the *Rabat Daily Effendi*, asked Mr. al Kwat at an election-night press conference, "Just how tall are you, anyway?" The President thereupon terminated the interview, and Gilgamesh was sent on an indefinite leave of absence by the *Effendi*. His present whereabouts are not known.

According to the legend and tradition of France, Napoleon too was a short man. Paphnutius's *Chronicles* (3, IX) estimate the Emperor's height as "one-sixth pood." Other documents of the period state that the Emperor was 3'7", 5'0", or 6'7" tall. In any event, Napoleon's thumb, preserved at the Moscow City Museum, measures 2 9/16 inches, suggesting that the estimates of his height are substantially correct. President al Kwat is a student of Napoleon's career.

Mr. al Kwat's election was unforeseen by pollsters. Marty Whopper, former head of Whopper Poll, said from a place of seclusion in Canada, "I never heard of him until Election Day. He was what you call a real dark horse candidate."

Since the new President's election, news services, governmental agencies, and Near East scholars have been researching his background. The President is known to be fifty-three years old. Linguists say his colloquial Arabic is that spoken at the southern tip of the Arabian Peninsula. The President was born in Yemen, or perhaps Mukalla, ar his youth was employed as washi attendant by the U.S. & Intergal Oil Company at various locatio Arabia. At age thirty-five (or th three) Mr. al Kwat became hous for an oil company executive. President has stated he learne read and write during this em ment. President al Kwat is a Qu by religious preference. He d bias against Israel, saying (Prof Litman's translation): "I hav prejudice against Jews or any such foreign jackals. I shall m do my duty regarding them."

The President's principal Ar can associates are Harry Fatt, B Chairman of U.S. & Intergalacti Co., and other leaders of the p leum industry. Mr. Fatt's name in the news some months ago, U.S. & I.O.'s operations were cized by then-Senator Robert stanly. Federal policy toward th industry may be liberalized du the al Kwat Administration. Som companies are now required to 1 or 2 percent of their revenue income tax. The President has c acterized this tax policy as " ciously severe."

Protocol and fashion will ch to accommodate our new c Sheep's eyes are appearing on W ington menus. If the President sh visit this country, he will pre from U.S. & Intergalactic Oil w headquarters in Tulsa, Oklah dubbed "the oil cartel White Hou But most observers say that how style may change in coming y American foreign and domestic icy will remain much as it has b

—Warren L. Ba
Concord, C

The contributors this month: Warren Bassett practices law in Contra Costa County and says that among statesmen he "most admires Richard M. Nixon. That combination of guile and sanctimony is unparalleled." Kathleen Snow left a job at an ad agency last year to begin writing full time. August Franza has been teaching in the Long Island school system for sixteen years.

Harper's *welcomes brief contributions from all of its readers who find themselves inspired to passionate statement. Please send entries, including stamped, self-addressed envelope, to "Commentary."*

LIBERATED MIND HAS A WUTHERING HEIGHTS HEART

in my apartment, bookshelves with *The Second Sex* and *: A Journal of Liberation.* gazine racks hold *The New* and *Ms.* In my closet a batlacard nailed to a stick reads: re Not Chicks, Dogs, Bunnies, or Bitches. We Are Human ." I sit in my apartment:

e liberated pairs head for and *intime* restaurants, disliving together and why she pay half on dates and what a ge contract should say . . . I sit apartment: alone.

see, my dreams are regressive y fantasies don't fit. I have a ring Heights heart. For in that arred organ lives Heathcliff—rk, brooding—ready to sweep against his brawny chest, to ne up some dark staircase of Oh, Heathcliff! All my life I for you to render me like soft g into that dumbstruck, adorerrified, subservient female : your mate.

ut it simply, Heathcliff is what ne on. A few memories culled ny diary make the point:

uary 5, 1960. "It's funny to be ied of Ricky and yet like him ich. He's so tall, with his dark and hair! God! He is the sort of man a woman could *adore.* I am going to adore my man, kiss his hands and feet, undress him, anything, anything, anything. I want to adore him. I have to adore him."

November 14, 1961. "Dan was sitting on a raised platform at the banquet. I found myself staring at him through all the speeches, my hands pouring sweat and yet icy, my cheeks burning, my emotions racing. He is my moon, I will shoot for the moon because I know this to be my life and my being. There must be a man who is every woman's moon. This is the meaning of a woman's subordination, and all her glory and joy."

To tell the truth, I never wore such attitudes easily. Even at the age of sixteen I seemed to smell a faint odor of rat. I was ready for Betty Friedan when *The Feminine Mystique* burst upon the world.

Today I totally reject the romantic/male-supremacist myth. Today I see men as my equal: insecure, weak, confused. Their only difference being what Sylvia Plath described as a "turkey neck" and what psychiatrists warn is increasing impotence. My heart has ceased to carom wildly, my stomach is proof against flipflops, when some friendly guy stops to talk.

But why isn't it possible for me *to love* (as two equals), *live with* (sharing the dishes), *a man* (fellow human), and *feel erotic pleasure* (alternating who's on top)?

My eroticism, it seems, is still hung up on Heathcliff pinning me to the bed and battering my body with love. This is no rape fantasy; Heathcliff is violent yet romantic. He writes me poems and presents me with bunches of heather. He stares love at me over wine at dinner. And he lives comfortably in the back of my heart, sure of a secure domicile.

I sit in my apartment, wondering: how do you square what your mind knows with what conditioning has spoiled you to crave? How can "The Myth of the Vaginal Orgasm" stem the virile tide of Rhett Butler and *Dragonwyck*?

What power has the Equal Rights Amendment against Johnny Mathis, circa 1959: "No love, but your love, can set my world on fire . . ."?

Don't get me wrong. I consider women's liberation not only a revealed truth but also a psychological relief. I don't want to go back. But along the way I got something I didn't bargain for.

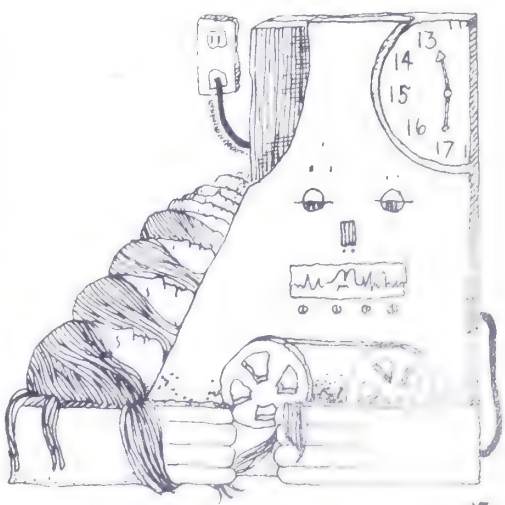
I sit in my apartment: alone. No love, it seems, is here to stay.

—Kathleen M. Snow
New York, N.Y.

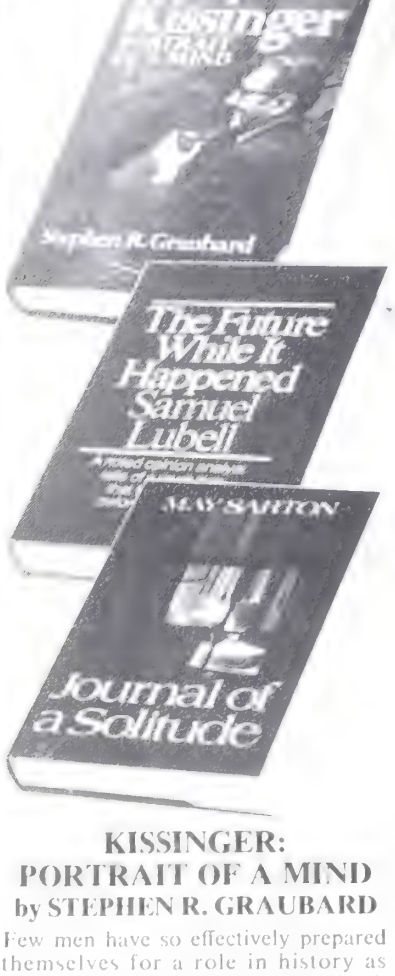
LISH ADOLESCENTS(CE)!

few years ago I wrote an essay "Abolish English" that attract- degree of irritated attention the country. My thesis was he twentieth century has out- ıd outmoded not only the teach- English but the very subject of sh itself. It is an anachronism, te, a devastating irrelevancy, a corpse. Pursuing my abolition- me more deeply, I am now pre- , after painful evaluation, to ımend that we abolish not just social studies, science, and h but adolescents themselves.

a high-school teacher of more than fifteen years' experience, I can verify that the age span of thirteen to twenty is an unassuageable age, a well of misery, depression, hostility, and indifference, a state of permissible insanity, a manic condition, a societal and parental hot potato, and —most of all—an ineducable time. Adolescents pant and sweat or sulk and withdraw. They are enemies of knowledge and insight. They are great haters and fickle lovers. Adolescents are anarchists or sickening conformists. They are incapable of separating thoughts from feelings and are corrupt with desire. They bum-



Norton



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Illustrated. $6.95

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

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ble, bored, through their years, bungling everything. They are susceptible to every social disease, from apathy to drugs, from TV to VD. They are narcissists of gargantuan proportions, and they can't even spell. In fact, I have calculated that the average English teacher of twenty years' experience has spent ten of them correcting spelling mistakes! Now this is not a judicious use of professional time. But what is the alternative? To permit erratic, incorrect spelling? No. The answer to this dilemma and the two-score others caused by this incorrigible span of years is the abolition of adolescents themselves.

Impossible, you say! Preposterous! Not so when you consider the variety of tools at hand to achieve that desirable goal. And desirable it is, because, besides everything else, adolescents contribute nothing positive to our faltering society.

One tool of abolition is persuasive language. Through advertising and other forms of influence-peddling, the term "adolescent" and related forms will be summarily abolished from the English language. As a result, all adolescents will become adults. At the age of thirteen any young man or woman will become just that: a man or a woman, not that freakish thing slouching through your neighborhood, bane of parents, teachers, and themselves. Burdened with normal adult freedoms, difficulties, and responsibilities, their misery will pass away, along with their manic behavior, conformity, anarchy, depression, hostility, indifference, and near madness.

Another tool is Adoleso-Puncture. This procedure involves the application of acupuncture techniques to the problem. It will achieve the restoration of balance by applying warm needles to the points on the human body that affect well-being. It is a simple task of rotating needles between forefinger and thumb, and inserting them into the body. The miraculous process begins with the molding of balls of medicinal herbs onto needle heads and igniting them with matches. The flaming herbs then transmit the restorative powers down the warming needle shafts. Within fifteen minutes, twitching, overheated adolescents become tranquil, calm, and useful. This Adoleso-Puncture process is so simple that a cor nurses in each school can kee student body continually in an state of operation.

The last of my recommenda is so severe it should be entert only in case of national eme cy. It is to "Ripvanwinkle-ize" olescents for seven years; tha to put them all into a deep slee Sleep Farms, cared for by mamm maternal computers (called M Com). At twenty, they are awake rebriefed, and sent on into adult refreshed and unscarred. As a C tian and lover of mankind, I pe ally abhor this recommendation cept—as I said—in case of nat emergency, like Woodstock.

The second recommendation i pensive and there may not be en steel to manufacture the numbe needles required. (I cannot, of co suggest the use of drugs because will bring my whole proposal u suspicion.)

Which leaves us with the mos tional and humane recommenda of all: abolish all words relatin the years thirteen to twenty and a that age group into adulthood, one will be able to complain of nexation Without Representati because they will have adult st It would be the greatest act of of the past 100 years, or ever s adolescence began. What man ates, after all, man can dispose

Since we are always admonis adolescents by saying, "Why d you grow up?" let us put teeth that oft-stated demand and mak automatic, by pulling out the thick carpet of language that shi us from the hardwood of reality derneath. Remove the carpet and remove the flaw.

Many twentieth-century lingu and philosophers have revealed t the fact that language creates rea and can be a reality of its own. W we hear politicians or read cer authors, we know this is perfe true. Let us then begin to ren reality nearer the heart's desire abolishing the words that promote encourage that festering, swam muddled period of years from t teen to twenty. —August Fra
E. Setauket, N

ne taxes you pay to eradicate overty are producing results.

lienation, despair nd more poverty.



1962 there were 6 million Americans lfare, at an annual cost to the yers of 4 billion dollars. Now, a erous decade later, there are 15 n on welfare at a cost of 20 billion rs.

iat are we getting in return for these asing expenditures? A system no one likes. A system which ignores the problems of the poor. A system l more on political expediency than rt, experiment and analysis.

eful information on the subject of ty is scarce. However, much of what wn has been reported during the 10 years in the pages of SCIENTIFIC RICAN.

was in this magazine that the late r Lewis developed the thesis of the ure of poverty." Even though the whelming majority of mankind lives verty, in the "achieving" societies rty is considered an estate of shame. es, attitudes and patterns of behavior e and outside a slum community oine to imprison the poor in their ulture. Welfare regulations, for ple, tend to separate fathers from children and the payment system viding minimal subsistence, yet uraging employment) actually helps rpetuate the cycle of poverty, ation and despair.

ow can despair be turned to hope?

One strategy, widely discussed (and even advocated at one time by the Nixon Administration) is the negative income tax. According to this idea, welfare payments continue after a recipient finds a job and decrease as employment income increases—a sort of economic jet-assisted take-off which ensures that a recipient can never be better off on welfare alone. Will it work? A social experiment reported in SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN indicates that it does. This article demonstrated a whole new experimental approach to making social welfare decisions.

Other SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN articles examined the educational experiences of poor children, the material possessions of poor families, and the dynamics of intergroup discrimination.

Poverty is just one of the vital current issues SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN covers on a continuing basis. Pick any realm of public policy, from health care to national defense, and you will find a whole string of articles running back 20 years or more —each a clear, meticulously documented analysis by a leading authority directly engaged in the research he is discussing.

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THE HARPER'S GAME

NEWSPEAK DOUBLETHINK by Elaine Stallworth, Willow Grove, Pa.

Seven years short of 1984, our language has already approached Orwell's "Newspeak," with the military's propensity for doublethink, complexity over simplicity, and the need for a special dictionary to understand bureaucratese. Imagine if some of our great phrases of the past had been written or spoken in a form of Newspeak: would Molly Bloom have said, "Affirmative, affirmative . . ."? And would the bombardiers have cried, "Protective reaction strikes away!"? Choose a famous or familiar expression of past or present and express it in Newspeak in 25 words or less. (Please quote origin Oldspeak version also.)

Send your entries to "Newspeak," Harper's Maga Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries be postmarked no later than July 9 and become the p erty of *Harper's Magazine*. Winning entries will be lished in the September issue. Decision of the edito final. First Prize: *Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and F* by E. Cobham Brewer (Harper & Row).
Runners-up: A *Harper's* denim tote bag.

Winners of "Bicentennial Blues," the May game that asked readers to write a new national anthem, are:
First Prize, Publication of the winning entry by Blackwood Music, Inc., BMI. "America's Been Singing For a Long, Long Time" by Norman Dolph, New York, N.Y., and Bruce Holms, Wanaque, N.J.:



Runners-up

"Ives: Symphony #2; Ives: Fourth of July," New York Phil monic, Leonard Bernstein Con tor (Columbia Records):

"BEAUTIFUL AMERICA"
(Tune: "The Yellow Rose of Texa

America the beautiful
Is strewn from sea to sea
With hunk on hunk of tourist ju
And similar debris;
A few old beer cans add their ch
And auto graveyards too.
America the beautiful,
Can this be really you?

Your superhighways make their
Through forest, lake, and town;
Historic objects in the way
Are simply bulldozed down.
Your sky-blue rivers change thei
hue
To brown or murky white;
Polluted streams their fragrance
spread
Upon the summer night.

Your billboards bright enhance t
sight
Of every rustic place,
And hot dog stands and pizza jo
Compete with them for space.
Your alabaster cities shine
Until the lights go bad;
America the beautiful,
It seems that you've been had.

—Theodore Estabr
Faribault, Mi

(Tune: "The Battle Hymn of the Republic")

As societies throughout the worl
Were formed and then destroyed
Across the seas a pure new land
Was nourished by the Lord.
It was being saved as haven

oppression and the sword,
e for liberty.

s:
glory to democracy,
h over aristocracy,
nd equal opportunity,
nd where all are free.

poor and hungry fled
heir unjust and cruel lords,
e battle-worn sought silence
the guns of many wars,
saw freedom in the beauty
unspoiled woods and
ores,
e for liberty.

(US)

was struggle, there was
hting.
were hardships through the
ars,
e brave ones kept their vision
and composed of peers,
y stayed and built a nation
rom tyranny's cold fears,
e for liberty.

(US)

oday, this great United States
der of the earth,
l where man's judged by his
tions,
y noble birth,
e the people keep on working
prove their country's worth,
ir home for liberty.

RUS)

—Teresa Gerbers
Glenmont, N.Y.

RICA'S PROMISE"
: "America the Beautiful")

eople, we, the people, yes,
nion shall perfect,
overnment, of, by, for us
iberties protect.
lag, a symbol may it be
humanity
r concern that all may live
man dignity.

equal justice be for all
here by choice or birth,
may a nation so conceived
erish from the earth.
ica, unto herself,
land cannot be;
we preserve our spaceship
arth
ur posterity.

Our Founding Fathers had a dream
That all men would be free;
May all oppressed be free at last,
Their dream reality.
Our banner with its stars and stripes
Must hope, not fear, instill;
We'll keep the faith and overcome,
Our promise to fulfill.

—Mauritz Johnson
Delmar, N.Y.

"ONE OUT OF MANY"
(Tune: "On Top of Old Smoky")

We're one out of many,
Diverse in our life:
United in yearnings,
United in strife.

Each man is born equal,
Our laws firmly cite;
To seek to be happy,
And liberty's a right.

Two centuries have shown us
From depths to great heights;
Small issues divide us,
But greatness unites.

Our nation is more than
The sum of its parts;
Each new crisis finds us
But one, in our hearts.

Our hopes are for freedom,
For peace most of all;
For tolerance and justice,
No cause is too small.

A land that has plenty,
Where no one's in need;
Each man and his neighbor
Together: our creed.

Join hands, and find purpose:
Dreams, goals, all pursue;
Respect one another:
The nation is you.

—Elaine Stallworth
Willow Grove, Pa.

(Tune: "The Battle Hymn
of the Republic")

Our forebears saw the glory
That was born of blood and sweat
Some had sacrificed their very lives
And there was no regret
For this child of theirs, America,
Would be the best land yet
For this they labored hard.

CHORUS:
Glory, glory hallelujah
Glory, glory hallelujah
Glory, glory hallelujah
For this they labored hard.

Two hundred years of growing
Have brought many joys and tears,
But this land of ours was never meant
To stay a babe for years.
She has triumphed over crises
And has allayed many fears,
And this has been her strength.

CHORUS:
Glory, glory hallelujah
Glory, glory hallelujah
Glory, glory hallelujah
And this has been her strength.

When the celebrating's over
She'll pick up her work again
And she'll not forget why she was
born
And what it cost to men
For the goals of life and freedom
Are the same today as then—
America moves on.

CHORUS:
Glory, glory hallelujah
Glory, glory hallelujah
Glory, glory hallelujah
America moves on.

—Patricia Kissane
Whitesboro, N.Y.

"THE PRATTLE, GRIM,
OF THE REPUBLIC"
(Tune: "The Battle Hymn
of the Republic")

In the beauty of a virgin land,
Chris stood in '92.
In the next four hundred annums
Settlers went red, white, and blue,
Built Indian reservations
For the few they never slew.
What were we coming to?

CHORUS:
Wholly, wholly, wholly trauma!
What a weird and woeful drama!
We'll be weeping as we celebrate
Our BiSINtennial.

Our eyes have watched the story
Of the exhibitioned Louds;
Our ears have heard the uproar
Of the wild, protesting crowds;
Our throats have gagged ad nauseum
As smog rises in black clouds.
What are we coming to?

(CHORUS)

In the darkness of our cinemas
We see films rated X;
Censorship's a moot point
If we all go unisex.
As we search for our "identities"
We're turning total wrecks.
What are we coming to?

(CHORUS)

—Lucy-Jo Stephano
Chalfont, Pa.

BOOKS

A POLITICAL DISEASE

by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.



Frank Bozzo

Fear and Loathing: On the Campaign Trail '72, by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson. Straight Arrow Books, $6.95.

I WORRY ABOUT THE HEALTH of Dr. Hunter Thompson. I think I am supposed to do that. He is the most creatively crazy and vulnerable of the New Journalists, seemingly, and scattered throughout his dispatches are alarming reports on his health. Nor are his sicknesses imaginary. In this, his latest book, he gives the opinion of a physician: "He'd never seen anybody with as bad a case of anxiety as I had. He said I was right on the verge of a complete mental, [illegible]ical, and emotional collapse."

[illegible] would he tell us this? What could this be but a cry for help? And what could we do to help him? It isn't as though he doesn't try to help himself. He [illegible]like George Orwell, for instance, who is said to have been fairly listless in fighting disease. Thompson, if he is to be believed, has sampled the entire rainbow of legal and illegal drugs in heroic efforts to feel better than he does. He says in another book, *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, that the trunk of his rented red Chevrolet convertible "looked like a mobile police narcotics lab. We had two bags of grass, seventy-five pellets of mescaline, five sheets of high-powered blotter acid, a salt shaker half full of cocaine, and a whole galaxy of multi-colored uppers, downers, screamers, laughers . . . and also a quart of tequila, a quart of rum, a case of Budweiser, a pint of raw ether and two dozen amyls."

Again: what can we do to help him? I do not know him, except from his books, which are brilliant and honorable and valuable. The evidence in those argues that reality is killing him, because it is so ugly and cheap. He imagines in his new book that reality, and hence his health, might be improved if nobler men held office in this country and addressed themselves truthfully to the problems of our time. Here is what he wrote as he gathered strength to cover the most recent Presidential campaign: "I have been through three Presidential elections now, but it has been twelve years since I could look at a ballot and see a name I wanted to vote *for*. . . . Now, with another one of these big bogus showdowns looming down on us, I can already pick up the stench of another bummer."

He covered the campaign for *Rolling Stone*. His nightmares were illustrated by Ralph Steadman, who has become as magically integral to Thompson's work as Sir John Tenniel was to *Through the Loo Glass* and *Alice in Wonderland*. when the campaign was over, Th son was more wretched than concluding that McGovern wa ordinary a Democrat, too mu compromiser, to thrill the Ame people with dreams of greatness rebirth and reform. The cl event for Thompson was the S Bowl. He is a former sportsw like James Reston, whom he "the swinging Calvinist"; and most effective metaphors have with athletic contests. Duane Tho the mute, black, unemployed back is, incidentally, Thomp idea of a really splendid Ame citizen.

And when the Super Bowl over, *and* the campaign, *and* the about the campaign, Thompson an impudent, mocking telephon to Frank Mankiewicz, McGov most vibrant strategist. And the hung up and drank some more Then I put a Dolly Parton albu the tape machine and watched trees outside my balcony ge lashed around in the wind. Ar midnight, when the rain stopp put on my special Miami B nightshirt and walked several bl down La Cienega Boulevard to Losers' Club."

THERE IS PLENTY OF NEWS in newest *Fear and Loathing* Thompson suggests, for instance, the person who created the poiso statement, "I stand behind Tom gleton 1,000 percent," was not Govern. It may have been Eag who did that, telling reporters

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s latest novel is Bre of Champions.

ome things we change. Some things we don't. Last year we made over 40,000 changes in r road maps. We've been changing things since the early part of the century. Rand McNally was aking maps before the roads were marked. In fact, we marked many of them and joined with other oups to campaign for a government-sponsored highway identification system. We were so ccessful that keeping pace with changes has helped Rand McNally become the world's largest oducer of road maps. One of our success stories has never changed. *The Real Mother Goose*, st published in 1916, continues to be one of the all-time best selling children's books. We ouldn't dream of changing Humpty Dumpty. **RAND McNALLY**

and you thought we just made maps



McGovern supposedly said. And Thompson detests Eagleton as much as he adores Duane Thomas. He calls the Senator "an opportunistic liar," "a hack," and "another one of those [illegible] among other things.

Insults of that sort, isolated in a review, convey the idea of journal[illegible] as contemptible as the man attacked. But in the context of such a long and passionate book, such lapses seem almost beautiful. Curiously, they are so frenzied, so grotesque, that they can do no harm to Eagleton. I am extremely grateful for the New Journalism, as many responsible people are not. And what I think about it now is that it is the literary equivalent of Cubism: all rules are broken; we are shown pictures such as no mature, well-trained artist ever painted before, and in the crazy new pictures we somehow see luminous new aspects of beloved old truths.

I can put it more gruesomely calling attention to the way people behave under torture sometimes, the way they are likely to thrash around and say things they might not say under other circumstances: the New Journalists are Populists screaming in pain.

They believe that it is easy and natural for Americans to be brotherly and just. That illusion, if it is an illusion, is the standard for well-being in the New Journalists' minds. Any deviation from that standard is perceived as a wound or a sickness. So the present atmosphere in America seems to them to be like the famous torture described by Orwell of tying the victim's hands and enclosing his head in a cage. And then a hungry rat is put into the cage.

I HASTEN TO TESTIFY that the American atmosphere isn't *really* that terrifying. I am only saying that we have in our midst some people, like Hunter Thompson, who are supersensitive. Practically everybody else feels fine, just fine.

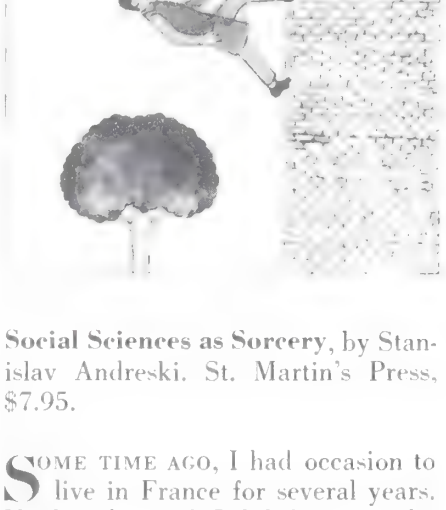
As for those who wish to know more about Thompson and his ideals, his frazzled nervous system, his self-destructiveness, and all that—he is unabridgeable. He is that rare sort of American author who must be [illegible]. He makes exciting, moving [illegible]es of carefully selected junk. Thes[illegible] must be experienced. They can't be paraphrased.

As for the truth about his health: I have asked around about it. I am told that he appears to be strong and rosy, and steadily sane. But we will be doing what he wants us to do, I think, if we consider his exterior a sort of Dorian Gray facade. Inwardly, he is being eaten alive by tinhorn politicians.

The disease is fatal. There is no known cure. The most we can do for the poor devil, it seems to [illegible] name his disease in his hon[illegible] this moment on, let all th[illegible] feel that Americans can be [illegible] led to beauty as to ugliness [illegible] as to public relations, to j[illegible] bitterness, be said to be [illegible] from Hunter Thompson's c[illegible] don't have it this morning. [illegible] and goes. This morning I d[illegible] Hunter Thompson's disease.

TRAVESTIES OF THE IMAGINATION

by Nelson W. Aldrich, Jr.



Social Sciences as Sorcery, by Stanislav Andreski. St. Martin's Press, $7.95.

SOME TIME AGO, I had occasion to live in France for several years. Neither the work I did there nor the company I kept made severe demands on my schoolboy skills with the local language. As a result, I learned French slowly and imperfectly, acquiring fluency without elegance, the *savoir*, as they would say, not the *connaissance*. But even this primitive tool had its charms (for me, at any rate), and I began to go out of my way to set up situations in which I could use it. Initially, my foils were French acquaintances, all of whom, as it happened, spoke a far better English than I did French. No matter; I persisted, acquired confidence, and soon broadened my speaking acquaintance to include those who spoke no English at all.

Then: a breakthrough. It happened with a girl, a charming and patient *midinette* whom I used to meet for lunch and other hours. I noticed that my growing fondness for her had untied my tong[illegible] that with this came a quite [illegible] sense of liberation that I ha[illegible] experienced before in spea[illegible] anyone. It seemed to me th[illegible] ever thoughts, feelings, or [illegible]tions occurred to me, they al[illegible] effortlessly into expressi[illegible] checked by any censor of [illegible] substance. This was much m[illegible] the usual realization that o[illegible] last *thinking* in a foreign la[illegible] It was an almost mystical s[illegible] of the unity of word and t[illegible] heady apprehension of the [illegible] congruence of the truth in [illegible] the reality of the world out [illegible] said, "*Je t'aime*," and it was [illegible]

It wasn't so, not by a long [illegible]

Several years later, back [illegible] the States, I found myself en[illegible] by a large and expensive (to [illegible] payers) think tank that spec[illegible] in the problems of what wa[illegible] known as the "inner city." Th[illegible] ter was alive with social scien[illegible] sociologists, psychologists, [illegible] psychologists, "rat" psycho[illegible] political sociologists, anthropo[illegible] ethnologists, ethnographers, s[illegible] cians, econometricians. The[illegible] spoke English, naturally, and [illegible] of them were more than com[illegible] agreeable and intelligent whe[illegible] did so. At other times, esp[illegible] when they talked of the "inner [illegible] they spoke an esoteric languag[illegible] made them appear to me like [illegible] This was a status I envied. M[illegible] experience of the "inner city" [illegible] years' teaching in Harlem [illegible] been a comedy of humiliatio[illegible] me, a satirical farce for the chi[illegible] or at least I hope that's all it w[illegible] them. Among whites guilt was [illegible] in those days—the mid-Sixties [illegible] mine was a little too persona[illegible] immediate to wear with much h[illegible] I wanted to shuck it as fast as [illegible]

Nelson W. Aldrich, Jr., is an associate editor of Harper's.

I so I emulated the gods and
› learn their language.
it just the way I learned
slowly and imperfectly, prac-
esitantly at first with English-
g acquaintances, then broad-
ıy range to include those who
English at all, only numerical
and computer printouts. As
red fluency I also acquired
tion, "data," as the gods say,
›bs of it: the precise correla-
family income and reading
res in three major inner city
systems, the correlation of
sexuality and post-high
job performance, the correla-
illegitimate birth and atti-
› female teachers, the correla-
. . . Well, the possible num-
correlations in any given in-
y is almost as great as the
e number of causes, though I
ong time in learning (and an
›nger time in being careful to
›ut to my ungodlike friends)
uses and correlations are not,
tically not, the same thing.
quest for the standing of a
as a very common endeavor
It still is. I don't know how
young men and women during
ıst ten years or so have ma-
ın one or another of the social
es. Certainly they are far more
ous than those who majored in
or literature, and probably
re more numerous than those
tudied the exact sciences. But
ver the figure (and regardless
ether it is causative or correla-
American culture and politics
almost everywhere abandoned
elves to the language, assump-
and methods of inquiry of those
iew Olympians.

AT THIS IS NOT exactly a Good
ing is the overwhelming conclu-
›ne comes to after reading *So-
ciences as Sorcery* by Stanislav
eski, a Polish-born professor of
ogy at the University of Read-
ı England. Andreski's point is
ocial scientists—the great ma-
of them, and many of their
prestigious mentors as well—
bout as far from Olympus as
doctors are from heaven.
ı of his book is a joyous attack
›cial science as an institution.
the attack is so well mounted,
so vigorously expressed, I can't
in from quoting.

On the rough parallel between the rising numbers of family psychologists and the growing incidence of divorce: "If we saw that whenever a fire brigade comes, the flames become even fiercer, we might well begin to wonder what it is that they are squirting on the fire."

Advice to students on judging their teachers: "Do not be impressed unduly by titles or positions. Top universities can usually get the best people in the fields where there are firm criteria of advancement; but at the present stage of development of the social sciences the process of selection, as often as not, resembles a singing competition before a deaf jury who judge the competitors by how wide they open their mouths."

On the fascination with "scientific" methodology: it "precludes one from giving an answer to any but the most trivial questions. . . . A sociologist or psychologist obsessed with frameworks, jargon and techniques resembles a carpenter . . . so worried about keeping his tools clean that he has no time to cut the wood."

On simulation games and model building in applied social science (think of Vietnam): "They tend to focus on optimizing something within the initial assumptions, rather than examining the latter. . . . The gravest kind of danger stems from the illusion that, because certain kinds of data can be quantified and processed by a computer, therefore they must be more important than those which cannot be measured."

On the reliance on questionnaires: "It is as if somebody had tried to build a science of meteorology solely by making elaborate computations of the flutterings of flags."

On the preference for "it is hypothetical that," rather than "I think": it "ministers to the bureaucratic underling's predilection for submissive anonymity combined with oracular authority."

SPLENDID SALLIES like these make delightful reading for once-willing dupes of social scientific pretensions. But if that were all there was to this book, I should be recommending it only to adolescents about to choose a college major. Andreski, however, goes further and asks questions about the role and function of social science that go to the heart of

WILLIE MORRIS

THE Last OF THE Southern Girls



A witty, knowing (and marvelously entertaining) novel about the Washington D.C. of our generation and a golden girl from the South who takes it by storm. From the author of *North Toward Home*

$6.95 • Alfred•A•Knopf

what we moderns, especially Americans, are about.

From the standpoint of the men and women who actually *do* social science, one can pretty safely assume that they chose to look at the world in this way because they felt that these disciplines would help them communicate something intelligent and even possibly useful about the conduct of human affairs. That, for the most part, they do no such thing shows up most clearly when one examines the language they use to speak to us. Andreski is at his best here, perhaps because he is *not* in his element. A Pole, his element is perforce one of logic and rhetoric, and like Wittgenstein, Conrad, and Nabokov, he comes to English with the ardor and exigence of one forced to abandon a first great love.

Apart from an ignorance of grammar and the rules of orderly exposition—sins that are no monopoly of social scientists—a sure indication of the sociological mind at work is a willful high-handedness with the common meanings of words. This is more than jargon. Jargon is only a special language that has been devised for special purposes by a particular set of people: seamen and subway conductors have their jargon too, and no one complains about it; jazz and rock musicians have theirs, and it becomes slang for the rest of us. The peculiarity of social scientific language is that it is extraordinarily unstable, changing from moment to moment to accord with various fashions, but also between one writer and another. As a result, across the entire body of social scientific "literature," the reader has a view like that of a turtle on an obstacle course. The way is littered with common language so twisted, restricted, expanded, and contorted that the whole enterprise becomes an exercise in algebraic problem-solving rather than understanding.

Andreski provides an egregious example of this verbal gimcrackery in the work of one Orlando Fals-Borda, who is a program director at the U.N. Research Institute for Social Development. Fals-Borda's *Subversion and Social Change in Colombia* advances the startling thesis that the Spanish conquest of the Indians in Colombia produced a new social order. But only a prodigious effort of patient translation could find this innocent truth underneath a terminology that labels social change as a "dialectical refraction," its agents as "disorgans" and "conditioners," the new faith as "prescriptively rigid countervalues," the new moral code as "acritical counternorms," the old tribal structure as "topia* nr 1," and the succeeding seignorial society as "topia nr 2."

Mocking this sort of nonsense has become a favorite parlor game of the literary and journalistic intelligentsia, and as a deflator of pompous pretensions, Andreski often made me laugh aloud. But he also goes beyond ridicule to ask just how and why these grotesque perversions of the desire to communicate come to be, why otherwise sensible men in social science end up talking like Pieter Peeperkorn in *The Magic Mountain*. According to Andreski, there are two reasons: the desire to achieve the precision and predictive power of natural science and the desire for the prestige of its practitioners.

The *locus classicus* of the drive for "scientific" comprehensiveness in the description of human behavior is, of course, the influential Harvard sociologist Talcott Parsons. To get the full flavor of Parsons' style, as well as a sense of his ambition, it is unfortunately necessary to quote him at some length. Bear with this, please; and as you read, try to translate into common language:

> *Within the limits imposed by the genetic species-type on the one hand and the patterning of the culture on the other, lies the opportunity for given individuals and groups to develop independently structured behavioral systems. Because an actor is genetically human, and because his learning occurs in the context of a particular cultural system, his learned behavioral system (which I shall call his personality) shares certain broad features with other personalities—e.g., the language he habitually speaks. At the same time, his organism and its environment—physical, social, and cultural—are always in certain respects unique. Hence, his own behavioral system will be a* unique variant *of the culture—what is learned is part of neither the "structure" of the organism in the usual sense nor a feature of the cultural system. It comprises an* analytically independent system.

* As opposed to "utopia."

Andreski's translation of thi
sage is as good as any: "Alt
every individual is in many
similar to other human beings,
also unique in a way which is
termined neither by the proper
his organism nor by the state
culture." This is a fairly simpl
to say trite, observation, but th
sage bears looking at more clos
one is to understand what Pars
up to. Take the emphasized pl
first: *unique variant* and *analy*
independent system. What they
to is that part of a man's beh
that cannot be accounted for,
eludes the determinism of his
sonal and social backgroun
short, his free and unpredictabl
For the social scientist of any
oretical ambitions, the irredu
"I" has all the attractions of th
Baby for Brer Rabbit. It must,
fore, be firmly centralized, wh
can't be avoided completely.
sons' method is sterilization. N
the use of "variant" for the
common "variation": it is
(like the nearly ubiquitous
able" in other social science wri
to set off subliminal echoes of
ematical conjurings; "unique
ant" is that x in the formula o
man behavior, while "analytical
dependent system" serves the
function. ("Function" is anoth
vorite with social scientists; it
stands for "by-product," and
adjective, "functional," it does h
duty as "good" or "desirable."

Another giveaway of the socia
entific mind at work is typified by
sons' hilarious locution: "his le
behavioral system (which I shal
his personality)." Throughout th
erature of social science one
even the most lucid writers de
ately stamping perfectly ord
nouns and verbs with that lit
one sees after the names of dr
reals and toothpastes. It is a bi
immortality, this trademarking o
language, an attempt at assuring
henceforth generations of one's
ciples will write "personality, i
Parsonsian sense," just as one
make Cheerios only in the Ge
Millsian sense.

More seriously, however, t
marked words point to the
weening scientism of the socia
entific endeavor. For a concept
as "personality"—amazingly

arious, and fungible— *must* ed to as restricted and exact g as possible, if the criteria e are to be even approx- People who are more sym- to the current practice of ience than I tend to see this n as nobly heroic, a labor hus, perhaps, but with a lit- ess too, by God. Yet what are ake of the labor of George another Harvard sociologist, mpts to lay the foundations luctive system of human in- by formulating such prop- as "... persons who interact ly with one another tend to another," and "if the fre- of interaction between two or rsons increases, the degree liking for one another will , and vice versa." Remember at Homans is talking about among other things, friend- much disputed territory of rt since man first began to guage. Then consider what mon does to these proposi- Homans' in his *Models of* he first is reduced to:

$=a_1\ F(t)+a_2\ A(t)$

nd to:

$= b\ [I(t) = bF(t)\ ].$

pompous absurdity of Ho- rivial half-truths and Simon's is formulae hardly needs nt. But the ambition fueling d Parsons') effort does. That to reduce the infinitely com- d problematic relationships groups of men and individuals state of molecules and atoms. nize that without generaliza- ere would be no relationships men cannot speak or act un- ey order and conceptualize behavior in ways that yield redictability. I also recognize e hunger to cut through com- sages of language and the re- wisdom of common men has ted some of the richest in- into human behavior that we De Tocqueville, Marx, Pareto, , and others might or might cept nomination to the status ntist—my own tendency is to the name of an older study ll them moral philosophers. In se, as Andreski points out, the ements of these men and some in our own time "remain in- al feats of imaginative fore- made possible—it is true—by a profound understanding of the nature of human society, but not based on any established and generally accepted corpus of knowledge" in the sense that the natural sciences are.

But the social scientific ethos today, when it isn't content merely to accumulate ever-mounting slag heaps of "data," seeks nothing less than to render an understanding of men and society that will last for all time, or at least that can be built on as the propositions of natural science have been built on, to yield "progress." This ambition is doomed to failure, not alone by the refractoriness of men (who, after all, can read what social scientists are saying about them, as molecules cannot) but by language itself. Words, concepts, and generalization cannot be frozen in Lucite like seahorses or dandelions; they will always elude our grasp, flying off into metaphor, degenerating into cliché, massing and regrouping for new shocks of recognition, old epiphanies of the new.

If the drive toward the exactness and prediction-yielding aspects of "hard" science is the manifest function of the language of the social sciences, its latent function is to serve and promote the prestige and territorial ambition of social scientists themselves, who are a subclass of that increasingly powerful sector of the modern world that Andreski calls the salaried diploma-holders. Andreski is most devastating (and occasionally unfair) as he lays bare the often egregious connection between the patronage and products of social scientific research. The latter, especially in America, is a terribly expensive and sometimes profitable business: there are all those questionnaires to be and mailed out the responses coded for computerization, all those graduate assistants to be paid. The result, says Andreski, is a supine dependence on sources of funds that virtually precludes the researchers from turning up anything remotely controversial and almost guarantees nebulous restatements of the obvious.

It also reinforces the misuse of language in the name of "science." What capitalist, for example, would read "bloody revolution" into Dr. Fals-Borda's tortured formulations

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THIS YEAR'S TRIUMPH FROM THE 1972 NOBEL PRIZE WINNER

"... rightly singled out by the Nobel Prize committee as 'his most grandly conceived work'..."—Richard Locke, *The New York Times Book Review*

HEINRICH BÖLL

GROUP PORTRAIT WITH LADY



Photo by Jill Krementz

Translated by Leila Vennewitz
2nd Big Printing $7.95

McGraw-Hill

about "disorgans" and "conditioners," or "prescriptively rigid countervalues." What balm there is in thinking of one's social standing as "ascribed" rather than "inherited," or "achieved" rather than "acquired." How reassuring to think of "moulding" or "indoctrinating" one's fellows as a process of "socialization." How liberating to call punishment "negative reinforcement," or to group muggers, revolutionaries, and homosexuals under the study of "deviance."

Liberating. I return to where I began. Learning a new language can be liberating. But the liberation is of the most dangerous kind; it is a liberation of the word from the thing, of sign from referent, and ultimately of me from me and us from ourselves. It is no good, either, to point to all those splendid tracts of the unknown in human behavior that are now known thanks to an intrepid social science. For without a common language to express it, the hitherto unknown begins to look suspiciously like a blueprint of Yeats' Byzantium, a travesty of imagination. In the end, we shall have to learn what George P. Elliott writes somewhere: "To know more of the truth than you can feel is death to the spirit."

NO LITTLE PRINCES

by Gloria Emerson



Free Fire Zone: Short Stories by Vietnam Veterans, edited by Wayne Karlin, Basil T. Paquet, and Larry Rottmann. McGraw Hill-1st Casualty Press, cloth, $5.95; paper, $3.95.

MOST AMERICANS BELIEVE the Vietnam war is over for us but I do not think it is finished yet. It may not end until a generation of Vietnam veterans, now in their twenties, are finally dead. Last summer in New York I heard an ex-GI describe how another man in his reconnaissance unit inserted a parachute flare (which contains white phosphorous) into a Vietnamese woman to make men in the village talk. He was crying, gulping, sniffling as he spoke. He had never had nightmares until he came home.

"I have to sleep with a radio on so I can go to sleep and basically get my head into a different situation so I don't have to think about it," he said.

Here, in the twenty-four stories in *Free Fire Zone*, are the nightmares which all the radios in America cannot erase. Make no mistake: these are not little lacquered works of art for coffee tables. Indeed, some of them are great, crude, dark lumps, and they have not been pinched or shaped or waxed over by timid editors.

I did not think I could still be rattled by Vietnam stories, that the useless tears would rise up again, and the old rage return. I did not think that I would ever read anything about Vietnam that would make me remember the eyes of a door gunner and the wrists of a dead woman.

Read "Extract" by Wayne Karlin or "Temporary Duty" by Oran Pitts, or "The Courier" by Igor Bobrowsky, and if they don't deeply shake and haunt you then you are already dead, or so vacant you don't need to know or understand the graves we dug for ourselves in Vietnam.

These are not sentimental stories. Everyone loses, only to a different degree. In *Free Fire Zone*—that loathsome U.S. military term for an area in Vietnam in which all life, every bit of it, has been destroyed—the infantrymen are not made of the noble, strong stuff that Hemingway knew and loved. The pilots and their crews are not gallant and good guys who once read Saint-Exupéry's *The Little Prince.* The officers are not bigger, better men than the troops they lead. All of them are sucked into a war which requires them to be accomplices to something of a [illegible] inal nature. Some know it, some [illegible] pect it, and others cannot reach [illegible] awareness. They know only their [illegible] huge misery and nothing else [illegible] all clear.

I OBLIGED A YOUNG, pleasant w[illegible] I know to read these stories [illegible] has always been against the wa[illegible] the nicest possible reasons. Fo[illegible] the stories made her so wretche[illegible] could not finish the book. She [illegible] never really believed that "our [illegible] could do such things.

"How could they?" she aske[illegible] Oh, easily, easily. She misse[illegible] point of these stories, the reaso[illegible] all of them were written. It [illegible] plained, with dreadful clarity, [illegible] editors of 1st Casualty Press i[illegible] introduction, and we cannot [illegible] to ignore what they say.

"The agent of suffering mu[illegible] lieve that the victim and his [illegible] are outside of humanity," they [illegible] "*Free Fire Zone* is about men [illegible] manizing themselves by ima[illegible] the Indochinese as less than h[illegible] who victimized their own pr[illegible] humanity by warring on the 'g[illegible]

Sometimes the violence an[illegible] humiliation wrought by the [illegible] icans are expressed in sexua[illegible] that hardly seem less brutal th[illegible] acts of the snipers, the door gu[illegible] the bombers. Basil Paquet, [illegible] liant lyric poet, teaches us t[illegible] too well in "Warren." A medi[illegible] is gentle with the corpse of a[illegible] namese woman, folding her [illegible] demurely over her chest, ab[illegible] twelve-year-old Vietnamese gi[illegible]

The stories that I will try to [illegible] but probably won't are the fo[illegible] Wayne Karlin, a former m[illegible] whose little masterpiece m[illegible] "Search and Destroy," a story [illegible] GIs trying to murder a fem[illegible] who will not die. The rats h[illegible] enraged the men they call [illegible] "gooks."

I hope I read more by Jo[illegible] vela, David Huddle, George [illegible] Barney Currer, Oran Pitts, [illegible] Shields, and James Aitken. [illegible] they don't give up on us. The[illegible] know that *Free Fire Zone* is [illegible] more than America can bear t[illegible] about itself, that it will nev[illegible] well, that they will never he[illegible] praise they deserve, and tha[illegible] stories will most likely not b[illegible] by those who sent them there

Gloria Emerson was a Vietnam correspondent for the New York Times *for over two years.*

TARTING POINTS

A DIET FOR THE MIND

Why and How
d Coops

When I Feel

N.W., Washington, D.C.

n the part of each mem-

to order or manages to
cheaply.
o-ops grow, they can usu-

Free Democratic head-

fast when hurt, but I

de. Write Walnut Acres, Penns Creek, Pa. 17862.

WRAPAROUNDWRAP

Food for Thought

"Some books," Francis Bacon once opined, "are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." Scientists are already at work creating edible paper, so that one day soon it will be possible to interpret this statement literally. In the meantime, we've decided to content ourselves with using Bacon's words metaphorically.

TO BE TASTED:

The *Larousse Gastronomique* (Crown, $20). Prosper Montagné's encyclopedia of food, wine, and cookery has over 1,000 pages of alphabetized entries. The text is generally entertaining and instructive.

The Horizon Cookbook and Illustrated History of Eating and Drinking Through the Ages. Here the pictures make a sizable contribution both to enjoying and to understanding man's relationships with food. Try your library for a copy.

The Physiology of Taste (Dover Publications, $3) by Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin (1755-1826) offers perceptive observations on men and meals. This early twentieth-century translation is studded with piquant insights and "embellished" with drawings.

Foodbook by James Trager (Grossman, $15). A hefty volume crammed with facts and ideas on ways men have used food throughout history and ways to make better use of it today, *Foodbook* is guaranteed to provide you with fodder for dinner-party conversation.

Composition of Foods (a.k.a. Agriculture Handbook No. 8) by Bernice K. Watt and Annabel L. Merrill is another of the useful publications available at the Government Printing Office ($2). It consists of tables that display the amount of water, food energy, protein, fat, carbohydrates, and assorted vitamins and minerals in just about any food you can think of.

Eater's Digest: The Consumer's Factbook of Food Additives by Michael F. Jacobson (Doubleday, $1.95). Clear and comprehensive, this book can function as a dictionary. Although looking up the additives that appear on the labels in your shopping cart may ruin your appetite, the book as a whole provides an assessment of processed foods that is cautionary without being terrifying. Anyone whose meals come from a market rather than from his own organic garden would be wise to make its acquaintance.

TO BE SWALLOWED:

These are books that proselytize. Each of them will try to persuade you to swallow its message whole, to redo your life in accordance with the particular truth it propounds.

The Natural Foods Primer by Beatrice Trum Hunter (Simon and Schuster, $1.95) affords an elementary overview of natural foods with stress on why and how to buy them and what to do with them once you get them home.

Zen Macrobiotic Cooking by Michel Abehsera (Citadel Press, $3.95) is for people interested in a more philosophical approach to diet. Along with recipes, it offers friendly and nondogmatic instruction in "yinnizing" and "yangizing."

The Organic Directory (Rodale Press, Emmaus, Pa., $1.95) presents readable and informative essays on various aspects of growing and preparing organic foods. Its lists of organic food sources and garden clubs, ecology action groups, and places where you can get natural fertilizers and the like make it a valuable tool.

Putting Food By (Stephen Greene Press, Brattleboro, Vt., cloth, $6.95; paper, $3.95) can serve those of you who've gone to the trouble of growing your own uncontaminated food. Ruth Hertzberg, Beatrice Vaughan, and Janet Greene—the authors—give detailed instructions on preserving food. The laudable emphasis on hazards is likely to frighten the inexperienced, but if you have the guts and the patience, you can probably stock a lovely larder with the help of this book.

Food Is Your Best Medicine by Henry G. Bieler, M.D. (Random House, cloth, $5.95; paper, $1.50). Personal and opinionated, Dr. Bieler's account of the ways in which diet can ruin and restore health is replete with extraordinary case histori make lively reading.

TO BE CHEWED AND DIGESTED:

What you pick from the able food supply is, of your business, but the and quantity of the foo may choose from is to a extent determined by th ernment. Public policy o is immensely complicate eral books illuminate aspe what it is and what it be. Among those are:

Diet for a Small Plan Frances Moore Lappé (E tine, $1.25). Approachin problem from a persona gle, Mrs. Lappé shares h cent discoveries about Americans misuse protei offers plenty of practical gestions as to what you as dividual can do to best your own protein require It's a convincing volume, fully written.

The Chemical Feast Nader's Study Group Rep the Food and Drug Ad tration (Grossman, $.95) developed by James S. T from research conducted students. How much the dents care about what found out is as much a p the story as are the disco themselves. The report is nest, analytical, and gen informative.

U.S. Nutrition Policies i Seventies (W.H. Freema Co., San Francisco. $3 edited by Jean Mayer, outgrowth of a more estal ment phenomenon—the W House Conference on F Nutrition, and Health hel December 1969. A good authorities here explore hu and malnutrition sensibly conventionally.

The Raw and the Cooke Claude Lévi-Strauss, trans by John and Doreen We man (Harper & Row, c $10; paper, $2.95) deals the role of food (among things) in man's myths and role of myths in man's After the attention you've devoting to your stomach, can probably use a mental w out. Here's one that's dem ing but exhilarating.

If you have trouble finding any of the books listed here, you obtain them by writing to **WRAPAROUND,** Harper's Maga Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Follow the orde instructions that appear under Tools for Living.

WHAT TO GET RID OF

Up until two years ago, my wife Elaine and I hadn't given much thought to the number of appliances the years of Christmases and birthdays had left heaped upon our kitchen counters.

But a progressive change to organic food and a growing ecological awareness since then has caused us to apply Thoreau's maxim to the kitchen: "Simplify, simplify." We decided to get rid of all but truly helpful and essential appliances to make the room more human and to cut down on the amount of electricity we used.

We began by listing all our kitchen "aids." There was a refrigerator, freezer, automatic can opener, 10-speed blender, electric coffee pot, electric coffee grinder, an electric range, electric clock, dishwasher, toaster, Mixmaster, steak broiler, rotisserie, radio, bun and plate warmer, air conditioner, deep fat fryer, exhaust fan, electric lights (4 incandescent, 1 fluorescent)—and the kitchen shared in the electricity used by the oil burner, water pump and water heater.

The kitchen electric bill for all these motors and heating elements came to about $12 a month, on the average, which equals about 600 kilowatt-hours. Not exorbitant, we thought. But we later learned that for each kilowatt-hour produced, the electric company must burn nearly a pound of coal or a tenth of a gallon of fuel oil. That's a lot of smoke just to run a kitchen we didn't like.

So we decimated all that gadgetry. We started at one end of our kitchen and worked our way through cabinet and drawer to the other end. Our rule of thumb soon became: "If it does what we can't reasonably do, it can stay. If the appliance is only for ease or comfort, it goes."

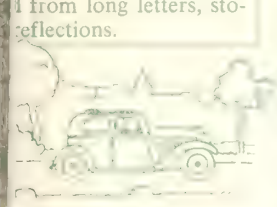
After the slaughter, we were left with the exhaust fan, the freezer, the refrigerator, the lighting, the radio, the stove, and the blender. (This last almost breaks our rule of thumb, but we just can't do without it.) We reduced our electric help from the equivalent of four servants to two. Kilowatt-hour use went from 600 per month to 300 per month. **—Jeff Cox**

from *The Organic Directory*, 1971

READERS OUTDOWRA

IUATIONS

tomobile does so many
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Living With/Without
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eflections.



years ago I had a mid-
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So, instead of buying
new vehicle, I had the
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ays be arranged through
and relatives and taxis.
ssible to keep in touch
ends and relatives also
the mail and telephone
ough neighbors dropping
vice-versa.
hly recommend my way
for the development
nuity and self-reliance
sheer necessity.

—Joan C. Westcott
Sarasota, Fla.

ld rather not be autoless,
t just because it is in-
ient. Even a small car, or
one, or a rented one
feeling of not being im-
not so much of feeling
since most cars are soon
or granted, just of not be-
ing impotent. I realized this in Southern California when I visited my brother. I took a sort of boastful pride in walking fifteen miles through Orange County suburbs one day just to visit a friend. But it was illusion—I knew it was all illusion whenever I was a passenger in my brother's Mustang on the freeway. I saw people commanding those machines with *one hand*, while gabbing and gesturing with the other; people staring, some intent, some bored, some even angry at the freeways, the exit ramps, the Volkswagens capriciously changing lanes, the cars more wastefully powerful (therefore better) than theirs—yet people still composed, in charge of things. And I knew they were on to something. Jackknifed in the back seat in command of nothing but one rear window I could see why people will choke in their own pollution—congested even though they have paved half of what they inhabit, overlooking everything not at their destinations if it is too small or subtle to be seen at a hundred feet a second—before giving up that one assurance they belong. It scares me. I'd do it myself!

—Ray McDonald
Boulder, Colo.

You missed quoting a column of Art Buchwald several years ago when he was in Japan—that Tokyo traffic was a princi pal method of birth control.

I would be glad to use bus transportation again if it were cheaper, less time-consuming, more direct, without transfers, and closer at either end of the ride.

—Carol Cassell
College Park, Md.

James Agee, discussing the Great American Roadside, once wrote:

"You know the sweat and the steady throes of the motor and the copious and thoughtless silence and the almost lack of hunger and the spreaded swell and swim of the hard highway toward and beneath and behind and gone and the parted roadside swarming past . . . Oh, yes, you know this talk at the gas station, the welcome taste of a Bar-B-Q sandwich in midafternoon, the oddly excellent feel of a weak-springed bed in a transient shack, and the early start in the cold, bright, lonesome air, the dustless and dewy road . . ."

Well, maybe we still know that road, but not intimately. We remember it, perhaps, or we are told of it, but we don't travel on it much anymore. There is no sweat in air-conditioned cars, no throes of the motor audible in the insulated privacy of the front seat. The gas station runs on credit cards, and we know only the oddly unpleasant rest of a Holiday Inn bed. We only get in the car now because we know where we are going, and there is always a four-lane road to take us there. And if there is no four-lane road, then we'll get a four-wheel drive camper and make our own, by God.

The death of the open road, the great American highway to happiness, must eventually signal the death of the automobile as the great symbol of success and status in our society. For as the pleasure in driving decreases, the impetus for owning a snazzy car must go with it. Auto makers try like hell, of course, with all variety of muscle- and compact cars to revive the enthusiasm the nation once had for cars, but I fear they will meet with little success. Driving and owning cars is just too much of a pain in the ass these days, and anyway, where's there to go? Although we may buy more cars this year than ever before, we are enjoying and believing in them less, and that is a dangerous position for any myth.

—David Holwerk
Lexington, Ky.

Get this. Thousands upon thousands of deaf persons are licensed drivers in *all* states, and reliable statistics show that they are safer on the highways than people who can hear.

Hearing has very little to do with safe driving. What about sirens? Vehicles with sirens also have flashing lights, and the deaf driver keeps his eyes open, knowing full well that his driving rights are in constant jeopardy because of irresponsible prejudice such as that which you have displayed.

Frankly, you owe the deaf of America an apology. It is hard enough to be deaf without having to fight continually to overcome the ignorance of the public about this little understood handicap.

—John A. Gough
Nottingham, Pa.

Slip-ups

We want to acknowledge two mistakes that crept past our vigilance and into the April issue. First, a quote we attributed to Kenneth R. Schneider's *Autokind vs. Mankind* (Norton, $7.95) in fact came from John Jerome's book, *The Death of the Automobile* (Norton, $6.95). The weight of our embarrassment over the mistake is relieved only by the opportunity it provides to recommend both books to our readers once again, since they offer intelligent, lively, and comprehensive discussions of the privileged and unnatural status the automobile enjoys in American culture.

Second, in our listing of accident figures on various turnpikes ("Choose Your Odds"), we identified the figures as indicating "the number of fatal accidents per 100 million vehicle miles in 1971." In fact, these were absolute figures, representing the total number of fatal accidents on each highway in that year. Given the outrage in the letters we received from various turnpike commissions, one would expect that all *Harper's* readers, the April issue comfortably in hand, would abandon the misrepresented turnpikes in droves, jamming off-ramps and creating unmanageable congestion and difficulty. To avoid such a nightmare, and to rectify our error, we are happy to print below the correct figures for rates of fatal accidents per 100 million vehicle miles in 1971. Zero: Dallas North Tollway, Purchase Pkwy; .5: Hutchinson River Pkwy; 1.0: Richmond-Petersburg; 1.1: Bluegrass Pkwy, Massachusetts Tpke; 1.2: Florida Toll Roads, New Jersey Tpke; 1.3: Illinois Tollway, Merritt-Wilbur Cross Pkwy, Western Pkwy, Garden State Pkwy, New York Thruway, Saw Mill River Pkwy; 1.6: Connecticut Tpke, Kentucky, Dallas-Fort Worth; 1.7: Florida Tpke; 1.9: Indiana East-West; 2.2: Ohio Tpke, Pennsylvania Tpke; 2.3: Mountain Pkwy; 2.5: Kennedy Memorial Highway; 2.7: Oklahoma Tpkes; 2.8: Delaware; 2.9: New Hampshire; 3.6: Maine; 4.3: Kansas, Atlantic City Expwy; 5.6: Pennyrile Pkwy; 8.9: West Virginia.

PAROUNDWRAPARO

Nothing short of some total life-style changes will slow the encroachment of the four-wheeled monster. Who can help us wean ourselves from our own 426-cubic-inch pacifiers so we can turn our cities *green* again?

—[illegible]
Tacoma, Wash.

Five years ago, I, a born and bred urbanite, met and married a native Virgin Islander and moved to the Caribbean. We had a lovely apartment high in the mountains with a panoramic view of the sea, an Olympic-sized swimming pool, and one car.

My husband and I drove to work together, went to the beach, shopping, or wherever else we wanted to go. Often, if he was not available, I walked down the mountain or rode down with one of our neighbors. People were very considerate, and usually, if I did walk down, it was of my own choosing.

Yet, I was constantly frustrated by the fact that I did not have the same freedom of movement, the mobility, that I had had before. There was no such thing as running out for a loaf of bread. I could not go out and hitch at night, and I would not walk down the dark country road after sunset. Many times I had to wait hours for my husband to pick me up or even just to go out. Ultimately, I reached a point where I felt that if I did not get a car of my own I would pass away from acute frustration!

Finally, I purchased a small car, and my life began to change ever so subtly. I could go and come as I pleased, and I now saw parts of the island that I had never seen before. However, my husband left earlier in the morning and many times we did not eat breakfast together. We stopped shopping together and sharing changes in our schedules since it was no longer necessary. I put on weight and saw my neighbors only long enough to flap my hand in the breeze as I drove down the winding mountain road.

The car began to play a more important part in my life. Like a child it had to be washed, fed, and cared for. I became very protective as well, and if perchance someone bumped *my* bumper, I gave him a look that erased any and all doubt of what was going through my mind. People whom I had labeled considerate suddenly became the enemy if they drove too close or tried to pass.

I felt helpless if the car was not working. It became a burden to ask for a lift, and I found myself apologizing and giving perfect strangers a lengthy explanation for why I was riding down in their car instead of mine!

It was during one of those "no car" periods that I began to realize what was happening to me. "Inconvenience" had begun to take on a much broader meaning until, ultimately, it meant any deviation that made me rely on my own powers of locomotion or the kindness of others. In short, happiness had become a working car.

In the past, when I had thought about the problems of the automobile, I thought about them in terms of pollution, congestion, or depletion of our natural resources. Only after my own experience did I begin to think about the problems in terms of human relationships. The automobile separates you from your own capabilities, your own resources, and from communication and interaction with other people. The other problems can be solved eventually by the electric engine, EPA, or Fiberglas, but the one of human relationships is much more subtle and complex. It depends on individual awareness and commitment. **—Linda Creque**
St. Thomas, V.I.

If I didn't have a car I'd be trapped in this Betty Crocker ghetto forever!

—[illegible]
Select Cincinnati Suburb

I respect Fraydun Manocherian's concern for driver education. But one's day-to-day driving reflects his personality. I used to find the challenges of lane hopping in commuter traffic and speed on the thruways irresistible. The snow-reduced speed on the New York Thruway that lengthened the trip from Saratoga to Cleveland by ten hours seemed humiliating and tiresome.

Feeling that those hours were wasted, I used to brag about making that trip, 490 miles, in six hours on a clear day. Then I was lucky enough to have a passenger who taught me that traveling is as enjoyable as the destination, to relax at favorite rest stops, to use driving time to think, to talk, to sing. From experience I'm no longer [illegible] nation-oriented. I no [illegible] push myself beyond my d[illegible] skill to feel powerful. Y[illegible] did have driver educatio[illegible] it didn't teach me that a [illegible] doesn't prove how moder[illegible] free he is by attempting s[illegible]

—Christine A. [illegible]
Shaker Heights, [illegible]

The automobile offers a[illegible] perience of abstraction [illegible] the environment. Instead o[illegible] intimate connectedness [illegible] things as experienced by p[illegible] trian man, the driver or pa[illegible] ger perceives the world [illegible] accelerated rate. If he wa[illegible] quired to respond to all [illegible] stimuli offered at this pac[illegible] brain would become overlo[illegible] Instead he divorces his atte[illegible] from this process, become[illegible] involved—enough, perhap[illegible] lose a sense of connecte[illegible] to things until, perchanc[illegible] runs up the back of a [illegible] trailer. Who knows but tha[illegible] process of disengagement i[illegible] in some way responsible f[illegible] many automobile accident[illegible]

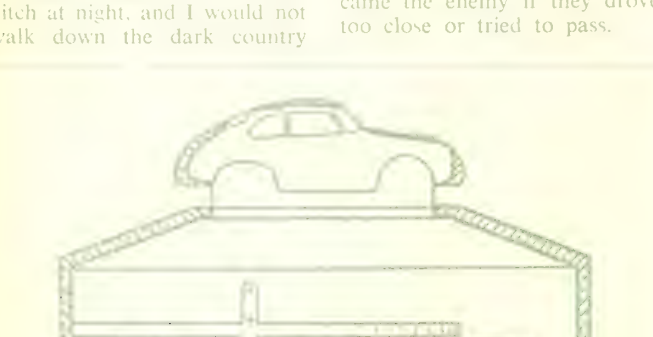
—Robert W. H[illegible]
Milwaukee, [illegible]

As much as I regret to s[illegible] my existence would be e[illegible] without a car! I work in a[illegible] ferent town and would ha[illegible] quit work without a car. I w[illegible] also have to quit my [illegible] classes at college, since th[illegible] in yet another city. In [illegible] areas and small cities, a c[illegible] quite often essential to a [illegible] son's economic survival, s[illegible] life, and many other things

—Henry Z[illegible]
Rome, [illegible]

When they are home from [illegible] lege on vacation our boys [illegible] quently play cars. It is a c[illegible] over from their childhood w[illegible] they played with the Matc[illegible] series, Dinky cars, and Co[illegible] Sometimes if I am not [illegible] they ask me to play too. [illegible] more fun with several pla[illegible]

You can play cars with [illegible] size garage and driveway. [illegible] use a double garage with a [illegible] ketball hoop on the front [illegible] The driveway is two-laned [illegible] about twenty feet, then nar[illegible] into a single lane to the s[illegible] To play on a board this [illegible] you need a minimum of t[illegible] cars, although four or five [illegible] preferable. We have, in [illegible] five cars in the driveway



Joel Katz in Philadelphia sent this drawing and accompanying story from *Progressive Architecture* magazine. The sketch is a prizewinning design for a summer house by Daniel V. Scully incorporating the client's beloved, but rusting, '57 Porsche. The shell of the car becomes an operable skylight over the large main room and sleeping loft. One of the jury members awarding the design prize commented: "I think this is a magnificent monument to the automotive culture—that's where it's at, *right there*! That's just the end, the funereal aspects of that culture."

WRAPAROUNDWRA

ough we've always of ourselves as a one-

tion wagon is the fam- ıd all we ever needed boys started playing real. Two of the four s belong to them. My n's little secondhand car fits neatly in the :xt to the station wag- :hind the lawn mower. ıd son's little second- ' is parked behind the agon in the driveway. r is an old Buick that un. It belongs to a one of the boys who for practically noth- they expect to put in ngine and get it going n. It's only been here uple of months. The belongs to my niece isiting from Columbus ndefinite period. Her rked behind the Buick. tt the picture.

me begins when some- "Will you please move so I can get mine out?" I have your keys so ove your car so I can out?" The first player is or her car keys wins at is not necessarily able first. According to the car is allowed to pass ther. Cars must move the driveway in what- uence is necessary to e player originating the to gain access to the ince the Buick is a sta- piece on the board, so . the game may become ated and full of interest. ne car moves out, the must return to some- ear their original posi- thout hitting the Buick, awn mower.

oser is the neighbor boy a high school basketball used to practice in our garage on that mentioned. He can't actice dribbling in the y anymore. Oh, well, ost old enough to start cars. —**Pat Lubar**
Port Washington, N.Y.

nd automobile transpor- aken together with elec- communication and the tion of electric power site steam power from ave multiplied by many ne amount of useful land tually every purpose. It onger necessary, or even economical, to concentrate industry, finance, merchandising, and urban housing into tightly congested knots where railroads intersect, or can come conveniently alongside of docks.

The primary reason land rents have fallen as a percentage of the national income, and wages and salaries have risen so much (why in a word the predictions of Henry George have been so barren) is inextricably bound up in the mobility offered by automotive transportation that has increased the amount of land useful for residences, factory sites, retail stores, warehouses, agriculture, and recreation more rapidly than the labor supply.

The politics of this should not be neglected. Rents and the tax base in the "central cities" are much eroded by the combination of automotive transportation, electric power, and electronic communication. This has been going on for a very long time, witness the ineluctible bankruptcy of the streetcars and the interurbans of the 1920s and '30s. But the city fathers could combat this for decades by improving the roads to the downtown. The last great efforts have been the freeways with the downtown exits plus great areas for parking.

Now, in a desperate effort to prop up rents in a downtown that needs no longer to be so concentrated, central city interests join forces with outdoor clubs and professional writers to limit the use of automotive transport that makes the use of less expensive sites possible, and to tax automobile users to pay heavy subsidies for metropolitan transit systems.

This whipsaw effort, greatly aided by the environmental furor, which can be so easily used as a mask for self-interested use of arbitrary governmental sanctions, probably cannot tip the balance back in favor of the heavy central city concentration of a bygone day, but it can slow the rise of real incomes, especially of the low-income earners, and it can enhance downtown rents.

—**Dean A. Worcester, Jr.**
Seattle, Wash.

I enjoyed reading in your April issue that a Cisitalia was displayed at the Museum of Modern Art. To me, cars are a form of high art not only as sculpture but because they sound and feel good. They respond to us. They change time and space. They deserve our respect.

—**Tim Blankenhorn**
Pasadena, Calif.

Since most of this fair land is so utterly dependent upon the private vehicle, discussing what is going to be done about it rates high among irrelevant redundancies. There are countless towns, numerous cities that the ordinary human might just as well forget about getting into or out of without a vehicle of his own; there are whole states that would suffer utter paralysis if the private vehicle disappeared, and in quite a few of the large cities the idea of mass transit displacing more than a fraction of the private vehicles rates as sick humor. We got problems, Mister, but since individual mobility rates right along with freedom from want in the as yet unfathomed mind of the human we might as well learn to enjoy a situation we are going to have to live with.

—[illegible]
Detroit, Mich.

Anyone who gets the idea that any serious restriction on the motor vehicle is widely imminent is kidding himself. Take Denver, for example, the subject of Bill Pride's enthusiasm for rapid transit progress.

In 1960 the Denver Metropolitan Area moved fewer than 34,000 workers to their jobs by public transportation, less than 10 percent of the employed work force. By 1970, despite the area's spectacular growth, only about 20,000 workers used transit, 4.2 percent of the total, and relatively less than such auto-oriented communities as Los Angeles-Long Beach and Dallas!

My recent study of census data showed that for all 33 U.S. metropolitan areas of one million or more, the share of workers using public transportation fell over the intercensal period from 24.5 to 16.8 percent, and in no area did the proportion increase. Perhaps the coming decade will reveal a better record, but continued flight to the auto-dominated and relatively sparse suburbs is unlikely to produce the reversal we would like to see.

—**Edmond L. Kanwit**
Fairfax, Va.

If buses are ever to really compete with cars, it won't be via a GM future/fantasy/transit/module/placebo that, somehow, will never get into production. (Didn't Stuttgart have a working monorail before 1910?) No, buses will have to out-gadget and out-*macho* cars.

First, hand build prototype city transit-type vehicles that will: blur across the Bonneville salt flats at 300 mph-plus; scream down the drag strip quarter mile, blowing by the finish at 150 mph, three parachutes (Remember-the-Apollos-Factor) billowing them into minus-G deceleration; roar head to head in the Daytona Omni-500; and obliterate each other for Demolition Derbys at Islip on ABC's *Wide World of Sports.* Your local city, say Memphis, can compete with others—a World Series of High Performance Bus Racing. And when the old 8:02 pulls around your corner, sexy, painted with oversize rear tires, it will be a *tough machine.* Didn't one just like it (here's the real Lesson of Detroit) wipe out the competition at the Grand Nationals in the "Funny Bus" division?

—[illegible]
Arlington, Va.

The notion that the operation of an automobile is, or should be, an act of personal whim has been an unfortunate illusion stimulated by the synthetic romance of automotive promotion. The moment that an automobile leaves the private sanctuary of its garage and driveway it becomes only one element in a vast public transportation complex. Even though it may be occupied by private individuals, it must conform to the common system in its search for a private destination. Like a giant particle it becomes one unit in a stream of elements that pulsate with predictable behavior between domestic capillaries at the extremes of the system and its central organs of commerce. Each unit is a complete organism in which human and mechanical subsystems act as components within an insulating field of force comprised of communicative and defensive systems that operate at the environmental interface.

—**Arthur J. Pulos**
McLean, Va.

TOOLS FOR LIVIN

UNDERGROUND OPENER

No doubt our coverage of the GI can opener has led other can opener cultists to seek us out. We have received a number of letters from members of the Swing-A-Way No. 407 cult. Hilde Erwin of Carmel, Calif., begins her brief with a quote from the package: "Other can openers operate on friction . . . they force the cutter around the lid. We drive ours with gears, just like an expensive piece of machinery. As a result, Swing-A-Way is the easiest, smoothest-to-use can opener around . . . and the most durable. It never skips or stalls, even on badly dented cans."

Speaking for herself, Ms. Erwin says, "Believe it or not, this is a most modest appraisal of the virtues of this gadget. It is [illegible]ork on *any* can. It is [illegible] (just fold a paper towel into several thicknesses [illegible]ise and run it through

At $2.95, the N[illegible] bargain machine that d[illegible] tlessly with no elec[illegible] version of the [illegible]t for catching the lid.

MAKE MINE CHOCOLATE CHIP

[illegible] for both summer and the Food **WRAPAROUND**, Louisa Daniels writes to tell us [illegible] f ice cream. "If [illegible] delicious that it will bring [illegible] y and fun to make: [illegible] member of the family can [illegible] Just combine fresh [illegible] Then pack the [illegible] ice and salt to [illegible] the ice and start

"When it's all done, you'll probably think that you never really *tasted* ice cream before. Unlike the jet-puffed, prepackaged supermarket variety, yours will be smooth and creamy with plenty of substance. Just one warning though: taste it slowly the first time. The shock of something that good might be too much for your system."

Manufactured by the J. E. Porter Company, the "Pacer" costs $13.50; there's an electric model for $21. Both are guaranteed for one year. Available from housewares departments or through us.



HATE TO STRIP?

Stripping can be an odious task, especially if you're carefully trying to scrape paint-caked wallpaper off your walls to repaint them. Patricia Beard, a reader in Wilmington, Ohio, has found a tool to replace all those putty knives and kitchen spatulas that have been pressed into scraping service: the Big Blade Wall Stripper, made by Warner Tools. This, she explains, is "a 4" wide razor with a long, heavy handle for extra leverage. Extra blades are available and necessary. It works much better on wallpaper than a steamer or anything else we've

paint from glass, tile, or any hard surface. Sold in many hardware or paint stores, the "BBWS" is available from us with a packet of 5 extra blades for $4.75.

TURN ON

Cynthia Fellows from Fairmont, W.Va., recommends the Westclox Switch Timer, a tool that will run other tools. You run it. Under your direction, it will turn lamps on and off at specified times, for example, so that prowlers who may be interested in your house will suspect that someone is home even when everyone is, in fact, out.

"The timer has many other



uses besides protecting the home," Ms. Fellows notes. "It's really just nice and comforting to set one to turn on a light every night. You never have to come home to a dark house again. During the winter my plant lighting system is plugged in, providing the living room jungle with a uniform number of hours of light even on the darkest days. You can automatically control an air conditioner, heater, humidifier, or even a coffee maker."

The Westclox Switch Timer No. 52001 is easy to read (its dial is outlined in heavy black for night and lightly ruled for day) and easy to set. You can find it in housewares departments and hardware stores; or order it from us, postpaid, for $13.25.

SUPERNATURAL SCREWDRIVER

Screwdrivers, like beer can openers, are under the control of supernatural forces that cause them to disappear. Do they dematerialize? Do they eat each other and the last one himself? No one seems to know. Is it the same supernatural force that causes wire coat hangers to multiply spontaneously in your closets until there is no room left for clothes? You know—that's the point when you reach for your raincoat and are attacked by a dozen wire demons, all trying to strangle you.

Well, we don't have the coat hanger solution yet, but the 4-in-One Screwdriver will send the screwdriver demons back to Transylvania. Vincent Moore, a New York painter, sent us a letter recommending it as a handy, well-designed, and durable tool that makes a lot more sense to have around than a set of cheap screwdrivers that never seem quite the right size for the job at hand.

The 4-in-One Screwdriver has two reversible double bits of toughened tool steel alloy, one for two sizes of regular slotted screws and the other for large and small Phillips types. Both snap interchangeably into a reversible steel shank that fastens securely into a strong plastic handle. Instead of having to fumble through a heap of tools slung into a tool drawer you can use this 4-in-One for almost any task.

For reasons we can't ex[illegible] it seems a lot less likely t[illegible] appear than its cheaper co[illegible] —unless you lend out your[illegible] It's available in most hard[illegible] stores, or through us for $[illegible]

COUNTRY PLEASU[illegible]

What's the first ima[illegible] comes to mind when [illegible] "Country Inns"? England[illegible] Jones-bountiful boards-[illegible] fires-long talks with fri[illegible] Such pleasures exist today in our own country. To them you need only [illegible] *Country Inns and Back* [illegible] ($3.50) by the Berkshir[illegible] eller.

Scattered across the [illegible] havens for travelers th[illegible] a delightful escape fr[illegible] bustling lives and th[illegible] ferent "service" of [illegible] hotels and motels. Many [illegible] 116 charming country [illegible] nually visited and reeva[illegible] by the Berkshire Travelle[illegible] been in existence since [illegible] ica's earliest days; othe[illegible] new. All offer their gue[illegible] cordiality and graciousne[illegible] would expect to find on[illegible] homes of close friend[illegible]

Somehow the Berkshir[illegible] eller tells us exactly wh[illegible] would *really* like to know [illegible] the innkeepers, the local [illegible] ry, the countryside, the [illegible] (oh, what groaning board[illegible] are!), and the other attr[illegible]

If you're still dreaming [illegible] English countryside as F[illegible] portrayed it, then perha[illegible] will be more interested [illegible] British Automobile Assoc[illegible] *Camping and Carav[illegible] Handbook 1973* ($2.95 [illegible] British AA is quite cor[illegible] with the proper ecologi[illegible] of the countryside and [illegible] fully checks and rate[illegible] campsite with this in mi[illegible] tries are arranged geogra[illegible] ly and for each there [illegible] scription of facilities a[illegible] countryside's attractions [illegible] natural and manmade).

The book includes ir[illegible] tion on local delicacies [illegible] able along the road an[illegible] plete daily menus suita[illegible] preparation on anythin[illegible] four burners to one flan[illegible] chapter on "fitting out [illegible] with all sorts of gear tha[illegible] be a boon to any camp[illegible] cellent maps, suggesti[illegible]



LE BUBBLE
:T TROUBLE

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TTERS

The coyote controversy

several years in Maine, John
["The Return of the Coy-
ıy], with his enlightened lib-
is still a city boy. He cannot
nd this state or its people,
ublishes a "journal of opin-
ıose opinions are those of an
cated, overcultured elite,
to maintain the state of
s their own personal dream-

nost grating ugliness in Mr.
oyote fantasy is his personi-
of State Representative Ros-
ar. Representative Dyar is a
he represents Mainers, and
w Mr. Cole's limited percep-
event him from seeing value
But Maine is a state to be
and used, not a pleasant
r affluent escapees to gaze at
their picture windows. While
e whines elegantly in his pa-
ıt the big companies who own
Maine's forestland, Rep. Ros-
ar introduced a bill into the
legislature to tax their vast
dings. Mr. Cole bemoans the
s of trailers over the state;
ntative Dyar concerns him-
h the people who live in them.
snobbery of John Cole, the
zing tourism, is not worthy of
rinted. He views with disdain
ıters who come to Maine to
resources, he prefers to rest in
nchair before his typewriter
ydream of Indians and wolves
he idyllic scenery. No matter
that people live here too, un-
ey say "ayuh" and wear red
shirts and feed him his anec-
o tell his chums. John Cole
ve fifty years in Maine, but he
main encapsulated in his in-
ıal vacuum, while Representa-
yar gets on with doing the
that have to be done in this
he things that need to be done
people.

JANICE ANTHONY
North Jay, Me.

Those of us out here in our area of the West who saw the article on the coyote were startled and dismayed. We also felt that the phrase "ecological sanity" in your comment on the article on the contents page was a misleading slap. The entire sentence read, "An unexpected victory in Maine for the forces of ecological sanity." . . .

There have been reports recently of coyotes attacking calves, and ranchers fear more of this is to come as the coyotes grow bolder.

Since you have run an article on the "noble" coyote, wouldn't it be fair and proper for you to run another giving the true picture out here in the West and telling what coyotes are doing to stockmen out here and in the long run to people in the East who are hollering about the cost of meat?

KEN BYERLY
Lewistown, Mont.

To each his own design

There is an omission from George Nelson's piece on writing instruments ["Design: Personal Writing Tools," April] that should be corrected: the Parker 51. A most happy combination of form and function. I don't know when the design saw birth, but I've had mine for twenty years, and not only is the styling still quite contemporary but the pen becomes more of a joy to use with the passage of time. Size and weight are well suited to a man's hand. It has excellent ink capacity, is easy to fill, and has a cap that slips off or on easily yet securely without the requirement of screw threads. . . .

But Nelson does include the Montblanc Diplomat. What a pen! A magnificent man's writing instrument, and not only does it hold sufficient ink to write the first half of *War and Peace*, I can't imagine that Tolstoy used anything else.

DENNIS CARRIGAN
Charleston, W. Va.

Being in academia, the writing instrument is the interfacing of the scholar and his work. While an undergraduate, I developed a rather fond attachment to an old, fat, green Esterbrook ink pen. Taking notes, writing reports, and working problems actually became enjoyable. The Esterbrook carried its magical charm through the beginning of graduate school. I retired it upon the completion of my M.S., since my wife gave me a new Sheaffer pen and pencil set. These writing instruments gave a new dimension to my academic work. During the next two years they were as much a part of me as my old Esterbrook had been. In a sense, I give my Sheaffer pencil as much credit for passing my Ph.D. qualifying exams as I give myself.

Now that time has passed and I am teaching, I have graduated to the Montblanc Diplomat. . . . The security the pen offers is the traditional design. In any event, the Montblanc is now my new interfacing of mind to paper, and whatever that says about my psychological makeup, let it be.

RALPH H. HANNON
Malta, Ill.

During a five-week period in World War II, I spent my working hours sitting in a large closet with a naval officer writing—by hand—a radar operator training manual. Although I had always done writing chores with a typewriter and had miserable handwriting, I enjoyed this peaceful, concentrated writing period. One of the main reasons for this was the writing sets we used. The "set" was a standard government item of the time—a simple black plastic object enclosing an ink bottle (upside down) in a well that fed ink horizontally through the base to a socket containing a dip pen. The pen wrote with perfect smoothness, and one dip would enable one to write, as I remember it, five or six lines.

WILLIAM H. LICHTE
Columbia, Mo.

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vis H. Lapham



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Published [illegible] Harper's Magazine Company, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Cass Canfield, Honorary Chairman; Russell Barnard, President; Robert Shnay[illegible] President; Lewis H. Lapham, Vice-President. Subscriptions $8.50 one year; $21.00 three years. Foreign except Canada and Pan America: $1.50 per year [illegible] Magazine Company is a division of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc. John Cowles, Jr., Chairman; Otto A. Silha, President; Norton [illegible] William R. Beattie, Treasurer.

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Printed in the U.S.A. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mail[illegible]

POSTMASTER: [illegible] 79 to Harper's Magazine, 381 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302.

Reprints and [illegible] Harper's Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

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WRAPAROUND



IENDS: Making the Connection

friends arrive all at once, off an interior fanfare of iate recognition. Some ar- owly, by dint of simple uity, the accumulation of experience gradually ing to new intimacies. arrive dramatically, unex- ly stepping out from be- a disguise they had pre- elaborated. By whatever they come, friends join us ind of conspiracy against orld, circumscribing with private space filled with l concerns.

more or less assume that ship happens of its own l and that its depth is reg- by some intuitive chem- eyond our direct control. result, we feel helpless at times when we think we have "a really good ," or as many friends as ant. How do you find s? Where do you make onnection?

day we seem preoccupied e problems of friendship. r cultural images, people er alone and lonely. They orever waking up in new new cities, new lives they must once again o pace off the prison of duality. They travel with s as easy riders, in tem- y alliances in which a ully accounted exchange of favors marks the limit of mutuality. Against this bleak landscape, the classic images of friendship appear sentimental and pretentious.

We are, after all, governed by the transience of our lives. Geographic moves repeatedly truncate friendships, placing them beyond the reach of careful tending. We all have lists of persons we feel vaguely guilty about falling out of touch with. In this flux, we tend to move within very large circles of acquaintance—people with whom we work, play bridge, practice politics, share children, have a beer, or go on a trip. But seldom do they cut across all the areas of our lives to attain the status of a true friend. We are too conservative for that. We dollop out our time as though it were an extravagantly fine liquor—some get more than others, but there are always limits. The sheer lavishness of friendship celebrated by Montaigne is as foreign to us as Gothic architecture. In the end, friendship seems one of those things about which we're realistic to a fault.

Because we are always on the wing, it takes a great deal of intensity to pierce our daily armors to the point at which we become fully engaged in friendship. And the culture provides relatively few arenas where such intensity is available. Soldiers, prisoners of war, and revolutionaries typically move on fields where uncommonly deep levels of encounter are possible. The nearest civilian equivalent is probably adolescence, a social transition that has become so complicated and anxiety-inspiring that it creates a tacit fellowship among those who suffer it. For the rest of us, psychiatry is the only substitute we have devised.

Somewhere between the army platoon and the psychiatrist is the encounter group. Its manifestations are varied, ranging from women's consciousness-raising groups to industrial task groups, to full-fledged psychotherapeutic groups. But they all have in common the determined effort of an arbitrary group of persons to share a simultaneous experience as fully and personally and honestly as possible.

The power of these groups lies in their enforced intimacy. They attempt to strip away the normal insulations we maintain and arrive at the naked self. In so doing, they rely on an energetic self-consciousness that borders on self-absorption. But they can also bring luxuriant friendships into flower, making their members secure in the knowledge that others will accept them in all their messy detail. At the very least, groups demystify friendship, demonstrating that most of the barriers between us are self-imposed, and that overcoming them requires work and not merely good vibes.

The phenomenal growth of such groups over the past several years suggests that structured intimacy—the more intense the better—can temporarily relieve the painful isolation that many people feel in their lives. Even more, it indicates that encounter groups fit neatly within our social patterns and style of life. They are fast, sure, portable ways of making connections, of feeling the anchor in the world that friendship has traditionally provided. They may tell us what friendship becomes in the age of future shock.

This issue of **WRAPAROUND** explores some of the everyday and not-so-everyday aspects of friendship. It invites you to reflect on your own experiences with friends. Our underlying assumption is that years of learning to extend ourselves by dramatic technological means—telephones, jet planes, automobiles, television—have jarred us loose from the sense of how enormously far we can extend ourselves with other people.

—Tony Jones

WRAPAROUND REPORT

"If you find your life tangled up with somebody else's life for no very logical reasons," writes Bokonon, "that person may be a member of your karass."
—Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.
Cat's Cradle, 1963

I saw in Louisiana a live-oak growing,
All alone stood it, and the moss hung down from the branches,
Without any companion it grew there, uttering joyous leaves of dark green,
And its look, rude, unbending, lusty, made me think of myself,
But I wondered how it could utter joyous leaves, standing alone there, without its friend, its lover near—for I knew I could not,
And I broke off a twig with a certain number of leaves upon it, and twined around it a little moss,
And brought it away—and I have placed it in sight in my room,
It is not needed to remind me as of my own dear friends,
(For I believe lately I think of little else than of them,)
Yet it remains to me a curious token—it makes me think of manly love;
For all that, and though the live-oak glistens there in Louisiana, solitary, in a wide flat space,
Uttering joyous leaves all its life, without a friend, a lover, near,
I know very well I could not.

—Walt Whitman, 1860

BEYOND THE PAIL

Once upon a time (this is an anecdote) I went for a week's holiday on the Continent with an Indian friend. We both enjoyed ourselves and were sorry when the week was over, but on parting our behaviour was absolutely different. He was plunged in despair. He felt that because the holiday was over all happiness was over until the world ended. He could not express his sorrow too much. But in me the Englishman came out strong. I reflected that we should meet again in a month or two, and could write in the interval if we had anything to say; and under these circumstances I could not see what there was to make a fuss about. It wasn't as if we were parting forever or dying. "Buck up," I said, "do buck up." He refused to buck up, and I left him plunged in gloom.

The conclusion of the anecdote is even more instructive. For when we met the next month our conversation threw a good deal of light on the English character. I began by scolding my friend. I told him that he had been wrong to feel and display so much emotion upon so slight an occasion; that it was inappropriate. The word "inappropriate" roused him to fury. "What?" he cried. "Do you measure out your emotions as if they were potatoes?" I did not like the simile of the potatoes, but after a moment's reflection I said, "Yes, I do; and what's more, I think I ought to. A small occasion demands a little emotion, just as a large occasion demands a great one. I would like my emotions to be appropriate. This may be measuring them like potatoes, but it is better than slopping them about like water from a pail, which is what you did." He did not like the simile of the pail. "If those are your opinions, they part us forever," he cried, and left the room. Returning immediately, he added: "No—but your whole attitude toward emotion is wrong. Emotion has nothing to do with appropriateness. It matters only that it shall be sincere. I happened to feel deeply. I showed it. It doesn't matter whether I ought to have felt deeply or not."

—E. M. Forster
"Notes on the English Character," 1920

Now this is the Law of the Jungle—as old and as true as the sky; And the Wolf that shall keep it may prosper, but the Wolf that shall break it must die.
. . . the strength of the Pack is the Wolf, and the strength of the Wolf is the Pack.
—Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936)
"The Law of the Jungle"

Card Encounter

There were close to three dozen cards sitting there, on the display rack in the 5 & 10. They were attractive cards, with neat abstract covers. This nice-looking one, for instance, with the black blotches. I opened it. "Please," it read. "Stop talking about people who used to love you." Jee-zus! I felt like I'd walked in on the middle of something; I wanted to say, "excuse me!" and close the door.

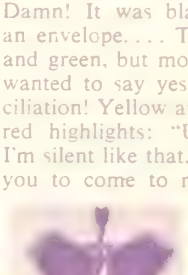
But I live in the Esalen state, which is to say, California. Californians like to "relate" a lot. So I picked up a card with a red blob on the front. "You hurt me." Oh yeah? Another red one: "I think you use being hurt as a weapon against me." Right! This was getting good. Pale blue with purple and green: "Now, at last we can talk about it." Ah, get it right out in the open. Good. Red with a fuzzy black thing: "I don't trust yet. I want to, but I just don't." Aw, come on! How can we make you trust? This pink one with the orange highlights and what looks like a dab of chocolate sauce with sprinkles? "If I tell you I was wrong, will you promise not to use it against me?" I pulled another off the rack. Damn! It was blank—no, just an envelope. . . . This one, blue and green, but mostly white: "I wanted to say yes." Ah, reconciliation! Yellow and green with red highlights: "Usually when I'm silent like that, I really want you to come to me and bring me out." Green with whirlpool: "You were r course, but I just coul you that." Boy, what can *do*! My heart san yanked the last one out, thing with two smears. sured it. I'm skipping si above the ground."

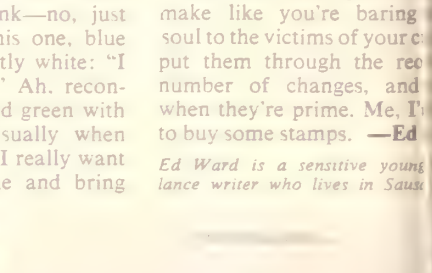
I stood there, glowin catharsis, until a thought intruded: Who hell sends these cards, whom? What vicious bit of my checkered past send me that "Stop about people who used t you" number? What if i to me unsigned? I was with horror. And then I r ha these cards could be. You send "I wanted to say y someone you didn't esp care for and let them rac brains over who, indeed, v to say yes.

This whole new way to was developed, apparentl the Buzza-Cardozo compa Anaheim, in collaboratio Sensitivity Games, Inc., o ton, Mass. The cards are c by one Jonah Kalb an David Viscott, M.D.

For 35¢ a shot, you, to make like you're baring soul to the victims of your c put them through the rec number of changes, and when they're prime. Me, I to buy some stamps. **—Ed**

Ed Ward is a sensitive young lance writer who lives in Sausa





The Cabots Speak Only to God

The people we are willing to declare are our "friends" pe tently come from our own social stratum. Some years ago, a f raising campaign in Boston ran aground because of this fact. women's auxiliary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra conce the idea of using a chain letter to raise money. Each woma the auxiliary was supposed to write a letter to ten "friends." It assumed that, in no time at all, such a chain letter would swirl Boston and produce a windfall of dollars. Unfortunately, didn't happen at all. The women in the auxiliary were all up class women, and the chain letters to "friends" never got ou the relatively small upper class, and down into the city's o classes.

—Vance Pack
The Status Seekers, 1



Noble Companions

autiful first answer seems ramed into us by our expectations: "A friend who will be there in times ple." But I believe this is keep answer to describe p friends. There is some rresistible about misfor human nature, and stand setbacks and sickness as they are not too , or contagious) can be found. They can be What I value is not the who, looming sympa ly above me when I have ached to the ground, ap gigantically generous in ur of my reversal, more ore I desire friends who dure my ecstasies with no possess wings of their nd who will fly with me mean this as arrogance too superstitious to in long in that trait), and I fly all that often. What I is that I seek (and oc ally find) friends with it is possible to drag out ore beautiful, old, out sly *aspiring* costumes and e together for the Great persons whose qualities me and train me up for It is for these people that ve the glowing hours, too not to share. It is the ex e of these people that ds me that the words d" and "free" grew out of other OE *freo*, not in ge, noble, glad, OE *freon*, e, OE *freond*, friend.)

ien I was in the eighth , I had a friend. We were nd "too serious" about our s when it was becoming mable with our classmates quire the social graces. We little at school, but she I come to my house and ould sit down with pencil, aper, and one of us would "Let's start with a train whistle today." We would sit quietly together and write separate poems or stories that grew out of a train whistle. Then we would read them aloud. At the end of that school year we, too, were transformed into social creatures and the stories and poems stopped.

When I lived for a time in London, I had a friend. He was in despair and I was in despair, but our friendship was based on the small thicket of foresight in each of us that told us we would be sorry later if we did not explore this great city because we had felt bad at the time. We met every Sunday for five weeks and found many marvelous things. We walked until our despairs resolved themselves and then we parted. We gave London to each other.

For almost four years I have had a remarkable friend whose imagination illumines mine. We write long letters in which we often discover our strangest selves. Each of us appears, sometimes prophetically, sometimes comically, in the other's dreams. She and I agree that, at certain times, we seem to be parts of the same mind. In my most sacred and interesting moments, I often think, "Yes, I must tell ——————." We have never met.

It is such exceptional (in a sense divine) companions I wish to salute. I have seen the glories of the world reflected briefly through our encounters. One bright hour with their kind is worth more to me than a lifetime guarantee of the services of a Job's comforter whose "helpful" lamentations only clutter the healing silence necessary to those darkest moments in which I would rather be my own best friend. —**Gail Godwin**

Gail Godwin's most recent novel is Glass People.

How to Tell a Friend From an Acquaintance

The questionnaire is designed to reveal your true friends to you. Think of everyone you know who might qualify. Then simply substitute their names—one at a time—for "X." Scoring one point whenever you're able to answer a question with Yes, you can figure that a total of 24 or more indicates genuine friendship. We'd be interested to know how rare it is in your life.

	YES	NO
1. Do you know X's telephone number?	[ ]	[ ]
2. If you've been out of touch for several months, can you meet without awkwardness?	[ ]	[ ]
3. Do you know X's favorite color?	[ ]	[ ]
4. Have you ever done anything nice for X without telling him (her) about it?	[ ]	[ ]
5. Will X co-sign a loan for you?	[ ]	[ ]
6. Has a third party ever regaled you with the admiring stories X tells about you when you're not present?	[ ]	[ ]
7. When X can't decide what to drink, does he (she) ask you to pick?	[ ]	[ ]
8. Can you list the dishes on X's ideal menu?	[ ]	[ ]
9. Would you trust X with your mate?	[ ]	[ ]
10. Can you express angry feelings about each other to each other?	[ ]	[ ]
11. Can X make demands on you and vice versa? (What happens if you call X up at 3 A.M.?)	[ ]	[ ]
12. Has X ever done anything nice for you even though he (she) stood to suffer for it?	[ ]	[ ]
13. Can you stand X after either of you has had three drinks?	[ ]	[ ]
14. If you have a bad back, does X ask you to be careful not to hurt yourself when you are playing tennis?	[ ]	[ ]
15. When X is badly hung over, is it you he (she) asks to join him (her) for an A.M. hair of the dog?	[ ]	[ ]
16. Would you let X have the keys to your house or apartment?	[ ]	[ ]
17. Can you borrow X's car?	[ ]	[ ]
18. When describing a particularly attractive member of the opposite sex to you, does X say, "I know she'd (he'd) really like you"?	[ ]	[ ]
19. Does X remember your birthday?	[ ]	[ ]
20. Has X ever bought you an item of clothing just because he (she) thought you'd look great in it?	[ ]	[ ]
21. If X doesn't return your telephone calls, do you feel worried rather than insulted?	[ ]	[ ]
22. Do you know what kind of music X likes best? Dislikes most?	[ ]	[ ]
23. Can you tell X No?	[ ]	[ ]
24. Would you give X one of your kidneys?	[ ]	[ ]
25. Are you aware of the problem now on X's mind?	[ ]	[ ]
26. Can you bet five books X would like to have on a desert island?	[ ]	[ ]
27. Does X tell you when he (she) thinks you're acting like a fool, and you are?	[ ]	[ ]
28. Will X lend you money? Clothes?	[ ]	[ ]
29. Has X always kept your confidence?	[ ]	[ ]
30. Has X confessed an irrational fear to you?	[ ]	[ ]
31. Do you know what X would like as a birthday present?	[ ]	[ ]
32. Can you spend time together comfortably without talking?	[ ]	[ ]
33. Has X ever brought you chicken soup when you were sick?	[ ]	[ ]
34. Can you say anything that comes into your head when you're with X?	[ ]	[ ]
35. If, contrary to your advice, X marries Y, will he (she) want to retain your friendship?	[ ]	[ ]

APAROUNDWRAPAR

It is in the thirties that we want friends. In the forties we know they won't save us any more than love did.
—F. Scott Fitzgerald (1896-1940)
Notebooks



Suffocations

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fulness of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body; and it is not much otherwise in the mind: you may take sarza to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flower of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

—Francis Bacon (1561-1626)
"Of Friendship"

BENIGN INDIFFERENCE

I felt ready to start life all over again. It was as if that great rush of anger had washed me clean, emptied me of hope, and, gazing up at the dark sky spangled with its signs and stars, for the first time, the first, I laid my heart open to the benign indifference of the universe. To feel it so like my self, indeed, so brotherly, made me realize that I'd been happy, and that I was happy still. For all to be accomplished, for me to feel less lonely, all that remained to hope was that on the day of my execution there should be a huge crowd of spectators and that they should greet me with howls of execration.

—Albert Camus
The Stranger, 1946

Come Together

Two people are outwardly separated, but in their hearts they are united. They are kept apart by their positions in life. Many difficulties and obstructions arise between them and cause them grief. But, remaining true to each other, they allow nothing to separate them, and although it costs them a severe struggle to overcome the obstacles, they will succeed. When they come together their sadness will change to joy. Confucius says of this:

Life leads the thoughtful man on a path of many windings.
Now the course is checked, now it runs straight again.
Here winged thoughts may pour freely forth in words,
There the heavy burden of knowledge must be shut away in silence.
But when two people are at one in their inmost hearts,
They shatter even the strength of iron or of bronze.
And when two people understand each other in their inmost hearts,
Their words are sweet and strong, like the fragrance of orchids.
—"Fellowship with Men," *The I Ching*

In the Crucible

Four things greater than all things are:
Women and horses and power and war. —Kipling

Broadly interpreted, Kipling has listed the great tests of friendship. Romantic rivalries I shall not touch on. Quarrels over "horses"—great and glorious possessions of any kind, from Agamemnon and Achilles wrangling over a slave onward—have a sordid similarity that is depressing to go over in detail. But the quarrels of power and war—and their overcoming—often have a grim impressiveness that repays study.

Civil rather than foreign war is the great test. Which is the more memorable: General Armistead's dying message of affection and regret to his desperately wounded West Point classmate Hancock, whose lines he had just failed to burst at the head of Pickett's charge? Or Kevin O'Higgins, "an antique figure cast in bronze" as Churchill called him, unmovedly signing the death warrant of the friend who had been best man at his wedding only a year before as a necessary measure in putting down De Valera's rebellion?

But the discharge of duty is another creature from the pursuit of ambition. There is, according to the old saying, "no friendship at the top." Henry VIII came and walked in Sir Thomas More's garden with his arm round More's neck, and More said that if his head could buy the King a castle in France, off it would come. Attlee's removal of his oldest political friends had a surreally direct quality: "Hullo X 'Fraid I must (puff) ask for your resignation. . . . Thanks. How's the wife?" Poor old Sir Ben Smith was put quite off his stride: "But why, Clem, why?" "No good, that's all. No good," explained the Prime Minister, buzzing for the next visitor.

Then there are the more engaging intrusions of friendship into the public life. Lord Hailsham, when challenged in the Central Africa debate of 1959 by the Duke of Montrose, regaled the House of Lords with an account of how the Duke had bitten him at Eton. P Radziwill, when he spotted Cardigan crashing through central Russian battery what was left of the first li the Light Brigade, ord "Take that officer alive, he friend of mine!"—a comm so hard to execute that C gan could escape unsca There are downright emba sing moments: Grant dem ing unconditional surrende Gen. Simon B. Buckner at Donelson, last having seen to borrow the fare home forced to retire from the A

Still and all, those who fought most ardently ultim find that only they and enemies remember what it all about, and end like Union veterans at the fift anniversary of Gettysburg, r ing down the hill to emb their ancient enemies toiling or like Lord North, ill blind, having himself led to once mortal enemy, now blind, to say: "Colonel Ba there was a time when you I each expressed a wish neve set eyes on the other again: so time works its reverses, what would either of us ra do now?" **—Timothy Dickin**
Timothy Dickinson is a consultan
Harper's.

Friendship is Love without his wings! —Lord Byron
Hours of Idleness, 1807

A friend is someone that fe you if you are a dog. —B
What is a Friend?, 1

Going It Alon

Nothing in her associat with the white man had turbed Cunnembeilee so m as his mysterious detachme He was the first human be she had ever known who isolated—a solitary individu existing, incomprehensibly, wi out background or relatio Even his single name, An-dr told her nothing, whereas amo her own people a man's nam were his testimonial, his letter introduction, and his genealo cal tree, all in one. Her voca ulary was rich in names for different kinds and degrees kinship, and implicit in eve name were functions and sponsibilities and taboos, so th from birth one was secure, e bedded in the pattern of trib organization, one's place read made, one's guardians appoi ed, one's duties clearly define
—Eleanor Da
The Timeless Land, 19

IDWRAPAROUNDW

utional ds

advertisement for the Manhattan Bank, "You friend at Chase Manhat- ebases the language to nt that even George Or- ght have thought extrav- It is so preposterously at I think of it as a or for the entire genre dulent masquerade in corporations of one kind her (other banks, insur- companies, stock broker- pose as the benign pro- of the people whom they s customers. I know that ations construe them- as individuals in Del- but in most other places tension dissolves like the a around the eyes of a g whore.

should anybody want a at Chase Manhattan? A changer, perhaps, or an plice who takes a percent- but not a friend. Only a ew people have friends at Manhattan, and they large sums of money on t to make sure that the nt camaraderie continues ind them of the good old at the seashore. Everybody ays an excessive rate for ivilege of friendship. Con- the terms of the acquain- The bank first subjects rospective debtor (i.e., the in search of a friend) to meaning interrogation in it requires him to give information about his age, divorce, children, em- ent, and previous errors. friends at Chase Manhat- like those at any other , choose to be particular t the other friends whom admit to their intimate cir- Not that a man needs to be ul about his manners or rimes he commits (banks fully welcome the society ieves), but a man must be to pay his bills. The sim- y of the requirement avoids unhappiness of moral de- n.

or reasons I have yet to un- tand, the bank officers who luct the preliminary exam- on do so with an air of ar- nt disdain, as if their new- d friend had made a mess he rug while filling out his ication. Even if a friend come to deposit money rather than to borrow it, the bank introduces him to comparable humiliations. True, he is a better sort of friend than the fellow borrowing money, but he also pays for the acquaintance. The money that he places in a savings account becomes the money that the bank lends to its other friends at higher rates of interest.

If a friend should happen to fall behind in his payments or otherwise find himself in financial difficulty, the bank promptly cancels the friendship. Without the slightest hesitation (the explanation being that it maintains a fiduciary responsibility to its more prudent friends) the bank will foreclose a mortgage, sell a man's goods, attach his salary, abandon him to his creditors and deliver his records to the IRS. None of those actions can be described as reprehensible, but they are not the actions of a friend.

I do not protest against the practice of moneylending but only against the corruption of language that confuses moneylending with friendship. It is possible that the two words have come to mean the same thing, but if that is so then how can anybody be surprised when Ronald Ziegler declares President Nixon's truths suddenly "inoperative," as if they were lawn mowers or loan agreements. Why be surprised at the way Mr. Haldeman and Mr. Ehrlichman use language as if it were house paint, slopping it over any shabby surface in need of immediate repair?

At an altitude of 43,000 feet in the friendly skies of United the temperature is 34 degrees below zero. Nothing can live in that thin cold. A similarly inimical atmosphere descends upon a society in which a sufficient number of people can be persuaded that they have a friend at Chase Manhattan.

—Lewis H. Lapham

Lewis Lapham is managing editor of this magazine.

There are three faithful friends —an old wife, an old dog, and ready money.

—Benjamin Franklin
Poor Richard's Almanack, 1738

There is no reason to presume that the average woman is incapable of authentic friendship.

—Ignace Lepp
The Ways of Friendship, 1966

USES OF ENEMIES

I need my enemy in my community. He keeps me alert, vital. I need his criticism. Strange to say, I need him to posit myself against. Lessing once said: "I would walk twenty miles to see my worst enemy if I could learn something from him." But beyond what we specifically learn from our enemies, we need them emotionally: our psychic economy cannot get along well without them. Persons often remark that, curiously to them, they feel a singular emptiness when their enemy dies or is incapacitated. All of which indicates that our enemy is as necessary for us as is our friend. Both together are part of authentic community. **—Rollo May**

Power and Innocence, 1972

The Flip Side

You wake up in the morning next to your best friend, your husband. It's a beautiful morning. "Let's get up, honey," you say, ready to bound into the sun. "In a little while," he says dully, falling back into a doze.

It's much more friendly with two, so for breakfast you forgo the scrambled eggs you've been dreaming about and settle for the fried eggs he's been dreaming about. While you're making toast, he tells you for the 25th time how to apply the butter. At the table, you ask him for the 50th time to please stop cracking his knuckles. It's wonderful to have someone to share things with.

As soon as you've cleared away the breakfast things, your neighbors Edith and Bill drop over for morning coffee. You can't quite figure out what this friendship is all about, since you don't have anything in common with them, but you cheerfully launch into the same conversation you always have, keeping the stream of meaningless chatter going as best you can because you know if there's any lull at all, Edith will start talking about her psychiatrist.

When the fresh morning sun has stolen away and is replaced by the deader heat of midday, the four of you decide to go and visit Ed and Sandra, another couple you've all spent many happy hours tearing apart behind their backs. At Ed and Sandra's you run into Carl, an ex-friend whom you and your husband had a falling-out with many months ago. Everyone is made very uptight by this situation and sits around uneasily cracking jokes.

Someone suggests a friendly game of soccer, and the group, leaping at the chance to break the monotony, runs sportively out of the house, knocking over a good lamp. When you choose up sides, several people's feelings are hurt and old unresolved jealousies are revived.

After the friendly game of soccer, you and your husband decide to take a quiet walk. You get halfway down the block when you run into a friend from work. Because he has carefully cultivated your boss's friendship, you suspect this person holds your career in his hands. Secretly you believe he would like nothing better than to see you fail miserably because any success you might have would be a threat to him. You don't trust him for a minute, but you graciously invite him over for a drink. Fortunately, he thinks of some excuse and you part amicably but with a slight uneasy feeling that he's planning a party and isn't going to invite you.

Your husband wants to walk east and you want to walk west, so you go your separate ways, arriving home just in time for dinner. As you're about to sit down, the phone rings. It's your oldest friend from childhood. She keeps you on the phone for an hour and a half telling you her problems. Throughout the conversation, she keeps calling you Sylvia, the name of another one of her friends. You don't want to cut her off or criticize her because you're afraid she'll get angry, and a friend from childhood is very rare. You start to give her advice, but she remembers something she has to do and hangs up.

You've missed dinner, but before you go to bed, you sit down to write to a pen pal who has never written back.

It's been a full day and as your head hits the pillow you wonder what you would do without your friends.

—Susan Witty

Susan Witty is a free-lance writer who has more friends than she deserves.

ADVERTISEMENT ADVERTISEMENT ADVERTISEMENT

YOUR FRIEND

—a Leisure Service of AmiCo, Inc.—

What do you want out of life? What do you *really* want? Chances are you want a beach house at Malibu, lustrous, manageable hair, and a Ford LTD, in that order. But, if you're like most folks, deep in your heart you know you'll have to settle for less. That's where **YOUR FRIEND**™, the sympathetic inflatable companion, comes in. You probably remember that FRIENDSHIP is the unusual custom developed by the ancients that allows people (who normally would cut each other dead) to spend time together on purpose, but you may be surprised to know that FRIENDSHIP was widely practiced by white people right up until the death of Queen Victoria in 1901, and was acclaimed at that time as an acceptable substitute for material success!!!! Yes, FRIENDSHIP is part of our priceless Western heritage, and is enjoying an important vogue now among advanced young moderns who are a part of today's Nostalgia Revival. Yet how many of us have the time in our busy lives to cultivate time-consuming friendly relationships? The rich, of course, can have permanent friendships set up for them by their trust officers, but what about the rest of us? Worry no more. Step up and say hello to **YOUR FRIEND.**

YOUR FRIEND is made of a fabulous friend-like substance and comes with an up-to-date wardrobe. **YOUR FRIEND** *has all the best features of a "real" friend with none of the headaches.*

- **YOUR FRIEND** will make no annoying demands. When you get tired of **YOUR FRIEND**, just undress him, deflate, and store.
- **YOUR FRIEND** has flawless table manners.
- **YOUR FRIEND** will be custom-programmed to "remember" your birthday, anniversary, etc. For a slight additional fee, **YOUR FRIEND** will send you expensive gifts as proof of his affection.
- **YOUR FRIEND** is disposable. Should you get what you really want—a beach house at Malibu, manageable hair, or a Ford LTD, simply dispose of **YOUR FRIEND** as you would any other appliance. **YOUR FRIEND** is warranted against awkward recriminations.
- **YOUR FRIEND** comes with a special attachment which enables him to inscribe books to you.

Best of all, **YOUR FRIEND** comes with a "Heritage of Palship" accessory kit complete with doctored photographs of the fraternity you were in "together," virile "joke" telegrams you "sent" each other, and an assortment of battered athletic equipment. OR you can choose the "Barracks Buddy" accessory kit, which includes blurry platoon photographs (complete with touching inscription from **YOUR FRIEND**) and various souvenirs of the good times you spent "together" on furlough.

EXTRA EXTRA EXTRA EXTRA EXTRA

For those who demand the very best, **YOUR SPECIAL FRIEND**, a customized edition of **YOUR FRIEND** is now available. **YOUR SPECIAL FRIEND** comes with all the features available with **YOUR FRIEND** plus:

(1) Doctored yearbooks from prestigious East Coast schools *going right back to the first form.* Each yearbook will have pictures of you and **YOUR SPECIAL FRIEND** In Chapel, On the Playing Fields, etc., and will be inscribed by **YOUR SPECIAL FRIEND** to You.

(2) Letters from **YOUR SPECIAL FRIEND** asking you to visit his family's house at Bar Harbor "For The Hols."

(3) A silver tennis trophy honoring you and **YOUR SPECIAL FRIEND** for your skill at doubles.

AND your military kit will include, in addition, to the items described above, a piece of shrapnel made into a pen holder. Your shrapnel pen holder will be inscribed to you from **YOUR SPECIAL FRIEND** and will thank you for saving his life "during the war." When your business associates see *this*, they'll wish they had **YOUR SPECIAL FRIEND.**

—George W. S. Trow

Mr. Trow is on the staffs of The New Yorker *and* The National Lampoon.

The costliness of keeping friends does not lie in what one do them but in what one, out of consideration for them, refrains doing.

—Henrik Ibsen (1828-

Pen Pals

Reading other people's mail is one of life's forbidden pleasures and surely an indulgence that would be fatal to most human relationships. Yet, in my case, it fostered a unique friendship with a woman I never knew—Dorothy Thompson, who died in 1961. A top-flight foreign correspondent, a voice of rare eloquence and courage in rousing her countrymen to the menace of Nazism, and the one-time wife of Sinclair Lewis, she was acclaimed as the First Lady of American Journalism in the Thirties and Forties.

When I began writing her biography three years ago, I had at my disposal her personal papers, which filled 129 large file boxes. As I burrowed my way through letters, diaries, and manuscripts, I compiled a list of her relatives and associates who might still be among the living. I was lucky in both their longevity and their amiability.

Many months and a hundred or so interviews later, I felt that I was probably closer to the truth than the people who had variously adored, detested, or envied her in her lifetime. Some had never penetrated beyond the glamorous public image she cultivated. The recollections of others were distorted by their own emotional involvements. I, at least, approached my subject without bias; and I could check legend against written record, behavior against journal entries and correspondence.

Never before had I been so totally absorbed in trying to comprehend another human being. She gave me many sleepless nights as I worried, for instance, about her impulsive decision in 1940 to switch her allegiance from her friend Wendell Willkie to FDR—a gesture that cost her her job on the very Republican *New York Herald Tribune*. I brooded, too, about her strange relationship with Sinclair Lewis, with whom she exchanged enchanting love letters *in absentia* but whose physical presence she could scarcely endure for more than a week at a time. And I was depressed when she abandoned her lifelong love affair with Zionism and embraced the Arab c I am not certain that I f the definitive answers to and other enigmas; but in ing them I achieved that d of intimacy with my subject is one of the great pleasur writing a biography.

When the manuscript gone through my typewrite the fourth time and I kn was the best I could do, I f ly composed a foreword, w ing up with these sentences dressed to Dorothy Thomp "For the past two years have been a fascinating, c infuriating presence in my but always—as your fr Dame Rebecca West put 'rattling good company.' I miss you." I do.

—Marion K. San

In addition to being the autho Dorothy Thompson: A Legen Her Time *(Houghton Mifflin, Marion Sanders is a long-time tributor to* Harper's.

It is more shameful to dist one's friends than to be ceived by them.

—La Rochefouc *Maxims*, 1

THE STRIVING CROWI

In a competitive society eryone will feel some insecu fear, and hostility because is always threatened, suppose or actually, by chance circu stances, by another person, by his own disequilibrium unpredictability. There is one to depend upon, and so quently those whom one thou one could lean upon turn not to be rods but reeds. A co petitive society consists of striving crowd of individu *not* a co-operative commu of persons, interrelated and terdependent in which all engaged in a common ent prise. In such a competitive ciety every man is an island, sentially alone and afraid a anxious because he feels alo Under such conditions he fe successful when he has be successfully aggressive. His gressiveness may assume a va ety of disguises, and it may ev take the form of an appar love or goodness.

—Ashley Monta

The Humanization of Man, 19

NDOWRAPAROUNDV

ip Soup

n beings are more re- and malleable between of three and five than ever be again. The peo- bring us *Sesame Street* . what the child learns hat time should there- as positive as possible. n't confine ourselves to of friendship per se," Wright, Director of c and International ion for the Children's on Workshop, told us in interview. "But we feel rongly that the young as got to learn to deal thers—his family, his rs, and, eventually, the as a whole. The child esn't get along with the on his block when he's ay be burning it down e's fifteen. Now, we have learning goals concern- s area of emotional de- ent, and we deliberately achieve them through n the show. We're con- monitoring and reeval- our presentation to make nat we are successfully ing to the child the con- f social interaction."

lefined in *Sesame Street*'s nent of Instructional (Section I, subsection ocial interaction" sounds cated and rather unap- g, involving "social atti- "differing perspectives," ration" (including "divi- f labor," "combining of and "reciprocity"), and ict resolution." Translated kits, however, all these become not only amusing pealing.

gine three Muppets cos- as witches starring in ene that follows.

I NO. 1: Okay. It's wish- me. Everybody got your spells ready?

other witches enter, cack- hat they do.

H NO. 1: Good. I'll go I'm going to cast a magic over this fire and wish for hing I really like. Here I Hobbeldy bobbeldy, flip- fluff, magic fire do your

makes another pass—there poof, but nothing more ens. The other witches their heads.

WITCH NO. 1: Hm. I wonder what went wrong with my magic fire.

WITCH NO. 2: Confidentially, dearie, my magic kettle of water is the thing to use for spells. Watch this.

The second witch stands beside a nearby cauldron and makes a couple of magic passes over it.

WITCH NO. 2: "Higgelly piggelly, ding dong dell, kettle of water, dig my spell!"

Another poof of smoke—and all three witches look at the kettle. But again, nothing has happened.

WITCH NO. 1: Some magic kettle. Your spell didn't work either.

WITCH NO. 2: I wonder if I should've used bottled water.

WITCH NO. 3: Too bad, girls, but I've got one sure thing that always makes *my* wishes come true. It's my magic chicken.

She holds up a plucked (prop) chicken and makes some passes over it.

WITCH NO. 3: I'll show you. "Fumble grumble, fiddle dee duck, magic chicken, bring me luck!"

A poof—and when the smoke has cleared, still nothing's happened. The three witches look disgruntled.

WITCH NO. 1: Well, it looks like our magic spells don't work for any of us.

WITCH NO. 2: But what if we cooperated?

WITCH NO. 3: Cooperated?

WITCH NO. 1: You mean combine my fire with your kettle and her chicken?

WITCH NO. 2: Right on, sister—I'll just move my kettle over the fire.

Together, the witches push the kettle onto the fire.

WITCH NO. 3: And now I'll throw in my magic chicken. *(She drops the chicken into the pot.)*

The three witches stand over the kettle and chant together.

WITCHES: "Watch the witches cooperate—and give us something really great!"

A poof of smoke—and all the witches look into the pot.

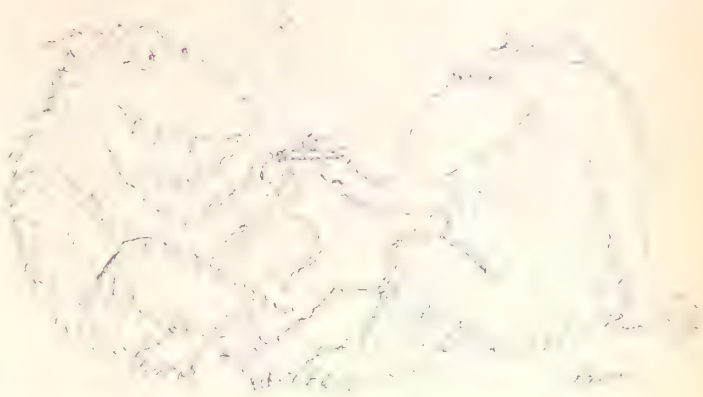
WITCH NO. 1: It worked!

WITCH NO. 2: We got something all of us like!

WITCH NO. 3: *Chicken soup*!!

WITCH NO. 1: Mm—it's delicious!

WITCH NO. 2: I wish we knew a witch who had some noodles. . . .



THE PRICE OF PRIVACY

It is easy to produce examples of the many ways in which Americans attempt to minimize, circumvent, or deny the interdependence upon which all human societies are based. We seek a private house, a private means of transportation, a private garden, a private laundry, self-service stores, and do-it-yourself skills of every kind. An enormous technology seems to have set itself the task of making it unnecessary for one human being ever to ask anything of another in the course of going about his daily business. Even within the family Americans are unique in their feeling that each member should have a separate room, and even a separate telephone, television, and car, when economically possible. We seek more and more privacy, and feel more and more alienated and lonely when we get it.

—Philip Slater

The Pursuit of Loneliness, 1970



What! You Too?

Though we can have erotic love and friendship for the same person yet in some ways nothing is less like a Friendship than a love-affair. Lovers are always talking to one another about their love; Friends hardly ever about their Friendship. Lovers are normally face to face, absorbed in each other; Friends, side by side, absorbed in some common interest. Above all, Eros (while it lasts) is necessarily between two only. But two, far from being the necessary number for Friendship, is not even the best.

° ° °

Friendship, I have said, is born at the moment when one man says to another "What! You too? I thought that no one but myself . . ." But the common taste or vision or point of view which is thus discovered need not always be a nice one. From such a moment art, or philosophy, or an advance in religion or morals might well take their rise; but why not also torture, cannibalism, or human sacrifice? Surely most of us have experienced the ambivalent nature of such moments in our own youth? It was wonderful when we first met someone who cared for our favourite poet. What we had hardly understood before now took clear shape. What we had been half ashamed of we now freely acknowledged. But it was no less delightful when we first met someone who shared with us a secret evil. This too became far more palpable and explicit; of this too, we ceased to be ashamed. **—C. S. Lewis**

The Four Loves, 1971

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WRAPAROUND WRAP

Surely good wine is good, and green the end
Of gardens old—but not without the Friend. —Hafiz (d



The Language of Sisterhood

Just the other day I was told an apparently pointless story. A woman, walking in the park with a man she cared for, met an old friend of hers. She introduced the man and soon found herself a bystander at a flirtation between her old friend and new lover. She described everything that took place in minute detail, and then she stopped.

"Well?" I said. "Well what?" she asked. "Well, how did you feel about it?"

She felt *fine* about it. She was *happy* that two people she liked liked each other. . . . You *shouldn't* feel competitive with other women. . . . No one could *own* another person. . . . What did I *mean*, anyway?

Her tone was querulous and self-righteous, and it was clear that she felt far from fine about it. She was angry and jealous, and the combined language of women's liberation and encounter psychology gave her little comfort. In another day she would have been able to talk about loyalty and betrayal, but the ideas she expressed left no room for those concepts. Nor did they have anything to do with the way she felt.

Women (like men) have been bred to compete with one another; but there was a time when we knew how to find our way to friendship around the obstacles that competition created: Mary's prettier than I am, but I'm smarter; Jean has more charm, I'm more straightforward; Sarah has style, I have grace. It was not comfortable constantly to weigh and measure and rationalize self-worth and live in fear that along would come the one woman against whom all defenses would crumble. But certain tacit guidelines helped to keep friendship intact. You did not make a pass at a friend's man, or do her out of a job, or betray her confidences unless you were prepared for the consequences of her anger and rejection.

Now, in a way station between what we look back on as hell, and the promised sisterhood of the future, the old guidelines are "non-operative." Women, we are supposed to believe, will not want to compete with each other for men or work; nor will they envy the success of a friend. The women's movement has given us language for what we should feel, but what if we don't feel it?

Our generation has been raised on competitiveness and maybe the best we can do is admit the feelings when they arise and not act to damage anyone on their account. For, with denial of feelings, distance grows, falsity flourishes, friendship fades and warps. Our daughters, or our daughters' daughters, may do better.

—Dorothy Gallagher

Dorothy Gallagher is a free-lance writer.

So many qualities are requisite to the possibility of friendship and so many accidents must concur to its rise and continuance, that the greatest part of mankind content themselves without it and supply its place, as they can with [self-]interest and dependence.
—Samuel Johnson (1709-1784)
The Rambler (No. 64)

Body and Spirit

Friendship, being of the spirit and emotions, is essentially indefinable. Historically, it has been given body and form by means of rituals and behavioral codes. This peculiar human need to mark interior journeys with material events is an old one, unique to the species possessing a brain complex enough to have produced the notion of insecurity and the accompanying possibility that what is not physical and demonstrable is not real.

Like religion, friendship demands an initial leap of faith or daring that is then developed, solidified, and sustained through the vehicle of its rituals, creating a symbiosis of institution and expression. Which of us, as a child, was not a member of some secret club, as often as not with an oath signed in blood? My ten-year-old daughter's most serious (and time-consuming) activity is proving and demanding proof of friendship in a changing circle of acquaintances by a nightly traffic in confidences and betrayals. College has long been the breeding ground for an elaborate network of friendship-related (and sexually chauvinistic) ritual. The exchange of gifts is one of friendship's most enduring rituals.

In our contemporary cultural uncertainty we mistrust ritual and doubt its efficacy. Yet we discover that as the manifestations of a concept disintegrate, the concept itself erodes and we are left groping for definitions of our own emotions and for structures by which to actualize and communicate them.

Thus friendship changes as our manifestations of it change. When any currency is devalued, the credibility of its issuer is suspect. Perhaps it is only that initial leap of faith—assuming it can be recalled—combined with inertia that together prevent a run on the bank. For me, this devaluation of emotional tender brings the integrity of the whole exchange into question: the emotion itself and the concerns and behavior through which it is expressed may both be counterfeit. All relationships may be vain and self-seek gestures manipulative an turbatory.

I have been preoccupi some time—as a friend league, and parent—wit idea that most if not all convictions, and the wa embody them in our re ships, are tactics of d That is, our organism cushions and barriers a the terminal unknowable what we accept as reality against our own perceptio reality is too complex and dimensional for us to pr This leads me, in turn, t certainty about the motiv hind all feelings and the a that express them.

Friendship thus becom elaborate film loop, docu ing the repetitive process inforcing the defenses a boundary between our in and exterior worlds. On supporting roles and situa change (these days with in ing frequency); the pro and audience remain ones suppose this is the way fr ship—and, apparently, peace, and honor, among intangibles—adapts to a that blurs our translations things of the spirit to thin the body. **—Joel**

Joel Katz is a designer and ph rapher in Philadelphia, where he associate of Murphy Levy Wu

IN AN ALIEN LA

Away from home, espec in an utterly strange plac have always felt good a running into a compatriot, though he might prove to b incurable bore. In fact, once of familiar bounds, bore and enmity and prejudice ally cease with me. If I wer encounter my worst enemy Samarkand, let us say, I certain I would go up to and hold out my hand. I w even put up with a little in and injury in order to win good grace, I don't know except perhaps that just b alive and breathing in some ferent part of the world ma enmity and intolerance seem absurd things which they ar

—Henry Mi

The Colossus of Maroussi, 1

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Vance Bourjaily

MARIJUANA POLITICS: IOWA, 1973

If Iowa legalizes marijuana, can Nebraska be far behind?

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm for tea,
Plain old garden variety.
If I'm elected—free tea!
Jack Teagarden singing
"The Mayor of Alabam',"
about 1930.
You're elected, Jack.
The rest of the jazz band,
in reply.

A RADICAL FRIEND OF MINE did something pretty embarrassing at the Johnson County, Iowa, Democratic Convention of 1968. That was the year, of course, in which we liberals had flooded the precinct caucuses in behalf of the Presidential candidacy of Eugene McCarthy, got control of the county convention, and were then uneasy. Though we were certainly going to send a solid McCarthy delegation to the state convention, we felt tentatively apologetic toward the local professionals and established party workers. We wanted to make it up to them—the state and local officeholders, precinct captains, fund raisers—for taking over something they'd worked for years to make their own. We wanted to be reasonable, even generous, about everything but the Vietnam war and our candidate.

There's never been a time when there was so much talk about voting for issues, not men, and so much stubborn voting for a particular man, and willingness to compromise on all issues but one.

The regulars were beginning to get over their disgruntlement, the more practical among them knowing this new energy in local politics could eventually be useful.

In this unstable but gradually conciliatory atmosphere, my radical friend made his disruptive move. We were debating platform. He got the floor and said, loud and clear: "I move the adoption of a plank legalizing marijuana."

Consternation. Hoots, anger, jeers, laughter, shouts, applause—and then, almost abruptly, the room got quiet. It was as if a message had been disseminated and agreed to, by everyone on both sides, to pretend the word "marijuana" had never been spoken. The motion wasn't even seconded, and no vote was taken.


Philip Van Aver

What I am trying to interpret now is a striking change, over the following four years, in the politics of marijuana. As we got ready for the 1972 county convention, I represented my precinct on the platform committee, so the change was evident to me weeks before the convention itself. I think, by the way, that the change took something more like forty years than four, for, as I understand it, marijuana wasn't widely enough known to be made illegal nationally until the middle 1930s. An evolution of American opinion must have started then, which somewhat resembles the evolution of opinion that led first to the prohibition of alcohol and then to its repeal.

WHEN JACK TEAGARDEN s
"I'm for tea," it was a jazz
sician's private joke and must
been totally obscure to middle-
dancers and listeners, especiall
the Northeast. The western st
however, had various laws proh
ing marijuana by then, and its us
am paraphrasing the March 1
Report of the U.S. Commission
Marijuana and Drug Abuse)
limited to musicians and the mig
poor—Mexican immigrants, upr
ed rural blacks, mine and const
tion-camp workers, stranded Asi
mariners. Marijuana smoking is
to have spread out from New Orle
and up the Mississippi, as jazz
and it wasn't hard for the federal
cotics people to drum up a scare c
associate marijuana with lower-c
crime and depravity, and get it
hibited by federal law.

By the early 1940s, when I
nearing twenty, those of us who w
enthusiastic, not to say roman
about jazz did understand the co
we finally realized, as a college gen
ation going to war, that the tea
Teagarden wasn't orange pek
Then a good many of us got to pla
in the world where marijuana—g
erally in its more concentrated, ha
ish, form—was routinely used
people who thought alcohol barbar
Under the name *ganja*, according
an article of Allen Ginsberg's, t
preparation is sold in government t
shops in India. We certainly h
no difficulty (I'm not sure what t
legal status was) finding it in t
Arab countries either.

If we brought home from the w
some spirit of gingerly experiment
tion with the hemp-plant drugs,
were by no means sure enough
ourselves to become evangelists f
them. But the next age group, fi
years younger and represented
figures like Ginsberg, was more i
clined to proselytize, and much be

Vance Bourjaily teaches at the University
Iowa Writers' Workshop. His most rece
books are Brill Among the Ruins *and* Cou
try Matters.

ormed. They knew things we
ought to check—for example,
British Royal Commission
hemp drugs as early as 1890
spite of the Victorian atmo-
found them unalarming.
rest of the story—the coming
ijuana into general use among
ng—is pretty familiar. By the
f Bob Dylan, the Beatles, and
68 county convention, every-
uld recognize references to tea
ular song. Even the Vice-Presi-
ould shortly acknowledge this
public condemnation of the
dors, rather like a thirteenth-
y abbot anathematizing folk
g.
ed on what has happened since,
willing to make a flat predic-
there will be legal marijuana in
ate of Iowa before 1980. Let
nphasize that I am reporting
nterpreting in this prediction,
than advocating, though I
the position of advocate by
fairly strong one.
at we have in Iowa are the fa-
signs of an idea, albeit a
one, whose time has come.
ee no reason to disagree with
.S. Commission report, which
udes that the change in public
de is a matter of class. Once
se of the hemp preparations
d through the educated—and
ential—social classes, there were
consequences: people, even non-
, could no longer be propagan-
effectively, for they had accu-
information about marijuana,
especially about its dangers as
ared with those of alcohol and
co. And criminal penalties for
use, occasionally incurred by
g people one knew and thought
of, began to seem intolerable.
e was even, in the Nixon Admin-
tion's refusal to discriminate be-
n marijuana and hard drugs, an
ication of political reprisal,
h depended on a miscalculation
e general public's ability to make
discrimination.
or example, Iowa sheriffs, the
ted officials most closely in touch
the rural voters, could and did
headlines five years ago by an-
ncing extermination campaigns
inst the wild hemp that grows
as a weed. The weed was gath-
surreptitiously, mostly by kids,
gh it descends from a strain of
plant cultivated in the Midwest
ing the war for ropemaking and

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has too little resin to be much of an intoxicant. The weed still flourishes, and is still gathered, but the sheriffs no longer organize to burn and poison it: it would make them fools or worse in the eyes of their constituents. As one farmer friend, a conservative Democrat, said as we drove past a Volkswagen into which some kids with a machete were putting a filled pillow slip: "I'd never turn them in. They could get five years for that. It's like going to jail five years for drinking soda pop."

WITH THIS AS BACKGROUND, what happened at our 1972 Democratic county convention shouldn't have surprised me. As I've said, I was on the platform committee, which considered three different planks. One, backed by the young and radical, advocated straightforward legalization. The second, which I supported because I thought we'd have a better chance to get it adopted, amounted to the same thing but in less forthright language—it proposed the repeal of certain laws and added the directive that hard drugs be dealt with much more sternly. The third plank recommended what is called decriminalization, the recommendation of the U.S. Commission, which was ignored by President Nixon; the membership of that Commission, it is relevant to mention, included a Senator from Iowa, Harold Hughes, who has done a great deal of work on drugs and alcohol in the Senate. Decriminalization provides that the use of marijuana and its possession be made legal, but that selling and distribution remain against the law.

The platform committee defeated decriminalization and adopted the indirect-language plank I favored as its recommendation to the full convention; but the kids decided to take the other one, the plainly stated demand for unqualified legalization, to the floor of the convention, via a minority report.

It passed the convention almost without debate.

I wasn't able to go to the state convention, but both the straight legalization and something resembling our indirect-language plank had strong support there; the decriminalization approach, which Senator Hughes very much wanted, carried in the end and became part of the state Democratic platform, but I don't think this will happen again in 1976. I think that next state platform will call plainly for legalized pot, and that even the Republican platform may by then recommend decriminalization.

This is a matter of age-group voting power, which when it reaches a certain proportion, results in party control. The oldest active group, people in their sixties, who make up the largest number of outright opponents of legalization, will by then be of retirement age; retired people are catered to in politics but not listened to. Those of us in our fifties, the second world war people, many of whom (including Senator Hughes, by his own public statement) did some personal experimenting with the hemp drugs but did not become regular users, are pretty tolerant; we will have to start getting accustomed to receiving the kind of hearing elder statesmen generally get—that is, when they say things younger people agree with and are then called wise. Those five years younger—on both sides of fifty by 1976—will have a lot of power and position, and will comprise the first American age group in which the use of hemp preparations became broadly based across class lines. The next group—for of course Americans come of age as Presidential voters in four-year clusters—were the voting class of '56, who, heeding the message of the proselytizers, took marijuana to the campuses. By 1960, when I had been at the University of Iowa two years, its use among students was still not general; by 1964 it was, and two more voting classes had been added to the electorate, each including far more marijuana experience than the one before it. In 1968, of course, the educated American young really entered politics for the first time, bringing not only new numbers with them but also a general lowering of the average age at which people learn to work effectively in politics. And 1972, it can hardly be overlooked, was the year of the double jump; because the voting age was lowered, there were two new voting classes of 1972 to all of whom marijuana, whether they used it or not, was commonplace.

There will have been, as the voting class of 1976 (my own non-using son, come to think of it, included) is added to all those, a continuation of today's judicial revulsion at harsh sentencing for marijuana offenses. I no reason not to expect that the lice, taking their cue from the c and from the public attitude as will allow today's enforcement ation—a sort of *de facto* decrimi zation—to continue.

Meanwhile, a member of the l House of Representatives has privately that he was willing to in duce decriminalization in this y session of the legislature, thoug added that it would surely fail. A others, Republican liberals as we Democrats, have let their symp for the project be known, and will be closely watched when they again in 1974 to see whether will have damaged them politic It won't.

Therefore, when party platfo are written in 1976, decrimina tion will be a compromise plank tween Republican liberals and servatives, and Democrats will a cate outright legalization, not jus Johnson County but at the state vention too.

In the legislative session of 19 a member of the Iowa House—p ably a Democrat from Iowa City Ames, where the student-faculty is decisive—will try to implement platform by introducing a legal tion bill. He may very well, in f have campaigned on his intentio do so—something, as a State S tor pointed out to me, that some will probably have the courage to in order to demonstrate to other islators that such advocacy is longer politically suicidal.

Legalization will be defeated a intense debate, but decriminaliza will pass. It will immediately be tacked as silly and illogical—how one legally possess a substance t may not be sold and distributed? the 1978 by-election a number of c didates, possibly even one for g ernor, will be advocating outri legalization, with adequate qua controls and state taxation, as a m ter of common sense, and will wi

It may come more quickly, course, either through federal in position or because other states re legalization first, making enforcem a farce. But if neither of these eve brings it about sooner, the Iowa L islature of 1979 will legalize the u possession, sale, and distribution marijuana, though whether the public will vastly benefit thereb cannot say.

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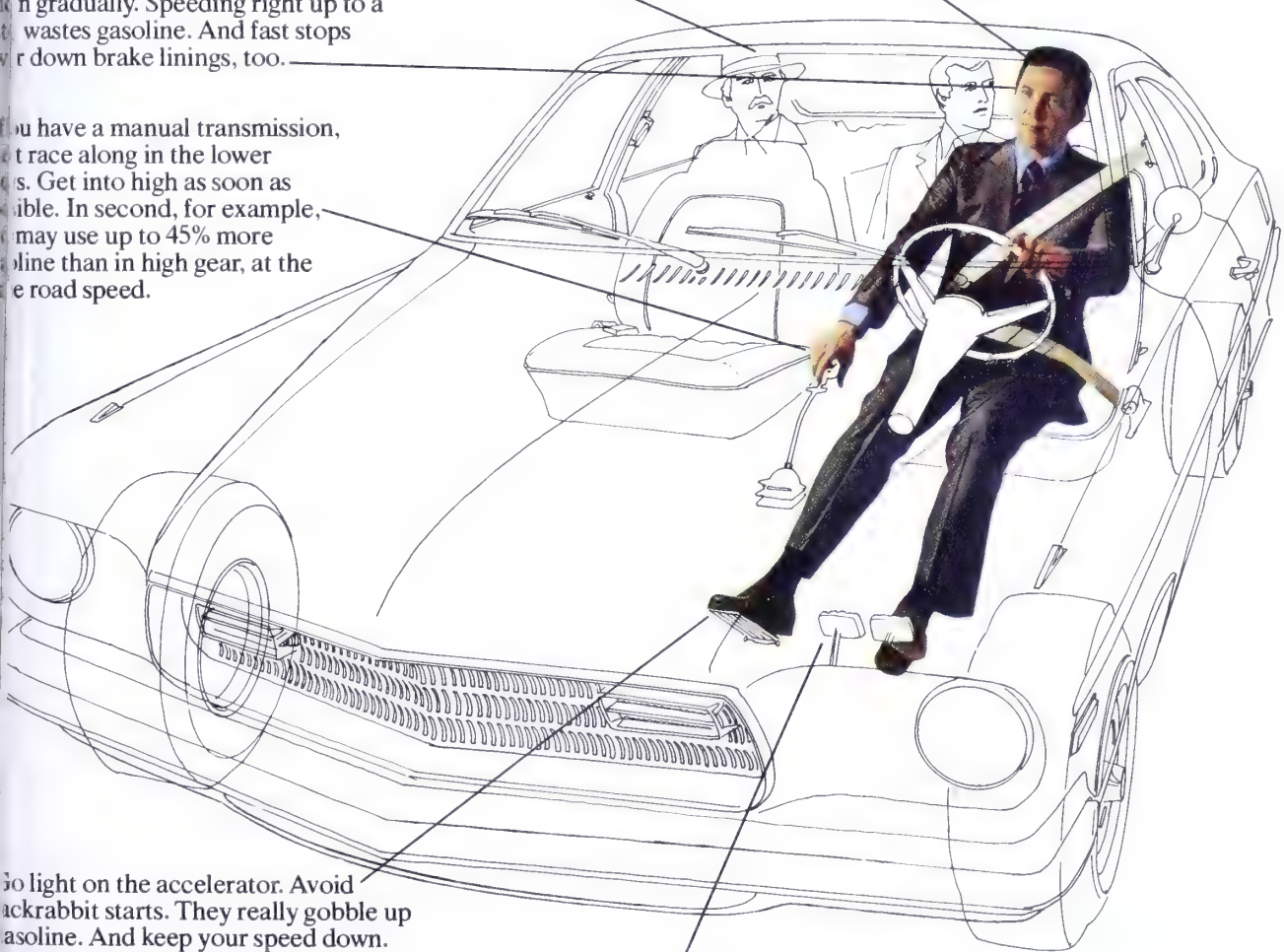
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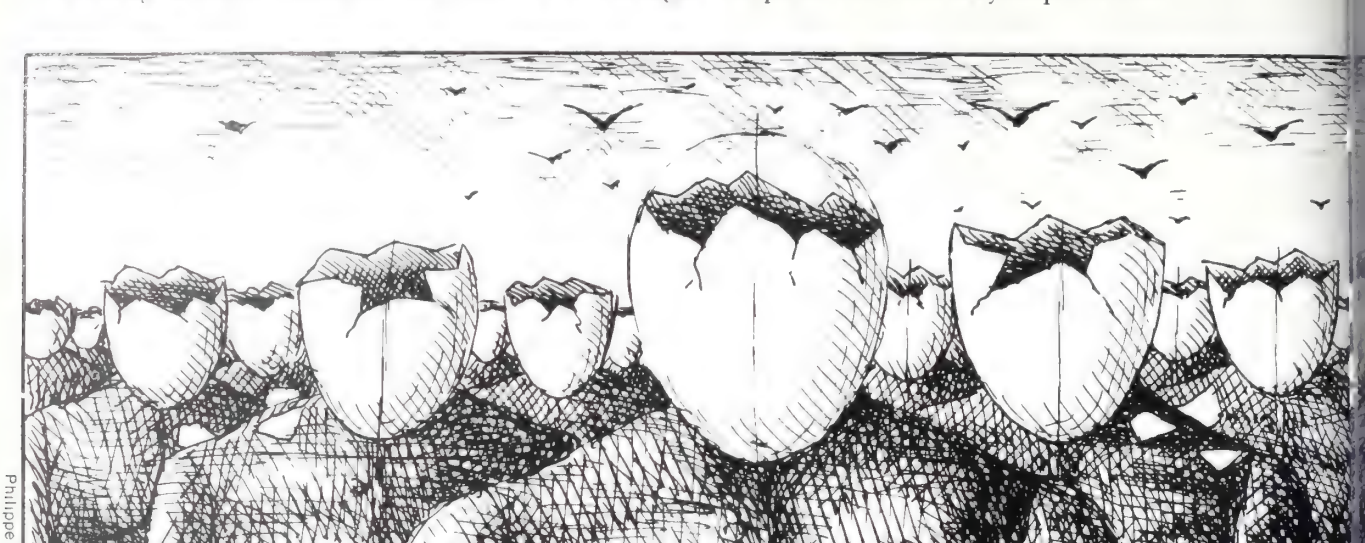
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Philippe Weisbecker

RECOGNITION OF FAILURE dawns slowly in a bureaucracy but dawned it has in California prison treatment circles. Prison psychiatrists who are willing to level with reporters admit that they now spend 90 percent of their time on paperwork, writing up reports for the Adult Authority based on perfunctory annual interviews with prisoners, that "treatment" most often takes the form of heavy tranquilization of inmates labeled psychotic as well as those diagnosed as troublemakers. Group therapy, once hailed as an exciting new technique for transforming the "deviant personality," is withering on the vine. Nor have the treatment programs produced the anticipated docility in the convict population; work strikes, hunger strikes, and other forms of protest are now endemic throughout the California prisons.

Some disconcerting conclusions about the efficacy of treatment are set forth in a report to the State Assembly titled "The California Prison, Parole, and Probation System." It cites an exhaustive study conducted for the Department of Corrections in which the researchers observed gloomily: "Thousands of inmates and hundreds of staff members were participating in the program at a substantial cost to the Department of Corrections in time, effort, and money. Contrary to the expectations of the treatment theory, there were no significant differences in outcome for those in the various treatment programs or between the treatment groups and the control group." They further reported that group counseling did not lessen adherence to the inmate code, nor did it reduce the frequency of discipline problems.

James O. Robison, author of the report and longtime researcher for the Department of Corrections, traced the course of disillusionment. "The high mystique of treatment peaked at the end of the Fifties," he told me. "The idea took hold in Corrections that at last, through sophisticated techniques of psychotherapy, we have it in our power to transform the deviant and to predict with accuracy his future behavior. But in the early Sixties the high priests of Corrections began a sifting of the entrails. After that, disenchantment and embarrassment set in—the reason was the evident empirical failure of the treatment programs, as demonstrated by the recidivism rate remaining constant over the years.

"The rationale for failure was always, 'We haven't carried treatment far enough, there isn't enough of it, it isn't professional enough'—in other words, we need more and ter of same, in spite of the fact w seen it doesn't work. Even this soning began to break down in middle Sixties, when there was m attention paid to the fact nothing happening and more talk of '*W*

"What you are likely to see is the end of the liberal treatm era—the notion that you can m convicts into converts of the d inant culture 'religion,' the missi ary fervor—that's being repla with 'behavior modification' exp ments. The latest reasoning is it's costly and inappropriate to go psychotherapy route with these p ple, to pay high-priced psychiatr to *talk* them into recognizing truth of our 'religion'; instead, w focus on their deviant behavior force them to shape up. Of course, flies in the face of the earlier rhe ric. The Behaviorists say they are b not mad, and we can stop them be bad by utilizing new techniques. T fits in with the law-and-order, no-n sense conservative viewpoint: hen forth the slogan will be, 'They m be *made* to behave.' "

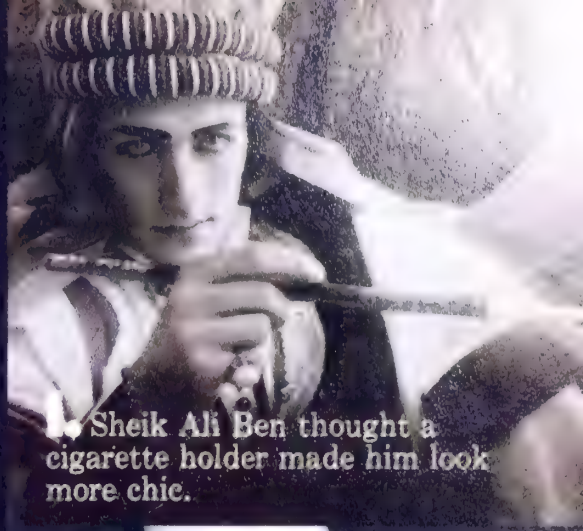
Jessica Mitford is the author of The Tria Dr. Spock *and* The American Way of De

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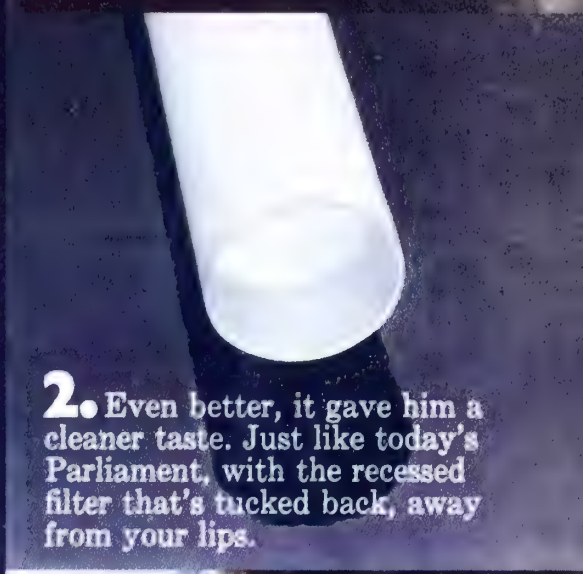
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This new trend in Corrections must be highly inspiriting for the behavioral scientists, who have long been eyeing the prisons as convenient reservoirs of human material on which to try out new theories. The shape of things to come was forecast a decade ago at a seminar of prison wardens and psychologists chaired by James V. Bennett, then director of the U.S. Bureau of Prisons. As described in *Corrective Psychiatry & Journal of Social Change*, Second Quarter, 1962, the seminar provided "provocative, fruitful interaction between social scientists and correctional administrators."

Addressing himself to the topic "Man Against Man: Brainwashing," Dr. Edgar H. Schein, associate professor of psychology at MIT, told the assembled wardens: "My basic argument is this: in order to produce marked change of behavior and/or attitude, it is necessary to weaken, undermine, or remove the supports to the old patterns of behavior and the old attitudes"; this can be done "either by removing the individual physically and preventing any communication with those whom he cares about, or by proving to him that those whom he respects are not worthy of it and, indeed, should be actively mistrusted."

Dr. Schein, who said he got most of his ideas from studying brainwashing techniques used by North Korean and Chinese Communists on GI prisoners of war, cautioned his audience not to be put off by this fact: "These same techniques in the service of different goals may be quite acceptable to us. . . . I would like to have you think of brainwashing not in terms of politics, ethics, and morals, but in terms of the deliberate changing of human behavior and attitudes by a group of men who have relatively complete control over the environment in which the captive population lives."

Some of the techniques which could usefully be applied in the U.S. prisons: "Social disorganization and the creation of mutual mistrust" achieved by "spying on the men and reporting back private material"; "tricking men into written statements" that are then shown to others, the objective being "to convince most men they could trust no one," "undermining ties to home by the systematic withholding of mail." The key factor is change of attitude: "Supports for old attitudes have to be undermined and destroyed if change is to take place. . . . Do we not feel it to be legitimate to destroy the emotional ties of one criminal to another, or of a criminal to a sick community?" How to bring about the desired change was explained by Dr. Schein: "If one wants to produce behavior inconsistent with the person's standards of conduct, first disorganize the group which supports those standards, then undermine his other emotional supports, then put him into a new and ambiguous situation for which the standards are unclear, and then put pressure on him. I leave it to you to judge whether there is any similarity between these events and those which occur in prisons when we teach prisoners 'to serve their own time' by moving them around and punishing clandestine group activity not sanctioned by the prison authorities."

The discussion, says the report, ranged from "specific, practical management issues such as 'How shall we manage the Muslims?' 'Whom should we isolate?' " to more basic questions, such as "the use and effectiveness of brainwashing and other means of persuasion." Dr. Bennett recalled that "during the war we struggled with the conscientious objectors —nonviolent coercionists—and believe me, that was really a problem . . . we were always trying to find some way in which we could change or manipulate their environment."

Much attention was focused on what to do about the Black Muslims: "not so much whether you take action against the Muslims as a group," as one speaker put it, "but how can you counteract the effects of the kinds of techniques they use to recruit members and cause general mischief in the prison system?" To which a Dr. Lowry responded, "We found that many of these Negro Muslims were highly intelligent . . . here again, we have to apply the techniques which we heard about in terms of appreciating what the goal of the Muslims is, or of any other group, and then doing some analytic study of the methods that they are using so that we can try to dissipate the forces that are going in the direction that we regard as destructive. "On ways of dealing with the unruly a panelist offered this: "To some extent where we formerly had isolation as a controlling technique, we now have drugs, so that drugs in a sense become a new kind of restraint. restraint, therefore, is biochen but it is restraint nevertheless."

Summarizing the discussion, Bennett pointed out that the fe prison system, with some 24,000 in it, presents "a tremendous o tunity to carry on some of th perimenting to which the va panelists have alluded." He a "What I am hoping is that th dience here will believe that we in Washington are anxious to you undertake some of these th do things perhaps on your own dertake a little experiment of you can do with the Muslims, you can do with some of the s path individuals."

THAT DR. BENNETT'S counsel taken to heart by his subordi in the federal prison system can b ferred from a report addressed t United Nations Economic and S Council, prepared and smuggle of Marion Federal Penitentiar July 1972, by the Federal Priso Coalition, a group of convicts ho in the segregation unit for refu to participate in the behaviora search programs. "In the latter of 1968 some changes in the Department of Justice enabled U.S. Bureau of Prisons to ma quiet beginning at implementin experimental program at Marion eral Prison to determine at first how effective a weapon brainwas might be for the U.S. Departme Justice's future use," says the re It describes how Dr. Martin Gr prison psychiatrist, applies the posals outlined in Dr. Schein's p to "agitators," suspected milit writ-writers, and other troublema The first step, according to th port, is to sever the inmate's ties his family by transferring hi some remote prison where they be unable to visit him. There put in isolation, deprived of mail other privileges, until he agree participate in Dr. Groder's T actional Analysis program. If he cumbs, he will be moved to new ing quarters where he will be rounded by members of Dr. Gro "prisoner thought-reform team," subjected to intense group pres "His emotional, behavioral, and chic characteristics are studie the staff and demiprofessional oners to detect vulnerable poin

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Vhat's right with this picture?
l if it were true, we'd be sav-
28 *billion, 560 million* gal-
of gas every year.
low did we arrive at that fig-
? Since we're a nation of na-
al averages, we know the
rage car uses about 735 gal-
; of gas a year. The Beetle,
*. Turn the eighty-five million
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saving of 28,560,000,000
e or take a few gallons).

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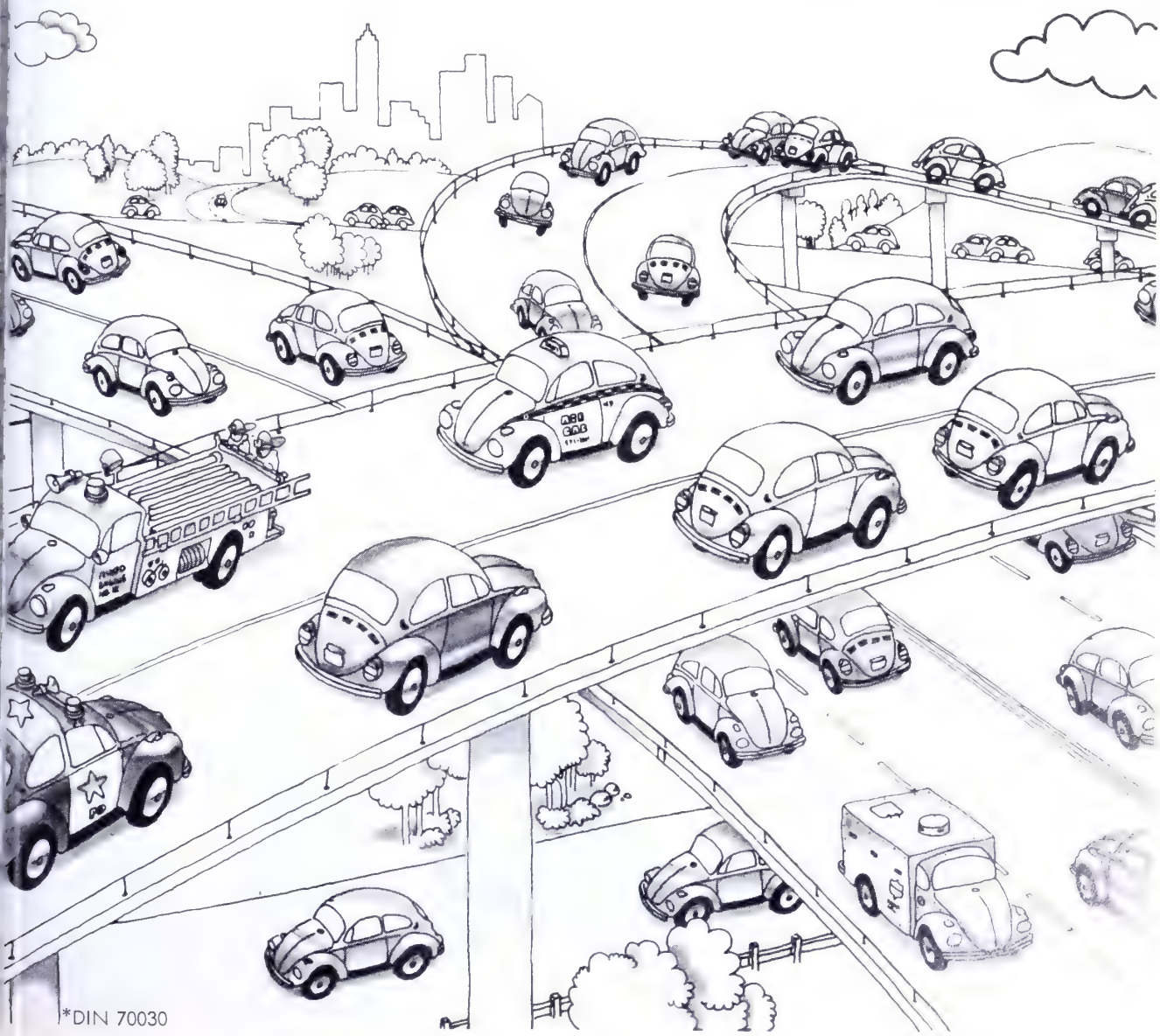
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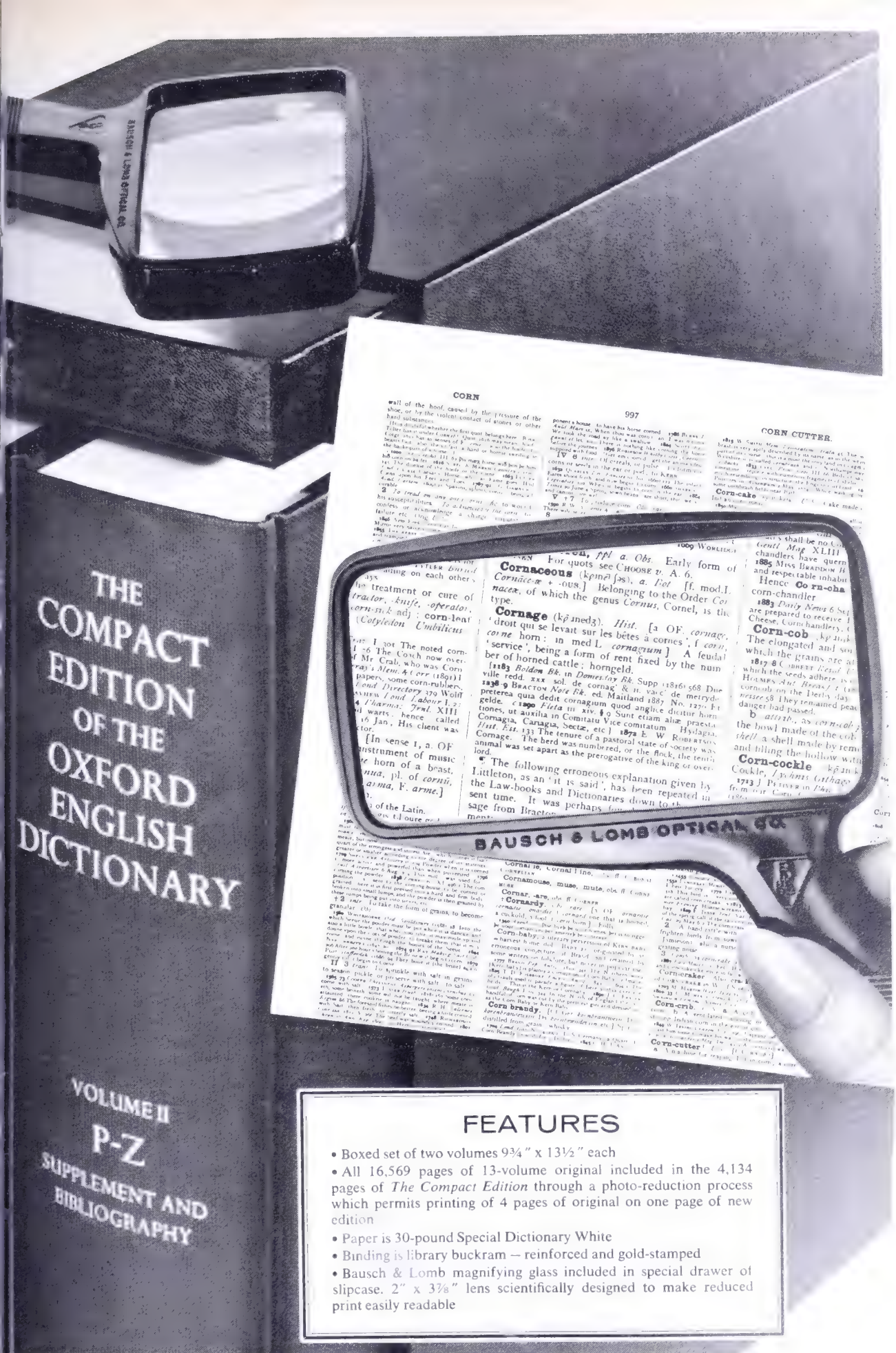
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entry to stage attack-sessions around. During these sessions, on a progressively intensified basis, he is shouted at, his fears played on, his sensitivities ridiculed, and concentrated efforts made to make him feel guilty for real or imagined characteristics or conduct. . . . Every effort is made to heighten his suggestibility and weaken his character structure so that his emotional responses and thought-flow will be brought under group and staff control as totally as possible.

". . . It is also driven in to him that society, in the guise of its authorities, is looking out for his best interests and will help if he will only permit it to do so. Help him be 'reborn' as a highly probable 'winner in the game of life,' is the way this comes across in the group's jargon." Once reborn as a winner, he will be moved into a plush living area equipped with stereo, tape recorders, typewriters, books. He is now ready to indoctrinate newcomers into the mysteries of the group "and like a good attack dog, he is graded and evaluated on his demonstrated capacity to go for the vulnerable points of any victim put before him." The entire program is made self-perpetuating and economically feasible by the participants doing the work themselves, says the report: "They are taught to police not only themselves but others, to inform on one another in acceptable fashion—as bringing out misconduct of another in a truth-session is not considered informing even if a staff member is present."

EVIDENTLY THESE TECHNIQUES are finding increasing favor with the federal prison administration. Scheduled to open early in 1974 near Butner, North Carolina, is a new federal institution, the Behavioral Research Center, built at a cost of $13.5 million, which, says a handout from the Bureau of Prisons, will be "a unique facility in the federal correctional system." Some of the unique features are spelled out in a confidential operations memorandum from the bureau to staff, dated October 25, 1972, on the subject of Project START, acronym for Special Treatment and Rehabilitative Training, already in operation in Springfield Federal Penitentiary. The goal, according to the memorandum, is "to develop behavioral attitudinal changes in offenders who have not adjusted sat factorily to institutional settings" a to provide "care, custody, and c rection of the long-term adult fender in a setting separated from home institution." "Selection cri ria" include: "will have shown peated inability to adjust to regu institutional programs"; "will transferred from the sending in tution's segregation unit"; "gene ly, will have a minimum of two ye remaining on his sentence"; "in ter of personality characteristics sh be aggressive, manipulative, resist to authority, etc."

Dr. Martin Groder, who will dir the Butner operation, told Tom Wi er of the *New York Times* that "believes in the possibility of reha itating prisoners" because he done it, at Marion. He does not fa any large-scale return of incarcera men to community programs; on contrary, he prefers to keep them his custody: "If we can get a t notch rehabilitation program wit the institution, a prisoner will be l ter off in it than wandering aro the streets." Wicker reports that Groder is "not precise" about the habilitative methods he intends apply, and that he is "cheerf aware that the new federal cente will head is suspect in some cir —not least among federal prison who are not anxious to be 'gui pigs' in behavior research. He nevertheless pressing ahead . . ."

A further elaboration on the br washing theme is furnished by Ja V. McConnell, professor of psyc ogy at the University of Michigar an article in the May 1970 issu *Psychology Today* titled "Crimi Can Be Brainwashed—Now." It re like science fiction, the fantasy deranged scientist. Yet much of v Dr. McConnell proposes as appro ate therapy for tomorrow's lawbr er is either already here or in planning stages in many of the be financed prison systems.

Dr. McConnell, who spent m years successfully training flatwo to go in and out of mazes at his ding by administering a serie painful electric shocks, now prop to apply similar techniques to victs: "I believe the day has c when we can combine sensory de vation with drugs, hypnosis, and tute manipulation of reward and ishment to gain almost absolute trol over an individual's behavio

assume that a felony was clear
ıce that the criminal had some-
.cquired full-blown social neu-
and needed to be cured, not
ıed . . . We'd probably have to
cture his entire personality."
exciting potential of sensory
ation as a behavior modifier
evealed through an experiment
ich students were paid $20 a
o live in tiny, solitary cubicles
ıothing to do. The experiment
supposed to last at least six
, but none of the students could
it for more than a few days:
y experienced vivid hallucina-
—one student in particular in-
that a tiny spaceship had got
he chamber and was buzzing
d shooting pellets at him."
they were in this condition,
xperimenter fed the students
ganda messages: "No matter
ɔoorly it was presented or how
al it sounded, the propaganda
marked effect on the students'
des—an effect that lasted for
st a year after they came out of
privation chambers."
ting that "the legal and moral
raised by such procedures are
eningly complex," Dr. McCon-
ıevertheless handily disposes of
: "I don't believe the Consti-
ı of the United States gives you
ight to commit a crime if you
to; therefore, the Constitution
not guarantee you the right to
tain inviolable the personality
d on you in the first place—if
when the personality manifests
gly antisocial behavior."
e new behavioral control tech-
es, says Dr. McConnell, "make
the hydrogen bomb look like a
's toy, and, of course, they can
ed for good or evil." But it will
us nothing to "hide our collec-
heads in the sand and pretend
t can't happen here. Today's be-
ɔral psychologists are the archi-
and engineers of the Brave New
d."
r some convicts in California,
perceived as "dangerous," "rev-
ɔnary," or "uncooperative" by
uthorities, it *has* happened here.
Dr. McConnell's Brave New
d is their reality. Signposts in
ɔizarre terrain may need transla-
for the auslander:
ory Deprivation: Confinement
n for months or years) in the
ıstment Center, a prison-within-
ɔn.

Stress Assessment: The prisoner lives in an open dormitory where it is expected he will suffer maximum irritation from the lack of privacy. He is assigned to the worst and most menial jobs. In compulsory group therapy sessions staff members deliberately bait the men and try to provoke conflicts among them. The idea is to see how much of this a person can stand without losing his temper.

Chemotherapy: The use of drugs (some still in the experimental stage) as "behavior modifiers," including antitestosterone hormones, which have the effect of chemically castrating the subject, and Prolixin, a form of tranquilizer with unpleasant and often dangerous side effects.

Aversion Therapy: The use of medical procedures that cause pain and fear to bring about the desired "behavior modification."

Neurosurgery: Cutting or burning out those portions of the brain believed to cause "aggressive behavior."

THE "BEHAVIOR MODIFICATION" programs are for the most part carried out in secret. They are not part of the guided tour for journalists and visitors, nor are outside physicians permitted to witness them. Occasionally word of these procedures leaks out, as in the autumn of 1970, when *Medical World News* ran an article titled "Scaring the Devil Out" about the use of the drug Anectine in "aversion therapy" in the California prisons.

Anectine, a derivative of the South American arrow-tip poison curare, is used medically in small doses as a muscle relaxant, but behavioral researchers discovered that when administered to unruly prisoners in massive amounts—from twenty to forty milligrams—it causes them to lose all control of voluntary muscles.

An unpublished account of the Anectine therapy program at Vacaville, California, by two of the staff researchers there, Arthur L. Mattocks, supervisor of the research unit, and Charles Jew, social research analyst, states that "the conceptual scheme was to develop a strong association between any violent or acting-out behavior and the drug Anectine and its frightful consequences," among which were "cessation of respiration for a period of approximately



two minutes' duration." Of those selected to endure these consequences, "nearly all could be characterized as angry young men," say the authors. Some seem to have been made a good deal angrier by the experience, for the report notes that of sixty-four prisoners in the program "nine persons not only did not decrease but actually exhibited an increase in their overall number of disciplinary infractions."

According to Dr. Arthur Nugent, chief psychiatrist at Vacaville and an enthusiast for the drug, it induces "sensations of suffocation and drowning." The subject experiences feelings of deep horror and terror, "as though he were on the brink of death." While he is in this condition a therapist scolds him for his misdeeds and tells him to shape up or expect more of the same. Candidates for Anectine treatment were selected for a range of offenses: "frequent fights, verbal threatening, deviant sexual behavior, stealing, unresponsiveness to the group therapy programs." Dr. Nugent told the *San Francisco Chronicle*, "Even the toughest inmates have come to fear and hate the drug. I don't blame them, I wouldn't have one treatment myself for the world." Declaring he was anxious to continue the experiment, he added, "I'm at a loss as to why everybody's upset over this."

More upset was to follow a year later, when the press got wind of a letter from Director Raymond Procunier to the California Council on Criminal Justice requesting funding estimated at $18,000 for "neurosurgical treatment of violent inmates." The letter read, in part: "The problem of treating the aggressive, destructive inmate has long been a problem in all correctional systems. During recent years this problem has become particularly acute in the California Department of Corrections institutions . . . This letter of intent is to alert you to the development of a proposal to seek funding for a program involving a complex neurosurgical evaluation and treatment program for the violent inmate . . . surgical and diagnostic procedures would be performed to locate centers in the brain which may have been previously damaged and which could serve as the focus for episodes of violent behavior. If these areas were located and verified that they were indeed the source of aggressive behavior, neurosurgery would be performed . . ." Confronted by reporters with this letter, Laurence Bennett, head of the Department of Corrections Research Division, explained: "It is not a proposal, it's just an idea-concept." He added wistfully, "It's quite likely that we will not proceed with this, but if we had unlimited funds we would explore every opportunity to help anyone who wants such assistance."

Although the plan for psychosurgery was halted—at least temporarily—by the newspaper uproar that ensued, the authorities have other methods at hand for controlling the unruly, principal among which is forced drugging of prisoners. In widespread use throughout the nation's prisons is the drug Prolixin, a powerful tranquilizer derived from phenothiazine, which, if given in large doses, produces dangerous and often irreversible side effects. A petition addressed to the California Senate Committee on Penal Institutions by La Raza Unida, a Chicano organization of prisoners confined in the California Men's Colony, describes these: "The simple fact that a number of prisoners are walking the yard in this institution like somnambulists, robots, and vegetables as a result of this drug should be reason enough to make people apprehensive as to the effect it is having. That no prisoner feels safe because he never knows when he will become a candidate for said drug is another factor in producing tension in this institution."

According to its manufacturer, E. R. Squibb, Prolixin is "a highly potent behavior modifier with a markedly extended duration of effect." Possible adverse side effects listed by Squibb include: the induction of a "catatonic-like state," nausea, loss of appetite, headache, constipation, blurred vision, glaucoma, bladder paralysis, impotency, liver damage, hypotension severe enough to cause fatal cardiac arrest, and cerebral edema. Furthermore, Squibb cautions that "a persistent pseudoparkinsonian [palsy-like] syndrome may develop . . . characterized by rhythmic, stereotyped dyskinetic involuntary movements . . . resembling the facial grimaces of encephalitis . . . The symptoms persist after drug withdrawal, and in some patients appear to be irreversible."

THE THEME OF PRISON as a ha hunting ground for the resea er is very big in current penolog literature. In *I Chose Prison*, Ja V. Bennett poses the question, W will the prisons of 2000 A.D. be li And answers it: "In my judgm the prison system will increasin be valued, and used, as a laborat and workshop of social change." Karl Menninger echoes this thou in *The Crime of Punishment*: "Ab all this [causes of crime], we n more information, more resea more experimental data. That search is the basis for scientific pr ress, no one any more disputes Even our present prisons, bad many of them are, could be ext sively used as laboratories for study of many of the unsolved pr lems."

Taking these injunctions to he researchers are descending in dro upon the prisons with their pred tion tables, expectancy scales, d analysis charts. With all the n money available under federal cri control programs, and the ingenu of grant-happy researchers, the sc of the investigations seems limitl In California some $600,000 of t Department of Corrections budge earmarked for research, but this just the tip of the iceberg, for m of the work is done under lav grants from universities, foundatio and government agencies.

Something of the quality of t research, and the bitter irony of t situation in which the convict-s search subject finds himself, can inferred from the stream of mo graphs, research reviews, and ports that flow out of the priso His captors having arranged life f the prisoner so that he becomes e raged, perhaps goes mad, and (matter what his original sexual pr erences) turns homosexual, they i vite researchers to put him und their microscopes and study the r sult. A forty-eight-page monogra titled "Homosexuality in Prisons published in February 1972 by t Law Enforcement Assistance Admi istration, reports, "in view of metho ological difficulties, the following timates of male homosexuality shou be viewed with caution," and p ceeds to give them, complete wi footnotes referring the luckless rea er to yet other publications on th subject. Estimates of the incidence homosexuality given by experts var

Last year, out of 44,190 engineering graduates only 405 were black.

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ing engineers are black. And
y a handful are from other
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icators, minority groups,
hnical societies, other com-
nies and the government to
n a national attack on the
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ow what an engineer is. No
e's ever told them about engi-
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mpaign at minority students
m grammar school to college.
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ds inside our plants. To meet
gineers. And see what kind of
rk they do.

Grants for minority education.

esides making more kids want
engineering education, we're



helping make sure they'll be able to find one. With major grants to the six traditionally black engineering schools. With grants to 30 other schools and organizations that are trying to help solve the shortage.

Helping minority students stay in engineering.

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says the author, from 7 to 90 percent. He concludes, "There is above all a compelling need for a wide variety of comparative data," and proposes to fill the need by conducting "longitudinal or retrospective studies."

Among the offerings of the California Department of Corrections *Research Review* for 1971 is "The Self-Esteem Project," its aim "to obtain some picture of the effect of incarceration upon the perception of self-worth," in which the Modified Coopersmith Self-Esteem Scale is found to be "a useful instrument for measurement." Having subjected the inmate's self-esteem to the pulverizer of prison, the department proceeds to measure and tabulate what is left.

If the prisoner happens to be Chicano, he will be eligible for a study entitled "The Consequences of Familial Separation for Chicano Families," its purpose "to study the consequences of separation from family members for Chicano inmates and also for their families in terms of social, psychological, and economic needs and stresses." Thus the precise quantity and quality of suffering, anxiety, and impoverishment of families caused by locking up Chicanos can be tidily computed and catalogued for the edification of social scientists. By now the prisoner may well be ready for the Buss Rating Scale of Hostility or the Multiple Affect Adjective Checklist, "a standardized and reliable rating instrument that can be scored for anxiety, depression, and, most importantly, hostility."

Omitted from the 1971 *Research Review* is one of the more ambitious experimental projects of that year: establishment of a Maximum Psychiatric Diagnostic Unit (MPDU) designed to hold eighty-four convicts (a number possibly chosen in subconscious tribute to George Orwell) selected as research subjects from the 700 inmates of the state's Adjustment Centers. The goal of MPDU, as defined in the department's grant application to the California Council on Criminal Justice, is "to provide highly specialized diagnostic service for Adjustment Center inmates who are violently acting-out and management problem cases within the California prison system . . . and arriving at decisions as to the needed intervention and placement." The budget for this "service" would be approximately $500,000.

Who are the Adjustment Center inmates from whose ranks the eighty-four would be chosen? Robert E. Doran, who made a study of them under a grant from LEAA for the American Justice Institute, says they are "deviants within a society of deviants," or put another way, rebels who refuse to conform to prison life. They are younger and darker than the prison population as a whole: 61 percent are under thirty compared with 39 percent for the total prison population, 60 to 70 percent are black or Chicano compared with a nonwhite overall prison population of 45 percent. The majority are there for "disrespect for authority," disobeying some disciplinary rule—refusing to work, shave, attend group therapy; a growing number are there because they are suspected of harboring subversive beliefs.

IN 1972 TEN INMATES of Folson Prison filed a federal suit (unsuccessful), charging they had been kept in long-term solitary confinement because of their political views, and alleging that the practice is routinely used against prisoners who are outspoken about prison conditions or voice "militant" political views. Department spokesmen strenuously deny that they use lock-up in the Adjustment Center as punishment for political dissidents and leaders of ethnic groups. Philip Guthrie, press agent for the Department, told the *Sacramento Bee* on March 10, 1972: "We're very careful not to lock a guy up just because of his political views." But in their closed departmental meetings it is a different story. As reported in the confidential minutes of the wardens and superintendents meeting, October 11-12, 1972, under the topic "Inmate Alliances," Director Raymond Procunier "asked the problem be kept in perspective, comparing it to the Muslim situation ten years ago. The director suggested the leaders of the various groups be removed from the general population of the institutions and locked up."

Much has been written about the California Adjustment Centers, for it was in the exercise yard of "O-Wing," Soledad Adjustment Center, that three unarmed black convicts were shot to death by a guard in early 1970, triggering a series of events that culminated in the de of George Jackson, the trial of surviving Soledad Brothers, and trial of Angela Davis, all acquit by juries. From three sources can infer something about conditi of life in the Adjustment Centers, the roots of violence therein.

Departmental memoranda to s in charge of "O-Wing" contain th directives:

> *Yard Exercise: Two officers (one armed with a Gas Billy and one armed with Mace) will enter the tier to be released and, after subjecting each inmate to an unclothed body search, release him from his cell, by key, directing him to the yard.*
>
> *All inmates housed in "O-Wing" first tier, when escorted from the security section for any reason, are to be given an unclothed body search while still in their cells . . . The inmate will be given a visual inspection of his body, to include his hair, ears, mouth, private parts and feet . . . The inmate will be handcuffed behind his back and escorted from the section . . .*
>
> *"O-Wing" Equipment: 1. Gas Billy (blast type). 2. Gas Billy Reload. 3. Triple Chaser Grenade. 4. Aerosol Mace (Mark IV Atomizer) . . .*
>
> *Any inmate who self-mutilates or attempts to hang himself will be housed in the Hospital Annex cells only on the direction of the medical staff.*

Robert E. Doran describes wh he learned about the guards' view assignments to the Adjustment Ce ter. "Those staff who have 'rea been there,' experienced the troub used the gas, the batons, the wea ons, and the muscle, and did effectively, receive the highest stat and deference from other custodi staff. . . . Staff battle ribbons a badges are won or lost within t A/C when trouble takes place. Act ally the A/C, much like the gener prison situation, has in terms of rel tive percentage of time, very litt trouble. But it is the folklore, the b liefs and the history as passed fro one generation of custodial perso nel to the next that promulgates t idea that has grown up around t A/C which in effect says, 'This is t front line: here is where the battle really won or lost for staff who we the custodial uniform.' "

Testifying in San Francisco befor a Congressional subcommittee, tw



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lawyers related some exploits of these frontline heroes. Edwin T. Caldwell of San Francisco said, "I will testify for the record that I am a registered Republican from a conservative background. This is such a shocking thing for me I just can't believe it exists."

Caldwell told the committee his client in Soledad's "O-Wing" had been "viciously attacked" by guards on numerous occasions, and had suffered a fractured tooth, a broken jaw, and lacerations requiring six sutures. Fay Stender of Oakland handed the committee chairman a note signed by Lieutenant Flores, Adjustment Center guard, written in response to an inmate who was coughing blood and had asked for help. The note said: "Yell for help when the blood is an inch thick, all over the floor, and don't call before that."

DETAILS OF THE HIGHLY specialized services to be rendered the eighty-four chosen from this milieu, and the nature of the needed intervention, were discussed at a "think session" called in November 1971 at the University of California at Davis by Laurence Bennett, head of the Department of Corrections Research Division. Participants were some twenty-five representatives of the healing professions—medicine, psychology, psychiatry—many of them faculty members from nearby universities and medical schools.

The new unit, said Max May, program administrator, would be closely modeled after Patuxent Institution in Maryland, with four twenty-one-man cellblocks, "single five-by-seven-foot cells with bars, only we call them barriers." Construction costs would be kept to a minimum since the prisoners were to build their own cages, the work, according to the grant application, consisting "primarily of pouring two concrete floors, erecting wire screen partitions, also a gun tower."

The objective, said Bennett, is "to develop a basic knowledge of the causes of aggressive, violent behavior. Our aim is to learn how to identify small groups, how to deal with them more adequately. We hope through psychological management to learn how to lessen their violence potential."

Discussion from the floor, and at the pleasant luncheon gathering [illegible] faculty club dining room, center[ed] methods by which this might b[e] complished: "We need to find the [illegible] ulus to which the subject resp[onds] We also need to find out how he t[hinks] *covertly* and to change how [he] thinks." "We need to dope up ma[ny] these men in order to calm them [down] to the point that they are accessi[ble] treatment." "Those who can['t be] controlled by drugs are candi[dates] for the implantation of subcor[tical] electrodes [electrodes plunged [deep] into the brain]."

Dr. Keith Brody of Stanford [Uni]versity, who said he runs a "uni[t for] mood disorders," stressed the im[por]tance of "intensive data collect[ion] via spinal taps and other t[ests] "These tests can lead to the [right] decisions. We need to segregate [out] and dissect out these sub-grou[ps] Other proposals for therapy we[re] burn out electrically those area[s] the brain believed to be the "so[urce] of aggressive behavior"—one sp[eak]er said he reckoned about 10 per[cent] of the inmates might be candid[ates] for this treatment; the adminis[tra]tion of antitestosterone hormo[nes] which have the effect of emascu[lat]ing the subject; the use of pneu[mo]encephalograms (injecting air [into] the brain cavities).

Asked whether the Anectine tor[ture] "therapy" would be resumed in [the] new unit, Bennett did not ans[wer] directly but declared with some e[xas]peration, "If it could be shown em[pir]ically that hitting an inmate on [the] head with a hammer would cure h[im] I'd do it. You talk about his [civil] rights—civil rights for what? To [con]tinue to disrupt society?" Nor w[as] he answer the further questi[on] "Does not the prison system it[self] and particularly the Adjustment C[en]ter, generate violence?" and "W[ill] the researchers be directing any [part] of their inquiry to violence by gua[rds] against prisoners?"

As for the compliant participa[nts] of the distinguished group of fac[ulty] members in this bizarre discuss[ion] one possible explanation was s[ug]gested by the lone black psychia[trist] present, Dr. Wendell Lipscomb, [who] had stormed out of the meeting h[alf]way through, declaring he "coul[dn't] take any more of this crap." La[ter] he told me, "What you were see[ing] at that meeting were the grant h[un]ers, hungry for money, willing to [do] any shit that's put before them."



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inum cans in circulation to make
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PORN IN THE SUN

Flogging vampires in sing-down on the old Côte d'Azur

STROLLING DOWN to the Carlton Hotel beach, sufficiently early to claim a place in the sun on the first morning of the Cannes Film Festival, I immediately espied a hirsute belly boiling out of the sands, knobby arms glistening with suntan oil, thumbs hooked into plaid Bermuda shorts that caught the belly necessarily low, yet punishingly tight all the same. The man's face was at once pouchy but rutted with wrinkles, cupped by a spreading silver foil reflector aimed at the sun. Unmistakably Bronstein.

No sooner did I settle onto my own mattress than the gnats began to buzz around him. Three overeager Englishmen, Wardour Street hustlers, deep into skin flicks.

"What have you got for us this year?" Bronstein sang out.

Attaché cases snap open, brochures fly out.

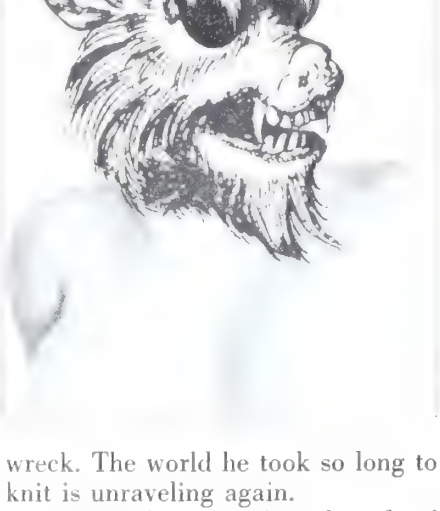
"Well, we've got some werewolves, a monster, but no tits. That market's played out, you know."

"I'm thinking of buying *Homo Vampire*," Bronstein allowed, amazed at himself. "You heard?"

Yes; they had heard.

"Who do you think made it? The Germans, naturally. It's all about a fag witch," Bronstein continued, disgusted, "who faints at the sight of blood."

Though Bronstein now buys exploitation films for American distribution, he was once an independent producer. When I last saw him, some six months earlier, he was ensconced in his Belgravia mews flat, the furnishings out of the most modish King's Road antique shops, provisions laid on by Harrod's Food Emporium, a Bentley idling in the garage, a tax-proof portfolio fattening in a Swiss account, the number swallowed and committed to memory, and the latest Mrs. Bronstein not only a pleasure to look at but his youngest and most agreeable wife yet. He seemed the most enviable of middle-aged men. But Bronstein's a



Richard Mantel

wreck. The world he took so long to knit is unraveling again.

Bronstein's one of a brood of show-business Americans now nesting in London. Years ago, serving his Hollywood apprenticeship, he churned out two-reelers. The Three Stooges were not unknown to him; neither were the Ritz Brothers. In the early Fifties, he began to produce, albeit only for Monogram, but Metro was making sweet noises. Things were looking up. Forearming himself, intent on self-improvement, Bronstein devoured the Great Books; he acquired a taste for claret, and learned to prefer Bach to Gershwin. Then, for the first time, things flew apart. Senator Joe McCarthy led his vigilantes into town, and Bronstein, hitherto a professional yes-man, a fully accredited forelock-toucher, stiffened. With nothing to gain, everything to lose, something in his Brownsville background wouldn't yield. Memories of the Spanish Civil War, maybe, or his father demonstrating. To his own astonishr Bronstein refused to talk to the mittee on Un-American Activ He would not name names. Di out of the industry, blacklisted packed his wife and children an out for London, where I, a publi but decidedly impecunious nov first met him in 1954. I shall al cherish Bronstein as he was t adrift, stunned, even as he prop me past the Hampstead Public brary. "You've got an education, said. "Go in there, to the stacks, find me something. Have you been in a library? It's a godd gold mine. All those books in public domain. But you've go know what to reach for."

Bronstein, in those days, was pared to start on the bottom again, maybe riding the TV s mill. But in London, lo and beh he was no longer scorned as a *sh* artist: instead, he was celebrated producer for all seasons. Other bl listed men, Academy Award-wim directors and writers, began to sh things his way. And over the y Bronstein's name came to be ass ated with quality pictures, fest candidates, Academy nominees. Laurence Olivier's agent was plea to have lunch with him. If he wa to David Niven in the Mirab Niven waved back. Once, at White Elephant, Richard Burton tually stopped at his table. Th suddenly, brutally, the quality fi Bronstein took such immense pr in, each one elegantly made, flop one after another. The audience gone elsewhere. Bronstein, taking Valium, threw his own money int motorcycle movie a year too late then surfaced with a love story a y too soon. Meanwhile, the art-ho cinema that had once flattered with a season was showing a Gol Age of Comedy anthology—the B Brothers, the Three Stooges, *the c he had overcome*—and packing th in, yes, packing them in. And n

Mordecai Richler, a Canadian novelist, is the author of Cocksure *and* Saint Urbain's Horseman.

15 Examples of Psychology Today



SPARE THE ROD USE BEHAVIOR MOD

CLAPTRAP ABOUT AGING

Contrary to popular belief, old persons are not necessarily lonely or desolate. Few ever show overt signs of senility. For those who do, psychological and psychiatric treatment is by no means futile.



HOW GROUPTHINK LED TO VIETNAM

In terms of group dynamics, the presidential advisers on Vietnam and their foreign policy disaster were victims of what the author calls groupthink — and he describes eight symptoms to watch out for in decision-making.



DERSTANDING HILDREN'S ART

ator who has collected and rt over the past 20 years has cribblings and drawings, she



WHY MANY BRIGHT WOMEN FEAR SUCCESS

Controlled experiments showed that women are about seven times as likely as men to have anxieties about the possibility of successful achievement. "Consciously or unconsciously, the girl equates intellectual achievement with social femininity."





THE WIZARD OF OZ AS THERAPIST

The amazing parallel between the story of Oz and the experience of individual therapy. Dorothy is the patient. The Wizard is the therapist who [illegible] then as a fraud, then simply as a good and helpful person.

LEARNING THE VIOLIN AT AGE 4

Psychological secrets of teaching [illegible] to play the violin so beautifully that



SUPPOSE YOU WERE HITLER'S ANALYST?

He comes to you because he is troubled by guilt feelings over his ruthless, grandiose plans and asks you to help him get rid of these disturbing feelings. What [illegible]?



GUILT-EDGED GIVING

Tests in behavioral labs support recent theories that charitable behavior is motivated by guilt and shame. Empathy plays an [illegible] part, too.





HOW TO QUIT SMOKING

A report on the varying effectiveness of different techniques, including having smoke blown back into your face, doubling your smoking and then stopping, electric shock, and rote praying.

WE'RE ALL NON-CONSCIOUS SEXISTS

Proof that nonconscious assumptions about a woman's natural talents (or lack of them) are as widespread among women as among men. Identical writings received significantly lower ratings when attributed to female authors.



THE MOBICENTRIC EXECUTIVE

Today's job hopping executive values motion not because it leads to change but because it IS change. More and more, however, he is the one who reaches the top rather than the plodding insider.



IS THE CROWD REALLY MADDING?

To find out, a researcher studied volunteers in crowded living conditions. The results were not what you might expect.



EMOTIONS IN YOUR FINGERTIPS

The language of emotions leaps all cultural barriers. In every society tested, each person expressed the same emotions with the same movement of [illegible].



THE IMPORTANCE OF SAVING FACE

When, why, and how do we need to engage in face-saving? Lessons [illegible] can help mediators settle conflicts in negotiations.



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Bronstein was afraid to make a move, any move, because [illegible] mistake and he was [illegible]

NOON, [illegible] WHO DIDN'T stagger out of the Casino until 4:00 A.M. have now risen to their restorative glasses of hot water, honey, and lemon, taken pills (one color for energy, another for tranquillity), and driven their sagging bodies to the waterside. The action. The Carlton Hotel beach is now littered with baking filmmakers. Rex Reed has been seen. Groucho's arrival is rumored. Harry Saltzman, it is promised, will soon appear. Bronstein, suddenly mindful of his burning belly, rises, shifts to the shelter of his umbrella, and flops down on another mattress. He is now part of a group, among them Bernie Lindman, who ventures, "Hey, what about a remake of *Gone With the Wind*, told from the *shvartzeh* point of view? You know, the slave market, whippings, interracial screwing, the whole *shmear*. Scarlett is kinky."

"Are you making fun of me?" Bronstein demands.

"To tell you the truth, I don't know. I'm not sure. But it's one hell of a market now."

They are joined by Schwartz, who has just been to see *Mona*, a hardcore porn film ending in an orgy: the large screen swollen with closeups of genitalia.

"They're actually showing that stuff in drive-ins now," Schwartz says. "You're looking at it and getting it at the same time. How are you going to top that, baby?"

Like the kangaroo or, more appropriately, perhaps, the blue whale, film producers are now an endangered species. In their beleaguered world, nothing is surefire anymore. Neither a big-budget blockbuster adorned by the most dazzling constellation of stars, nor a cheap but explicit skin flick. The trouble is that nothing is box-office sacred anymore, not even the frontal nude. Gone, gone forever, are the fat years, when to shoot a film, any film, was, for openers, [illegible] $200,000 off the top of the budget.

A diminishing form of wildlife, increasingly starved for sustenance, the independent producers have been driven from traditionally green pastures by television, by the unaccountable tastes of the [illegible] young, and, to an even larger extent, their own stupidity and consuming greed. Through the long cold winter in Rome, Hollywood, Paris, and London, delaying payment on the long-distance phone bill, they have been sustained by miracles proven (last year *The Godfather*, this year *Last Tango in Paris*) and the dizzying dream of connecting in Cannes in May. For if absolutely nothing but chicanery is assured anymore, then the Cannes Film Festival is still where the producers come to spawn in the springtime. Those who can afford it sink into luxury suites in the Carlton, the Majestic, or Antibes' Hôtel du Cap, and the others, the hustlers who flew the Atlantic economy class, toting reels of unsold film under their arms, hunker down in nondescript pensiones. Ostensibly they have all come to watch the films being shown officially at the festival, but actually to reassure each other, spitball, and, above all, buy and sell. And why not? As Gilbert de Goldschmidt, director of Unifrance, the promotional organization for French films, put it, "All through history peasants who have wanted to sell have brought their pigs to market."

More than 400 films are screened during the festival, most of them porn, hard and soft, shown out of prize competition in back-street cinemas, distribution rights readily available. The real marketplace, by common consent, is a Victorian wedding cake of a hotel, the Carlton, baking on the seafront. It spills out of the churning lobby, on to the overflowing terrace, running down to the beach and the yachts moored beyond. The independent producer approaches it armed with hope, appetite, optioned screenplays, and rented starlets; he comes to meet and haggle with distributors, exhibitors, and potential investors from every continent, assuring them, hand over his heart, that he, and he alone, has the biggie going into production, and will surface as next year's *Godfather*'s godfather. Climb on board today, baby, or cry tomorrow.

MORNING AGAIN; and scuttering from table to table are the flacks, dispensing the most coveted luncheon, party, and film invitations to the anointed, shaking disdainfully free of pleading, coat-pulling outsiders. Modishly braless hookers, nipples by Eversharp, are rooted [illegible] and there, the empty coffee cu[illegible] fore them unfailingly lipstick-st[illegible] Occasionally, a cardinal deigns [illegible] pear, say, seemingly benign, c[illegible] Harry Saltzman, begetter [illegible] James Bond films; Saltzman's [illegible] do not dart as he sails between [illegible] raining smiles on acolytes, bl[illegible] less fortunate men. He is imme[illegible] ly embraced by a director w[illegible] official entry in the festival. "[illegible] Saltzman is a great produce[illegible] greatest," he says again and [illegible] "And I don't say that just b[illegible] he's here."

Saltzman, not inclined to dis[illegible] settles into an empty table, w[illegible] for the world, his inheritanc[illegible] come to him; and, within mi[illegible] he is indeed besieged.

"Would you believe," he [illegible] "that it took me twenty minu[illegible] get from the front desk to this [illegible] Everybody stops me, they've [illegible] deal. And within the next half [illegible] just sitting here, I will be o[illegible] stars, scripts, directors, armi[illegible] Yugoslavia, studios in Tel Aviv[illegible] million-dollar co-production [illegible] And at the end of it what will I [illegible] A stack of bills this high; n[illegible] even picks up his own coffee tab[illegible]

Saltzman recognizes these [illegible] economy-minded days, even for [illegible] "I make no more seven-limo [illegible] pictures. You know," he adds, [illegible] ing his head, astonished at hi[illegible] "on the last Bond picture, *I use* [illegible] *own car*."

Which was when Norm Flec[illegible] fringe producer, bore down o[illegible] Flecker endeared himself to me [illegible] ago in London when he took a [illegible] tion on Evelyn Waugh's *Scoop* [illegible] was sufficiently intrepid to co[illegible] sion the novelist to write a s[illegible] treatment of the book for [illegible] Waugh accepted his several thou[illegible] pounds gleefully and, in return, [illegible] Flecker a treatment as comprehe[illegible] as it was unique: the Penguin ed[illegible] of his novel pasted up on poste[illegible] For Flecker, his briefcase bu[illegible] with projects unfulfilled, the Ca[illegible] terrace is that heart-hammering [illegible] chance of the year. All through [illegible] punishing winter he has been hu[illegible] ated and scorned, unable to get [illegible] Warner's front office or even ge[illegible] assistant head of overseas produ[illegible] at MGM on the phone, and now, [illegible] denly look, look everybody's [illegible] on the terrace, tantalizingly vu[illegible] able, unable to hide behind s[illegible]

Uninvited and uninsultable,
n thicker than bear hide, he
in on them one by one.

FIRST CANNES FILM FESTIVAL,
1939, was conceived as a dem-
response to the older festival
ice, then thought to be con-
by Mussolini. It was to be a
ng affair, charged with glam-
GM dispatched a shipload of
n the pre-opening ceremonies,
Shearer and George Raft
in the streets. But the festi-
tually scheduled to open on
ıber 1, 1939, was upstaged by
er, more dramatic production
north—the Nazi invasion of
l—and didn't get under way
until 1946.

ıe serious reputations have
ıade at Cannes, including that
ichelangelo Antonioni, who
l *L'Avventura* there in 1960,
odard, who was there the same
with *Breathless*. Once, stars
adorn the seafront cafés, pur-
verywhere by fans, and fabled
agne-and-caviar parties were
le. In 1956, an unknown starlet
herself at Robert Mitchum,
ng her bikini top, and her
graph, a shocker at the time,
ed round the world. But on last
's beaches topless girls abound-
rdly rating a second glance.

ıere are no more stars, not in
d and accepted sense," said the
al's most seasoned publicist.
ert Redford is here, you know.
ched him sitting on the terrace
aybe an hour and not one per-
ame over to ask for his auto-
."

more stars and, Harry Saltz-
aments, no more showmanship.
as recently as 1969, Common-
n United, a film company
d by Investors Overseas Ser-
—and buried with it—ran
s in and out of Cannes by char-
jet and threw a lavish party for
reds at the casino, presenting all
nen with gold Dunhill lighters
ll the ladies with expensive eve-
bags, one hundred dollars worth
ips thoughtfully tucked inside.
of the ladies, rather sensibly,
t play, but cashed in their chips
ad—a harbinger of things to
, perhaps. For last May most of
parties were distinctly on the
zy side. Nothing more than *vin*
aire and cold fish salad at the



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luncheon for Jeanne Moreau. From United Artists, at their cocktail party, not Beluga caviar but sliced eggs or tomatoes on crackers. MGM didn't entertain, Columbia passed, and Paramount, the Chosen Studio, saw fit to send forth to Cannes only its tabernacles, white-on-black ceiling-high placards mounted on pillars in the Carlton lobby, saying "*The Godfather* is now a phenomenon." So it was left to Samuel Z. Arkoff, the ebullient head of American International Pictures, with *Frogs* jumpin' in nine-house multiples and *Spider Woman* yet to come, to offer a first-class lunch—lobster, filet, and strawberries with cream. "Last year we had more than fifty Arabs here," Arkoff said, "but I didn't invite any this time. I've got nothing against them. But if you sell distribution rights to your film in Lebanon, it ends up playing in Jordan, Libya, and Egypt as well. They're some crowd."

After twenty-five years, the festival differs from a shoe salesmen's convention only in that it is more subdued, without funny hats or door prizes, the money tighter—something even the hookers, who wouldn't accept credit cards, grasped as early as the fifth day, when they abandoned the impecunious producers for the cash-paying sailors of the Sixth Fleet. Of course there's still the competition for the Grand Prix International, but that's no more than window dressing now, like the small cigar store that fronts for the larger bookie's office behind. Yesteryear's glamour was grotesquely parodied last May by the frequent appearance on the beach and on the terrace of a six-foot transvestite, silver-wigged, wearing a frilly bolero, Pucci-type floral slacks, and platform shoes. Encouraged by the *paparazzi*, he pirouetted along the Carlton pier, using it as a model's runway, pausing here and there to mock the poses usually affected by bikini-clad starlets.

PROMINENT ON THE TERRACE at all hours are the so-called distress merchants, those men as grim as they are bronzed, who offer new methods, just this side of usury, of financing films. One of the most thrusting, Alberti, maintains offices in the capitals of three continents. Producers, rejected by all the major studios, come to him with projects. He listens, he nods, he makes notes on his scratch pad. The producer says he's got a director, a star, and a honey of a script, but no money. He must have a million two. Alberti, if he favors the project, phones Athens, Tokyo, Paris, Toronto, and Madrid. From his agents in each country he extracts promissory notes, a guarantee against the rights to distribute the finished film in their territory, say $50,000 from Greece, $100,000 from Japan, and so on. He delivers the notes to the producer, less 18 percent, his cut for raising the money. The producer, grasping the notes in his hot hand, then breaks for the bank, where the notes are usually discounted for another 10 percent. But he's in business, shooting a film. Likely as not, flying over Geneva, he shakes the budget bag, just to see how much will stick to his numbered account, and in the end produces his film for only $900,000. He will charge a year's office overhead, his mistress's new car, his father-in-law's heart specialist, and his son's orthodontia bill to the production. He cajoles his director into taking only $25,000 up front against a whacking share of profits that he knows will never materialize, and his star, if he's French, may work for nothing, acquiring all rights to the film in France in lieu of payment.

Alas, most of the films financed through this method, beginning with *Shalako*, a Western starring Sean Connery and Brigitte Bardot, and running through *The Assassination of Trotsky* with Richard Burton, have done poorly at the box office. Even so, the initial investors, the men who forked out for the territories in advance, were probably in need of a tax write-off. Most likely, they have also visited the sets, and now boast photographs of themselves actually shaking hands with Richard Burton or sitting at the very same table as Brigitte Bardot. Alberti has creamed his 18 percent off the top, the producer is hardly out of pocket, the director and actors have earned something. Everybody's worked.

Another distress merchant, Seigal, a febrile American who lives in London, has succeeded in making a large number of films and selling the territories in advance, but all of them have been critical failures as well as box-office losers. He is grudgingly admired, if only because, as Bronstein put it, he climbs from failure to failure, up the ladder of success. But, if that's the case, he's not the l bit fazed. "I'm a great promote money," he told me. "Each time I put together a very impres package."

"Yes, yes," I protested, "but n of your films has earned money."

"Oh yeah, well look here, ever fore I had my own company, wh was still producing for one of majors, I made two losers in year, big ones, and I still came $450,000 ahead. There's more one way to skin a cat, you know."

The distributors, it must be s do not sit on the Carlton terrace marily to invest in films that ma may not be made, but rather to a finished product. The most as whether they be from South Ame or Greece, are in persistent que a locomotive, a proven box winner, for which they will over if only because it enables the hitch many wagons to it, che bought duds, which they will fe feed to cinema chains who want big one.

Something else. The producer, cheats gleefully, is gleefully swin in turn by most distributors. typical deal, a distributor will b film for, say, Brazil, signing a c for $10,000 against a guaran further $40,000 to come out o ceipts. No sooner has he issued check than he phones his bank puts a stop payment on it. Then on the line to Brazil, he hustles ous cinema chains, trying to off the film he has just purchased. succeeds, making a profit, he wi timately let his check go throug not, not. But the seller knows, out a doubt, that he will never se further $40,000. "Then why do insist on it?" I asked Harry S man.

"Because when he returns t backers, and they shout why did sell so cheap, what's $10,000 for zil, he says yes, but look, there' other forty to come. He take contract to the bank and uses forty for collateral. They'll adv him more money against it to fi his next film. And the secret o business is to have a new film on the floor before your last dis has been released. That way yo go on for years."

Such convoluted dealings ar pecially demanding of the fled filmmaker, but some make it, a them the young Canadian direct

ibal Girls ("They eat men!"), h he sold before the festival was Buck Dane, London production of an American exploitation company, walked out, disgusted, twenty minutes' viewing, but he ned another day with Samuel Z. off, who bought American distri- on rights.

Let me tell you," Dane said, t kid is something. He sat with off, an old pro. The boy's only ears old. He talked grosses, per- ages, cooperative advertising, r giving an inch. Those things don't learn at school in Toronto. film is awful, but he'll go far. wait and see."

INALLY, THERE WERE SOME stars in Cannes last May, the real Mc- , but they were all grand old men, e of whom had films showing in petition: John Huston, Groucho, Alfred Hitchcock. No sooner did ton loom on the terrace, a com- ing, craggy-faced man in a white ri suit, pursued by celebrity- ved photographers, than lesser thrust themselves at him, smil- not at the director, but into the tographer's flashing bulbs, only ave their faces clipped out of the t morning's *Nice-Matin.*

Late one night I ran into a screen- ter at the Carlton bar. "Listen e," he said, "even if they do go to settes, somebody will still have to duce, direct, and write them, n't you think?"

On the last day of the festival, er most people had scattered, a gly girl, young, but far from pret- suddenly shed her bikini top— mingly crazed—and raced to and , to and fro, on the Carlton pier the benefit of the remaining pho- graphers, no more than two or ee.

Even as the billboards and sales oths began to come down, carpen- s hammering everywhere, Bron- in, his nose peeling, finally con- cted. He made a deal. He slipped waiter ten francs and in return col- cted a wad of bar bills with which pad his expense account. I had n into him earlier at the official ench gala, where wristwatches had en presented to all the ladies. He id passed in and out of the recep- on twice, coming away with a watch ch time. All in all, he wasn't flying f empty-handed. □

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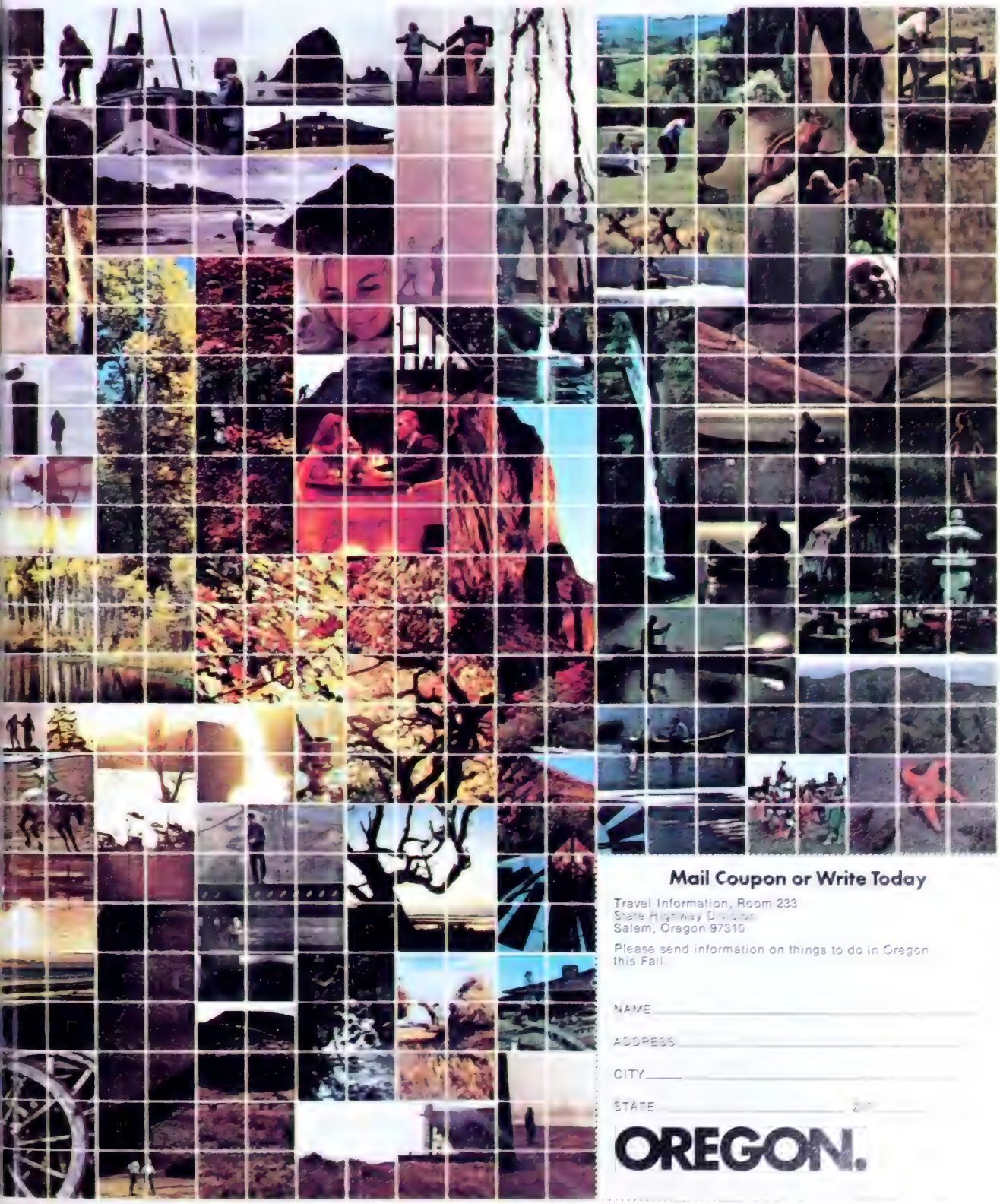
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is H. Lapham

IE TEMPTATION OF A SACRED COW

he wilderness of the Watergate investigation The Press encounters sin of pride

OR THE TIME BEING the satisfactions of the Watergate scandal have interrupted the comnt about intimidations of the press. The on Administration has been discovered in its uity, and the newspapers rejoice in daily ofs of anything that might contribute to the bration of its public ruin. In part the press ghts in the spectacle because it seems to onstrate the truth of what much of the press been saying for so long about Mr. Nixon's ersion of constitutional government. It is a sant thing to behold the coming to pass of omised misery (even if that misery requires pouring of slops on a man's own head), and cannot quarrel with the festival of gleeful congratulation.

But I am fearful that the euphoria of prizeng will be inflated into a delusion of moral ndeur. As a first sign of its impending folly n imagine the press being tempted to revive requests for immunity and further privilege. ose demands were presented to Congress last ing in the form of testimony advocating what been described as a shield law. The press a history of giving way to its temptations, I expect it will use the Watergate investigan as a pretext to renew its passionate lament. sumably the argument will take the following e: "If it were not for a vigorous press, then Nixon Administration would have escaped deserved punishments; what therefore is eded is an even more vigorous press, one that nains forever safe from the bullying of govment." The editorialist will go on to conuct a metaphor in which he portrays the press knight errant rescuing the virginity of the public from the dark lust of H. R. Haldeman. I can think of few things more injurious to th ess than the passage of a shield law, whether absolute or qualified form. When I read the clarations of journalists justifying the need r such a law I am reminded of convicts buildg the gallows from which they will hang. The law strikes me as foolish because the testimony advanced in its behalf depends on a romantic or mythological idea of the press. I take it as axiomatic that laws passed for reasons of mythology lead to effects confirming the worst fears of their most ardent proponents.

I have worked in various sectors of the press for seventeen years, and I have become wary of the local iconography and of the enthusiasts who talk about "the people's right to know." The slogans of the trade resound with the same hollowness as the slogans of any other profession (members of the New York Stock Exchange speak of "the people's capitalism"), and I no longer entertain, in the phrase of de Tocqueville, that "complete attachment to the liberty of the press which is wont to be excited by things that are supremely good in their nature."

The existence of any press, whether free or enslaved, also gives rise to a number of evils, among them a debasement of the language and the construction of a papier-mâché reality that becomes plausible only in times of national calamity. City editors give thanks for news of shipwreck and prominent suicide, and the press must always be said to welcome a declaration of war.

Even so, and despite all that can be said or proved about the viciousness of the press, I am addicted to newspapers, and I continue to believe that a belligerent and unruly press raises the best defense against the abuses available to the present system of American government. My objection to the shield law is that its enactment would encourage the press in its most cowardly instincts and so disembowel it. The demand for such a law troubles me because I think that it proceeds from an inwardly admitted weakness rather than from a publicly proclaimed strength. I also think that a good many people in the press, far from being intimidated, seek a high-sounding excuse with which to relinquish a freedom that has become both too difficult and too expensive to sustain.

Lewis H. Lapham was a reporter for the San Francisco Examiner *and the* New York Herald Tribune; *he later wrote for* The Saturday Evening Post, Life, *and* Harper's.

Lewis H. Lapham

THE TEMPTATION OF A SACRED COW

The wellsprings of news

THE LAW NOW IN QUESTION has to do with a reporter's right to protect the sources of his information. The advocates of an absolute shield law argue that reporters should not be required to divulge any source of any information (whether published or unpublished) to investigative agencies of any kind, whether grand juries, courts, executive commissions, or the Congress.* The prevailing opinion holds that if the authorities can force reporters to disclose the sources of their information, then those sources will wither away like the flowers of the desert, and the public will be denied the information necessary to the conduct of a democracy. The argument assumes that the protected source of information works to the advantage of the press and so assists the free circulation of the ne

My own experience supports an exactly o site conclusion. The protection of an infor source works to the advantage of the source hibiting the circulation of any news that not enhance the self-importance of the man culating it. More often than not the reporter agrees to deal in protected information t forms himself into a press agent. The conten that sources of news will wither away seem me exaggerated. Few news stories of any co quence (to anybody other than reporters or people entangled in the narrative) depend o unknown source. James McCord decides to what he knows about Watergate, and his fession has an effect because he can be nam So also for the ship sinkings, the collaps money markets, the onslaught of war, the los a world series. If bureaucrats and politic were deprived of the convenience of speak off the record, they might learn to speak in p words.

Contrary to fond expectations, the pas of a shield law would concede additional thority to those people whom the press cho to identify as its enemies. Anybody who do this has only to consider the present re ing of the Watergate investigations. So m journalists have reported so many statem attributed to unspecified sources (most of w must be assumed to be lying in their own terest) that the truth of the matter has b willfully distorted. The resulting confu serves the purpose of the men hoping to ex themselves from blame and criminal convicti

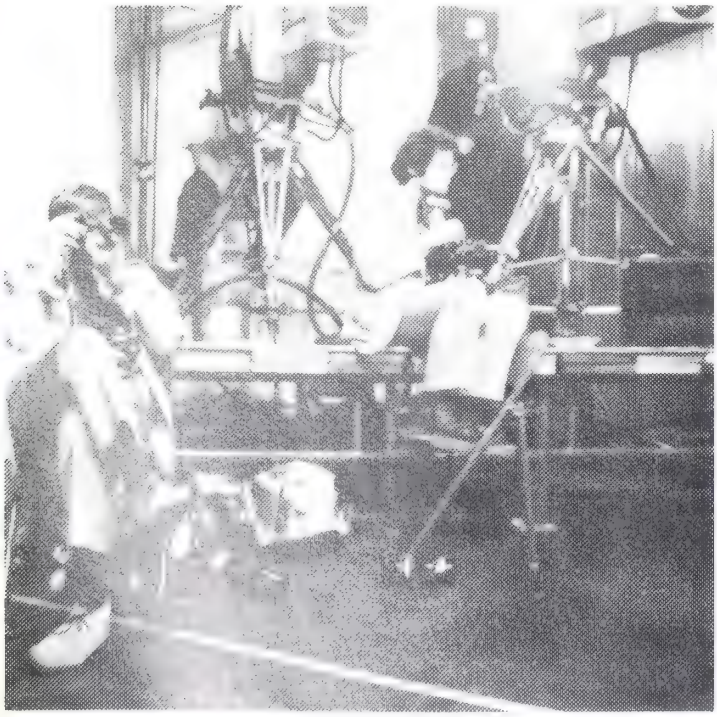
* A bill drafted by an ad hoc committee formed under the aegis of the American Newspaper Publishers Association reads as follows:

"No person shall be required to disclose in any federal or state proceeding either:

1. The source of any published or unpublished information obtained in the gathering, receiving, or processing of information for any medium of communication to the public, or

2. Any unpublished information obtained or prepared in gathering, receiving, or processing of information for any medium of communication to the public."

The ad hoc committee included representatives of the ANPA, the American Society of Newspaper Editors, the Newspaper Guild, the National Association of Broadcasters, the American Civil Liberties Union, the *New York Times*, *Newsweek*, ABC, NBC, and CBS.





Jason L

present debate about the First Amend- began to gather an audience about a year when, in June of 1972, the Supreme Court d at what has come to be known as the ell decision. Earl Caldwell, a reporter e *New York Times*, had spent much of within the councils of the Black Panther ization. Eventually he published an ac- in which he mentioned having seen an al of automatic weapons. This was under- to be an ominous sight, and the FBI asked ell to disclose what else he knew about the Panthers. It will be remembered that 1968 lso the year of the Chicago riots and Bobby edy's assassination, and even the most sen- people in the country had begun to stum- nto the abyss of paranoia. (The mood of noia later assumed the dimensions of an mic, infecting not only the press, which to imagine itself suppressed by an illegal rnment, but also the Nixon Administration, h came to imagine itself surrounded by an- sts and agents provocateurs.)

LDWELL SUBSEQUENTLY REFUSED to testify efore a grand jury that had been summoned vestigate the rumor of an attempt to assas- e President Nixon. Four years later the eme Court denied his claim to protection r the First Amendment; in the same deci- the Court also denied the claim of Paul zburg, a reporter for the *Louisville Courier- nal* who had written a story about his two in a factory that refined hashish. Branz- burg declined to name the people who had been manufacturing the drug, and the Court declined "to seriously entertain the notion that the First Amendment protects a newsman's right to conceal the criminal conduct of his sources." Throughout the rest of 1972 other courts and jurisdictions attempted to force information from unwilling reporters, a few of whom, refusing to comply with the subpoenas, went briefly to jail.*

"The press grossly exaggerated its harassment, and for the most part was frightened by its own editorials."

BUT THE PRESS GROSSLY EXAGGERATED the harassment, and for the most part I think it was frightened by its own editorials. Even so mild-mannered a man as Walter Cronkite was led to envision a government conspiracy. He subsequently regretted the vision, and several months later, remembering his real rather than his ill sory interests, he repudiated it. The general clamory nevertheless brought forth Congressional hearings on the First Amendment, and in the fall of last year the emissaries of the press began traveling to Washington to petition for a law granting them much the same kind of executive privilege that they so forcibly condemned when it was claimed by the operatives in Mr. Nixon's discredited White House. (Delusions of moral grandeur can descend upon people of

* The most celebrated arrest was that of William Farr, a reporter for the *Los Angeles Examiner* who published a fragment of evidence in the Manson trial. The fragment amounted to little more than hearsay, and Farr published it in direct violation of a court order.





Lewis H. Lapham

THE TEMPTATION OF A SACRED COW

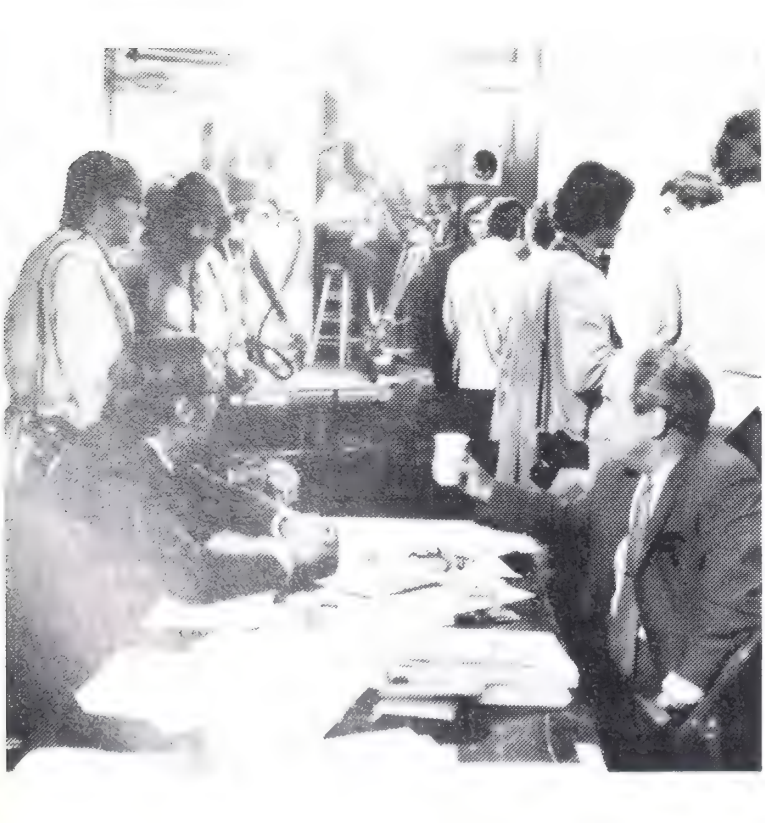
contrary political beliefs, but usually they result in similar unhappiness.[*]

The first series of hearings took place in the House, before a subcommittee under the direction of Robert Kastenmeier (D-Wisc.), and then in the spring of this year the hearings were resumed in both Kastenmeier's subcommittee and in Sam Ervin's Senate Judiciary Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights.

What was peculiar about the hearings was the unanimity of opinion expressed by so many people with divergent interests. A few journalists argued against the need for immunity of any kind, among them Clark Mollenhoff of the *Des Moines Register* and Benjamin Bradlee of the *Washington Post*, but the majority of witnesses testified in favor of an absolute shield law.[**] They counted among their number not only William Farr and Peter Bridge (another journalist who had been jailed for refusing to divulge information) but also the American Newspaper Publishers Association, Governor Nelson Rockefeller of New York, the managing editor of the *New York Times*, and the management of CBS.

The press and the government have a way of validating one another's paranoia. Mr. Cronkite's conspiracy parallels Mr. Agnew's conspiracy.

[**] To date at least fifty-two bills have been introduced in both the Senate and the House, a few of them presumably sponsored by politicians anxious to placate the makers of publicity. All the pending bills apply to federal jurisdictions, and they propose various degrees of immunity from judicial, legislative, and executive proceedings. The most enthusiastic advocates of an absolute shield law favor the idea of a federal law supplanting the statutes that now grant partial immunities in eighteen states.



Publishers have little in common with reporte and their appearance on the same side of argument, particularly an argument addres to a matter of conscience, should have enco aged somebody to ask a wretched question—h comes it that the self-proclaimed spokesmen the oppressed find themselves aligned with oppressors? Nobody asked the question becat the answer to it requires the doing of violer to a precious illusion.

The romantic view of the press, much adv tised at banquets and award ceremonies, fav the image of the reporter as the man against system. The press as a whole stands as the wat dog of the Republic, tireless and ferocious in pacing to and fro on the ramparts of freedo The testimonial speeches then go on to expl how the press never slackens in its search injustice, how it keeps the politicians honest a protects the poor from the cruel capriciousn of the rich. The speeches describe the myth logical press.

The real press must be understood as an stitution, no more or less courageous than a other institution in the country. Most of the ne transmitted to the American public trav through the major instruments of the media These are large corporations organized on b reaucratic principles, and they do not suff gladly the consequences of quixotic gesture grant that the American press is as free as a press in the world, but it remains subject to t usual restrictions—the laws of libel, the ec nomics of the advertising business, the pre dices of its editors, and the interests of owners. Reporters who do not become part the system soon find themselves writing nove

The real press discovers injustice largely accident, often for reasons having to do with t news space available in an early edition. D gruntled politicians wander into newspap offices with the evidence that will incrin nate their enemies, or a systems analyst belie ing himself to be the messiah appears with doc ments stolen from the Department of Defens The real press seldom concerns itself with t routine injustices committed by the people wh own the wealth of the country (for the logic reason that the same people also own the press If it must be compared to a watchdog, then th

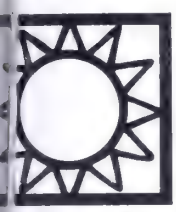
[*] As much as 90 percent of the news that reach the American public arrives through the channels the two wire services (AP and UPI), the three ne works (CBS, NBC, and ABC), Time, Inc. (*Tim Fortune, Sports Illustrated*, etc.), the Washingt Post Syndicate (which owns *Newsweek*), the Ne York Times Syndicate, and possibly the Knig and Newhouse newspapers. The managers of the enterprises could sit quite comfortably around a sma table in a small room. The history of the newspap business over the past few years has been one of m nopolistic combinations. In 1970 the ANPA succeed in its Congressional lobbying for a limited exempti from the antitrust laws.

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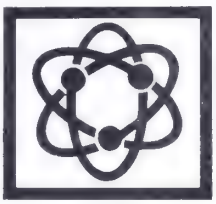
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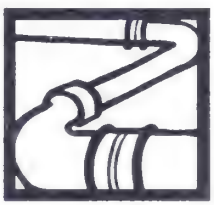
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NUCLEAR

Promising but slow in developing. Atomic power *may be* our best bet in years to come. Now? No. Nuclear power today contributes less than one per cent of U.S. energy.



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Bethlehem BETHLEHEM STEEL

Lewis H. Lapham

THE TEMPTATION OF A SACRED COW

...ology should be imagined as one bred to recognize only the most obvious kind of thief. The press pulls furiously at its chain when it finds a politician stealing a few thousand dollars, but it dozes quietly in its corner when confronted with a pharmaceutical firm selling medicines at a profit of 1,500 percent. The idea of injustice that prevails in the press invariably assumes the ritual form of a morality play. A few stock characters (district attorneys, bank robbers, politicians, jewel thieves, detectives, etc.) perform variations on the Fall from Eden. The play insists on premeditated wrongdoing, and so it cannot accommodate itself to the ambiguities of business, medicine, diplomacy, literature, or science. Consider the indifference of the press toward poverty, hunger, the iniquities of the tax laws, or prisons on days when nobody riots.

ONLY ON RARE OCCASIONS will the press publicly question the substance of an official statement. If the statement can be attributed to a man or organization with the appropriate credentials, then the press is content to publish even the most fraudulent nonsense. The Mayor of New York, for instance, may issue a statement that he knows to be fantastic. The reporter recognizes it as fantasy (at best a plausible hope or remote possibility) and so does the editor, who expects eventual denials and more extreme fantasies. And yet the statement appears emblazoned on the front page of the next day's newspaper, dutifully transcribed according to the orthodoxy of "objective" journalism. The press falls into this habit not so much by choice as by necessity. It is too difficult and expensive to deny the statement by means of independent inquiry, and the press dislikes being made to look ridiculous.

Itself a bureaucracy, the press retains a conventional faith in bureaucratic paper. Many reporters resent this humiliation, but they comfort themselves with the hope of earthquake and fire. Much of the news therefore takes the form of official statements slightly revised to meet the expectations of the marketplace. Thus the grudging revision of press releases, press conferences, trial transcripts, sworn testimony, predictions from competent authorities, and, beyond all else, statements from government officials. The government and the press entertain inflated opinions of one another, and each flatters the other by exaggerating the importance of their mutual interests.

When arguing in favor of a shield law, however, the petitioners for immunity prefer to talk about justice and the police. They mention reporters who have found innocent men in prison ...who have gathered evidence of municipal ... But these stories account for an extremely ...d percentage of the news. The investigations conducted in 26-point type seldom lead ... victions and almost never to substantive ... Neither are they intended to do so. Th... can accomplish its purpose when it com... self to a prolonged assault (as it has do... the Watergate affair), but for the most ... rests content with a headline and a two-d... sation. I can conceive of an instance in wh... protected source of information might c... ute something of value to the communi... distinct from something of value to the rep... and I also can conceive of a need to prote... a man from an attempt on his life. Bu... occasions are rare.

Credulous an...

THE VAST MAJORITY OF SOURCES who ... press seeks to protect have nothing to d... the administration of justice. Mostly the ... government officials. By seeking to p... them, the press hopes to confer legitima... the practices that already supply it wit... bulk of its news. The customary practic... best be illustrated by a gloss on the news ... Washington. The aspiring correspondent ... himself asked to dinner in Georgetown ... undersecretary of Defense.* They remark ... the weather and exchange the required g... about the provincialism of New York. Event... the talk veers around to the affairs of state ... the undersecretary discourses at some l... about a shift of policy in the Middle East. ... correspondent doesn't take notes. He ha... come accustomed to small intrigues, an... knows that the undersecretary expects hi... publish, without attribution, an abridged r... of the conversation. A few days later, prefe... in the context of a coup d'etat in Saudi Ar... the story receives prominent display in the ... respondent's newspaper. The correspondent ... tributes his information to a "high governm... source," and he knows enough to omit any ... erence that might embarrass or identify the ... dersecretary. Neither does he pursue, eithe... print or by further questions, all the implicat... of the story. He wishes to retain the dub... confidence of his source, and for the time b... he has accomplished his purpose. Only in an... direct and subsidiary way does his purpose h... anything to do with "the people's right to kno... The correspondent has been rewarded with ... name in the paper, praise from his editors, ... envy of his peers, and the comfortable as... ance that he enjoys access to the wellspring...

* Not by a deputy in the Veterans Administra... or the Department of Agriculture. Only a few gov... ment agencies possess the glamour necessary to c... mand space in the paper (Defense, State, the W... House, possibly the Treasury and Justice Dep... ments); the rest of the government happily g... about its business in the obscurity of a back room...

eople either ask for Beefeater,
or they ask for gin.

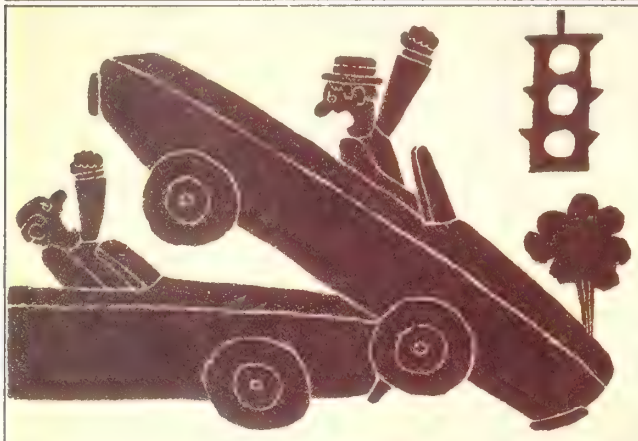


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You get *action* with Ætna

al power. Correspondents do not sell lves for money. They come to imagine ey have a distinctive voice in the affairs e, and I have known them to make gro- sacrifices in order to preserve that most ve of illusions. They become so closely ied with the offices to which they are as- that they no longer remember their own of view.

undersecretary also has advanced what- tratagem he had in mind. He may have the story in order to conceal a subterfuge kind or another, or to discredit a rival icrat within his own sphere of administra- terest, or possibly to disarm an antagonist pitol Hill. He may have invented the entire is in order to assess public support for a le line of action. Sometimes the corre- ent can guess the motives of his source, ometimes he can be utterly fooled. Both ilities implicate him in a deception.

s is the practice that the press now wants nctify with the authority of the First dment. It thus confounds itself with para- nd contradiction. Ostensibly for the rea- reporting more information, the press de- s the privilege to remain silent. In the name freedom of the press, it stands willing to lon honesty, rigorous inquiry, simplicity nguage, the protection of the Fifth and Amendments, and the mechanism of Under the guise of pursuing a secret to its st end, it condones a game of intrigue and ernment ruled by hints and whispers.

e protected source of information takes no and neither does the reporter who gives nce to his tale. If a man takes no risk, then is the worth of his opinions? What is to nt the source from distorting the news to rm to his own interest? What is to prevent eporter from disguising his own passionate on as revealed truth? I understand why re- rs want to engage in these trades, and I am athetic to their desire. The people who suc- in the press do so because they have a t for improvisation and because they learn ay at politics with the deftness of courtiers. learn what constitutes news, what sells papers, what stories advance their ambi- It is a hazardous business, and the rewards extremely uncertain. Few people attain the ience of James Reston or Joseph Alsop, and majority of lesser figures cannot hope for er money or reputation. They leave nothing osterity, and it is the evanescence of their ess that condemns them to an almost con- t state of credulous anxiety.

ut the practices described in the foregoing graphs all work to the advantage of the man ributing the information. The reporter finds self playing the government's game (at ch the bureaucrat always remains more of an adept than the reporter), and he comes to depend on what might be called the "soft" virtues of journalism—contacts, invitations to the right parties, an acquaintance with headwaiters. The source of information can always find a reporter eager to come to dinner, but it isn't so easy the other way around. The more the secrecy, the more the balance of power shifts in favor of the bureaucrat. How can a reporter challenge a man he cannot name? The public, in whose interest the press supposedly asks for privileges, soon would find itself without the means to refute government testimony. Neither would Congress have access to an unknown cloud of witnesses. The substance of power would remain with the bureaucrat, the appearances of power with the press. (The extravagant circumstances of the Watergate investigation have engendered equally extravagant propositions from Washington correspondents. In return for some accurate information, they offer to report inaccurate information that might be helpful to the attorney or conspirator who agrees to make a deal.)

"Having discovered economics and lost the valor of its ignorance, the press appears before Congress as suppliant and abashed truant."

A longing for hierarchy

SO MUCH FOR MY PRINCIPAL ARGUMENT against the passage of a shield law. The argument seems to me to gain further coherence from two subsidiary effects that also imply a constriction rather than an enlargement of the news. The first of these has to do with the public attitude toward the press. That attitude is not amicable. I assume that the Watergate disclosures will inflame rather than quiet suspicion of a press that too gloatingly rejoices in the dismantling of the Nixon Administration.

To some extent the widespread antipathy toward the press arises from a misperception. The present generation of journalists cherishes social and intellectual affectations that would have provoked their forebears to harsh laughter. If a man has been graduated from Harvard, if he tries to keep up with the newest dances and the prettiest people, if he imagines himself conducting spacious discourse on the fateful issues of the day, then he doesn't like to be reminded of his resemblance to a hired footpad. The educated journalist unfortunately acquires the habit of self-doubt. His profession doesn't require the thorough knowledge of a specific discipline (as do the professions of law and medicine), and so the literate journalist feels uneasy with his pretensions to omniscience. He can disguise his uneasiness in one of two ways, either with a glib assurance that can be mistaken for arrogant disdain, or by a fanciful prose style that conceals his lack of information. The latter technique obliges the author to write about his own perceptions of things rather than about the things themselves.

Lewis H. Lapham

THE TEMPTATIONS OF A SACRED COW

During the latter years of the 1960s the various anxieties of the press congealed into a pervasive righteousness. The loss of the Vietnam war brought forth obsessive excuses, and a number of journalists, together with an equivalent number of generals, came to imagine that they were better fitted to govern the nation than the men elected to political office. The press began to believe in the immaculate conception of its own virtue. The assumption of moral authority infected the reporting of other events, and the press gradually cast itself in the role of a secular clergy.

Most people might have been willing to accept this in good grace if the press had made the slightest show of giving heed to its own pieties. But it continued to sell indulgences, to shove microphones into the faces of dying men, to acquiesce to the advertising interests, to insist on its own privileges without conceding comparable privileges to anybody else, to consider itself beyond question or reproach. None of which is surprising or damnable, but it is ill-becoming in those who would anoint themselves with the oil of sanctimony. I find something unconvincing about journalists who have been persuaded to think of themselves as nightclub entertainers and who agree to set forth on the quest for truth only after they have received large promises of money.

The assumed hierarchy of the press led to embarrassing contradictions during this year's testimony before Congress. Almost everybody demanded immunity, but nobody could agree as to who qualifies as a bona fide agent of the press. Does immunity extend to anybody with a pencil and a rude question? To pornographers and the merchants of Tuesday sensations? Most witnesses answered such questions with shocked indignation, as if news reporting were an occupation that demanded exemplary ethics. They talked about "legitimate" practitioners of the trade, and the bias implicit in their testimony suggested that legitimacy adheres primarily to those employed by the larger and wealthier establishments.

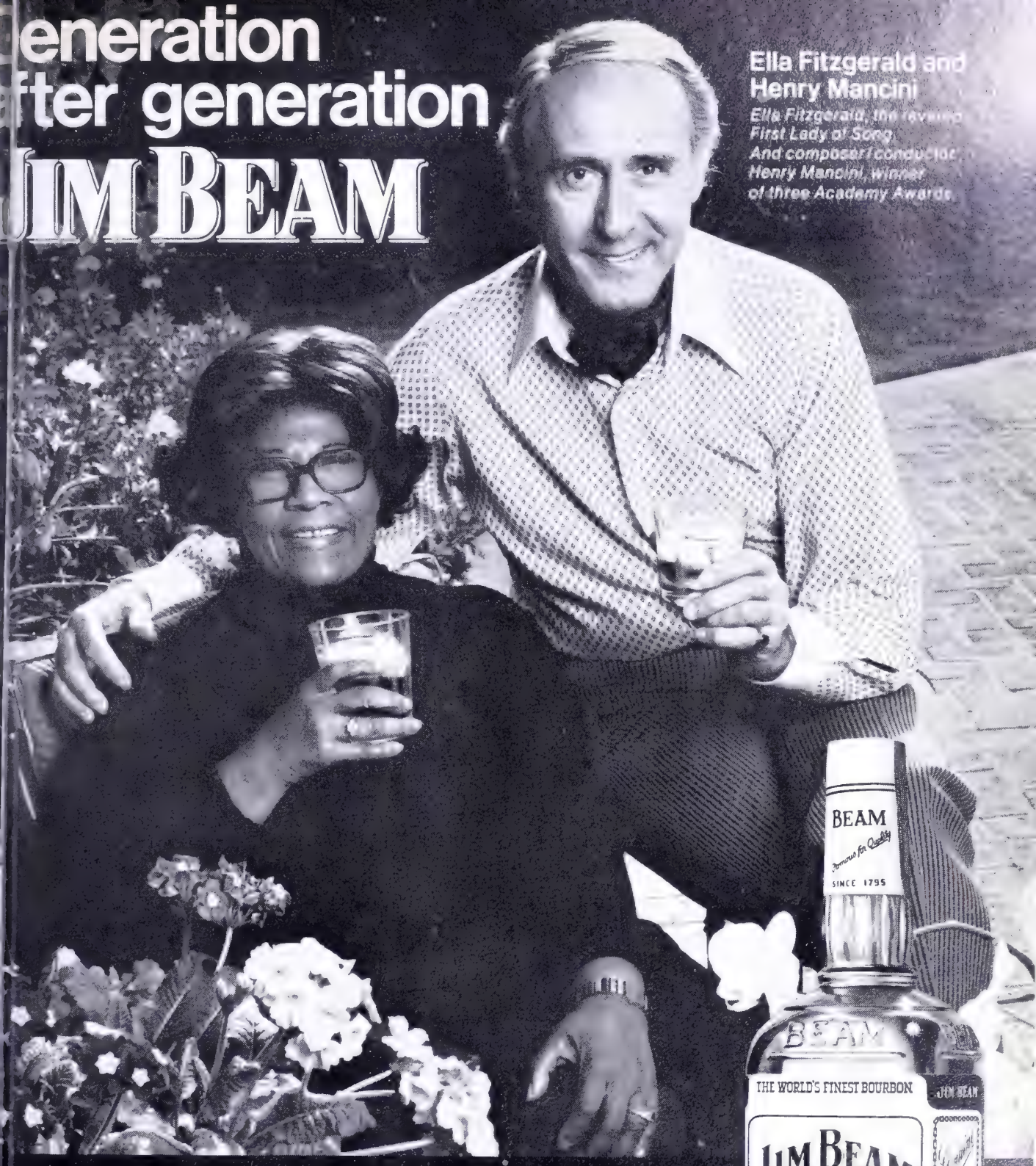
The hierarchical longing within the press compounds the mistrust of people outside the press, and I expect that an immunity law would exacerbate both conditions. Too many people would consider an immunity law too patently unfair; it would violate their sense of the democratic rules, and so I assume that fewer people would consent to talk to reporters. The press would acquire a quasi-bureaucratic status, identified with the government and talking mostly to itself and to other bureaucrats. The more of a profession that it became, the more it would discourage the membership of rowdy amateurs. As with other professions, the custodians of success would encourage the promotion of people diligently second-rate.

The press as suppl

A THIRD ARGUMENT AGAINST the passage shield law has to do with the Congressi attitude toward the press. What the Con grants, so also can the Congress take a Whatever law the Congress passes certainly be less forthright than the categorical simpl of the First Amendment. The kind of thing seems likely to happen, if not this year then or three years hence, already has been hi at by Sen. Edward Gurney of Florida. member of the subcommittee listening to testimony of the press, the Senator indicat willingness to endorse an immunity law were granted on two conditions, i.e., that present libel laws be changed in a way tha solves a public figure from the necessit proving "actual malice," and that the Con establish a "truth in news" commission wit authority to force the media to correct its rors. If either of these suggestions were t embodied into law they could wreak far n havoc with the freedom of the press than an the harassments now available to even the zealous censors. Once the Congress arrogat itself the right of interpreting the First Am ment, I can imagine it deciding to awar censes, not only to newspapers and maga but also to individual journalists. If the Amendment becomes subject to legislative oration, then why not the rest of the Bi Rights?

The more thoughtful people in the press s ly must recognize the treacherous nature o Congressional alliance; so also they must n the resentment of the general public. They suspect that both factions could combin limit the freedom of the press, and yet they themselves herded along by the majority of colleagues who cry out for an immunity la is a cry of alarmed mice. Having discov economics and lost the valor of its ignora the press appears before Congress as suppl and abashed truant. It has learned that exercise of the First Amendment requires only a great deal of work but also a great of money. Most reporters don't want to do work, and few of the owners want to spend money. It is this coincidence that explains otherwise baffling presence of Peter Bridge William Farr testifying on the same side of argument as the American Newspaper Publ ers Association and the management CBS. The gathering of information can b tedious process, but the relevant facts can found if a man will search diligently eno among the available records, if he will talk sufficient number of people, and if he will w out the implications of his evidence. As earl 1962 the catastrophe of the Vietnam war

eneration
fter generation
JIM BEAM



The year Ella Fitzgerald recorded her first hit record, the classic "A-Tisket, A-Tasket," an unknown Henry Mancini was playing first flute in his jr. high school band in Aliquippa, Pennsylvania.

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86 PROOF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO., CLERMONT, BEAM, KENTUCKY

become apparent to journalists writing in *The Nation* and *The New Republic*; they had studied such uncongenial documents as the federal budget and the *Congressional Record*, and they had taken the trouble to infer the consequences of the national policy at a time when most agents of the major media still were rewriting the press releases published by the White House and the Pentagon. The few notable exceptions involved themselves in bitter disputes with their editors. But that kind of arduous study confers neither money nor celebrity on a man ambitious to rise through the bureaucratic ranks of the *New York Times* or CBS News. It is much easier and far more profitable to acquire information from a few telephone conversations with a "highly placed administration source" or from notes taken over a leisurely lunch at the Federal City Club. People who spend too much time on any one subject incline to get lost in the labyrinth of their special information; they become obsessed, and their names seldom appear in the paper. They lose the easygoing triteness of phrase that marks the successful generalist, and what they have to say doesn't conform to the bland formulas of a Sunday newspaper column or a television talk show.

The hesitations of the media owners need little elaboration. Again, there are exceptions, but very few. Most owners know that their product is the audience delivered to the advertiser, and the larger audience repeatedly demonstrates its lack of interest in anything other than entertainment. Libel suits tend to be long and costly. Even if the plaintiff has no expectation of proving his case, he can still make an expensive nuisance of himself.

THE PRESS THUS APPEALS to Congress for one of two reasons, both of them disappointing. Either the press secretly welcomes the prospect of government regulation, or it makes the pathetic mistake of a movie actress who comes to believe her own publicity notices.

The first hypothesis depends on a recognition of the intensity with which the press desires the legitimacy of a social caste. It is this longing that I find implicit in the ceaseless comparing of journalists to doctors, lawyers, or priests. The analogies fail (unlike any of the others the journalist retains the right to withhold information on no authority other than his own discretion), but they suggest the wish for definition as a spirituality. The longing becomes so desperate that the press offers to renounce its freedom in return for a secure pulpit and an established name. The hypothesis contains within it the tacit assumption that "the system" has emerged triumphant, that it has become impossible for even the most reckless politician to effect the miracle of social change. Thus the press remains content to preach, to pass noisy but futile judgment, to beg its living from its institutional benefactors.

The second hypothesis follows from an understanding of the romanticism of the press. The press earnestly wants to believe in the validity of its own images, to believe that the melodramatic world of its own invention bears some resemblance to the world of fact. It begins by wanting to believe that this is the best of all possible worlds, that love conquers all, that Presidents read the editorial page, and that, as in Virginia, there is an informed public opinion. When these images fall into disrepair, as in the decade of the 1960s, the press becomes as vengeful as a child among its broken toys. Once disillusioned, the press will believe anything, preferably the worst that can be said of its former idols. The bitterness of its unrequited infatuation explains the more or less abrupt reputation of the America advertised on postcards. Instead of the benign shepherd protecting the flock of innocents, America becomes the ravenous wolf of imperialism. Suddenly it is the worst of all possible worlds, love is for fools, and Santa Claus is found dead in a toilet. Having replaced one mythology with another one of equal banality, the press can still play at making drama and so restore vivid light and shadow to a world of gray ambiguity.

The romanticism of the press reminds me of a dreaming woman enthralled by her reflection in a trick mirror. The mirror flatters her vanity and allows her to imagine herself more beautiful than Cleopatra or Snow White. Deceived by images, she fails to recognize herself and misunderstands both her faults and her virtues. Like the princess in a fairy tale, the press wants to be rescued from its enemies instead of confronting them with its natural viciousness.

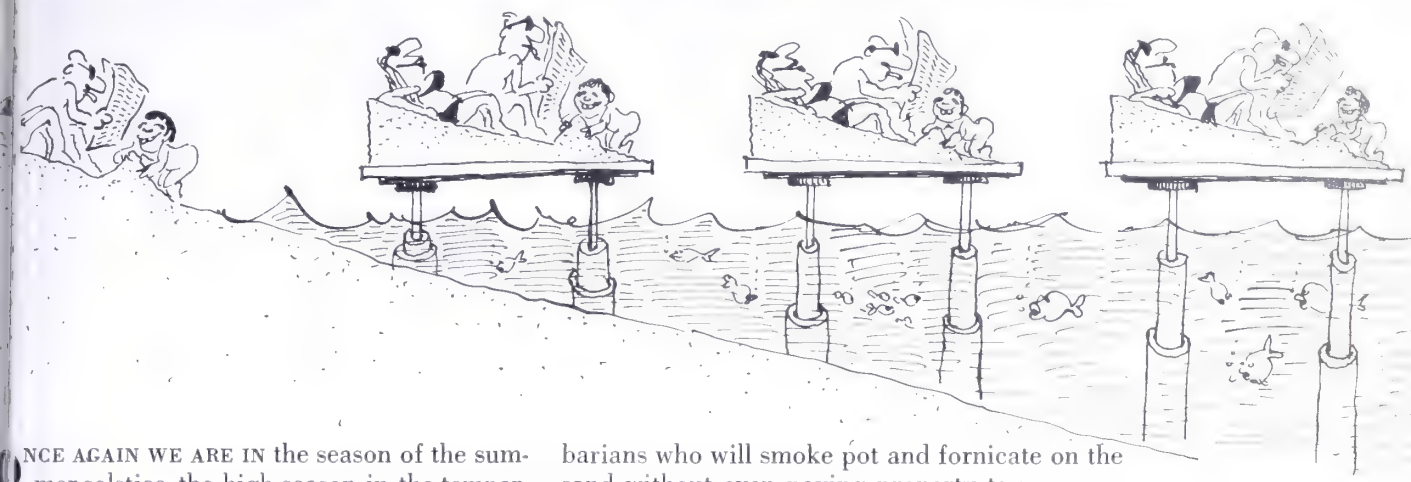
Anybody who has followed the argument this far will know that I think of the press as a necessary affliction rather than as a sublime good. But it is necessary precisely because it is an affliction, by reason of its ugliness rather than its imagined beauty. It is necessary for exactly those reasons that require of it little understanding and less compassion, no sense of aesthetics, and the gall of a coroner. Those are the attributes that give strength and meaning to the press. Its courage resides in its plurality and in its resemblance to a mob in the street.

All this has been demonstrated by the Watergate news, and all of it will again be forgotten if the press uses Watergate as an excuse to plead for immunity. The press betrays itself when it tries to be "creative," when it attempts diplomacy, or when it seeks to imitate the decorous rhythms of Gregorian chant. Its pretensions leech the blood out of it and make it easy prey for those who would gag its mouth with cinnamon and apples.

hony Wolff

E SHALL FIGHT THEM ON THE BEACHES..

ween low tide and high tide falls the shadow (or substance) of free public access



NCE AGAIN WE ARE IN the season of the summer solstice, the high season in the temperzone, when all mankind heads for the beach. e flesh and desiccated spirits yearn to be retised. In this ecumenical rite we are a nation undamentalists: nothing less than total imsion in salt water will redeem us.

nevitably, however, the pilgrimage turns an ordeal. The mass migration to the beach s stalled in a summer-long traffic jam that dens into an unmoving mass of hot metal l boiling frustration on the weekends. There simply too many people heading for too le beach at the same time.

On holidays, many spend the day oozing ng the coast from one public beach to the t in a vain search for a parking place. The ky ones end up herded together on the sand e seals in a rookery, oiled and broiling in lecent proximity to the whole population they sumably came so far to get away from.

More and more, increasingly leisured and bile Americans seem to expect access to the ach as something corollary to a constitutional ht. But, with 50 percent of us living within y miles of a coast, the public beaches are aldy inadequate to the demand. Even so, the vernment further incites the public lust for seashore by building better highways and tampering with traditional holidays to prog summer weekends.

In the face of this growing demand—indeed, gely in response to it—the supply of beach en to the public is shrinking even further. ivate beach owners and municipalities enwed with town beaches—even those that have ways been permissive about peaceable tresss—are in arms against an imminent invaon. At best, they foresee masses of alien refues from the urban prison. At worst, they fear grant hordes of freeloading, long-haired barbarians who will smoke pot and fornicate on the sand without even paying property taxes.

So everywhere more and more underpopulated beachfront is posted against trespass and patrolled by intolerant gendarmes. Landlords extend walls or fences across their dry-sand beaches to the waterline. Elaborate security systems restrict municipal beaches to town residents: official windshield stickers are required at parking lots, while nearby roadside parking is prohibited. More liberal towns charge nonresidents parking fees as high as $15 for a single visit. Pedestrian access to the beach is secured by plastic-laminated ID cards or numbered dog tags or bracelets. "Our facilities are already overcrowded and overutilized," complained an official of one Long Island county last summer. "We have all we can do to preserve the best facilities for our own residents."

A struggle over sand

THIS ANNUAL SUMMER IMPASSE is developing into a confrontation between the public and the proprietors, who are determined to hold their private beaches for themselves. The real struggle over the beaches, however, is taking place away from the sand, in the courts and legislatures of almost every coastal state.

On the map, the simple fact is that we have plenty of seashore to go around. We are no landlocked Switzerland, but a nation of coasts. Even if all 210 million of us went to the beach in a legion, we could get wet together. To be precise, there would be 2.102 feet of ocean frontage for each of us—enough to wade in abreast, arm-in-arm, in a continental chorus line.

Looking seaward from any point along our 83,633 miles of seacoast, the entire prospect is the public's domain. The seamless sea tolerates

Anthony Wolff, a freelance writer, researches beaches on the municipal strand in Truro, Mass. His forthcoming book, Unreal Estate, *is about land-subdivision problems.*

Anthony W

WE SHALL FIGHT [illegible] BEACHES . . .

no landlords, its heaving surface suffers no property lines. Inshore of international deep-water, the ocean belongs to all of us in common, held in trust for us by the state.

The law that guarantees the ocean to the people might seem to imply their right of access to it; but what the law implies, the law denies. The common property ends on the foreshore, where water and land overlap with the advance and retreat of the tides. Almost everywhere in the United States, the beach above high water is as subject to subdivision and private ownership as any woodland tract or urban house lot. The beach is simply real estate, and that legal fact makes the public's right to the ocean a nullity.

Such a paradox seems offensive not only to good law, but to good sense as well. The sand itself will not acquiesce. It will not lie still, be domesticated, be fixed with this man's title or that. A boundary line on the beach, even a stone wall, is doomed to be erased at the whim of wind or waves. The sand belonging to one man on Sunday may migrate to his neighbor's beach on Monday, impartially enriching the one at the other's expense. A legally surveyed sand estate shrinks and swells by natural erosion, so that one day its landlord owns so much of it; but some day later he may own twice as much, or half. Such vagrant real estate makes a poor foundation for fixed improvements: many a beach castle built on sand will not survive a long-term mortgage.

But the law's the law, at least as long as the beach holds still for it, and three-and-a-half centuries of seashore free enterprise have left only the odds and ends of sand open to the public. Today, even Robinson Crusoe would likely be hauled in for trespassing. In theory at least, a foundering swimmer, finding himself offshore of some private beach at high tide, must marinate in the public waves until the ebb tide affords him a narrow legal right-of-way to the nearest unrestricted stretch of sand. If this seems farfetched, there is the case of Greenwich, Connecticut, where, just last summer, an imprudent yachtsman rowing ashore for dinner made the mistake of beaching his dinghy on private sand. The local constabulary, who would not let him recross the beach on his way home, politely advised him to swim back to his moor[illegible] from the nearest public beach.

THE MORE SERIOUS SHORTAGE of public beaches for recreation was officially documented as long ago as 1954, when Congress commissioned the National Park Service to survey the entire Atlantic and Gulf coasts—the [illegible] ocean frontage of nineteen states—[illegible] potential public beach sites. The title of the [illegible] report bespoke its conclusions: it was [illegible] *Vanishing Shoreline*.

The survey found only 6.5 percent of [illegible] shoreline in state or federal ownership. Of t[illegible] more than one-third was concentrated in th[illegible] national preserves: Acadia National Park, [illegible] the coast of Maine; Everglades, at the south[illegible] tip of Florida; and the newly established [illegible] tional Seashore at Cape Hatteras, North C[illegible] lina. (Twenty years later, additional Atla[illegible] coast seashores are in various stages of inc[illegible] pletion at Cape Cod, the entrance to New Y[illegible] Harbor and Cumberland Island, Georgia.) E[illegible] in 1954 there was a race against private in[illegible] ests for what was left.

Many of the West Coast beaches are simil[illegible] sequestered from the public. According to a[illegible] port by a Ralph Nader study group, "Of [illegible] 1,072 miles of California coast, . . . only [illegible] are beaches suitable for swimming. Only 90 [illegible] these miles are publicly owned, and most of [illegible] (53 miles) is held in military bases."

The problem of public exclusion from an[illegible] creasing amount of recreational ocean front[illegible] is aggravated by the preemption of vast [illegible] panses of beach for non-recreational purpo[illegible] Municipal dumps, power plants, and a variet[illegible] industrial facilities, many of them major [illegible] luters, have long occupied choice waterfr[illegible] sites. Cities have habitually diluted their s[illegible] age in the nearest ocean, making miles of be[illegible] unfit for swimming.

Against this nationwide trend toward cl[illegible] beaches, the effort to enlarge public access to [illegible] seashore has been gathering legal and pop[illegible] force for almost a decade. The first signific[illegible] court case was decided in Texas in 1964, w[illegible] the Attorney General sued a corporation [illegible] had barricaded its property from the vegeta[illegible] line down to the water's edge. The state char[illegible] a violation of the Texas "open beaches" l[illegible] which promised the public "free and unresti[illegible] ed ingress and egress" over the shore to the G[illegible] of Mexico. The star witness was one of the ar[illegible] oldest residents, whose childhood recollecti[illegible] of stories told by his father convinced the co[illegible] that the beach in dispute had been used for g[illegible] erations as a public right-of-way. The court ru[illegible] that the beach owner's long acquiescence in p[illegible] lic passage over his property constituted an [illegible] revocable "implied dedication" of the beach [illegible] pedestrian traffic. Arriving at the same con[illegible] sion from the opposite direction, the court fo[illegible] that the public, by its overt use of the beach [illegible] a long period of time, had acquired a "presc[illegible] tive easement" legitimating its trespass.

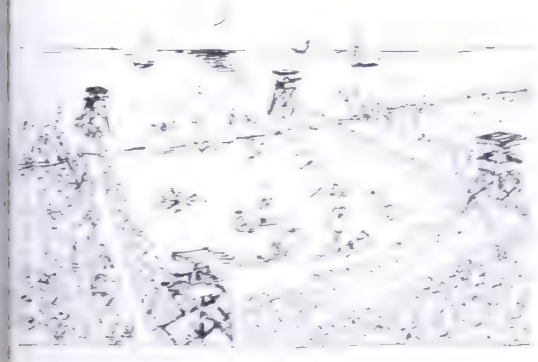
A Florida court concurred in a ruling deny[illegible] the right of an amusement pier proprietor [illegible] Daytona Beach to build a tower on his own [illegible] jacent beach. The court noted that "For m[illegible] than twenty years . . . the general public . . . [illegible] actually, continuously, and uninterruptedly u[illegible] and enjoyed the soft sand area of the beach [illegible] The public's use of the area . . . was open, n[illegible]

us, visible . . . and without material challenge interference by anyone purporting to be the ner of the land." The court also found it sigcant that the city's funds had been used to intain the area. The owner was required to r down his tower.

Customary use

HESE SIAMESE-TWIN DOCTRINES of "implied dedication" and "prescriptive easement" e public-access activists hope—and private ch owners fear—that long and uncontested olic use of private beaches would be ratified the courts. But it also raised the exhausting l expensive prospect of litigating the question each contested section of beach everywhere. Meanwhile, in a 1969 decision, the Oregon preme Court had obviated this problem in its isdiction. In affirming the public's right of ess to the state's beaches, the court appropri- d the English legal doctrine of "customary "—according to Blackstone, of such long nding "that the memory of man runneth not the contrary." Opening not only the contest- beach but the entire Oregon coast to public , the court insisted, "This land has been used the public as public recreational land accord- to an unbroken custom running back in time long as this land has been inhabited."

But these arguments have little currency in crowded Northeast, where beach access is st fiercely contested. The beachfront there s more than 300 years of continuously record- title to protect it from casual usurpation; and "customary use" has most often been the ilant denial of public access. Therefore, the yers and legislators pressing the matter in Northeast have applied established legal ar- ments to only the most vulnerable denial of blic access: the special case of municipal aches that discriminate against non-residents. Lawrence Sager, the young American Civil perties Union advocate who is calling the legal nals observes, "it may not be a bad idea for blic-interest lawyers to fashion ingenious traditional arguments." Sager's landmark case thus far was a successful suit last summer against the City of Long Beach, on Long Island. The city had suddenly imposed a residents-only restriction on a town beach that was more than big enough for its own needs, and which had previously been open to the general public since the town acquired it in 1937.





In his 86-page textbook brief, alternating citations of legal precedent with appeals for social justice, Sager proposed four basic grounds for overturning the Long Beach regulation. The first was the broad doctrine of *jus publicum*: in this instance, that the state holds title to the tidal lands for the use and benefit of its citizens; and that a town, being a creature of the state, cannot contravene the purposes of the state in administering the adjacent dry-sand beach. Sager also claimed constitutional support for free access, on the ground that the arbitrary exclusion of non-residents discriminates unreasonably against a class of people, in violation of the guarantees of due process and equal protection. In his third argument, Sager pointed out that most of the beach has been built up over the years by man-made erosion control projects. Dry-sand beach has thus been built on tidal lands of which the state is the trustee for the people: therefore, the beach belongs to the people in the first place.

Avoiding these pretty points, however, the Supreme Court of Nassau County took refuge in Sager's narrowest argument: that by allowing open access for thirty-five years, the town had created an irrevocable "public trust." The court notably ignored a much broader interpretation of "public trust" developed the year before in the New Jersey case of *Neptune City* v. *Avon-by-the-Sea*. At issue was the right of Avon-by-the-Sea to charge non-residents a higher fee than residents at its town beach. The New Jersey Supreme Court ruled that "the public trust doctrine dictates that the beach and the ocean waters must be open to all on equal terms and without preference."

Nevertheless, with two related cases coming up this summer, Sager is sure that *Long Beach* "will establish the legal basis to open all the

"Even if all 210 million of us went to the beach in a legion, there would be enough ocean frontage for us to wade in arm-in-arm, in a continental chorus line."

Anthony Wolff

WE SHALL FIGHT THEM ON THE BEACHES . . .

town beaches in New York State." After that, he sees the battle spreading from publicly owned town beaches to such privately owned "public accommodations" as seaside resorts, beach clubs, and marinas; and ultimately even to beaches owned by individuals.

A Massachusetts beach bill

CURIOUSLY, the most potentially far-reaching proposal to open all the beaches to all the people is in conservative Massachusetts, where the mere notion of trespass is heretical to an ancient and elaborate tradition of orthodox private-property rights. As early as 1614, the Massachusetts Colony Ordinance gave landowners exclusive rights to the beach all the way to the low-water line—rather than to the high-water mark, as in most other coastal colonies—subject only to the public's right of navigation and "free fishing and fowling."

In other states, the courts in more modern times have placed a liberal construction on such ancient guarantees of limited public access. The New Jersey Supreme Court in *Avon-by-the-Sea*, for instance, concluded that the early law should be judicially enlarged "to meet changing conditions and needs of the public it was created to benefit." The Supreme Court of California ruled, "The public uses to which tidelands are subject are sufficiently flexible to encompass changing public needs. . . . The state is not burdened with an outmoded classification favoring one mode of utilization over another."

Not so the Massachusetts courts, however. "We think that there is a right to swim or float in or upon public waters as well as to sail upon them," one opinion allowed, "But we do not think that this includes a right to use for bathing purposes . . . that part of the beach or shore above the low-water mark." After 350 years of such strict construction of the Colony Ordinance, only 235 miles of the Commonwealth's 1200-mile shoreline are open for public recreation. Fifty of them are on the relatively remote Nantucket Sound Islands, and only twenty-five are in the Greater Boston area.

But while the Massachusetts courts steadfastly resist innovations, State Senator William M. Bulger is pushing Senate Bill 804 in the legislature. In its original form, the entire bill is only ten lines long; the operative couplet states simply that "the public shall have an on-foot right-of-passage along the coastline of the commonwealth below the vegetation line."

Though he is an urban populist, with a large, solid South Boston constituency, Bulger is sensitive to the possessive instincts of Massachusetts beach owners, who will not silently suffer the footprints of strangers on their private sands. So he never fails to insist in public that the limit of his intentions is a "lateral right of passage that is, anyone with legal access to any part the shoreline, private or public, would have additional right to promenade along the priv dry-sand frontage of others. He is quick to a that his bill "does not give access to re beaches over private property"; nor does it "p vide that citizens can lay a blanket and h lunch in those areas." The Senator has assu the dubious that his bill will stall more radi proposals from less moderate men.

THERE ARE MOMENTS, HOWEVER, when S ator Bulger begins to sound a lot like ACLU's Larry Sager. Both recognize atte by suburbanites to keep city visitors off t beaches as what Sager calls "part of a w syndrome of suburban exclusionary practi designed to insulate the satellite suburbs f the economic and cultural problems of cities. Sager notes often that Westchester payers are not barred from equal access to York City's museums and other amenities; ger says, "My constituents wouldn't thin denying out-of-towners access to Boston C mon." In the context of the traditional England town plan—small private lots clust around the Common—Bulger prophesies, can't much longer enjoy the selfish ownersh beaches by a few people." He says, "What hell good are they if we can't get to 'em?"

Meanwhile, the question of the public's i est in the shoreline is being raised elsew everywhere. In Connecticut, the Civil Lib Union has put seaside towns on notice that considering which one to sue first for beaches. California voters recently passed erendum, Proposition 20, calling for the agement of the state's entire shoreline fo public benefit. States like Delaware, Flo and New Jersey as well as the federal go ment, are taking an intense interest in both serving and liberating their seacoasts; and a government interest is established, publ cess is bound to follow. The difference ma be everywhere apparent as early as this sur or even next, but it seems certain that i foreseeable future urban refugees will fi creasing expanses of beach open to them.

The time has come: as the Scottish es Thomas Carlyle warned a nineteenth-c America of 25 million people, "You won't any trouble in your country as long as yo few people and much land, but when yo many people and little land, your trials w gin." We have by now just about exhaust frontier. We are turned back upon ourse prodigal nation newly poor in unspoiled looking for last resorts where we can revi selves. There's no telling where the searc end: the beaches are only the beginning.

real

man in his ignorance has always assumed that the earth would rejuvenate herself, no matter what he did



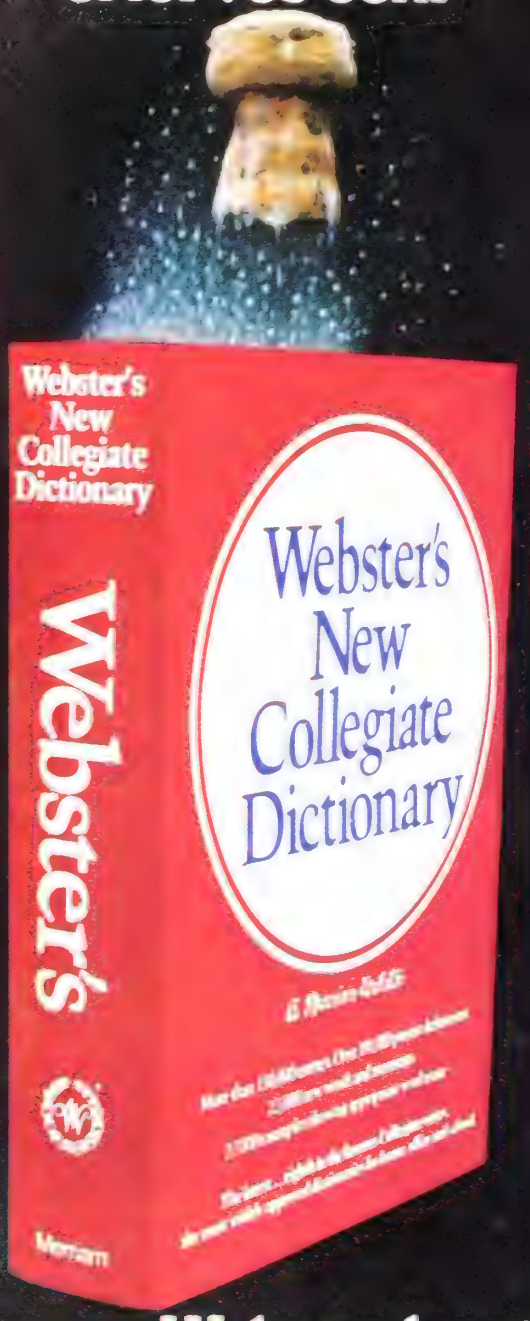
The earth can lose her resiliency. Her waters are polluted, her soil is becoming dust, some of her trees are poisoned. Someday she may be beyond her ability to heal herself. But what we do to her we do to ourselves.

The Indians call the earth their mother
We must protect the earth. We must learn to live in harmony with her; we must learn her moods and rhythms. We must love the earth

The ideal
When man and nature are in harmony, the land is happy. There is great strength in this idea.

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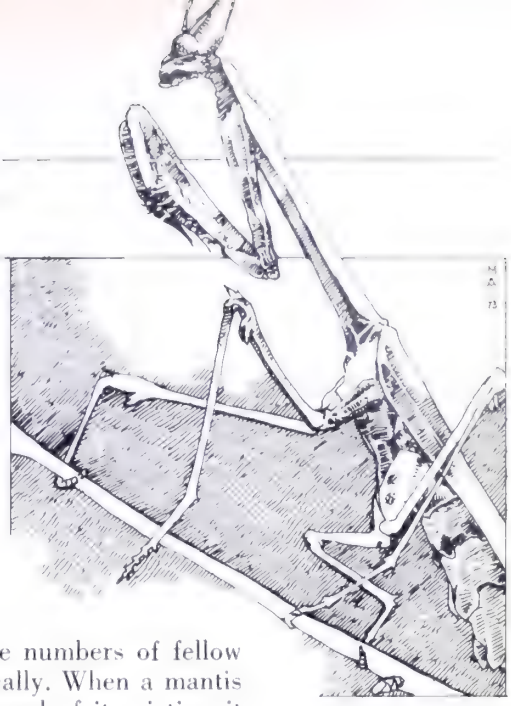
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ie Dillard

ONSTER IN A MASON JAR

lethal liturgy of the praying mantis



Martin Avillez

s WINTER HERE in the Blue Ridge; things e opening up. This is a tamed valley in western Virginia where dairy farms and rds have replaced the hardwood forest. er tames the valley further; winter clear- and reseeds the easy way. Now I can walk, now I can see. Everywhere paths unclog; and only now can I scale the cliff to the s orchard, circle the forested quarry pond, llow the left-hand bank of Tinker Creek stream from my backyard. The woods are of sticks; I could walk to the Gulf of Mex- a straight line. When the leaves fall the ease is over; things stand mute and re- d.

ave just learned to see praying mantis egg and suddenly I see them everywhere; a val of light catches my eye, or I notice a of thickness in a patch of slender weeds. write I can see the one I tied to the bush de my study window. It's over an inch long haped like a bell, or like the northern hem- re of an egg cut through its equator. The ength of one of its long sides is affixed to a the side that catches the light is perfectly It has a dead straw, dead weed color and a us brittle texture, hard as varnish but pit- minutely, like frozen foam. I carried it this afternoon, holding it by the twig, with several others—they were light as dropped one and didn't miss it until I got and made a count.

ithin the week I've seen thirty or so of these ases in a rose-grown field on Tinker Moun- and another thirty in weeds along Carvin's k. One was on a twig of tiny dogwood on ud lawn of a newly built house. I think the order houses sell them to gardeners at a r apiece. It beats spraying because each contains 125 to 350 eggs. If the eggs sur- ants, woodpeckers, and mice—and most do en you get the fun of seeing the new man- hatch, and the smug feeling of knowing, all ner long, that they're out there in your garden devouring gruesome numbers of fellow insects all nice and organically. When a mantis has crunched up the last shred of its victim, it cleans its smooth green face like a cat.

In late summer I often see a winged adult mantis stalking the insects that swarm about my porch light. Its body is a clear, warm green; its naked, triangular head revolves uncannily, so that I often see one twist its head to gaze at me as if over its shoulder. When it strikes, it jerks so suddenly and with such a fearful clatter of raised wings that even a hardened entomologist like J. Henri Fabre confessed to being startled witless every time. Adult mantises eat more or less everything that breathes and is small enough to capture. They eat honeybees and butterflies, including monarch butterflies. People have seen them seize and devour garter snakes, mice, and even hummingbirds.

Newly hatched mantises, on the other hand, eat small creatures like aphids and each other. When I was in elementary school, one of the teachers brought in a mantis egg case in a Mason jar. I watched the newly hatched mantises emerge and shed their skins; they were spidery and translucent, all over joints. They trailed from the egg case to the base of the Mason jar in a living bridge that looked like Arabic calligraphy, some baffling text from the Koran inscribed down the air by a fine hand. Over a period of several hours, during which time the teacher never summoned the nerve or the sense to release them, they ate each other until only two were left. Tiny legs were still kicking from the mouths of each. The two survivors grappled and sawed in the Mason jar; finally both died of injuries. I felt as though I myself should swallow the corpses, shutting my eyes and washing them down like jagged pills, so all that life wouldn't be lost.

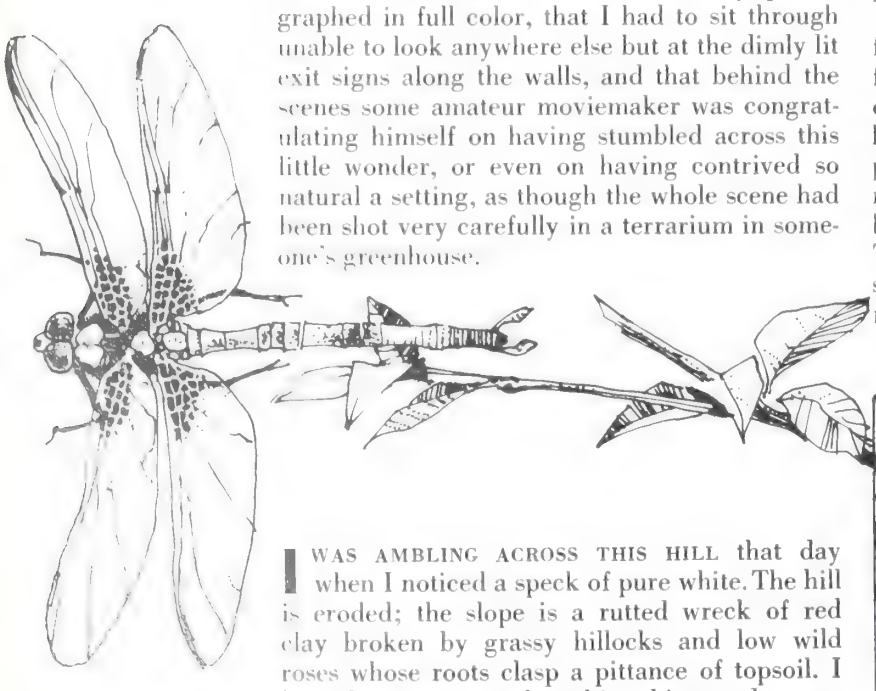
hen mantises hatch in the wild, however, they straggle about prettily, dodging ants, till all are lost in the grass. So it was in hopes of seeing an eventual hatch that I pocketed my jack-

Annie Dillard is the author of Tickets For a Prayer Wheel, *a book of poems to be published [illegible] the University of Missouri Press. This essay is drawn from* Pilgrim at Tinker Creek, *which will be published in 1974 [illegible] zine Press.*

Annie Dillard

MONSTER IN A MASON JAR

knife this afternoon before I set out to walk. Now that I can see the egg cases, I'm embarrassed to realize how many I must have missed all along. I walked east through the Adams' woods to the cornfield, cutting three undamaged egg cases I found at the edge of the field. It was a clear, picturesque day, a day without clouds, without emotion or spirit, like a beautiful woman with an empty face. As I carried the thorny stems from which the egg cases hung like roses, I switched the bouquet from hand to hand, warming the free hand in a pocket. Passing the house again, I decided not to fetch gloves and walked north to the hill by the place where the steers come to drink from Tinker Creek. There in the weeds on the hill I found another eight egg cases. I was stunned—I cross this hill several times a week, and I always look for egg cases here, because it was here that I had once seen a mantis laying her eggs. It was several years ago that I witnessed this extraordinary procedure, but I remember and confess an inescapable feeling that I was watching something not real and present but a horrible nature movie, a "secrets-of-nature" short, beautifully photographed in full color, that I had to sit through unable to look anywhere else but at the dimly lit exit signs along the walls, and that behind the scenes some amateur moviemaker was congratulating himself on having stumbled across this little wonder, or even on having contrived so natural a setting, as though the whole scene had been shot very carefully in a terrarium in someone's greenhouse.

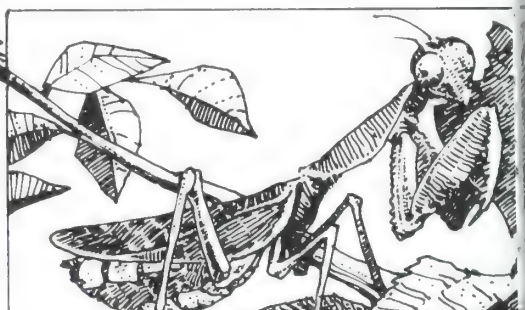


I WAS AMBLING ACROSS THIS HILL that day when I noticed a speck of pure white. The hill is eroded; the slope is a rutted wreck of red clay broken by grassy hillocks and low wild roses whose roots clasp a pittance of topsoil. I leaned to examine the white thing and saw a mass of bubbles like spittle. Then I saw something dark like an engorged leech rummaging over the spittle, and then I saw the praying mantis.

She was upside-down, clinging by her feet to a horizontal stem of wild rose. Her head was deep in dried grass. Her abdomen was swollen like a smashed finger; it tapered to a fleshy tip out of which bubbled a wet, whipped froth. I couldn't believe my eyes. I lay on the hill this and that, my knees in thorns and my cheeks trying to see as well as I could. I poked female's head with a blade of grass; she was clearly undisturbed, so I settle nose an inch from that pulsing abdom puffed like a concertina, it throbbed like lows; it roved, pumping, over the gliste clabbered surface of the egg case testin patting, thrusting and smoothing. It seem act so independently that I forgot the pa brown stick at the other end. The bubble ture seemed to have two eyes, a frantic brain, and two busy, soft hands. It looke a hideous, harried mother slicking up daughter for a beauty pageant, touching h slobbering over her, patting and hemmin brushing and stroking.

The male was nowhere in sight. The f had probably eaten him. Fabre says th least in captivity, the female will mate with devour up to seven males, whether she ha her egg cases or not. The mating rites of tises are well known: a chemical produc the head of the male insect says, in effect, don't go near her, you fool, she'll eat alive." At the same time a chemical in his men says, "Yes, by all means, now and fo yes."

While the male is making up what p for his mind, the female tips the balance i favor by eating his head. He mounts her. describes the mating, which sometimes last hours, as follows: "The male, absorbed i performance of his vital functions, holds th male in a tight embrace. But the wretch h head; he has no neck; he has hardly a The other, with her muzzle turned over shoulder, continues very placidly to gnaw remains of the gentle swain. And, all the



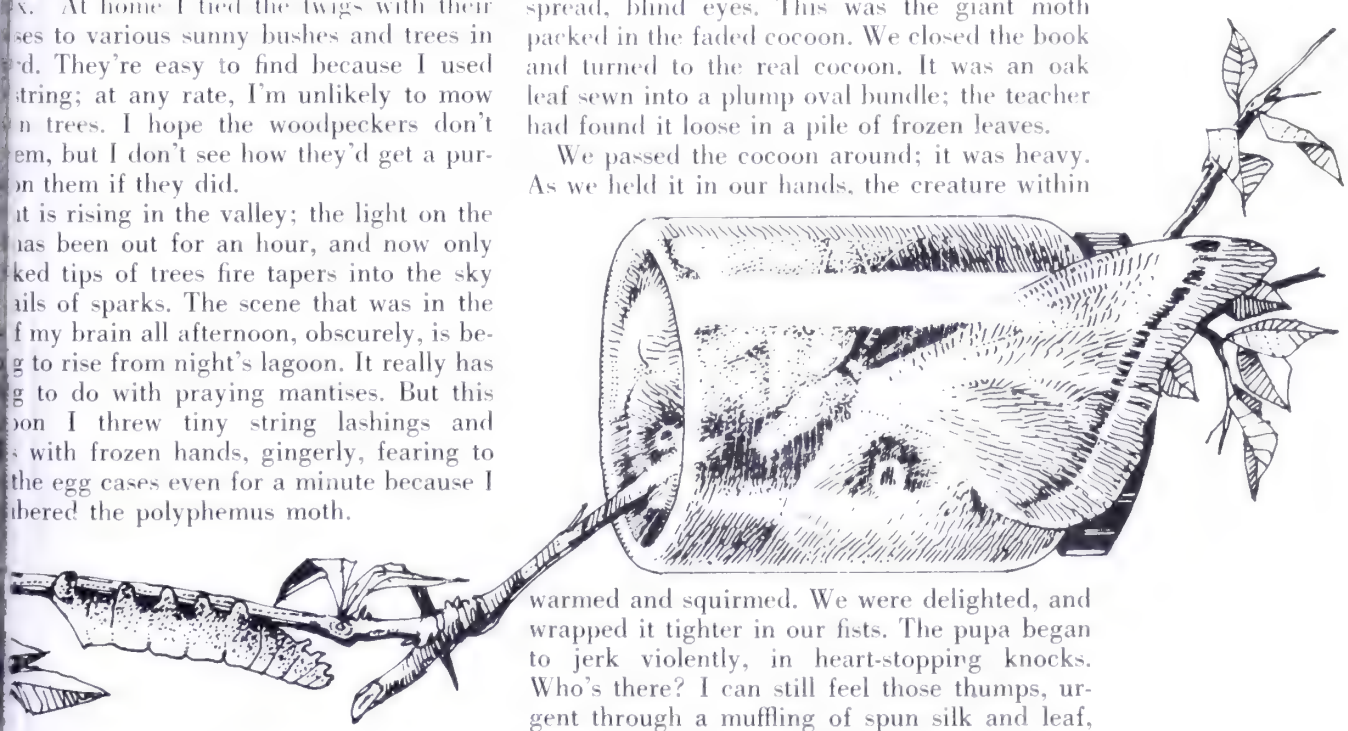
that masculine stump, holding on firmly, on with the business! . . . I have seen it with my own eyes and have not yet recov from my astonishment."

I watched the egg-laying for over an h When I returned the next day the mantis gone. The white foam had hardened browned to a dirty suds; then, and on su quent days, I had trouble pinpointing the which was only an inch or so off the groun

on it every week all winter long. In the
he ants discovered it; every week I saw
of ants scrambling over the sides, un-
chew a way in. Later in the spring I
the hill every day, hoping to catch the
The leaves of the trees had long since
d, the butterflies were out, and the
first broods were fledged; still the egg
ng silent and full on the stem. I read
should wait for June, but still I visited
every day. One morning at the begin-
June everything was gone. I couldn't
lower thorn in the clump of three to
he egg case was fixed. I couldn't find the
of three. Tracks ridged the clay, and I
lopped stems: somehow my neighbor
ntrived to run a tractor mower over that
lay hill on which there grew nothing to
it a few stubby thorns.

Today from this same hill I cut another
ndamaged cases and carried them home
e others by their twigs. I also collected a
ously light cynthia moth cocoon. My
were stiff and red with cold, and my nose
ad forgotten, as I do at the start of every
the Law of the Wild, which is, "Carry
x." At home I tied the twigs with their
ses to various sunny bushes and trees in
d. They're easy to find because I used
string; at any rate, I'm unlikely to mow
n trees. I hope the woodpeckers don't
em, but I don't see how they'd get a pur-
on them if they did.

it is rising in the valley; the light on the
as been out for an hour, and now only
ked tips of trees fire tapers into the sky
ails of sparks. The scene that was in the
f my brain all afternoon, obscurely, is be-
g to rise from night's lagoon. It really has
g to do with praying mantises. But this
oon I threw tiny string lashings and
with frozen hands, gingerly, fearing to
the egg cases even for a minute because I
bered the polyphemus moth.



ELY RECALL THE DISTANT PAST, and I
ve no intention of inflicting my childhood
ries on anyone. Far less do I want to ex-
e my old teachers, who, in their bungling,
gettable way, exposed me to the natural
, a world covered with chitin, where im-
ble realities hold sway. The polyphemus
never made it to the past; it crawls in that
ed, pellucid pool at the lip of the great
fall. It is as present as this blue desk and
brazen lamp, as this blackened window before me in which I can no longer see even the white string that binds the egg case to the hedge, but only my pale, astonished face.

I was ten or eleven years old when a teacher brought in a polyphemus moth cocoon. It was January; there were doily snowflakes taped to the schoolroom panes. The teacher kept the cocoon in her desk all morning and brought it out when we were getting restless before recess. In a book we found what the adult moth would look like; it would be beautiful. With a wingspread of up to six inches, the polyphemus is one of the few huge American silk moths, much larger than, say, a giant or tiger swallowtail butterfly. The moth's enormous wings are velveted in a rich, warm brown and edged in bands of blue and pink delicate as a watercolor wash. A startling eyespot, immense and deep blue, melding to an almost translucent yellow, luxuriates in the center of each hind wing. The effect is one of a masculine splendor foreign to the butterflies, a fragility unfurled to strength. The polyphemus moth in the picture looked like a mighty wraith, a beating essence of the hardwood forest, alien-skinned and brown, with spread, blind eyes. This was the giant moth packed in the faded cocoon. We closed the book and turned to the real cocoon. It was an oak leaf sewn into a plump oval bundle; the teacher had found it loose in a pile of frozen leaves.

We passed the cocoon around; it was heavy. As we held it in our hands, the creature within warmed and squirmed. We were delighted, and wrapped it tighter in our fists. The pupa began to jerk violently, in heart-stopping knocks. Who's there? I can still feel those thumps, urgent through a muffling of spun silk and leaf, urgent through the swaddling of many years, against the curve of my palm. We kept passing it around. When it came to me again it was hot as a bun; it jumped half out of my hand. The teacher intervened. She put it, still heaving and banging, into the ubiquitous Mason jar. It was coming. There was no stopping it now, January or not. One end of the cocoon dampened and gradually frayed in a furious battle. The whole cocoon twisted and slapped around in the bottom of the jar.

"More than an insect is an assault on all human value, all hope of a reasonable god."

Annie Dillard

MONSTER

MASON JAR

THE TEACHER FADES, the classmates fade, I fade: I don't remember anything but that thing's struggle to be a moth or die trying. It emerged at last, a sodden crumple. It was a male; his long antennae were thickly plumed, as wide as his fat abdomen. His body was very thick, over an inch long, and deeply furred. A gray, furlike plush covered his head; long, tan furlike hair hung from his wide thorax over his brown-furred, segmented abdomen. His multijointed legs, pale and powerful, were shaggy as a bear's. He stood still, but he breathed.

He couldn't spread his wings. There was no room. The chemical that coated his wings like varnish, stiffening them permanently, dried, and hardened his wings as they were. He was a monster in a Mason jar.

Those huge wings stuck on his back in a torture of random pleats and folds, wrinkled as a dirty tissue, rigid as leather. They made a single nightmare clump still wracked with useless, frantic convulsions.

The next thing I remember, it was recess. Everyone was playing dodge ball in the fenced playground or racing around the concrete schoolyard by the swings. Next to the playground a long delivery drive sloped downhill to the sidewalk and street. Someone—it must have been the teacher—had let the moth out. I was standing in the driveway, alone, stock still, but shivering. Someone had given the polyphemus moth his freedom, and he was walking away.

He heaved himself down the asphalt driveway by infinite degrees, unwavering. His hideous crumpled wings lay glued and rucked on his back, perfectly still now, like a collapsed tent. The bell rang twice; I had to go. The moth was receding down the driveway, dragging on. I went; I ran inside. The polyphemus moth is still crawling down the driveway, crawling down the driveway on six furred feet, forever.

Mysteries in broad daylight

SHADING THE GLASS WITH A HAND, I can see how shadow has pooled in the valley. It washes up the sandstone cliffs on Tinker Mountain and obliterates them in a deluge; freshets of shadow leak into the sky. I am exhausted. In Pliny I read about the invention of clay modeling. A Sicyonian potter came to Corinth. There his daughter fell in love with a young man who had to make frequent long journeys away from the city. When he sat with her at home, she used to trace the outline of his shadow that a candle's light cast on the wall. Then in his absence she [illegible] over the profile, deepening it, so that [illegible] njoy his face and remember. One [illegible] the father slapped some potter's clay over [illegible] plaster; when the clay hardened, he removed it, baked it, and "showed it abro The story ends here. Did the boy come b What did the girl think of her father's drag her lover all over town by the hair? Wh really want to know is: is the shadow still th If I went back, would I find the face ther the wall by the fireplace?

Outside shadows are blue, I read, bec they are lighted by the blue sky and not yellow sun. Their blueness bespeaks infin imal particles scattered over inestimable tance. Muslims, whose religion bans repre tational art as idolatrous, don't observe the strictly, but they do forbid sculpture becau casts a shadow. So shadows define the rea I no longer see shadows as "dark marks," a the newly sighted, then I see them as mal sense of the light. They give the light dista they put it in its place. Now that shadow dissolved the heavens' blue dome, I can see dromeda again; I stand pressed to the winc rapt and shrunken in the galaxy's chill g "Nostalgia of the Infinite," di Chirico: cast s ows stream across the sunlit courtyard, gou canyons. There is a sense in which shadows actually cast, hurled with a power, cast as mael was cast, *out*, with a flinging force. Th the blue strip running through creation, the roadside stream on whose banks the ma mates, in whose unweighed waters giant w bugs sip frogs.

Shadow Creek is the blue subterrar stream that chills Carvin's Creek and Tir Creek; it cuts like ice under the ribs of mountains, Tinker and Dead Man. Sha Creek storms through limestone vaults ur forests, or surfaces anywhere, damp, on the derside of a leaf. I wring it from rocks; it s into my cup. Chasms open at the glance o eye; the ground parts like a wind-rent cl over stars. Shadow Creek: even on a walk to mailbox I may find myself knee-deep in sucking, frigid pools. I must either wear ber boots or dance to keep warm.

FISH GOTTA SWIM AND BIRD GOTTA FLY; sects, it seems, gotta do one horrible th after another. I never ask why of a vulture shark, but I ask why of almost every inse see. More than one insect—the possibility fertile reproduction—is an assault on all man value, all hope of a reasonable god. E that devout Frenchman, J. Henri Fabre, devoted his entire life to the study of inse cannot restrain a feeling of unholy revulsi He describes a bee-eating wasp, the Philantl that has killed a honeybee. If the bee is he with honey, the wasp squeezes its crop "so a make her disgorge the delicious syrup, wh she drinks by licking the tongue which her fortunate victim, in her death agony, sticks

Ideas come of age at The American.



anagement – a most unlikely source
nterprises. Yet a dozen or more
mpanies are currently involved in
anagement. The processing and
f waste products is becoming a
business.

In the U.S., new companies start continuously.

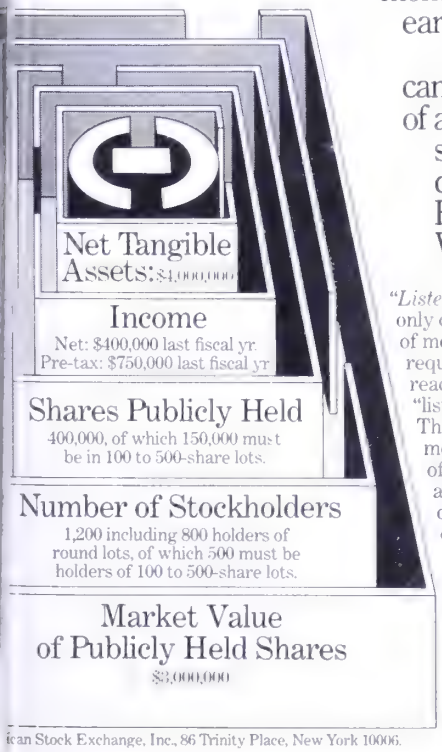
People with ideas can use their brains and energy to become their own bosses. And often they can raise enough money to form a company. That's what gives our country its enormous vitality. And it's one reason why there's an Amex.

Last year 316,601 new corporations were formed in the United States and 646 companies made it far enough to register their first common stock issue with the S.E.C. At the same time, 157 companies had shown the earning power and the assets, and had attracted sufficient stockholders, to list on The American.

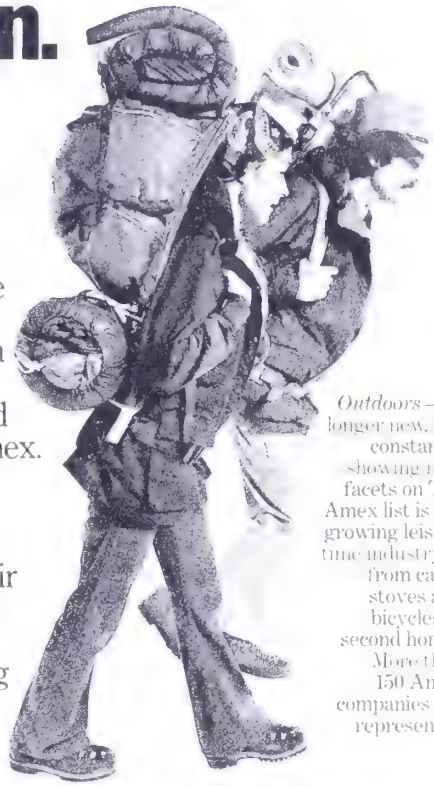
Most companies that first listed in 1972 have continued to grow. They have reported an average 13.3% growth in earnings, although prices of their shares have not kept pace. In fact, although the majority of Amex-listed companies increased earnings during the last 12 months, only 3% have higher price-earnings ratios than a year ago.

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f her mouth at full length. . . . At the moment of some such horrible banquet, I have seen the Wasp, with her prey, seized by the Mantis: the bandit was rifled by another bandit. And here is an awful detail: while the Mantis held her transfixed under the points of the double saw and was already munching her belly, the Wasp continued to lick the honey of her Bee, unable to relinquish the delicious food even amid the terrors of death. Let us hasten to cast a veil over these horrors."

The remarkable thing about the world of insects, however, is precisely that there is no veil cast over these horrors. There are mysteries performed in broad daylight before our very eyes; we can see every detail, and yet they are still mysteries. If, as Heraclitus suggests, God, like an oracle, neither "declares nor hides, but sets forth by signs," then clearly I had better be scrying the signs. The earth devotes an overwhelming proportion of its energy to these buzzings and leaps in the grass, to these brittle gnawings and crawlings about. Theirs is the biggest wedge of the pie: why? I ought to keep a giant water bug in an aquarium on my dresser, so I can think about it. We have brass candlesticks in our houses now; we ought to display praying mantises in our churches. Why do we turn from the insects in loathing? Our competitors are not only cold-blooded, but are also cased in a clacking horn. They lack the grace to go about as we do, soft side out to the wind and thorns. They have rigid eyes and brains strung down their backs. But they make up the bulk of our comrades-in-life, so I look to them for a glimmer of companionship.

When a grasshopper landed on my study window last summer, I looked at it for a long time. Its hard wing covers were short; its body was a dead waxen yellow, with black-green, indecipherable marks. Like all large insects, it gave me pause, plenty pause, with its hideous horizontal, multi-jointed mouthparts and intricate, mechanical-looking feet, all cups and spikes. I looked at its tapered, chitin-covered abdomen, plated and barred as a tank tread, and was about to turn away when I saw it breathe, puff puff, and I grew sympathetic. Yeah, I said, puff puff, isn't it? It jerked away with a buzz like a rasping file, audible through the pane, and continued to puff in the grass. So puff it is, and that's all there is; though I'm partial to honey myself.

Nature is, above all, profligate. Don't believe them when they tell you how economical and thrifty nature is, whose leaves return to the soil. Wouldn't it be cheaper to leave them on the tree in the first place? This deciduous business alone is a radical scheme, the brainchild of a deranged manic-depressive with limitless capital. Extravagance! Nature will try anything once. This is what the sign of the insects says. No form is too gruesome, no behavior too tesque. If you're dealing with organic pounds, then let them combine. If it work quickens, set it clacking in the grass; the ways room for one more; you ain't so han yourself. This is a spendthrift economy; t nothing is lost, all is spent.

A witless, unending

THAT THE INSECTS HAVE ADAPTED is ob Their failures to adapt, however, ar zling. It is hard to believe that nature is to such dim-wittedness. Howard Ensign tells of dragonflies trying to lay eggs o shining hoods of cars. Other dragonflies to test a surface, to learn if it's really wat dipping the tips of their abdomens in it. Los Angeles La Brea tar pits, they dip the domens into the reeking tar and get stuck. tremendous effort a dragonfly frees itself, reports, it is apt to repeat the maneuver. times the tar pits glitter with the dry bod dead dragonflies.

J. Henri Fabre's pine processionaries to the same point. Although the new st show that some insects can on occasion out into new territory, leaving instinct be still a blindered and blinkered enslaveme instinct is the rule. Pine processionarie moth caterpillars with shiny black heads travel about at night in pine trees along a road of their own making. They straddl road in a tight file, head to rear, and each pillar adds its thread to the original track laid by the one who happens to lead the p sion. Fabre interferes; he catches them daytime exploration approaching a ci track, the rim of a wide palm vase in his g house. When the leader of the insect train pletes a full circle, Fabre removes the cat lars still climbing the vase and brushes aw extraneous silken tracks. Now he has a c circuit of caterpillars, leaderless, trudging his vase on a never-ending track. He war see how long it will take them to catch o his horror, they march not just an hour but all day. When Fabre leaves the greenh at night, they are still tracing that wea circle, although night is the time they us feed.

In the chill of the next morning they deadly still; when they rouse themselves, ever, they resume what Fabre calls their becility." They slog along all day, head to The next night is bitterly cold; in the mo Fabre finds them slumped on the vase ri two distinct clumps. When they line up a they have two leaders, and the leaders in n often explore the sides of an already laid t But the two ranks meet, and the entranced

ds on. Fabre can't believe his eyes. The
es have had neither water nor food nor
ey are shelterless all day and all night
gain the next night a hard frost numbs
rpillars, who huddle in heaps. By chance
t one to wake is off the track; it strikes
a new direction, and encounters the soil
pot. Six others follow his track. Now the
n the vase have a leader, because there
p in the rim. But they drag on stubborn-
nd their circle of hell. Soon the seven
unable to eat the palm in the vase, fol-
ir trail back to the rim of the pot and
e doomed march. The circle often breaks
ved or exhausted caterpillars stagger to
but others soon breach the gap they
and no leaders emerge.

next day a heat spell hits. The caterpil-
n far over the rim of the vase, exploring.
one veers from the track. Followed by
thers, it explores down the long side of
se; there, next to the vase, Fabre has
some pine needles for them to feed on.
ramble within nine inches of the pine
s, but, incredibly, wander upward to the
d rejoin the dismal parade. For two more
ne processionaries stagger on; at last they
e path laid down the vase by the last
They venture out to new ground; they
le at last to their nest. It has been seven
Fabre himself, "already familiar with the
al stupidity of insects as a class whenever
ast accident occurs," is nevertheless clear-
pressed by this new confirmation that the
illars lack "any gleam of intelligence in
benighted minds." "The caterpillars in
ss," he concludes, "starved, shelterless,
l with cold at night, cling obstinately to
lk ribbon covered hundreds of times, be-
they lack the rudimentary glimmers of
which would advise them to abandon it."

NT OUT OF THIS STILL AIR. What street
ndor wound the key on the backs of tin sol-
and abandoned them to the sidewalk, and
ings over the curb? Elijah mocked the
ets of Baal, who lay a bullock on a wood-
nd begged Baal to consume it: "Cry aloud:
e is a god; either he is talking, or he is
ing, or he is in a journey, or peradven-
he sleepeth, and must be awaked." Cry
. It is the fixed that horrifies us, the fixed
ssails us with the tremendous force of its
lessness. The fixed is a Mason jar, and we
beat it open. The prophets of Baal gashed
selves with knives and lancets, and the
stayed wood. The fixed is the world with-
ire—dead flint, dead tinder, and nowhere
ark. It is motion without direction, force
ut power, the aimless procession of cater-
s round the rim of a vase, and I hate it because at any moment I myself might step on to that charmed and glistening thread. Last spring in the flood I saw a brown cattail bob in the high muddy water of Carvin's Creek, up and down, side to side, a jerk a second. I went back the next day and nothing had changed; that empty twitching beat on in an endless, sickening tattoo. What geomancy reads what the windblown sand writes on the desert rock? I read there that all things live by a generous power and dance to a mighty tune; or I read there that all things are scattered and hurled, that our every arabesque and grand jeté is a frantic variation on our one free fall.

"There is no veil cast over the horrors of the insect world. There are mysteries performed in broad daylight; we can see every detail, and yet they are still mysteries."

TWO WEEKS AGO, IN THE DARK of night, I bundled up and quit the house for Tinker Creek. Long before I could actually see the creek, I heard it shooting the sandstone riffles with a chilled rush and splash. It has always been a happy thought to me that the creek runs on all night, new every minute, whether I wish it or know it or care, as a closed book on a shelf continues to whisper to itself its own, inexhaustible tale. So many things have been shown me on these banks, so much light has illumined me by reflection here where the water comes down, that I can hardly believe that this grace never flags, that the pouring from ever-renewable sources is endless, impartial, and free. But that night Tinker Creek had vanished, usurped, and Shadow Creek blocked its banks. The night-cold pulsed in my bones. I stood on the frozen grass under the Osage orange. The night was moonless; the mountains loomed over the stars. By half looking away I could barely make out the grey line of foam at the riffles; the skin tightened over the corners of my mouth, and I blinked in the cold. That night the fact of the creek's running on in the dark—from high on the unseen side of Tinker Mountain, miles away—smacked sinister. Where was the old exhilaration? This dumb dead drop over rocks was a hideous parody of real natural life, warm and willful. It was senseless and horrifying; I turned away. The damned thing was flowing because it was *pushed.*

That was two weeks ago; tonight I don't know. Tonight the moon is full, and I wonder. I'm pleased with my day's "work," with the cocoon and egg cases hung on the hedge. Van Gogh found nerve to call this world "a study that didn't come off," but I'm not so sure. Where do I get my standards that I fancy the fixed world of insects doesn't meet? I'm tired of reading; I pick up a book and learn that "pieces of the leech's body can also swim." Take a deep breath, Elijah: light your pile. Van Gogh is utterly dead; the world may be fixed, but it never was broken. And shadow itself may resolve into beauty. □

VERSE

AFTER MIDNIGHT
by Brendan Galvin

In Kansas a shadow is moving
across one yellow square
of farmhouse window
into my sleep.
At a line behind his place
the stars leave off
and the earth comes in
from the horizon like a breeze,
keeping his floor and the phone
on his second-hand table
from joining the night
above those stars. In ringing
Connecticut I drop back
to the same earth
at the same time an hour older
and headlights are rolling
over and over like lanterns swung
on the road to Atchison.
Thin as a paper cup, metal quits,
and then, or now,
a woman is bleeding and someone
that might have isn't going to
live. Across 1,500 miles
tires, brake linings, the weave
of a prayer
fray with the recitation
of another year.

THE WHIPPET BALL
by Daniel Halpern

Oh, they were happy, their big heads
Floating, bloated on vinegar,
Wine, and canned mackerel, music
Dancing the rim-wired eye-glasses
Their guests wore for effect.

From the garden, carnations and whippets
Blew through the room of white curtains.
The narrow brain casing the dogs
Lived under carried them to the guests,
Out again and back through the kitchen
Where the food rested on silver salvers.

The carnations with their clove-fingers
Sucked the sky and softened air
To a 1-1 rhythm hung
Between the lights and the floor.

EPIGRAMS
ON THE DEATH OF A RIVAL POI
by Philip Murray

I
Better dead
Than read.

II
Say nothing but good of the dead.
"Good."

III
Poets like you are most uncommon.
Very few deaths make room at the bottom.

IV
You were just beginning to show signs of wit
Now we'll only know half of it.

V
I always knew without being asked
That your best book would be your last.

VI
Earth, receive a tardy guest:
Mowgli Blank is laid to rest.
Toothless, hairless, sexless, ugly,
Surely you remember Mowgli?

VII
When you consider how your light was spent
You owe a great apology to Edison.

VIII
I hear you left a mountain of scraps.
I'd leave out the "s"es if I were exact.

IX
And did you once see Edith Sitwell plain?
That's no excuse.

X
Come into the garden, Maud.
For Mowgli Blank has gone.

XI
Mowgli Blank, Mowgli Blank,
We have only your parents to thank.
Your father was a circus gorilla;
Your mother was a wolf named Ludmilla:
But how does that explain a jackass?

rdly hold back the tears
ıave been building up for twenty years.

mus igitur;
Blank est rigitur.
O
)
t
ay we go.

e, dies illa
Blank has gone to Hella
niser,
iger
Blank has gone, has gone;
for roasted swan?

ing to find the *mot juste*
ribe your verse;
our letters and starts with s.
Sham? Sand?
Slag? Slop?
Scum? Spit?

k of it.

s inconstant; Death is so steady.
mber me to Dylan and Teddy.)
crude; Death so refining.
n is aging, and Lowell's declining.)
sh is frail: the spirit so strong.
them a circle: they'll be along.)

is the sludge *d'antan*?
ur. we do what we can.

could, if youth would,
li wants it understood
ill available.

lso serve who only lie
e.

u cou
dabba doo
Mowgli Blank—he dead.

XXI
As you so often said
Whenever you read
Ah . . . Er . . . Ah . . . Hrmph . . . Ah . . .

XXII
Long into middle age you were still a stripling;
Had you matured, you might have rivaled Kipling.

XXIII
At Bread Loaf next summer
There's going to be a hammock in your honor.
At Yaddo,
By Goddo,
They have painted the grotto
Black
Since you won't be coming back.
At MacDowell
The keepers handed around towels
To be wept into
While someone hummed "Death
And Transfiguration."
After a commemorative bath
And a melancholy interlude
They frolicked in the grass, alas,
Like Cézanne nudes.
At the P.S.A.
After a brief melée
There was a long citation
And a twenty-second ovation.
The National Academy of Arts and Letters
Loaded with your elders and betters
Voted you a posthumous tin star
And made you an Honorary Chancellor.
In New York in Bryant Park
The Mayor read two of your flaccid quatrains
In a hard rain to a large crowd of bums and fairies.
The Academy of American Poets didn't read a word of you:
They said they never heard of you.
But we knew WE KNEW
The bottom had fallen out of poetry.
(Not to mention *Poetry* magazine
Which published a Blank Issue *In Memoriam*).
The *New York Times* compared you to everyone,
Including Tennyson.
James Dickey said your death was a shocking loss
Which left only himself and Howard Moss.
Your second wife said you never got what you deserved.
Your first wife said you got on her nerves.
Your third wife said you lived for the moment.
Your ghetto mistress had no comment.
As for your faults, time will diminish them.
As for your poems, I intend to finish them.

M. J. Rossant

THE PHANTOM OF BEVERLY HILL

The Equity Funding scandal, or how the road to oblivion was paved with $2 b worth of phony insurance policies



Watergate has so hypnotized the press that Americans have lately heard very little about other crimes and corruptions. It is a deprivation that may benefit the perpetrators and certainly blinds the public to the full richness of 1973 as a vintage year for national scandal. Those found wanting or taking now include politicians of all hues, from machine Democrats in Chicago to reform Republicans in New Jersey. The dishonor roll lists such eminences as Mario Biaggi, Otto Kerner, C. Arnholt Smith, and several dozen West Point cadets. But the year's saddest tale not told sufficiently by the press involves the collapse of Equity Funding Corporation of America, once the nation's fastest growing financial services conglomerate. The following is a reconstruction of that disaster by a veteran journalist who is well acquainted with the principals and their errors.

IT STARTED ON TUESDAY, March 6, 1973, when a troubled corporation man named Ronald Secrist made two telephone calls from his home in New Jersey. One was to the New York State Department of Insurance, the other to Raymond Dirks, an insurance stock analyst for a small brokerage house in Manhattan. Secrist told both that he had been fired from his job at the Equity Funding Corporation of America—and that he now wished to reveal a shocking story about the company's allegedly fraudulent operations.

Secrist's charges were hard to believe. Here was an insurance company, with a reported $6.5 billion in policies outstanding, that was supposedly regulated by state insurance departments all over the U.S. As manager of over $300 million in mutual funds, it was also subject to scrutiny by the Securities and Exchange Commission. The company's other presumed watchdogs—all of them with huge sums at stake—included leading banks, insurance underwriters, institutional investors, and the New York Stock Exchange. Yet Ronald Secrist insisted that Equity Funding Life Insurance Company (EFLIC) was guilty of one of history's biggest swindles: the outright forgery of more than $2 billion in phantom life insurance policies—entirely paper "assets"—which were sold for cash to other life insurance companies, thus [illegible] not only Equity Funding's profits but also the price of its stock.

M. J. Rossant is an editor of Business Week *and a former columnist for the* New York Times. *He is also the director of the Twentieth Century Fund.*

At first, Secrist failed to convince either [illegible] or the insurance regulators. They assumed [illegible] he wanted to pay back the company for h[illegible] fired him in an economy drive. Even so, the[illegible] York insurance officials prudently alerted [illegible] counterparts in California, where Equity [illegible] ing had its headquarters, and the Cali[illegible] officials then passed the word to Illinois, [illegible] EFLIC was incorporated. Dirks, who had [illegible] copious notes over lunch with Secrist, went [illegible] to his office to ponder his next move, if a

In fact, Secrist had set in motion one [illegible] swiftest collapses in financial history. H[illegible] of Equity securities alone lost more than [illegible] million—a crash rivaling that of the Penn[illegible] tral—but more important was the revelati[illegible] stunning flaws in regulatory procedures a[illegible] handling of other people's money.

The public in particular has been victi[illegible] by the Equity Funding affair. Life insura[illegible] a basic form of saving, as critical to Am[illegible] families as bank deposits, savings bon[illegible] home mortgages. Yet EFLIC policyhol[illegible] like those with policies in most other insu[illegible] companies—do not have the protection a[illegible] loss backed by the federal government th[illegible] plies to funds held by banks or savings an[illegible] associations. The life insurance industry, [illegible] up of 1,800 companies with policies totali[illegible] astronomical $1.5 trillion, has traditi[illegible] fought such protection on the ground tha[illegible] not needed, and in any event is too expens[illegible]

Small investors were also shortch[illegible] Warned by Dirks that something might l[illegible] ten in Equity Funding's empire, various i[illegible] tions unloaded big blocks of stock duri[illegible]

days before trading in the company's was suspended. To be sure, most of those were bought by other institutions, which failed to hear the rumors or chose to be- the company's executives (some of whom selling stock too) instead of Dirks. But nall investor was kept completely in the —strong proof that individual investors been quite right to distrust the stock mar- recent years.

npounding this distrust, the Equity Fund- heme (like Watergate) was made possible vanced technology—the use of computers anufacture phantom yet salable policies, ner with bugging devices, which enabled heme's architects to overhear the conver- ns of insurance examiners. There is also nce of bribes and payoffs. Moreover, the ners were aware of the gaps—and overlaps regulatory procedures that could be ex- d by the rigging of computers. They be- adept at playing on the greed and gulli- of sophisticated financial men who rarely embarrassing questions. Yet all their dar- and ingenuity required a special ally— ulative fever.

at fever raged in the great bull market of 960s, a fertile period for artful entrepre- s and meretricious promotions. Led by ard Cornfeld, with his scheme for making one rich, the cult of youth and avarice l investors into a headlong rush for go-go rmance stocks. Inevitably, there came a ning. Some stocks—Transitron, Common- th United, Four Seasons Nursing Homes— yed a meteoric rise before disintegrating. rs, such as Boise Cascade and Ling-Temco- ght, had a somewhat longer run. Thorough- flated in price and expectations, they linger Of the handful that survived to prosper in y's chillier economic climate, the most inent was Equity Funding.

The seeds of fraud

FTEEN YEARS AGO, EQUITY FUNDING was just another agency in Los Angeles selling life rance and mutual funds on a commission s. Its real growth started in 1960, when it ght customers to purchase mutual funds, h then were used as collateral for ten-year s to buy life insurance. Investors were sold he notion of acquiring insurance protection hedge against inflation in mutual funds and pportunity to make gains that could repay r loans. Moreover, salesmen received com- ions on both the fund shares and the insur- e policies, along with stock options. The SEC ed a bit, but this problem was overcome with help of Louis Loss of Harvard Law School, nation's foremost expert on securities regu- lation. (The use of prestigious figures was to become standard operating procedure for Equity Funding.) Difficulties in acquiring capital for making loans were not so easily resolved.

According to informed sources, the seeds of fraud were planted when the company first found itself strapped for financing. By inflating its books, it showed the kind of sales volume and profits that attracted investors without inviting suspicion. At any rate, it raised enough capital from 1964 to 1966 to form its own mutual funds and to buy others, including Cornfeld's Fund of America when his star faded. It then purchased an insurance company, which became EFLIC, as well as a savings and loan association and a bank in the Bahamas. Billing itself as a leader in the packaging and selling of financial services, Equity Funding grew rapidly throughout the 1960s and attracted a substantial following among Wall Street sophisticates.

One example of Equity Funding's tricky accounting showed up as early as 1966, when it claimed to have sold over $225 million in policies, mostly to Pennsylvania Life Insurance Company, whose own statement showed purchases of less than $60 million from Equity Funding. It also faked mutual fund sales, according to some reports, but no one asked for an explanation of its voluminous statements.

Nor did banks or brokers check on the company's relations with state regulatory authorities, who, in some states, were suspicious of Equity Funding. It ran into trouble in New York, where the company was unable to register until last year. Then Equity gained a foothold by its purchase of New Jersey's Bankers Life, which had a New York subsidiary. It faced a similar roadblock in Pennsylvania, where it had to market its funding program through Pennsylvania Life. In Minnesota, the Pennsylvania Life agency, which was selling Equity Funding's policies in the state, was suspended in 1967 for the bribery of two insurance department officials. Although Equity Funding executives were implicated, no one took heed.

Following the stock market debacle of 1969-70, investors began sobering up, and almost any company that smacked of Beverly Hills became suspect, largely because of a string of speculative scandals, including Commonwealth United and Parvin-Dohrmann, connected with a Beverly Hills promoter named Bert Kleiner. Although never a Kleiner promotion, Equity Funding was unmistakably a Beverly Hills company and flaunted that fact. It reveled in its youthful image: Stanley Goldblum, its president and chairman, was forty-three in 1970, and most of his executives were in their twenties and thirties. It was brashly aggressive in concocting novel packages that offered tax-sheltered deals in real estate, oil exploration, and cattle breeding, in addition to mutual funds and life insurance.

"Goldblum ... pressed those institutional managers who are convinced that 'Jews know how to make money.'"

M. J. Rossant

THE PHANTOM OF [illegible]

The company's palatial headquarters was located in a spanking new high-rise at 1900 Avenue of the Stars in Century City, site of the old Twentieth Century-Fox Studios overlooking Los Angeles and Beverly Hills. The executive suites, which occupied the entire top floor, were lavishly furnished in the nouveau-antique style first favored by Hollywood tycoons and later adopted by Southern Californians determined to let everyone know they had it made.



Equity Funding reveled in its youthful image

IN MANY RESPECTS, EQUITY FUNDING was an extension of Stanley Goldblum's ego. A former scrap dealer who nursed the company through its formative years, he was its largest single stockholder and had profited most from its success. Stanley Goldblum is a big man with a wrestler's physique. Not the smooth-talking hustler usually associated with stock promotions, he is a man with a sharp intelligence and an often abrasive manner. At one meeting with a group of institutional investors, he answered questions so abruptly that one potential stock purchaser declared that he wanted nothing to do with a company run by so "cocky a Jew." But if Goldblum provoked the latent anti-Semitism that is never far from the surface in some Wall Street circles, he also impressed those institutional managers who are convinced that "Jews know how to make money."

Many of Goldblum's associates considered him a remote and complicated personality, unwilling to indulge in small talk with intimates or to ingratiate himself with critical outsiders. But he was freely accessible to analysts inquiring about the company's prospects and devoted much time to persuading investment managers that Equity Funding belonged in their portfolios. Though he often criticized "the Establishment" as unreceptive to new concepts and companies, he gave every appearance of abiding by Wall Street's rules. He became regional chairman of the National Association of Securities Dealers, the policeman for the industry; as such he earned a reputation for cracking down on violating brokers. He also favored reforms on Wall Street, and, on at least one occasion hosted a luncheon for Sen. Harrison A. Williams of New Jersey, who was conducting an investigation of the markets.

A multimillionaire on paper, Goldblum lived quietly if luxuriously with his family on a secluded street in Beverly Hills; like his fellow neighbors, he owned a small sailing yacht, several expensive foreign cars, and weekended now and then in Acapulco. He took a lively interest in foreign affairs and domestic politics—he had been appointed honorary Consul General to Senegal, gave substantial amounts of money to Israel, and made contributions to the Johnson campaign, to Birch Bayh in his abortive bid for the Democratic Presidential nomination, and to President Nixon last year—but mostly to advance the fortunes of his company. In almost everything he did, he displayed a singlemindedness preoccupation with the price of Equity Funding's shares. He may have been motivated by desires for wealth and power, but his pride and prestige were just as much at stake in his efforts to boost the price of his stock on the Exchange.

Dead souls and "y" accounts

THE NAME OF THE GAME on Wall Street has been and has been since the quest for growth started—earnings per share. When a company increases earnings by a substantial amount each year, its shares generally sell at an exalted price compared to those of companies with modest or erratic records. Equity Funding chalked up increases of better than 25 percent each year (from $.57 per share in 1967 to $2.81 in 1972) so that it generally commanded a superior price-earnings ratio, placing it in an advantageous position to purchase other companies through an exchange of shares. As a result, Equity Funding was regarded as a glamour stock, enabling it to make a series of acquisitions that enhanced its size and stature.

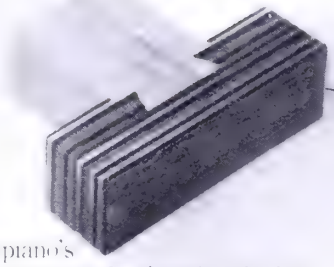
The extent to which Equity Funding's earnings before 1970 were the result of "creative" accounting is still unclear. Its acquisitions were made possible by the high price of its shares and undoubtedly contributed genuine profits. But, according to some former employees, the company continued to record false insurance sales. In addition, it offered life insurance coverage at little or no cost to its employees and their families in 1969; many of these policies

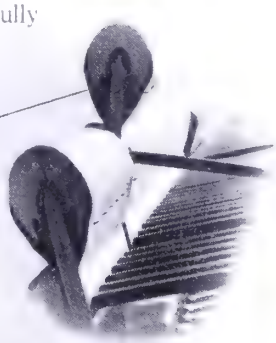
THE WHOLE BODY SHOULD TAKE PART IN THE SELECTION OF A PIANO.

Begin body-testing a prospective piano by examining its craftsmanship with eyes and fingers.

Is the workmanship consistent?

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av as you try loud
ss," smooth
ges, short
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key doesn't feel
eably lighter or
ier to the touch
another.

Also try the
n for speed
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ensitive
sfer of
er from your
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ise from one end to another,
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then "co-insured"—sold for cash to insurance companies anxious to increase their own business. Because a co-insurer will pay up to double the first year's premium for policies in the expectation that it will receive the lion's share of all future premiums, Equity Funding could show increased insurance sales and higher immediate earnings. In subsequent years, Equity had to find new policies to sell or else face a squeeze on its own cash and earnings.

The crunch came in 1970, when the stock market eroded. Equity's mutual-fund salesmen encountered growing resistance, which cut into their sales of insurance as well. The sag in sales of funding packages meant that the game plan of constant growth in earnings was in jeopardy, a development reflected in a dramatic fall in Equity Funding's shares on the market. At this juncture, the company's executives made a conscious decision to cross from the no-man's-land of creative accounting on a relatively small scale to outright and massive fraud. Like most frauds, the scheme was a simple one. The schemers knew that insurance companies deal with each other on a basis of mutual trust, so they manufactured bogus policies which were then sold to co-insurers. One could say that the additional business that Equity Funding put on its books prior to 1970 inflated its earnings without hurting anyone—it merely made the company's sales and profits appear to be booming. But the creation of phantom people owning phantom policies which were then sold for cash to other insurance companies was outright fraud.

Carrying out the fraud in a way that would keep it undetected was not so simple. Files had to be established for each policyholder; computers had to be coded to prevent mistakes; appropriate percentages for lapsed policies and death claims had to be computed, and death certificates fabricated. In addition, the company began creating fake funding packages, which entailed the creation of fake assets. The full dimensions of the scheme are not yet known, but it is already clear that the fraud was as complex and far-flung as any that has yet been devised.

All financial frauds have traits in common. Equity Funding's creation of huge numbers of phantom policies for resale has an uncanny resemblance to the plot of Gogol's *Dead Souls*, in which Pavel Chichikov buys dead serfs whom he depicts as living in order to use them as collateral for a loan. It also recalls the swindle at McKesson & Robbins by Musica/Coster, who reported profits from a nonexistent business in raw chemicals, as well as Anthony De Angelis's hollow tanks of salad oil. But there were significant differences. Equity Funding was subject to regulation, which called for infinite care in concealing its tracks. It also had to rely on computers, which meant that implementing fraud could not be confined solely to its architects.

AT EQUITY FUNDING'S PEAK, the roster of employees at its headquarters listed 950 persons, most of whom were blissfully ignorant of any machinations. The full details of the fraud were known to no more than a dozen top executives—presumably the twelve who have either resigned or been released "with cause" by the trustee in bankruptcy. Even so, computer programmers had to be involved. And since phony files were required, a small group of young clerical workers, who were housed in a nondescript and out-of-the-way warehouse in a seedier section of Beverly Hills, was recruited to prepare them. In all, perhaps thirty to forty people had a hand in one or another phase of the plot.

In so youthful and casual an atmosphere at Equity Funding's headquarters, intimations that funny goings-on were bound to leak. They did. There were odd references to the "creation group," the "Association membership list," the "y" accounts, and "internal financing." Occasionally, staff members were invited to help fill out medical or credit forms. Some of the salesmen on the sales force multiplied their sales, but the total number of Equity Funding salesmen and the result was far short of the policy sales reported by the company. Unquestionably, a number of employees were aware that something curious, even suspicious, was going on, but no one talked until Secrist made his revelations last March.

When the fraud was set in motion, Equity Funding's books were safe from critical examination. The company experienced little trouble from its auditors who, while nominally independent, maintained close ties with Equity Funding's top management. Nor did it have problem with state insurance examiners; Illinois had conducted a full-scale examination in 1968 and another was not scheduled until 19[illegible]. Even if an examination had taken place, the odds against discovery of the fraud were very high. As a spokesman for California's Department of Insurance recently confessed, "Our examiners aren't equipped to check out a computer run and find out if it's authentic." New York's department, which is generally acknowledged as the most expert, admitted last January, in a comprehensive report on its regulatory procedures, that it, too, must still "rely on the integrity of the company's electronic procedures and programming techniques" until its computer training program is further advanced.

With Equity's statements bearing what amounted to an official stamp of approval, neither banks nor brokerages looked further. Only one or two analysts steered clear of the compa[illegible]

they could not understand its complicat-
unting or did not like its tax-sheltered
s, but most took a positive view after a
ncrease in earnings was reported for
No one queried the gains that had been
up at a time when most other financial
firms were suffering. On the contrary,
ons revived their interest in Equity
g, and since institutions are made up of
uals who talk to each other and watch
e competition is doing, it was not long
the herd instinct was in evidence, help-
boost the price of the stock once again,
ving the company a ready reception in
fresh capital.

ctober of 1970, the company was listed
New York Stock Exchange, another sign
growing prestige. To lobby for an Ex-
listing, Equity Funding had enlisted
iced legal talent and Gustave Levy, one
ll Street's most respected figures. The
ge had gone along after examining the
ny's statements and requiring it to ap-
nationally known auditors as well as a
board (the outside directors included
R. Bowie, head of Harvard's Center for
tional Affairs, and Judson Sayre, retired
an of Borg-Warner).

N EQUITY FUNDING EMBARKED on its fraud, it apparently thought of the plan as porary expedient, a case of the end justi- the means. Goldblum, according to one associate, spoke about clearing every- up in short order. The group seemed to e that the phantom policies could be elim- once it had acquired enough legitimate ss, either on its own or through the acqui- of other insurance companies. But when ompany made acquisition after acquisi- requently overpaying, it was evident that aud could not be stopped. The amount of required to pay the re-insurers on out- ng phantom policies compelled the com- to create more and more new ones. From 0 in 1970, the total rose to an estimated 0 in 1971 and 60,000 in 1972. Co-insurers paid over $25 million for these policies as well as a substantial amount in death claims.

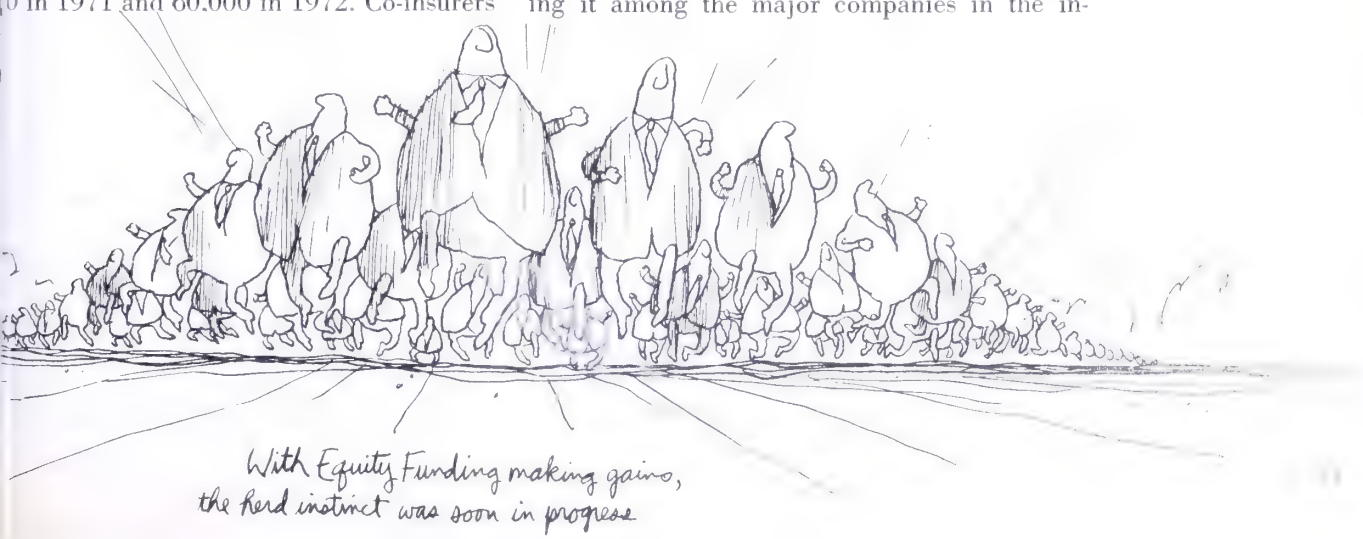
Self-deception sometimes gave way to desperation. In retrospect, Equity Funding's forays into oil exploration were in the nature of a wild gamble, the hope for a big strike that would solve all its problems. One insider estimates that about $10 million in hard cash was poured into the oil program without any success. Similarly, Equity Funding plunged into the purchase of a land company, which it later had to revoke after learning that the land company had run afoul of regulatory authorities. These were quixotic activities for a firm with fiduciary responsibilities, but no one raised objections.

So Equity Funding kept inflating its earnings by continued reliance on its specially coded computers which spewed out increasing numbers of phantom policies. There was no rest for the programmers at headquarters, the clerks in the warehouse, the parties who filled out fake forms. There were occasional slipups. Death payments were made to living persons on the lists; fictitious addresses resulted in mail being returned; and there was one scary moment when the company, which reported it was holding internally over $75 million in assets, found it difficult to locate $5 million in collateral for a loan. Yet its subterfuge continued to go unquestioned. If the enormity of it all ever concerned its perpetrators, the passage of time without serious mishap may well have convinced them that the fraud would never be uncovered.

"In 1970 [illegible] crossed from the no-man's-land of creative accounting on a relatively small scale to outright and massive fraud."

Panic and paralysis

ON THE FACE OF IT, EQUITY FUNDING was in good shape on March 12, when its earnings for 1972 were relayed over the ticker tape. Its shares, like many others, had declined during the first quarter, but its 1972 earnings, which showed an increase of 17 percent over the 1971 figures, were evidence that the company was continuing its rapid growth. Its total policies in force had risen to $6.5 billion, placing it among the major companies in the in-



With Equity Funding making gains, the herd instinct was soon in progress

dustry. Ever active on the acquisition front, it announced the completion of negotiations for the purchase of First Executive Corporation, a Los Angeles firm that had almost $800 million in life insurance outstanding.

That same day, examiners from Illinois, joined by representatives of the California and Mississippi departments, showed up at Equity Funding's headquarters. Ordinarily, an insurance company is given ample notice before an examination is to take place. But the Illinois department, which had been late in making its triennial audit of the company, decided to move in after hearing of Secrist's charges from the California department. The story, as it was recounted, seemed preposterous, but since Equity Funding had been scheduled for auditing later in the spring, the Illinois office simply rearranged its schedule.

Equity Funding's officials expressed surprise, a not unnatural reaction. They asked for a delay, explaining that they needed a little time to clear space and free company personnel for the examination. This request seemed reasonable, and the examiners agreed to put off their scrutiny of the books until the following day. Meantime, Equity Funding arranged to locate the examiners in quarters adjoining the boardroom, and record their conversations. (On earlier occasions, presumably when they had more time to prepare, the company's executives played games such as luring the examiners out of the room on a pretext, swiping the audit plans, Xeroxing them, and returning them before the auditors came back.)

Dirks, who had spent part of the weekend looking over Equity Funding's statements, was also active on Monday. A roly-poly and hippyish bachelor who had tried without success to become a Broadway producer and now sees himself as the Ralph Nader of Wall Street, he put in a call to Stanley Goldblum after Equity Funding's earnings appeared on the tape. Refraining from mentioning Secrist's story, Dirks asked some questions about the reported earnings and suggested a meeting. Goldblum was agreeable, but added that executive vice-president Fred Levin was in New York and might be helpful. Dirks tried Levin without success. He also called Boston Company's Institutional Investors, which managed a pool of capital and which he knew was interested in the company. When he reported what he had learned from Secrist, the Boston firm sent an investment manager to New York to discuss the situation. After their meeting on Tuesday morning, Dirks and his visitor concluded that while the story was probably untrue, it ought to be checked out.

Like most analysts, Dirks thought first about his clients. He did not consider informing the public through the Exchange or the SEC, partly because he had had some unfortunate dealings with them, partly because he, too, was a sider who wanted to make a splash on Street. He later claimed that he was unwill spread mere rumors, but that did not p him from passing on Secrist's allegations stitutions that could profit by them.

On Thursday, March 15, before any che had been done, Institutional Investors sol 500 shares of Equity Funding, a small p of its holdings, at 26½. The same day, paid a visit to Bankers Trust, another i tion with a substantial block of Equity ing, to give a brief account of Secrist's a tions. As Dirks recalls it, the investment ager he met immediately decided to sell. then got in touch with still another client, tutional Capital Corp., which expressed lief at the story and suggested that Dir out to California and confront Goldblum der to get at the truth. Without bother pack a bag, Dirks took an evening flig Los Angeles.

ON MONDAY, MARCH 19, while the ex ers were poring over Equity Fun statements and Dirks was seeking out f employees of the company from a room a Beverly Wilshire, a block of 100,000 share traded at 23½ on the New York Stock Exch Bankers Trust was clearing out its pos Equity Funding showed up on the Excha "watch list" of issues with unusual act Whenever a stock appears on this list an in gation is carried out. In Equity Funding's the Exchange made some routine checks the company and with the insurance de ments of California and Illinois. It rec assurances that nothing was amiss and wa even told about the examination that was taking place.

By Tuesday, Dirks had additional info tion from two other ex-employees backin Secrist's tale. On Wednesday morning, he Goldblum for breakfast at the Wilshire. blum appeared with Levin in tow. He ha ready received news, because of the time ference, that a huge block had traded at 1 down almost 4 points from the previous close. The bulk of it was a 371,500 sale by ton Company's Institutional Investors. On the buyers was Loews Corporation, whose h Laurence Tisch, liked bargains; it picked 220,000 shares. Another buyer, ironically, John W. Bristol & Co., a Boston Company sidiary that managed accounts for a large n ber of university endowments and pen funds, including Princeton, Amherst, Willi Swarthmore, and the University of Virg Bristol, a heavy buyer early in March, chased 20,000 more shares.

Dirks informed Goldblum and Levin tha

ked to a few institutions. He then went
ell them that he was doing research on
mpany and displayed a thick sheaf of
Goldblum suggested that they talk at
iarters, where he and Levin and other
s sought to convince him that the com-
as flourishing. Dirks, who did not reveal
spicions, was somewhat shaken to learn
e examination in progress had failed to
ything wrong. When he departed, after
ours on the scene, he had nothing solid
on.

nwhile, the Exchange had received a call
New York Securities, which had served
uity Funding's initial investment banker.
n, Barney, a much more prestigious firm,
ated to take over this spring.) According
w York Securities, a Bankers Trust ana-
d attended a lunch at which there had
talk of fraud at Equity Funding. On
lay, March 22, the Exchange made an-
call to Goldblum requesting more infor-
n. He replied that since he would be in
York on Friday, he would show up in
.

dblum, who apparently felt that he had
effective in his session with Dirks, left that
for New York. On Friday morning he met
Laurence Tisch at breakfast, a meeting
ged by J. Ira Harris, a friend who also
partner of Salomon Brothers, a major
itional house on Wall Street. Goldblum
Tisch that the stock was at bargain levels
said that the company was doing well.
n, ironically, is now complaining that he
not privy to the inside information pos-
l by Dirks.) Then he appeared at a con-
e of institutional investors to make much
me spiel. He noted that Equity Funding,
pioneered the funding concept, would be
forefront of the variable annuities—insur-
policies combined with equity participa-
-being readied for sale by life insurance
anies. (A poll of analysts attending the
rence disclosed that they voted life insur-
stocks as likely to be among the best per-
ers in the market.) After lunch, Goldblum
d the Exchange, where he vehemently
d that anything in the company's picture
ied the large and precipitous decline in its
. He talked to other analysts during the
nd, according to some accounts, said that
National City Bank had offered a loan so
the company could repurchase up to one
on of its own shares on the market, a ma-
er that would have helped keep up its price.
at Friday in New York must have been
ast time that Goldblum could have been
nably confident of riding out the storm.
on his return to Beverly Hills, he learned
Dirks had told his story to Seidman &
man and Haskin & Sells, the former and
present auditors of EFLIC. On Monday, when Haskin & Sells urged the company to go to the SEC, Goldblum tried to sell 50,000 of his own shares. Goldblum and Levin stalled about visiting the SEC, suggesting instead that Seidman & Seidman come in and make a fresh audit. It was a wild day for Equity Funding's shares on Wall Street. Bristol, which had been so big a buyer, turned around and sold out a total 445,400 shares at 17½; there were other large sellers, mostly companies that had talked to Dirks. Loews, which had picked up an additional 53,100 on Friday following Tisch's breakfast meeting with Goldblum, purchased 216,900 of the block that had been handled by Salomon Brothers, the major Wall Street house. By now, rumors of trouble at Equity Funding were all over the financial community, but trading, of an increasingly disorderly nature, continued.

On Monday night, after learning that Seidman & Seidman had shown his notes to officials at Equity Funding, Dirks himself panicked. Fearing that company executives might try to silence him, he fled from his hotel and, from a telephone booth in an anonymous office building, called *The Wall Street Journal*. It got in touch with the local office of the SEC, which arranged to hear his story the following morning. Dirks did not return to the Beverly Wilshire, but took a room at another hotel, where he sweated out the time until his appointment at the SEC.

Trading was intense when the Exchange opened on Tuesday, March 27. This time, Loews was a seller, getting off 102,000 shares at 17 before the Exchange, which had been in consultation with the SEC, decided to suspend all trading. In Los Angeles, Raymond Dirks was telling what he knew to the SEC, while the company issued a public statement castigating the rumors about its operations as unfounded, without specifying what the rumors were. Seidman & Seidman, the independent auditors who had taken over Wolfson, Weiner, Ratoff & Lapin, the firm responsible for certifying Equity Funding's books, was requested to make another inspection.

The end was now in sight. The examiners, who had worked steadily, finally discovered that $20 million in assets reportedly lodged with a bank were missing. The SEC, which was taking testimony from various witnesses, prepared a charge of fraud. A paralyzing pall afflicted the company's executives. Goldblum, according to one employee still with Equity Funding, was more remote than ever, closeted in his corner suite. Levin and other, more affable, officials huddled together for whispered conferences. The company had scheduled a regular meeting of its board of directors for the coming weekend, and everyone wondered what would happen.

On Sunday, April 1, the board met for the

"Dirks was telling what he knew to the SEC, while the company issued a public statement castigating the rumors about its operations as unfounded."

M. J. Rossant

THE PHANTOM OF [illegible]

last time. At first, Goldblum and Levin put on a show of bravado, insisting that Rodney Loeb, chief counsel and secretary of the company, was out of order in seeking an explanation of the charges. But the outside directors, who had previously been lulled by the complexity of the company's operations, sided with Loeb. After a long and stormy discussion, during which Goldblum, Levin, and Sam B. Lowell, an executive vice-president, refused to explain what had been going on, the board asked for—and received—their resignations. With the California Department of Insurance moving in to take over the next day, Equity Funding's game plan fell apart like a house of cards.

(That Sunday there was another development. According to William Raff, another attorney for the company, Levin met with H. C. Brewer, a vice-president of First National City Bank, in a room at the Century Plaza Hotel, near Equity Funding's offices. Levin, who was president of Northern Life Insurance Company, an Equity Funding subsidiary, signed a stock certificate representing 100 percent of the stock in Northern Life and gave it to Brewer as collateral for an Equity Funding loan. The bank has since claimed that it had returned its original certificate to Equity Funding the previous week as a result of "fraudulent representation" by the company. This explanation is disputed by the California Department of Insurance, which observed that there was a "close personal relation" between Levin and Brewer, and that return of the certificate by the bank was "intended to be an act to deceive insurance examiners." The regulators speculate that Equity Funding was attempting to show it had ample assets and that the bank was willing to cooperate in the deception.)

Losses and lessons

NOW THAT EQUITY FUNDING has succumbed, the hunt is on for scapegoats. But it is difficult to point a finger at anyone. All of the watchdogs take refuge in the fact that there is no protection against a clever fraud. There is some truth in this view, if only because large-scale business cannot be carried out except on a basis of trust. But it is too easy an out.

The auditors, clearly, have a lot to answer for. Seidman & Seidman accepted the company's books at face value. Its checks were cursory at best; it never sought to inspect the assets that supposedly backed the loans made by the company. If it had, it would have found that they did not exist. Seidman & Seidman continued to rely on the team of auditors from the firm it had purchased, a team that had been close to company officials for years.

(A somewhat similar situation existed in Atlantic Acceptance in Canada, where the auditors, the Canadian branch of Hask Sells, accepted without question the state of the auditors for Atlantic's subsidiaries; later disclosed that the senior partner o firm was intimately involved with Atlantic ficers. In the case of Equity Funding, one principals in the firm taken over by Sei & Seidman was extremely close to the officials of the company.)

The state regulatory authorities were a fault. In many states, including Illinois, th partment of Insurance has been a steady s of political patronage. Quite apart from lack of computer expertise, says Herbert enberg, the consumer-oriented head of sylvania's department who refused to li EFLIC in his state, a cozy relationship between state regulators and the companies are supposed to regulate. Certainly, superv of Equity Funding were lax and, accordi some accounts, open to bribery. Fred M the new and able head of the Illinois de ment, has admitted as much in proposing sv ing reforms.

Insurance companies that did business Equity Funding are closing ranks. In their they must rely on auditors and regulator cause the cost of conducting extensive audi their own would be too great to permit the co-insure at a profit. But they now seem to b stubborn in their resistance to some for fund to protect innocent policyholders ag insolvencies. Although they still consider a solvency fund as a tax on the well-run comp they can no longer claim that the indivi shareholder, if not themselves, has no risk.

The SEC is not blameless. Each time Eq Funding had a new issue, it regularly appr its prospectus. There are red faces, too, on Exchange, in banks and other investment i tutions, and in brokerages. Newspaper acco have credited Raymond Dirks with a brill job of analysis, but he was more of an inv



n an analyst in checking out Secrist's
is. The fact is that everyone relied on
else, never doing his own homework.
ord Foundation was among the institu-
vestors burned in the collapse of At-
ceptance as well as that of Equity Fund-
ers tied to both scandals included the
tional City Bank, Morgan Guaranty,
Bristol. Every major scandal can boast
iance of prestigious investors; it is an
ingredient for getting a stock off the
g pad and into orbit. While most insti-
ave the bulk of their funds invested in
l issues, they are always on the lookout
ling companies that might turn out to
er IBM. Canny promoters know that if
persuade sophisticated investors like a
r a Morgan Guaranty or a Ford to place
their portfolios, others will follow. So
to inordinate lengths to woo institutions,
being human, are prey to flattery and

y Funding executives were assiduous in
court to institutions and adept at letting
d get out in selected circles when they
a significant investor. Their success was
t not only in the days when Equity
g was riding high without a taint of sus-
they proved even more effective when
that it had created phantom policies
fe. The fact is that while some institu-
at had heard the rumors sold, others
yers. In some cases at least, the com-
close ties on Wall Street helped it to
the rumors until the roof fell in.
f this writing there have been no individ-
ictments. Government attorneys investi-
the case report that none is likely for
ime because of the complexity of the
ut countless law suits have been filed by
of Equity Funding securities, traders in
ck, and Loeffler, the court-appointed
for what remains of the company. The
ork Stock Exchange has its own culprit
s, who has been charged with informing
nts before the regulators. (The Exchange
bring accusations against Goldblum, who
ed it with misleading information, be-
ne is outside its jurisdiction.) Dirks him-
s explained that he did not approach the
ge or the SEC because he distrusted
Secrist, who is the real hero of the affair,
sed similar sentiments in explaining why
not approach insurance regulators in
ersey, California, or Illinois. As he tells
lecided to approach the New York Depart-
of Insurance, which has a good reputa-
long with Dirks, because he felt that get-
n official examination started at the same
hat institutions began selling was the only
o assure that the company would be so
that it would be unable to defend itself.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO ESTIMATE the full extent of the losses, tangible and intangible, suffered in the collapse of Equity Funding. Its common stock, when trading was suspended, had a value of over $120 million; most investors had made their purchases at much higher prices so that their losses were considerably larger. For example, Fidelity Corp. of Virginia, an insurance holding company, has reported a loss of over $23 million, while the Ohio State Teachers Retirement System is stuck with Equity Funding securities that cost it over $10 million. There are other big losses, including the banks, with some $50 million in loans, and co-insurers, with over $25 million. Equity Funding also had a substantial number of debt securities outstanding, which were valued at around $100 million.

Legitimate policyholders of Equity Funding will probably not be hurt, because the company seems to have assets left to protect them. Loeffler, the able trustee for the company, believes that Equity Funding can be made solvent, permitting some repayment of debt, if the regulatory authorities allow the company to operate again. But the stock is considered worthless and the wonder is that the losses incurred have not had a more discernible impact. Apparently, many investors would rather take losses than expose their avarice and gullibility. Once the lawsuits brought by individual and institutional stockholders are aired, a more accurate rendering of who took whom will be possible. But it is doubtful that the full extent of the losses will ever be determined.

Whether or not Dirks and Secrist are justified in their distrust of authorities, it is plain that the regulators must be above suspicion in their supervisory activities. Ways must be found to control computers while safeguarding privacy. Other reforms, especially some form of protection against fraud for legitimate policyholders, must be enacted. And though it is impossible to legislate against greed, there is a need to make sure that all investors are privy to the same information at the same time.

The full story of Equity Funding may never be told unless Stanley Goldblum chooses to tell it. Since his resignation, he has rarely emerged from his Beverly Hills home, a few minutes' drive from the company's offices. A recent visitor found him subdued but not chastened. He was unwilling to explain for the record just what had gone on and said that he had no intention of ever doing so. Apart from his lawyers, most of his callers have been prospective home buyers who have been carefully vetted by real estate agents. Goldblum's house, complete with a gymnasium and two saunas, has been on the market since March. Originally the asking price was $495,000; recently it was marked down to $450,000. So far there have been no takers. □

"Every major scandal can boast the allegiance of prestigious investors; it is an essential ingredient for getting a stock off the launching pad and into orbit."

COMMENTARY

"HELP STAMP OUT OPERA!"

Mitzi, a friend of mine, was telling me about the time a date had taken her to the opera. "I think it was the longest evening of my whole life," she said.

Her punishment consisted of Richard Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* with Birgit Nilsson, among other singers, conducted by Artur Rodzinski. It was an evening that millions of opera lovers, or however many there are, would have given anything to share. But Mitzi found it pure tedium.

At the time I laughed. I knew what she meant. I agreed with that large and uncomprehending group whose feelings were well expressed on a poster I once saw that urged "HELP STAMP OUT OPERA!"

Well, Mitzi was wrong. I was wrong. Or at least we were misguided, and the loss was ours. I say "was" because I, at least, have slowly been converted. I know now why an opera house, unlike a theater or a concert hall, is almost always filled. I know why so much opera is presented.

In the 1971-72 season, 5,723 performances of 364 different operas were given in the United States. That's a lot of opera. Opera, absurd opera. It has been conquering its enemies for nearly 400 years.

There is some truth to all the points levied against it but lovers of opera will happily help you brush them all aside. Take the young man I heard going up the aisle following the first act of a production of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* in Chicago.

That act climaxes with a lavishly staged ball at the Don's palace where the guests dance to a heartbreakingly beautiful minuet. It is, in fact, one of opera's great moments.

Said the man to his companion: "I wish all operas were written by Mozart." Like all of us present that night, he was overcome. Nobody could have told him that a stage full of costumed Chicagoans playing at being Spanish peasants partying at a nobleman's palace—the whole thing set to music—was artificial. Mozart and his interpreters had made it magically real.

The truth, of course, is that opera is no more artificial than comic books. Just accept the conventions of the art form and unreality can soon take on glorious reality.

The complaint that opera i ally performed in a foreign lar is one I used to make myself. n early years of opera going I sa different *Carmens*. Three of presented by the companies Francisco, Chicago, and Paris in French. The fourth, presen Chicago by a highly gifted t company, was in English. A time the English version wa preference. To me, theater—a era is basically theater—words. I wanted to understa words.

And yet, language doesn't make any difference in the en not only that no one will ever w

Charles Lekberg is an amateur and pianist and a professiona nalist and editor, though he times wishes it were the othe around. Connie Calvert spends weeks of each month as a booki for Seattle Advertising Agency The other week is devoted to w William King, who recently ated from United Technical In in Boston, is building a Victo Gothic/Oriental house in Ma which he is incorporating secre els, secret rooms, and some inventions. Tina Simms is an ployed English teacher who cu ly volunteers her time as pul writer to WJCT-TV, Jackson educational television station.

Harper's *welcomes brief con tions from all of its readers wh themselves inspired to passi statement. Please send entrie cluding stamped, self-addresse velope, to "Commentary."*

TO PBS

Heretical reaction to PBS's effort to dispel my fear of opera in thirty minutes by mixing together the Muppets, Joan Sutherland, English, and Italian. The first fifteen minutes:

La Traviata
Failata.
Prevailata
Nata.
La data
's innamorata
E's una rata
E violata
Violetta.
Neva metta.
No matta.

—Connie Calvert
Seattle, Wash.

or opera in English. (They It's just that you quickly get lon't care. Today I would go *armen* in Icelandic.

ext objection also fades into tance when you look at it This is the charge that opera are silly. Perfectly true, say vers; most opera stories are t then most stories are silly. you stop to think about it, eople lead lives that strike is silly too. Opera stories, in e frequently romantic stories, here is one area of life where ess prevails, it's romance.

l the objections to opera no r objects to the music. And, , they can't.

rfeo, when Orpheus pleads in and almost endless song for to take him across the River o he can fetch his beloved e, you're enchanted. In *Fi*hen the prisoners sing as they gly trudge out into the sunou weep. In *Wozzeck*, when ly orphaned child sings a simg to his hobby horse at the tragic end after a solid evening of powerful music, you're shattered.

In *Salome*, when that wicked woman screams, "I want the head of Jokanaan," you're scared. In *The Coronation of Poppea*, when the nurse Arnalta sings Poppea to sleep with a matchless lullaby, you're dazzled. In *Dido and Aeneas*, when the forsaken Dido sinks into death singing, "When I am laid in earth, remember me," you're transported.

In *Tosca*, it's the tense orchestra music between the shooting of Mario and Tosca's wild, screaming discovery that real bullets were unexpectedly used, that you remember. In *Rheingold*, it's the majestic musical accompaniment of the gods' entry into Valhalla that stirs you. In *Don Giovanni*, among a hundred other things, it's that exquisite minuet. The list goes on and on, depending on whom you talk to.

Now, if opera continues year after year to acquire a lot of fanciness and foolishness, that too doesn't really make any difference in the long run. If you don't go along with that kind of nonsense, you are advised, be tolerant and overlook it. It's a small price to pay, and you shouldn't put the blame on opera itself.

Just go. Go as often as opportunity and pocketbook permit—if possible, to good operas by good composers with good singers, conductors, and directors, presented in houses with good acoustics and sightlines. If all that's not possible, then go anyway. Sooner or later, you will probably be pulled into the grip of seductive, triumphant opera.

The reward? Well, a good example is Al, who owns a hardware store. During the season Al has a series ticket to the opera. When I was still a doubter, I asked him why he went.

"You know," he said. "I love it all while it's going on. And for months afterward little bits of that music keep running around in my head. My hands may be busy with tools or paint or whatever a customer wants. But in my head those operas go on and on."

Stamp out opera? You may as well try to hold back the wind.

—Charles Lekberg
Chicago, Ill.

THERE IS ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE.



You're standing on seven miles of sand looking straight west to Japan.

Last week you felt the warmth of a bonfire in our Cariboo country, tasted fresh fruit from our orchards, touched cedar trees that were fifteen feet around in a park in the middle of a metropolis.

You've seen a quiet island city that appeared to have been plucked from the pages of Charles Dickens, and you've heard the cry of eagles over a misty rainforest.

You've gone as far as you can go on the west coast of Canada. And in the process of losing the world, you've found yourself.

THE TIME IS FALL.
THE PLACE IS BRITISH COLUMBIA.

For more travel information, write The British Columbia Department of Travel Industry, 1019 Wharf Street, Victoria, British Columbia, Canada



À LA RUBE

Everyone forgets, but this device makes forgetting virtually obsolete. The whole apparatus rests on one's shoulders (F), and is adjusted to meet the specific contours of the particular physique. If one wishes to remember to perform a particular duty at a given hour, he will set the timer (E). When the proposed hour has been reached, the wheels will turn, (D) will rotate, meeting (C), (B), the spring will offer resistance, and the motion will be achieved when (A), a padded mallet, strikes repeated blows about the head. If one is wearing a hat he must not forget to remove it before the initial hour has been reached. If one feels that upon careful examination of the matter he cannot remember to remove his hat, he may find it necessary to set the timer to remind himself to remove his hat.

There is finally a solution to the problem of drivers failing to deposit money in parking meters. The only penalty thus far is a rather drab-looking sheet of heavy bond paper unimaginatively called "the parking ticket." It is not colorful enough to frame nor is the string that is tied to one end long enough to be used for anything of consequence. The fine imposed is rarely paid, and the ticket is torn and thrown away. This presents a problem in that the heavy paper is now litter. All this dwindles down to one solution; a more drastic measure for the violator. Motorists will no longer be able to ignore the fines imposed with the improved parking meter, which operates in much the same way as the obsolete one. The money is deposited in a funnel-type slot, and an arrow points to the remaining time. But if enough money is not deposited after a five-second grace period has passed, a large football-shaped weight falls with great force, smashing the violator's windshield.

If rising from bed in the morn presents a problem, the problem be solved by eliminating the cau Since it is virtually impossible t eliminate the bed, it is necessary eliminate rising. This is done in following manner, by the followi device. Before retiring, one sets timer, using the handle (B). At appointed hour the next mornin the timer activates the motor (C which operates the wheels that t the belt (D). This action forces belt (A) to follow the slot (E) and down to a vertical position. is now standing, without much i vidual choice. This rapidly reme the problem of rising in the mor and rids one of having to weigh possibilities of getting up or rem ing in bed. The machine may als placed near an open window to n dispose of an unwanted guest.

—William E. H Raymond, M

A TEA DRINKER LOOKS AT THE AMERICAN COFFEE CEREMON

According to the ads I see on TV, a woman's marriage security is deeply bound up not only with getting her rest, taking good care of herself, and swigging iron tonic but with making a good cup of coffee. Her acceptability as a mate is conditional upon the quality of her coffee. Her husband is apparently incapable of making coffee himself, but he *knows* just how it should taste.

The ideal and nearly unattainable coffee of which all earthly cups are pale imitations lurks somewhere in his memory, but he is unable to verbalize it. She must try and try again until, one day, when she catches him furtively pouring her coffee into the sink, she can modestly and yet proudly offer him a new cup and . . . "by George, she's got it!"

There is a Zen-like quality to the whole affair. The Master's teachings are indirect, mysterious. At no time does he say, "I like my coffee stronger." Or weaker, hotter, colder, and so on. He merely tastes each imperfect cup and pours it down the drain until one day the student achi enlightenment. The occasion is thy of celebration by haiku:

When I saw my coffee go dow
the drain,
Lo! The truth dawned upon me

Other Coffee Masters have h more direct in their teachings. generous young husband may i ate his wife into the more impor functions of marriage by handing a can of the preferred brand and timating to her that this is her

ard being a "good little
nd who could forget the
which the Master cuddles his
t daughter and tells her that
oon be a woman and there-
ld learn to make a good cup
? He tips her off as to the
ıt the mysteries of prepara-
presentation are not re-

l the great coffee judges are
woman's coffee can also be
y her peers, who have pre-
already achieved enlighten-
ppose she has moved into a
new neighborhood and is
th entertaining the women
lock. What had presented it-
ı ordeal may, with luck, turn
ıoment of truth.

hen my neighbor drank my
offee without spitting up,
v I had arrived!

e tea drinkers in our house-
d it has occurred to us that,
rica, tea really isn't consid-
sexy and important as coffee.
norning when I fix my hus-
up of tea—or he fixes mine,
ng on who gets out of the
m first—it is just a matter of
g a teabag into a mug and
hot water over it. Not once
told me that I am a good lit-
ey (or Lipton, or even A&P)

sn't really seemed necessary
take our daughters aside and
them in the mysteries of tea-
ıking. Maybe we could teach
ıat neat trick of squeezing the
by holding it in one's spoon
apping the string around it.
don't usually discuss our tea
length, except maybe to say:
my cup. Yours is on the
ide of your plate." So oblivi-
we to what we drink in the
g that all of us on occasion
otten halfway finished with a
steaming hot water before we
l that someone had forgotten
the teabag in.
would make a very poor ad,
ır tea.

when we tasted our cup, we
realized
water with lemon is not half
bad.

—Tina Simms
Jacksonville Beach, Fla.



WORKING in a Jack Daniel's warehouse has its rewards. In the summertime, it's the coolest spot in the hollow.

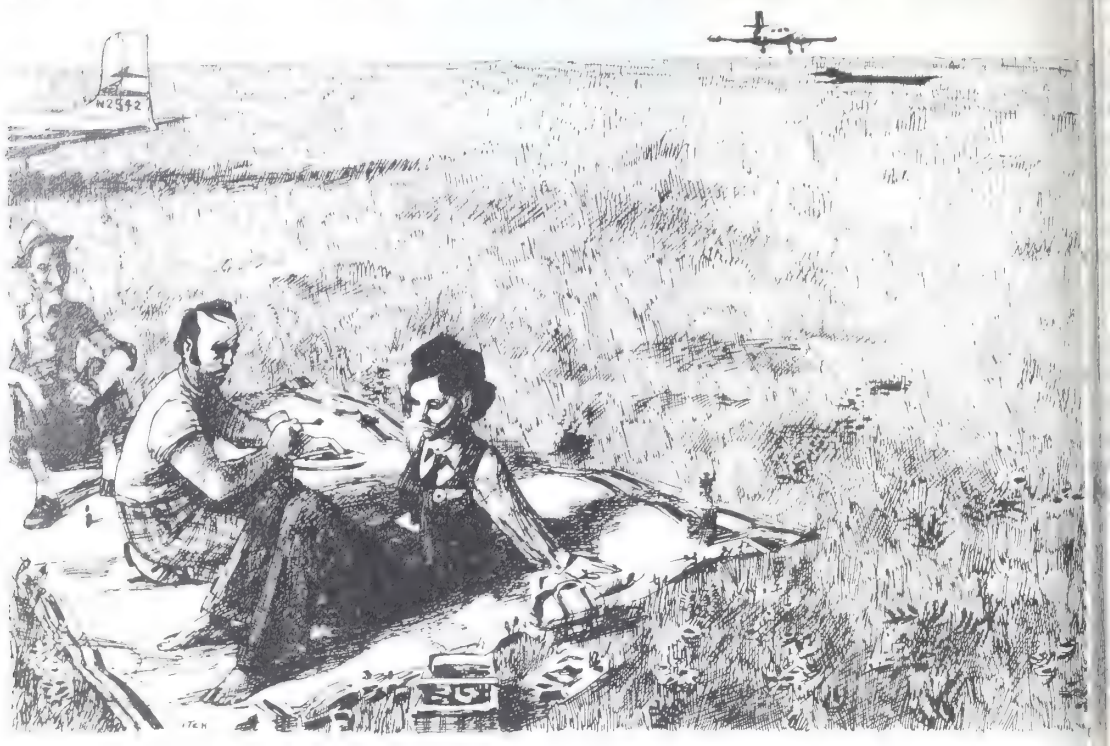
The barrels in our warehouse always rest cool, except for those up near the roof. So every now and then we move them around, making sure all of the whiskey ages and colors the right way. You see, we'd rather let our product age the old natural way Mr. Jack used. And besides, we like an excuse to cool off on warm Moore County days.



CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

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BALDESSARI'S DEAD SEA FLIGHT



The tidal rhythms of the rootless

a story by Paul Kennebeck

ON THE FLATLANDS between Denver and Oklahoma City there is an airstrip built in the early Fifties that is unused now except by an air charter service named Ciafu Flying, which attempts to fly a fairly regular route between the two cities, carrying, for the most part, vegetable and meat preservatives, tenderizers, emulsifiers, and food stabilizers, Ciafu Flying's clients being a loose collection of the taco, roast beef, hamburger, and fish-and-chip franchises of either city.

Off to one side of the abandoned airstrip were the remains of a hangar. An old man sat beside the hangar and stared silently across the dirt airstrip overgrown with weed, prairie grass, and cannabis that moved and shifted in the random winds of the place. The man straightened up against the hangar, tilted up the straw hat he wore, and gazed at a baby-blue 310 that hung over the far end of the airstrip, faltering, sinking, settling finally to the earth. The port engine emitted graceless wisps of smoke and oil; both engines coughed and sputtered. The plane taxied with a list. The old man watched the pilot, Baldessari, bring the plane to a halt, climb to the ground, pull out a handkerchief, hack into the dust. Then the old man watched Baldessari stare curiously at him across the field. Baldessari was unshaven, fat, wore a T-shirt; a slight southwestern wind ruffled the shirt. Dust powdered the bottom of his cords. He lit a cigarette, cupping the match against the wind, and smoked in short, cheerless puffs. It was not very long before a Piper Apache appeared low over the grass strip, settled sm ly to the earth, and taxied next to the 310. pilot cut the motors, climbed out of the Ap and hurried into the 310. Baldessari he toward the new plane, flipping the other the bird as he hurried past him. Balde started the engines of the Apache, and the er pilot, after some effort, started the en of the 310. They taxied to the end of the strip and took off in the direction from w they had come.

The old man watched carefully. He no to himself, stood up, tilted his hat low ove head, and shuffled off to his home. The ge man walked through the yard, up the steps, the house, and took off his hat and laid i the sofa.

"Two planes landed. One good, one bad. pilot from the bad plane flew the good one a The pilot from the good plane flew the bad away."

The woman looked up suspiciously. "W it mean?"

The gentleman settled into the sofa, lo away, closed both eyes: "It means some pe get good stuff and some people get bad s The people that get bad stuff get screwed."

THERE IS A GREAT FLAT PLAIN of dust there, dust that the moon affects like tides, pulling and tugging, causing great w of it to sweep silently from Texas to Oklah to Colorado and back, great silent unstopp

Paul Kennebeck's first novel, Last Nigh[illegible] *will be published by Nash in the fall. This is his first published short story.*

ovements that are a secret between the
overing moon and the earth. Baldessari
it, *feel* it, when he flies over the aban-
landscape of eastern Colorado. The dust:
es and wears against the edges of the
hat are built upon the plains. At the
t edge of the last suburb of any prairie
the last row of houses, at the last fence,
lust that stretches to the horizon.
he western edge of the plains is Denver,
ty to this long-dead sea. And as weight
thank God that things are heavy, so too
horny thank Him for this oasis. In Denver
t Colfax, between a Ski-Doo dealer and
e shop, is a dating bar called the Sperm
va that is frequented by the first-genera-
ental assistants, receptionists, key-punch
ors, beauticians, secretaries, manicurists,
rmaids who have come in off the plains
beyond their emotional means. Next door
tackle shop that borders the Sperm and
the Enola Gay, raffish hangout of charter
mechanics, ground crews, crop dusters,
Force people.
night Christopher Baldessari, drunk on
the local product, crude in some old cor-
and Hawaiian shirt, came ricocheting
the Enola Gay, past the tackle shop, and
led blindly into the Sperm and Ova. That
here he met Didi, first-generation stew.

E AFFINITIES CAN BE touchstones: per-
aps Stewardess is subconsciously pointed
direction of Pilot. If Deidre was her
ian name, then Didi was a cabalistic one.
as mysterious and subtle-seeming, a prime-
ig lady who hid herself in a hundred
: coming on foxy in bell-bottoms and pout;
owing up innocent in pigtails and knee
; or appearing in stockings and heels, look-
uite prepared for a sexual event of the
st caliber. Baldessari, never sure if he
l be seduced or up for rape, wondered why
liberately cultivated schizophrenia.
e lived in a townhouse complex, a place of
ally bad resonance close to the airport
when the sun was in Gemini and the moon
ies and filled with other stews and airport
nnel. And Baldessari, after several nights
sually hanging around the Sperm and Ova
ng various minor roles, mostly that of pilot,
he found he had to play even though he
ne, found himself one evening standing on
alcony outside Didi's apartment, holding
nk and staring down at the tennis courts,
areas, and swimming pool, his witty line
. "Let me take you away from all this."
h got from Didi only a look.
timacy between the two did not come with
tle touch or with some shared embarrass-
, but with the simple step of Baldessari
entering the girl's bedroom: on her bed, as bold as any cliché, sat a worn toy animal of indeterminate species, remainder of girlhood; taped to a mirror were snapshots of people Baldessari'd never know; on a desk was a collection of letters postmarked Los Angeles; next to a dresser covered with face creams, brushes, and sprays was a fishbowl barren except for a single angelfish that Didi fed twice during the night (sex made Didi hungry, so the fish got fed?): Didi's possessions. They drank and listened to records. Baldessari's eye fell upon a night table and an incredible collection of pills there: bottles of wheat germ, iron tablets, prescriptions. Didi picked up a bottle, deadpanned: "These are the pills I take to keep from becoming a hypochondriac." She turned off the light.

Maybe it was the vitamins: some unconscious realization that she had in a bottle what you used to have to eat a whole wheat field for. Maybe it was her job: the realization that time and distance were now nothing. All of this giving a new sense of capabilities. Whatever the reason, in the long arrogant sweep of emotion Didi was part of a contribution to the careful parceling of fervor. This was new; except for the history of actors and whores and politicos, calculated emotion had never been enjoyed on a wide scale. Didi was both curiously uninhibited and curiously cautious with Baldessari, any felt emotion heightened by the knowledge that no part of it would hang around malingering and bothersome.

"I hope you finish everything you start."

"Well begun is half-done, my dear." This in Baldessari's best W.C. Fields voice.

Baldessari could almost feel the structure of health in her firm flesh. He imagined strong veins hurrying Vitamin A and iron to weaker parts of her body, shoring up some dent or discoloration he had caused in his cloddish assault. They moved about; caught each other smiling; spoke quietly. Satisfaction loomed around the corner. After a moment, it came.

They talked in the dark, joked, told long stories, drank some. He told her about his life.

"Hey, Deidre. There's this strange old man out there. He watches me."

Didi, hair spread like angel dust on the pillow, lit a cigarette, sympathized. She smiled; and then, after a moment, she frowned. "Can't you get a real job?"

THE OLD MAN STARED ACROSS the airfield. He coughed slightly, hand over mouth, but the sound escaped, went tumbling southward toward the Gulf of Mexico. He watched Baldessari step out of the plane and into the dust. He watched Baldessari stare curiously at him across the airstrip, Baldessari thinking that being on the ground in western Kansas is almost the same

"Whatever the reason, in the long arrogant sweep of emotion Didi was part of a contribution to the careful parceling of fervor."

Paul Kennebeck

BALDESSARI'S DEAD SEA FLIGHTS

as being in the air. Baldessari shuffled his feet in the dirt and wished he were waiting alone.

Bennett, which was the name the FAA put on its maps for the place, was 280 miles from Denver, 330 from Oklahoma City. The other pilot, one Compton Sheats, necessarily arrived in Bennett after Baldessari, since they both left at ten every morning, Ciafu Flying supposedly establishing some regularity of schedule to qualify for a federal mail contract between the two cities. Sheats' perpetual lateness gnawed at Baldessari. Waiting at Bennett had become a focal point of Baldessari's day. He woke each morning knowing he was flying into a minor vacuum over which he had no control. Baldessari was not sure how the vacuum had come into existence; he did not know what to do about it.

Maybe on other planets, other galaxies, there are other Oklahomas, other Denvers, with two beings flying madly between them. Baldessari hoped so: the redundancy would offer unity, completeness; certain absurdities might be lessened by the sheer number of participants. Otherwise Baldessari was one of only two men in the entire universe who landed at Bennett and changed planes. The thought was not appealing.

Sheats had the Apache again. Baldessari heard the faint buzz of it, the only noise at Bennett. He saw it appear, saw it come in low to land, and then watched awestruck as it began to climb toward the sun, Baldessari suddenly running after it across the flat face of Kansas screaming at the plane to get the fuck down here. Sheats dove, banked tightly, and came in low over the airstrip, and Baldessari could see Sheats staring down at him with disapproval. Then Sheats smiled at Baldessari: he stayed low over the earth, circled off to the south, and became a dot. Baldessari stared.

Sheats sat out there in the far sky playing with perspective, coming hesitantly into middle distance, noodling about in the foreground, then retreating again an inch or two above the horizon, a small mark, waiting to be erased. He disappeared from the scene entirely, leaving only a noise. He puttered about the countryside, generally using up fuel, and then he sneaked back over the horizon and put the thing down upon the earth, taxied to Baldessari, cut the engines, climbed out, and with a large Oklahoma smile on his red face hurried into the waiting 310. Baldessari, hurrying by him, flipped him the bird, got into the plane, and started the engines. The two planes taxied, took off, and the pilots headed back to where they had come from.

It was quiet, the sky and earth abandoned. The old man leaned against the hangar and stared across the field: the impression of Baldessari flipping the bird remained mysteriously in the air, a sign, a gesture, the very finger, maybe, pointing to the beating heart of God. It carried on a tradition whose origins reach back to the singular times when insult first appe the lexicon of emotions, when the first knowledge lodged in some primal consc that some poor fool of an anthropoid risen to the expectations anticipated that, as a result, anger flashed and dour w exploding out in gesture, word, whatev yes, accompanying it was the first dim ing knowledge that, jesus god, there ar to be expectations, criteria, a code, for t stay here on earth.

BALDESSARI FLEW LOW over the prairi that had an airstrip and a hangar and a ragged row of parked planes; he circled, seeing if he recognized any of the People from the Enola Gay flew out th crop dusters in biplanes, ex-Vietnam pi random charter flights, amateurs in P5 P-48s, pilots of varying degrees of flakin made unscheduled flights over the M border and back.

Baldessari, like most of the pilots w the area, had at one time or another pu on nearly every airstrip someone had ta trouble to lay down, filling up with fuel, a sandwich and coffee, then taking off. were queer places out there, places Balde dropped into and never visited again, couldn't even find again if he'd wanted isolated towns whose populace was inbre dessari catching glimpses of the same g the same facial characteristic, in eve towns whose anonymity was sought by t formed and cast-off; towns of the old smelled like the blue hair of near-dead Baldessari had landed in towns that had cernible reason for existence, towns where times he'd see a look, a cast, that he h seen in a town fifty miles to the east. S tides of genes and private madnesses flow dispersed to the rhythms of some unknow Baldessari coming upon whole towns tha sunk into a black catatonic depression, a standstill; all these towns whose onl (if there was any link at all) was the ing cockfighters or the five-tent carnival their Oklahoma flatland prairie girls w their thing in the back tent or the fourtee fifteen-year-olds who married and settled other part of the plains, returning home o attend funerals, births, basic life/death worth the trouble of traveling for.

BALDESSARI SHOWED DIDI some of thi two of them flew low over the earth t Kansas, suspended over a large flat brow nila envelope for which no amount of p would suffice. Didi frowned: small p wrinkles appeared momentarily above her

ED and BARNEY drive the INTERSTATES



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BALDESSARI'S DEAD SEA FLIGHTS

disappeared. The land took on more than it offered thanks to granny glasses of a purplish/rosy tint. She was in her stewardess uniform: wry humor for this excursion; she had packed a picnic hamper of United Air Lines food—finger sandwiches, cocktail nuts, artful little cakes, a rattling collection of basic airline liquor, ten or fifteen 1/10-pint bottles of bourbon, Scotch, and whiskey.

Didi, slightly white against the primary colors of her lipstick, makeup, and uniform, sat poised, back straight, remembering some lesson of posture and decorum taught in girlhood, Baldessari realizing she had probably never seen anyone actually *fly* before, that she was maybe apprehensive at the ease with which he had lifted them from earth, no flight crew, navigators, computerized flight patterns, just he, Baldessari, who was now maybe rubbing it in a bit, flying low, catching every thermal updraft, tacking this way and that over the flat earth. A general aura of wind, vibration, and engine noise surrounded them, intruded upon only by static and by a voice Didi said she knew, the cool, low-key voice of Denver control tower granting permission for someone to come to earth, a voice smooth, unruffled, cultivated, it seemed, off some free-form FM radio.

At Bennett Didi climbed out of the plane and stepped into the dust and scrub grass and stood still for a moment staring at what was Kansas. Baldessari brought out the hamper and a blanket.

"There's the old man."

Didi laughed, had thought maybe Baldessari had been making him up. Didi invited the old man to join them in lunch, and, after he sat down on a corner of the blanket, he made himself comfortable and drank two small bottles of bourbon. The deep wrinkles of his face held midday shadows. His eyes were watery blue, glaucomatous, and Baldessari wondered if for all his staring at him he had seen anything. The man removed his straw hat, laid it beside him on the blanket, and accepted his lunch as if Baldessari should have brought it long ago. They ate quietly, small winds scuttling dust across the blanket, and Baldessari listened for the sound of the Apache. When Sheats landed, Didi, Baldessari, and the old man watched without speaking. Sheats climbed out of the plane, looked at the blanket and the bottles and the food without expression, and hurried into the 310.

"Thank God we don't have to go to Oklahoma City," Didi said.

"Precisely," Baldessari said.

The old man nodded.

They finished eating and Didi and Baldessari stood up, folded the blanket, and put their things in the hamper.

Baldessari looked at the old man. "See you tomorrow."

The man nodded.

Baldessari and Didi taxied by the old m the Apache, Baldessari gunning it, Didi lo back at the gentleman, standing alone, c a small noon shadow upon the dust.

THE SHORTNESS OF AFFAIRS and decre permanent relationships is some obscur in the evolution of man whose purpose c yet be determined, was Baldessari's theory dessari would be gone for hours at a time flights and Didi would be gone for days on Sometimes she would switch schedules, shunted onto other flights, and return at cu hours carried beyond exhaustion on nerves by time changes, speed, pressurization, the cities she'd touched down in, her ne system kindled beyond reason by its odd to with America and forty-three cups of coffe

Didi took Baldessari on one of her rout places Baldessari had never been before Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, Moline, K City. He got on board through some lo fare scheme of Didi's and, once airborne a vague despair at having given up his de to pilots and crew he didn't know. Didi w up and down the aisle, looking good in heel black stockings, dressed to please a nati traveling fetishists. Stews hustled back and and liquor flowed. Didi hurried by, wi Baldessari smiled. Or *was* that Didi? The dressed the same. The passengers were bro bottle after bottle of booze. The fear was munal, came free with the purchase of every

They spent the evening in Minneapol Chicago, Didi, laughing at Baldessari's sen displacement, refusing to tell him which. visited three or four clubs where Didi knew ple: other stewardesses, pilots, airline pe some of whom Baldessari had met in Denve clubs identical to ones in Denver, the pa lots filled with the same cars, the kind a Didi's girlfriends owned: Mustangs, Mave Colts, Pintos, sprightly little automobiles na after the first warm thing American woman had wrapped its thighs around. Detroit b no fool.

The night was passed in a stew's apart who, yes, was in Denver that night, a fact ing Baldessari to suspect he was receivin ill-focused picture of some vast complic linkage he was not a part of, something he being allowed to glimpse the outer edg with perhaps more revelations to follow, if certain steps were successfully passed. H turned with Didi to Denver the next day Kansas City, Moline, Omaha, or some such, he felt better than he had in ages. He wond why: Didi? the booze? the force-fed oxyge damned fine way to feel. Which was prob exactly what Didi wanted to show him. Get out of Bennett while there was still time.

once home: "Jesus, what a bummer you
halfway to Oklahoma City and back.
up, eat a Danish, fly half as far as any
n would, and you're back for dinner."
ts knows this barmaid in Oklahoma.
n't want to spend every other night in
'
ts," Didi said. "God . . ."
n't want to spend every other night in
na."
glared. She had a set of gestures, facial
ons, blinking of eyes, pouts, frowns,
miles that she had acquired over the
uring various sexual situations (which
sent argument was). The coyness she
ies used still brought the same reaction
light years before in junior high in West

't you know Ciafu's making an ass out
and Sheats?"
ssari said nothing: Ciafu being the one
ared that a simple solution to many prob-
uld be to have his pilots change planes
between points of destination.
ist," Didi said. "I bet Ciafu had to hunt
, give psychology tests, mental tests, IQ
til he found two people that *failed* them.
ople who *want* to underachieve. You have
something to fly only halfway to a place
er day."
e being some truth to what Didi was say-
ldessari was thinking: maybe they could
o east. Maybe Didi could just transfer to
airline, merely change uniforms, stews
y being free from those difficulties en-
ed by Jesuits jumping to the Dominican
Dominicans to the Capuchins.
st people would want to go all the way."
nett *is* all the way."
you."
was getting dressed. Their arguments
whenever she had to leave; proceeding
door before any conclusion was reached.
s putting a small hat on her head, top-
ff a very neat package. Nothing messy;
ew she was going to work at someplace
And Baldessari, unshaven, hairs protrud-
m the area of his belly, with eyes that
not to look at things, could be going
Bennett.
looked at him. "Something's missing.
you feel something's missing?"
lessari shrugged. "You be home tonight?"
ds on hips, her mouth a moue, standing
door, Hollywood exit, she slowly shook
d no.

DESSARI STARTED HIS FAT, decrepit Olds.
small blue-white ball of smoke appeared
he exhaust, lingered, caught the hot weak
stretched and thinned, and moved across the road. It hung there, alone, conspicuous, cloudlike, sitting halfway between the grass and the skein of smog over the city it'd soon join. Denver was filled with a yellow-brown cloud that held the thin sunlight and diminished any clarity. The vague dark fingers of the stuff reached into the canyons of the mountains, the thick heavy palm of it lay over the city. The city was hypertense, as if the flickering of the stoplights and mercury lamps was causing vibrations other than those that caused waves to enter the visible spectrum.

The haze had been upon the city for days, flat and brown like the plains to the east: the haze contained its own heat, its own maneuverings, its private winds; it dictated life-styles, demanded obeisance from lungs and hearts. Psyches warped, changed shapes, curled at their farthest ends, withdrew upon themselves, and then became irritable when even this small portion was stepped on.

Baldessari taxied the 310 to the end of the runway, the plane partaking in slight, graceful bounces over cracks in the cement. Didi. God: Didi. More initials. FAA, VHF, ETA, DD. She couldn't see him for a while; her gynecologist said, she said. What did Baldessari know? There were people in cities all over the United States she told everything to. Doctors, analysts, lawyers, dentists, stews, girlfriends, pilots, and ground crews knew more of her secrets and problems than Baldessari: a great underground of people who knew Baldessari secondhand. Once, twice, several times Baldessari thought he heard mention of his name come over carelessly left-open microphones, random voices pierced by static, comments emanating from cockpits and control towers discussing Baldessari's habits and his odd flights halfway to any decent destination. He was positive he caught the names of the Sperm and Ova, of various clubs around the country. Didi's name was spoken continuously. He heard the names of Didi's friends he had met. Again he heard his own name. He felt he had stumbled onto some vast inner core of America, a great web whose strands stretched across the country, interwoven voices and static-pierced broadcasts of wants, desires, greeds, and simple communications. Then, abruptly, Baldessari ceased to hear his name at all, and he wondered if he had imagined it. He listened intently. He decided, after much thought, that his name had just stopped being spoken.

Baldessari peered eastward, could see the lip of smog that ended not far from Denver. The tower finally gave him clearance, but he waited still longer before leaving, careful to avoid the turbulence and wash of the 727 that had preceded him, waiting extra minutes until it was gone, a speck in the sky, before beginning his takeoff down the long runway. □

"The shortness of affairs and decrease in permanent relationships is some obscure step in the evolution of man whose purpose cannot yet be determined, was Baldessari's theory."

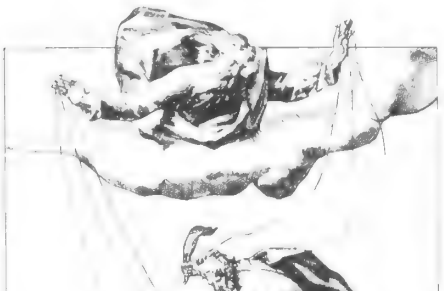
IN DEFENSE OF THE CHILDREN OF CAIN

by Earl Shorris

The Resurrection. (Out of print.)
The Wreckage of Agathon. Harper & Row, $6.95; paper, $1.25 (Ballantine).
Grendel. Alfred A. Knopf, $5.95; paper, $.95 (Ballantine).
The Sunlight Dialogues. Alfred A. Knopf, $8.95.
Jason and Medeia. Alfred A. Knopf, $7.95.

And Cain said unto the Lord, My punishment is greater than I can bear.

—Genesis 4:13



HISTORY IS TOO RICH in prophets; the whine of doomsaying is in our daily life. We need writers who will defend us against the sins of God by revising the dream history of our kind.

John Gardner believes and denies the past; he shakes the order on which mythical history has been predicated, setting man above the gods. A theme, almost an obsession, runs through his work; he begins at the beginning—Eden—and concentrates on the great sin, the murder of Abel. Since we are the children of Cain, the builders of cities, Gardner defends us by revising our interpretation of Cain's art. The cause of Cain's murderous jealousy was God's rejection of his offering of the "fruit of the ground" and his acceptance of Abel's offering of the "firstlings of his flock and of the fat thereof." One may interpret God's choice with the humility of a Kierkegaard, suggesting that Cain, like Abraham, should have had faith: who are we mere mortals to question the ways of the Lord? Or one may think that God is some sort of primitivist, preferring the nomadic Abel to the civilized [the word can be traced [illegible] *colere*, to cultivate] Cain.

John Gardner chooses to read Genesis 3:23 ("Therefore the Lord God sent him [Adam] forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken.") before he reads Genesis 4:3-5, in which God rejects Cain's offering of the "fruit of the ground." It makes no sense; the unnameable is irrational, capricious. How can Cain have faith in caprice? The unnameable Himself has failed to have even the consistency of ordinary men. Cain, realizing the absurdity of the world, rebels; raging, he kills his brother.

God refuses responsibility for the act and sends Cain out to be a fugitive and a wanderer, putting a mark on him to keep him from being killed before he has suffered enough to satisfy his tormentor.

Gardner cannot retract the curse, but he rejects the guilt, telling us that Cain and the children of Cain are the human sufferers of this world, the compassionate ones, those whose very being is the most intense. On the outskirts of Eden we learned doubt, the possibility of evil, loneliness, and the ultimateness of this world. The children of Cain, staggering through life, stinking and groaning under the burden of primordial guilt, knowing they must overcome both themselves and their fate, are capable of love and perception; they are humanists.

John Gardner teaches us to love them so that we may disregard the despairing lacerations of the prophets and love ourselves.

Two of Gardner's novels have a contemporary setting (Batavia, N.Y.),

Earl Shorris is a contributing editor of Harper's.

and neither of them succeeds a[s] legory or art. His first, *The Resu[r]tion*, lacks the wit of life as it [is] through the death agonies of a [pro]fessor of philosophy; and *The [Sun]light Dialogues*, Gardner's best s[o] attempts to make Genesis of Ba[tav]and instead gets lost along the b[anks] of the Genesee River. The Sun[light] Man, whose passion is for monol[ogue] rather than dialogue, returns to [Ba]tavia after years of wandering. [On] the mark of Cain he wears the [scar] of a burn suffered while attempt[ing] to rescue a child from a fire. In [the] fashion of the lesser Greek plays [the] Sunlight Man keeps being low[ered] onto the scene by a great mac[hine] there to speak ponderous lines to connect current time with his[tory]. The clumsiness and lack of focu[s in] this novel, which comes after *Gre[ndel]* and *The Wreckage of Agathon* in [the] Gardner's publishing chronology[,] indicate that it was probably wr[itten] earlier. Even so, one must wo[nder] why a man who is capable of re[ad]ing *Beowulf* did not rewrite his [first] novel.

Almost everyone who has strug[gled] through *Beowulf* has wondered [why] English literature couldn't have b[egun] after English sounded like Englis[h] why those singsong lines couldn[t be] translated for us. It was more t[o be] studied than enjoyed, even the [fa]mous joke, "She then seated he[r] on the guest in her hall." Beo[wulf] himself was a dull, bloodless brag[gart] the dragon slayer who probably [gave] rise to Nietzsche's thought that d[ragon] slayers eventually become dra[gons] themselves. But Grendel was so [ter]rible—always dropping in on Hr[oth]gar's mead hall and eating his th[anes] —that Hrothgar and his merry m[ead] drinkers and even perfect Beo[wulf] himself got our sympathy.

In Gardner's version, Grendel [be]comes the hero. But the novel is m[ore] than a mere overturning of *Beow[ulf]*, a comic revolution in which we [suf]fer the monster to the humans. [For] a thousand years, the monster

own as a "creature cut off
ice, grim and greedy, fierce
" yet Gardner makes of that
tinking, man-eating beast a
bittersweetly witty, and al-
lovable being. His concep-
o thorough and the piquant
the language so suited to the
of the tale that Grendel, the
wretch," the "fiend from
he descendant of Cain, be-
the one character out of
we would like to ask to join
friendly cup of mead. The
ervation we might have about
invitation would concern
's proclivity to bite off the
f mead drinkers.
recognizable humanity of
juxtaposed with the stupid,
ive, warlike behavior of the
makes the monster the rep-
ive of the beings we would
be, even if we must swim
nests of fire snakes and wan-
ie in the grim heath. Grendel
submit, the monster is relent-
uman, individual, imperfect,
, and loving. When Grendel
visit to the old, omniscient,
ignificently sardonic dragon,
nster's loss of innocence is
uching and funny. The dragon
's humans to Grendel, com-
g in the chronological middle
istory of philosophy, "They
ink they think."
dragon comes from a time be-
ain, before Prometheus; it
when it will die, and that is
ing. From its vantage point,
gon explains Grendel to him-
efines his role in relation to
ar and his people: "You are,
speak, the brute existent by
hey learn to define themselves.
le, captivity, death they shrink
the blunt facts of their mor-
their abandonment—that's
ou make them recognize, em-
You *are* mankind, or man's
on."
k out gold and sit on it" is
agon's advice. But that is im-
e for Grendel. He listens to
gs of the shaper in Hrothgar's
hall, learning that he is the
f Cain in a world divided be-
the blessed and the cursed. He
s on the songs of the shaper,
g that words shape the world,
humanity, reality, failing to
tand the dragon's claim that
aper makes only illusion. His
r's loss of speech through ages
of loneliness gnaws at him. He suffers jealousy, rejection, and the constant song of the shaper coming from the mead hall, reminding him of the circumstances of his existence. It is unbearable; he eats Hrothgar's thanes, chewing off heads and arms, biting bodies in half, watching the blood spurt from the remains of his truncated victims. Then the hero comes from across the water, from the land of the Geats: Beowulf.

GARDNER REVISES, as if literature were life and he were a novelist of an earlier time merely structuring experience instead of inventing or reinventing the world. Lines from *Beowulf* mix with new lines, as his *Jason and Medeia** incorporates lines from Euripides. When Grendel lumbers toward the great battle with Beowulf, Gardner uses the description of the anonymous English author. But there are important changes; instead of a monster "bereft of all joys," the new Grendel thinks: "I am blazing, half-crazy with joy."

In the battle itself, *Grendel* deviates from the original language only enough to remain true to John Gardner's vision of the world: the monster slips and falls, giving the advantage to Beowulf—an accident, the caprice by which the absurd world works, the godly choice made on the outskirts of Eden repeated. Poor Grendel, poor us; death is defeat, the prophets were right. Our own "blind hope" fades with the monster's life force. Then, as if by magic, we are reminded that rebellion is also a way to die: Grendel ends defiant. There is no despair that cannot be overcome.

More than monsters are descended from Cain; flatulent philosophers who cool their feet in sewage, walk with a crutch, drink too much wine, love irony, and operate on the strength of Eros have also been cursed. Could one such philosopher be Socrates? Yes, and another is called Agathon, a

*The spellings used here are those preferred by Gardner: Medeia for Medea, Oidipus for Oedipus, Lykourgos for Lycurgus, etc. They are more accurate transliterations of the ancient Greek than those in common use. There are also two amusing, if obscure, ideas related to the choice of Agathon for the name of the character in *The Wreckage of Agathon*. The Agathon of Plato's *Symposium* was famed for his physical beauty. Agathon also makes a pun on *agathos*, which, at about the time in which Gardner's novel is set, meant prowess in battle.

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Socrates transported back in time for 150 years and moved to the Sparta of the Helot rebellion and the laws of Lykourgos.

The Wreckage of Agathon dramatizes an argument between Socratic humanism and Platonic transcendent philosophy. Agathon, the humanist, has been sent by Solon to live in Sparta, where Lykourgos, more or less a philosopher-king, is in the process of setting up an ideal state. Agathon mocks and advises the tyrant. In the beginning of the novel, which is written mainly in flashbacks, the Spartans arrest Agathon on charges similar to those made against Socrates in Athens. Peeker, a disciple, goes along to prison with the philosopher. During their time in prison Agathon writes his life and Peeker describes the seer's unseemly behavior both in and out of prison. For some readers the novel will have most value as a paradigm: existentialists and Marxists can have their pleasure with it, although the followers of Sartre will be stung by Gardner's instructive parody, using the terms It and Not-Itness. Rebellion, revolution, the class struggle, tyranny, oligarchy, democracy, slavery: the questions are all there. The structure of the novel accommodates interpreters of every persuasion.

Diotima, the perhaps fictional teacher of Socrates in the *Symposium*, tells us that art and Eros are allied, the creation of beauty and the force of life are inextricably bound together—art and life are lovers. In the best novels the lovers live at odds with the world; fiction rebels: an old and dying seer writes until his life force fades and instead of rebellious lies he begins to draw pictures of dogs. Fiction is a fist to shake in the face of the tormentor of Cain.

The Wreckage of Agathon, however, exists beyond the ideas that attach to it. Agathon is a character first and a proof last. No one who sits in the same moment with us could be more real. Stinking, smelly, loving, laughing, ironic Agathon; too fat, too drunk, too sly; perfectly imperfect, barbed and human; what travail it would be to live in the novel with him, what joy it is to know him from the infinitesimal distance of a reader!

His curse is to be human, his wreckage is life. If only we could have such adventures, loves, dangers! If only our being could be heightened like his! We tramp through our time bent under the weight of prophec and biology, and he defies gods a dictators, taking pleasure in a lady's defecation, an itch, an assig tion beside a moonlit pool, the r ning of a fine horse under him, e in the comedy of himself. The ir itable wreckage of Agathon ta place beside the false starts of m the tyranny of Lykourgos/Pla Nietzsche, the liberalism of So and the confusion of rebellion revolution by the Helot Dorkis his wife Iona. They move the wo but Agathon lives.

Teirisias, the blind seer, also l perhaps in the form of a poet might one day dream that Arte Hekate guided him back to the ment of Euripides' *Medea* and yond that to the action itself, so he could tell us in an epic poem Medeia came to kill her sons curse Jason with a mute (impote and wandering old age. If su poet listened carefully durin travels in time, he would ca poem *Jason and Medeia*; an would make that oftentold stor an exciting tangent to our own

Everyone knows the love anc of Medeia and the story of the nauts, but no one knows this who wins a kingdom and falls grace by the beauty of his How like us he is! ambitious of morality, self-conscious, suf victim and victim again, doom not despairing, a burnt-out wa still in search. And there is O wandering too, the blind victi there are the gods, more fooli the mortals; Artemis and I the light and dark sides of the Which rules? How can man The true seer knows only the his backward journey the meets himself face to face; af metheus, after Eden, in ign there can be no vision but

Then let history be rewritt a humanistic point of view, M ner seems to say. Let the shown for what they are, fate, raise man to a place fro he can face absurdity witho bling; then the children of have the courage to be, to enter the forge of life and defiant, free, and more merc the gods.

This human version of *J Medeia* is a noble and poem. John Gardner is a Apocalypse is the cry of ama

IMENTARY, MY DEAR WATSON

son W. Polsby

ero Wolfe Cook Book, by
out and the Editors of the
Press. Viking, $7.95.

CARTOON-LIKE WORLD of de-
e fiction, mannerisms maketh
n. What is Sherlock Holmes
his calabash, his deerstalker,
m, and his violin? What is
Cliff without his obsession
s? What is James Bond but a
slightly less than the sum of
ous props and, need I add
? Into such a company, a com-
misogynist of West 35th
New York City, nestles the
his seventh of a ton with com-
rough more than fifty chron-
ero Wolfe has refused to leave
se on business, tended with
ous regularity (daily from
11:00 A.M. and from 1:00 to
M.) to his fabulous rooftop
n of orchids, and solved in-
le baffling crimes while sea
ne outsize okun behind his
desk, performing no exercise
renuous than a silent in-and-
ion of his lips.

not thus gainfully employed,
lips—and indeed the rest of
midable alimentary tract—
sied themselves in various
ays. Mouth-watering hints,
re than hints, of glorious
snacks, banquets, and even
es occur throughout the
ors d'oeuvre. These are occa-
executed by the hand of the
himself, sometimes by the
Rusterman's, the Manhattan
nt founded by his beloved
man Marko Vukcic, but most
y Fritz Brenner, the cook
mploys at West 35th Street.
owever, only Wolfe, an occa-
uest, and his amanuensis and
istant, Archie Goodwin, have
d to slake their appetites on
ortedly magnificent fare. For
years readers have suffered pangs of regret and envy as well as hunger as they contemplated the gap in the literature created by the lack of a Nero Wolfe cookbook. Now, at last, for those who want to reach a new level of understanding of Wolfe and his milieu, as well as for those who merely wish to gorge themselves, this gap has been bridged, or, more accurately, plugged. Two hundred and twenty-five recipes, meticulously cross-referenced to their appearance in the chronicles of Wolfe's famous cases, are now available at a popular price. Only an equally scholarly manual of James Bond's female companions would fill a comparable need.

The recipes themselves are an eminently satisfactory and quite splendidly eclectic selection, conveniently organized by occasion. The emphasis is understandably French, with a few bows to the cuisines of Italy, Russia, the Iberian peninsula, and points east. In addition, there is considerable attention to American regional specialties and to the preparation of lamb, no doubt a concession to Wolfe's Montenegrin origin.

It is food for thought to speculate on how Wolfe gained his evident attachment to New England cooking. There is a superb recipe for pumpkin pie, and another for clam cakes with sour sauce. Shad is given loving attention, and the elegant simplicity of the sauce in Fritz's blueberry grunt combines happily with the elegant complexity of the accompanying sponge cake.

In certain respects, however, Wolfe's understanding of the New England vernacular is limited. For a fussy eater, who insists on the superiority of Puerto Rican molasses and Syrian thyme honey, it seems incredible that for his Brazilian lobster salad he would neglect to specify whether by "lobster meat" he means [illegible] I devoutly hope he does not mean the crustacean marketed under the description "Brazilian" lobster tails, or whether he means the real article, which the French call "homard," to distinguish it from "langouste," the oversized crayfish that is sold in the United States as "lobster tails" and "rock lobster." Likewise, I should have expected to see in the various clam recipes distinctions made among the varieties of bivalve sold under this name.

We had a happy surprise in our [illegible] we pursued Wolfe's preferred method for cooking corn on the cob, to wit: "roasted in husk in the hottest possible oven for forty minutes." Although we fully expected cremated corn, what we got was a pleasant enough version, having a faint flavor of charred husk. This alternative is not, however, clearly superior to the traditional method of boiling (for about ten minutes), which Wolfe reviles. As a matter of fact, the key variable that determines more than anything else how sweet corn will taste is how long ago it was picked, and Wolfe's rule, "not more than three hours before it reaches me," is a sound one.

WOLFE'S AFFECTION FOR New England food apparently does not extend to maple syrup. Although there is an excellent recipe for corn fritters (evidently Wolfe's favorite food) and one for griddle cakes, for a sweet accompaniment we are offered blackberry jam, brown sugar, the aforementioned Puerto Rican molasses, Syrian or Greek wild thyme honey, even guava jelly, for heaven's sake, but not maple syrup. Wolfe does mention maple syrup in connec-

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HELP DICK HUGHES

tion with rice fritters, but only as a second choice to black currant jam.

This is a puzzling idiosyncrasy. Wolfe doesn't eat out enough to know that the term "maple syrup" on restaurant menus in the United States is usually a fraudulent description of a cane syrup concoction with a little fake maple flavoring added. This, however, has nothing to do with the pure and unadulterated reduced sap of the maple tree, which at its best is nothing short of ambrosial. People differ as to when maple syrup is at its best. Many prefer the light-colored and delicately flavored fancy grade of syrup. My own preference is for the darker, more robust, so-called "grade B." This is hard to find except up in the north woods, but a little inconvenience should hardly daunt a man like Wolfe who sends all the way to Mr. Howie in New Jersey for sausage and insists that his fowl be fed on blueberries.

Next to New England, the region that seems to have found its way from Wolfe's stomach to his heart is the American South. There is a recipe for a splendid New Orleans dish, creole curds and cream, although variations on the basic theme are not explored. Broiled Georgia ham, topped by a sweet sauce, is given a relatively simple treatment, as are terrapin Maryland (first you catch a terrapin) and beaten biscuits. Creole tripe and bouillabaisse of New Orleans, on the other hand, are difficult and complex. The spoon bread recipe falls somewhere between. The recipe for corned beef hash includes approximately equal parts corned beef and chitlins, and, considering the unpretentiousness of the ingredients, is incredibly elaborate.

This all shows a commendable adventurousness. What are we to think, on the other hand, of Wolfe's insensitivity to his immediate environment? There must be half a dozen places within waddling distance of West 35th Street where a decent corned beef sandwich is available, and surely some place in New York City, even today, where an exemplary specimen can be located. What, then, are we to make of the utter contempt which Wolfe shows for this noblest expression of the culinary culture of his home city? "Butter [!] toasted [!] slices of bread," his recipe begins. White bread, no doubt. Wolfe is mercifully silent on the issue of the removal of crusts. He specifies Dijon mustard and coyly allows "to and lettuce if desired." The sorry mess simply runs athw genius of corned beef, which sour, and pungent in charact not meant for the namby treatment Wolfe accords it.

Obviously there is more he meets the eye. As I have shown, it cannot be the paroc of the native European that Wolfe to this example of the of New York. His repertoire as near to the city limits as I land duckling. There is an e scrapple recipe as well as P phia snapper, and, in the othe tion on the Penn Central, splendid treatments of shad a roe, available nearest to Wolf Connecticut River.

Regrettably, one must c that Wolfe suffers from a mi of culinary anti-Semitism. truly anomalous in the pala practicing liberal of the he head, as Wolfe clearly is. Av of heartburn can hardly suffi explanation: Wolfe's fondness heavy sauces of New Orlea fricassee with gravy and dur his squirrel stew, all weigh he the balance against this hyp Perhaps someday soon Wo see the light, or, heaven forbi fortune will strike that will h him at long last the solace o of simple chicken soup, with one humble matzoh ball floati

Although Wolfe is a man o preferences and not a few isms, his culinary parochiali affectations are gratifyingly f haps the most famous of the odd propensity to drop the r the garden herb chervil int wise straightforward conve much in the way today's t drop the names of rock musi contraceptive devices. It was rate, something of a relief t note that chervil turns up sixteen recipes in this book mercifully absent from the goods, the desserts, and a fa ber of other items.

Far from being a perfun exploitive adjunct to the a Nero Wolfe, this cookbook on its own stomach. It contai useful ideas: numerous stretch the mind, and only stretch the pocketbook. Alt still another satisfying visit great detective.

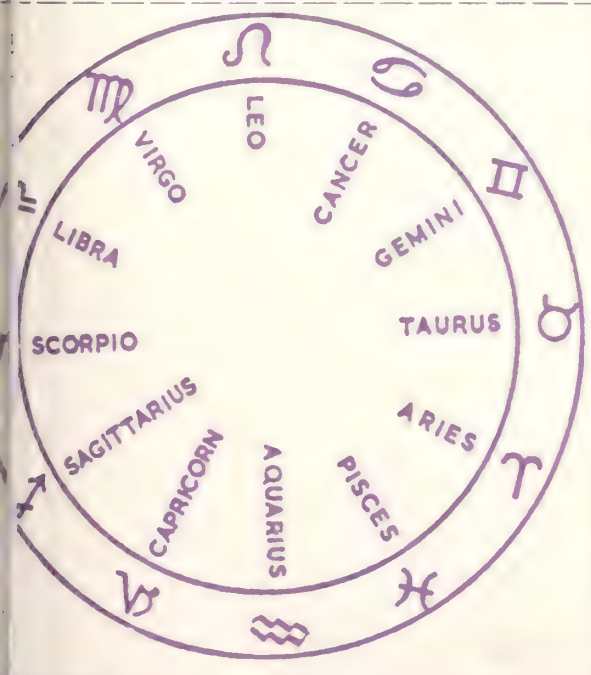
TARTING POINTS

ENDSHIP MADE SIMPLE:
ocket Guide

very often one finds ornered at, say, a bake a fire drill, or in a levator by somebody ot make up one's mind hould one consign this to oblivion or pledge loyalty? What a dis- Most of us are weary ambiguous situations; up so frequently now- hank God you can now the minute complexi- human interaction sim- finding out a person's cal sign. If this person you his or her sign, he does not belong in of Aquarius. (Chances how he or she has de- u're an idiot anyway "relationship"—for that has been stealing up on ou stand there together the German chocolate the braid on the fire 's jacket, or the sealed doors—is not to be.) e his/her sign is dis- ou need merely glance iously at the wallet-size elow in order to determine whether the two of you are destined for permanent rapport or odious conflict.

How to use your Pocket Guide to Friendship: If you're the type who likes rapid decisions and needs few friends, then simply draw a line from your sign to the opposite sign. Befriend people of that persuasion. But if you want to be busy and popular, then you have to decide with which element (earth, air, fire, or water) *your* element is most compatible. Earth signs: Taurus, Virgo, Capricorn. Air signs: Gemini, Libra, Aquarius. Fire: Aries, Leo, Sagittarius. Water: Pisces, Cancer, Scorpio. Connect your sign, then, with however many elements please you.

Some helpful hints. Earth + water = Grand Canyon. Earth + air = sand dune. Earth + fire = scorched earth. Earth + earth = landslide. Air + fire = Bessemer blast furnace. Air + air = tornado. Fire + water = drenched embers. Fire + fire = firestorm. Air + water = seltzer.



gins March 21
begins April 20
begins May 21
begins June 21
ins July 23
egins August 23
Libra begins September 23
Scorpio begins October 23
Sagittarius begins November 22
Capricorn begins December 22
Aquarius begins January 20
Pisces begins February 19

A Dozen Wonderful Things You Can Do for a Friend Right This Minute

If you have taken the **WRAPAROUND** quiz on friendship and determined that either you do indeed have a friend, or you ought to work at making one, we urge you to perform one or more of the following acts of friendship for him or her right away.

1. Gently massage friend's forehead, temples, hairline, scalp, and neck.
2. Call up friend and say you were just reading about friendship and got so excited you wanted to get in touch and tell friend how good you felt about him or her.
3. Send friend carnivorous plants through the mail.
4. Marry friend's estranged spouse.
5. Go to Chinatown and buy friend one cookie in the shape of a buddha and one cookie in the shape of a fish.
6. Do friend's dishes even though you didn't dine off them.
7. Advise friend to get out of the stock market.
8. Call up the person who was your best friend 10 or 20 years ago. Say, "I remember that we were best friends."
9. Change diaper of friend's baby.
10. If friend has recently lost something dear (a pet, a ring, a swim fin), replace it.
11. Write a song to your friend. A possible framework for the song:
    Dear friend, you are like a _____.
    You always _____ *when I feel* _____.
    And when I'm _____ *you never* _____.
    You just _____.
    Because you are my _____ _____ *friend!*
    Tear your composition out and mail it to your friend.
12. Give your friend a hug and a kiss.

Hands Across the Water

Arrange for your child to play with your best friend's child and the chances are the kids will balk, sulk, fight, or devise combinations of all those activities. Perhaps the only arena in which arranged friendships will work is the international one. Since the 1930s, the Experiment in International Living has arranged for thousands of American students to move in with families abroad, either for a school semester or for several weeks during the summer. Much more often than not, the kids form close and lasting friendships with their assigned hosts.

About 1,500 young people take part in A Summer Abroad each year. A typical program—in Italy, say—lasts from six to eight weeks and includes a two-week language and orientation course at the Experiment's headquarters in Vermont (this is optional before visiting most countries); a trip on an Experiment-chartered jet to Milan; and a stay of about three weeks as a "son" or "daughter" of an Italian family. For the final ten days of the Summer Abroad, Experimenters tour Italy by motor coach with members of their host families. Then they fly back to the States.

All applicants for the program are carefully evaluated for placement. Returning from abroad, youngsters are asked to fill out a questionnaire, and five out of six report that the experience was a most rewarding one. A survey prepared by the Experiment shows that many former Experimenters go on to serve as hosts to foreign students in America and many still correspond with their host families or former "brothers" and "sisters." Almost all those I spoke to had good feelings about the program. The one negative comment I heard came from a boy who only wished he'd had more opportunity to meet and make friends with a greater variety of young people.

For all information you may write to: Information Services Department, The Experiment in International Living, Putney, Vermont 05346. —**Susan Strauss**

Susan Strauss, a free-lance writer, first came to this country on a scholarship given by the English-Speaking Union.

UND CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

ROUNDWRAPAROUN

Liberty, Fraternity, Etc.

When you're nine, it's the gang; when you're 20, it's the fraternity; later on, if you've grown up well-to-do and well-connected, it's The Club, or, if you're one of 20,000,000 convivial American men, the fraternal order. Nearly one-third of the adult males in the United States partake of the institutionally based friendships offered by Elks, Moose, and related species. Millions of their wives and children participate through women's and youth auxiliaries.

What follows is a brief rundown on the leading fraternal orders circa 1973. For more information on activities and membership requirements, consult your local lodges.

Free and Accepted Masons. With 3.7 million members (300,000 fewer than in 1960), the Masons are still by far the world's largest fraternal association. Their secret signs, grips, and passwords have remained virtually unchanged for over two and a half centuries, as has opposition to them by the Catholic Church, which considers membership a cause for excommunication. Today, individual lodges are becoming somewhat less concerned with ritual and more involved with non-Masonic affairs. Masons in New York State, for example, contributed $375,000 last year to the Masonic Research facility for the study of aging in Utica, N.Y.

Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks; Loyal Order of Moose. The only mammoth fraternal orders to increase membership since World War II. Elks now number 1.3 million and Moose 1.3 million. Both groups have abandoned most ritual. Both, until very recently, have refused to admit non-whites. On May 28, 1973, however, the Loyal Order of Moose, convening in Chicago, voted to abolish racial qualifications for membership.

Knights of Columbus. Comprised of 1.1 million "practical Catholics in communion with the Church of Rome," the Knights gained 8,000 members last year after several years of losses. Recently they put out a manual called "Men in the Cities," which suggests ways in which the order can help with community affairs.

Knights of Pythias. Down from 908,000 50 years ago to 160,000 members today, the Knights of Pythias are no longer a genuinely national order. Their main interest now is in suburban affairs.

Independent Order of Odd Fellows. The 1.2 million Odd Fellows boast the strongest auxiliary group outside of Freemasonry, but their main concern is with homes for elderly, indigent members and their families.

Lions, Rotary, and Kiwanis Clubs. Membership rolls for these groups have been growing for several decades. Internationally, there are now 870,000 Lions, 673,000 Rotarians, and 270,000 Kiwanians, most of whom are businessmen. They generally meet for lunch, do without ritual, and involve themselves directly and to some purpose in neighborhood affairs.

—Gerald S. Nagel

Gerald Nagel is a writing instructor at Manhattan Community College.

CRONYISM

One of the most delicate and potentially damaging problems facing modern business management is that of fraternization among executives.

If carried through with a sense of personal integrity, fraternization can be a valuable asset to the individual executive and his organization.

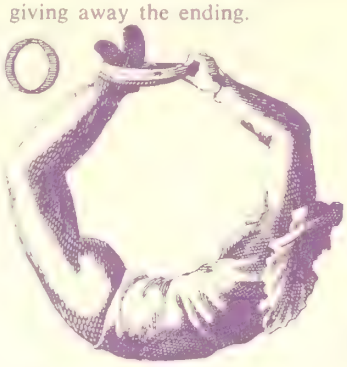
If allowed to drift without caution, it can force a manager to walk a tightrope between the zones of professional ethics and management by crony, and can warrant a company setting up protective safeguards for the good of the organization.

—Nathaniel Stewart
"Friendship Can Ruin Your Business,"
Nation's Business, Jan. 1959

Propinquity has always conditioned friendship and love and hate, and there is just more downright propinquity in suburbia than in most places.
—William H. Whyte, Jr.
The Organization Man, 1956

16 HEALTHY GAMES

Here is the script for a friendship play. No props, no sets, no lines to learn. Any number can play. What's more, all of these HEALTHY GAMES have caused perfect strangers to fall in love. What would they do for friends? Ah, but that would be giving away the ending.







0. GROUP DISCUSSION

Play this game first. I any point in this script, group loses track of what about, this game shoul played again. GROUP CUSSION starts with a s circle and stays that way game's end. Move as litt possible. Game's end: agreement is reached on a the following questions. What is a scripted impro tion? 2. What human activ *not* a game? 3. Is this scrip rious? 4. Are we a group? there anything we cannot cover in each other by di sion? 6. Which *n* (see gam of these healthy games sha play?

1. PASS THE SHOE

An ancient folk game i shoe-wearing cultures, THE SHOE has a signific shrouded in these peoples' of barefootedness, but all servers concur that it is a w lot of fun. A circle is for Everyone removes one sh or both, if the group is vanced (see game 12). S the circle with a shoe b you. Sing the song.

The Song

I will *pass* this *shoe* from n *you*, to *you*.
I will *pass* this *shoe* and *do as* I *do*.

On *pass*, *shoe*, *you*, and *do*, the shoes to the right aroun circle. On *do just as*, ma fake pass and snatch the back.

2. PARTNERS

Count the group. Divid two. Call the quotient *Q*. C off by *Q*s and those matching numbers buddy u this seems too mathematical having everyone close his and blunder around until bumps into somebody. T his partner. Once you have open your eyes to avoid b bumped into again. If this s conducive to cheating in group, try the following m od. Stand in a random do circle. The inside circle tur the right, the outside, to the Stop when no one can rem ber where anyone started. If causes dizziness, just fin partner the usual way game 10).



3. GUIDED TOURS

Partners (see game 2) see the sights. Choose one partner to be guide. Guide, interpret what your partner is going through on a tour. Tourist, you ask questions. Both tourist and guide may be merry, outrageous, sensitive, or bland, as the mood of the moment dictates. The point here and throughout is to concentrate on a single simple task in order to let what is trying to happen happen. Partners comingle until there is a single guide of many. Boss guide leads on to the next game.



4. SEMINAR

This game begins with simple conversation. The topic should be difficult and deep. The object is not to clarify it but to develop an opaque jargon of as many new words as possible, so when you come to a word that causes confusion, substitute an invented one. Have a group discussion (see game 0). The aim here is agreement, though the substance of your final agreement should be unintelligible to the layman—i.e., whoever is not playing the game. Each player must use every new word once. Last one out has to define all the words.



5. HELP WANTED

Volunteers. First volunteer interviews succeeding volunteers before the group for position of assistant interviewer. When an applicant meets your approval, admit that one into an assistantship—which will consist of taking your place in the game. The game is over when everyone is someone else's assistant. Until then, all players should advise their assistants as loudly as necessary. If the neighbors object to the noise, try something quieter (see game 15), or brazen it out. Invite them in to watch the guerrilla theater show of American business you are rehearsing.



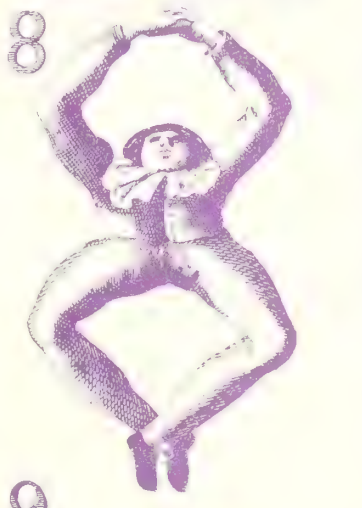
6. VOLUNTEERS

This game starts with an empty stage. Everybody sits until somebody starts. What is started is usually a game that can grow (see game 5). The more reluctant everyone is to start, the more expansive will be the game's growth. Volunteering takes courage because you are afraid of making a spectacle of yourself. You are also convinced you have a pretty spectacular self. So wait for the courage. It will come. Wait for the first volunteer. The first volunteer gives everyone courage. When the whole audience has volunteered, the game is over.



7. NO EMBARRASSING SILENCES

Volunteers. First volunteer, start a conversation. When you reach a silence, stop and start another conversation with someone else. Succeeding volunteers start other conversations. These run absolutely simultaneously with the first. Every silence that occurs involves the whole group in silence (see game 13). If you have been conversing before the silence, you may not converse after it with the same person. Find a new group member with whom to pick up the thread of your conversation.



8. SAFE AND HARMLESS

This script can live only by keeping its players safe. However, the script is designed for a leaderless group. There will be no one around whose professional reputation is at stake in the (unlikely) event something atrocious happens. Therefore, the first and foremost rule is: all games are over if anyone is harmed. Take the group out and run around the block. Keep together (see game 3), and play SAFE AND HARMLESS. Hey, if nobody is harmed running around the block, nobody will be harmed by these games.



9. WHOLE NUMBERS

Volunteers for a pantomime. Learn silence and attention (see game 14). Pantomime is a game in itself, but its rigor and artistic development make it too imposing for this modest script. Here we shall provide a spillway for the dammed verbal flow in the form of WHOLE NUMBERS. The subject of the pantomime need not be numerical, but if you have to talk, say a number. As a refinement, the numbers may be made to count up to n. (It is up to the players to set n in any game that involves that unknown. As you get better, set it higher.)

ROUNDWRAPAROU



10. LAUGHTER

Find an amusing partner. Practice the state of mind beyond LAUGHTER thus: clown, try to make the straight laugh (see game 11). Appoint one of you to be straight. Straight, never laugh. Clown laughs only in the grotesque way clowns use to make others laugh. The clown causes laughter, the straight suppresses it. This keeps the improvisation going. When either clown or straight goes up, the sides are reversed. When both can keep from laughing, try to play this before an audience.



11. MACHINE OPERATOR

Partners. Choose one to be the MACHINE, one its OPERATOR. Operator, try to figure out how this machine works. Machine, try to work consistently well. This could be archetypal! After all, machines play their games better than any human being could. It is a pity they never get any enjoyment out of them. If you enjoy MACHINE OPERATOR, play it until the machine is swift and perfect and the operator is a true master of the craft. Then, operator, demonstrate your machine to the group (see game 4).



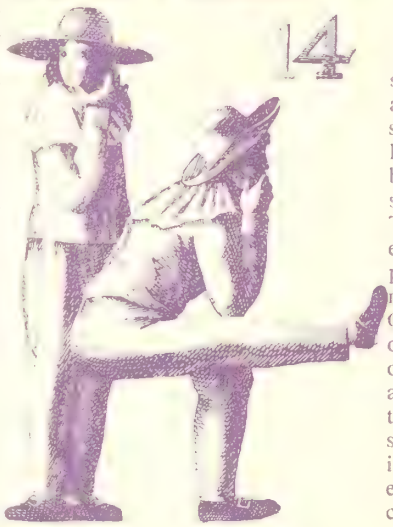
12. NUDE FEET

Barefoot, the group puts all feet into the center of the circle. Silence (see game 10). Start a foot gesture that everyone can follow. When all your feet are moving in unison, change the gesture. The object of the game is to stay together. A spontaneous water ballet will develop as the gestures evolve. Much of the time you can ride with the gesture of the moment, following everybody and watching the foot flower ripple. Then, suddenly you will feel the power of making some slight change in the gesture and having all the feet follow. The game ends when you all withdraw your feet together.



13. SPASMS OF DELI

Lie back and rela touching in the center circle. Try to tense an your feet in unison. If y the spasms traveling u your feet to the rest o body, let them. They wi stronger. The group will tain a rhythm of its ow sion and relaxation will upon it in waves, or jo beats. These cycles of t relaxation will be deepe a group than any one m could reach alone. Whe reach the peak of intensit one long tension in unis lax. Pull your knees up t chest. Open your eyes, and look around (see ga



14. GOOD-LOOKING

Partners. Settle down stretch of uninterrupted l at each other. Alarm sunset, record, or rai keeps time. Silence. If broken, resume it, or something easier (see ga Try to look into your p eyes as openly and qui possible. With both partn mobile, anything can h Curious transformations, of ectoplasm, new awa openness with a strange all be reported at the this game. All the casu server can see walking t is a bunch of people sta each other. Too bad f casual observer.



15. MASSAGE PARLO

(See game 8)

Partners. Silence. One at the head of the other, flat out, supine. Slow fa The supine partner strive to be relaxed and tive. The kneeling one rely on sympathy to find to do with that face. A sympathetic face rub will both partners relaxed at t as if the face is neither nor *mine*. We should be a say, without being coy, rub our faces. When this pathetic face is relaxed glowing with happiness, the eyes, sit back, and wai game is over. What begin

—Frazer M

Frazer Maclean is a dramatist ing with puppets and real peo creates plays on the spot. Im tion is his style.

READERS WRAPAR

l, Trivia, Jotto, Bowling, Golf, re, Ghost, Bridge, Casino, Pinochle, ers, Scrabble, Crostic, or d Witch of the Anyone?

'AROUND readers ap- e a playful bunch, if onses to our random the May issue on "The ot Taking Things Too " are any indication of me predilections. Not e all the games in the le mentioned, but most ho wrote in said they heir respective games three or four times a

l readers took enough from gaming to de- ecial games they enjoy, take pleasure in repro- hem below.

ry Game: Five to six- ple. One person is in of the dictionary, and until he/she finds a obably unknown to all. ctionary person writes nition down (often in d or abbreviated lan- and then spells out and ices the word for the o write down. Partici- nen write down an in- (but plausible) defini- ll definitions are then to the dictionary person d aloud, along with the ry definition. Everyone n the definition he/she s correct. You get a point ry vote for your false on, and a point for g the correct definition. nen we've had enough of me, we play charades.

m and Charles Eldredge
Portsmouth, N.H.

Fantation: One or more. I transplanted Texan in rsey. In Jersey I general- end I am lost. In Reality of Morris), I generally t.

—Anonymous
Lake Hiawatha, N.J.

y: The perfect form of equires no special equip- no free time, no partic- tting, no expenditure of , no lengthy period of ap- prenticeship, and no major commitment. *Fantasy*, that is. I'm a devotee. Each day I get to spend three or four waking hours playing it, but if paid, I could fantasize 8, 10, 14 hours at a stretch. Incidentally, I'm widely considered sane and would be happy to provide affidavits to that effect.

—Cass Brown
Reno, Nev.

Procrastination & Vacillation: Procrastinate as often as possible. Vacillate during eight-hour work day. **—Sue Van Allen**
Metaline Falls, Wash.

Once Upon a Time: One person begins, "Once upon a time there was . . ." and goes on, letting his imagination carry him where it will. When he runs out, the next person takes up the tale, again letting his imagination go, not trying to keep to the original tale. And so on. Remarkable stories emerge. It is a lot of fun. And a very good game to play with grandchildren while riding to the picnic spot. **—Philomene Reed**
Monterey, Calif.

What Was That? Played for one to four hours each night after I turn the lights out. Tally: one genuine burglary attempt, six triumphs for rationality, and 987 losses to exhaustion.

—T. F. Harris
Berkeley, Calif.

Playing Games: My hobby is playing realistic and relevant adult games that are also fun. The National Puzzler's League (299 McCall Road, Rochester, N.Y. 14616) specializes in anagrams, cryptograms, spoonerisms, charades, and crosswords with geometric shapes. The Knights of the Square Table (Drawer G, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534) specialize in postal games—chess variants, word games, go, checkers, salvo, etc. There's also the American Gamers Association (460 36th Ave., San Francisco, Calif. 94121) and the Amateur Games Association (9072 East Artesia Blvd., Bellflower, Calif. 90607).

—Alister Wm. Macintyre
Face-To-Face Simulation Gaming & Science Fiction Wargame Design
Cincinnati, Ohio

Winning the GEBTC

Once upon a time—for example, earlier this afternoon—there was a group of silly people. Now these people were silly because ALL PEOPLE ARE SILLY. But this group in particular found themselves sort of mumbling at life, whispering reassurances that everything was going fairly well; WHEN—their names, strictly unsolicited and unbeknownst to them, were entered in The Great Existential Blanket-Tossing Contest.

Oddly enough, they all won (##!*WOW!). And so, each of them very shortly thereafter experienced in their lives a definitely queasy, free-floating sort of feeling, as though they, and all their assumptions, had been gripped in the Hands of Fate and tossed sky-high. After that, no matter what they did, it didn't feel quite like it did before.

At first, of course, people being not only silly, but creatures of small insight and smaller courage, no one proclaimed very loudly that he had just won the great you-know-what. It was devilishly hard to compute on income tax forms, or admit to unemployment agencies, even harder to explain to that silly group of old acquaintances still catching the 8:21/5:14 express. But eventually, as the unwritten Rules of the Game moved through their lives, the Winners became acquainted with one another.

They consulted the I CHING, told each other their dreams, and wanted to know what use anyone else had found for those nagging old assumptions.

Well, finally, as almost always happens when people sit down and get to *know* one another, they began to *like* each other. They had taken time to come to their senses, but at last they began now to understand the myriad possibilities open to them as Winners. Gradually they dropped the Encounter Groups and simply encountered each other on all paths of life. They enjoyed their libraries for the questions raised, but considered answers possible only in subtler terms than words can offer. They regained some of their childishness and forgot to note it. They began to dream in the daytime.

One day it seemed suddenly possible to stop just talking, just dreaming, just planning. They decided to build neighborhoods—oh, most unlike the old ones, from which they fled. In those, chained men had moved like morn and evening tides out of the singular dwellings to jobs where they did not talk much with the other men, and only joked with the women, and the computers answered any probing with algebra on punch cards. In those neighborhoods the deserted women had circled around the isolated lives of their cars and children and each other, and done good works for people they would never go see, and were constantly dieting on grapefruit and boiled eggs. And everybody was sort of mumbling to himself that it was all moving along fairly well. NONONONONONO . . . Let those memories fade. They were Winners now.

They touched each other—shyly, newly unshelled, silly people. They kissed each other, softly; it is nice to understand about that at last and not to be afraid. And they all went to live in ONE TREE.

ONE TREE was on the beach, with eucalyptus trees and sand and people who could live life like the true tides now. ONE TREE was on the prairie, with sunrises and grain growing, and people who could follow seasons and know what they harvested. ONE TREE was in the city, with bicycling and block parties and people who could write their own rhymes for singing in the city's tune. And ONE TREE was in the mountains. . . . And ONE TREE was along the rivers. . . . And ONE TREE was wherever the Winners of The Great Existential Blanket-Tossing Contest settled, and made roots, and new life, and ripened, which is *everywhere*.

There everybody is busy doing something: changing, slowly and particularly, the world. There everybody takes time without counting it out, and speaks without mumbling, and listens to his neighbor. And ONE TREE grows, because there, too, late at night, remembering former times and friends, everybody quietly submits other people's names to be entered in The Great Existential Blanket-Tossing Contest.

—Christina Baldwin

Christina Baldwin is a writer for a research group.

TOOLS FOR LIVIN

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

As products proliferate it's getting harder and harder to separate the true items of value—those that do what they promise for a useful period of time at a reasonable cost—from the general chaff. Tools for Living is simply an attempt to make information available on those goods and services worth knowing about. Furthermore, since everyone we know gets busier and busier, we felt it made sense to extend the information service to its logical conclusion: you can buy most of these products through us if that's the easiest way for you to get them.

Tools for Living is not a product testing service. If we feature something here, it's because we like it. There are no best buys, no check-rated items, no guarantees or warranties. Our items are not selected by an organized process; somewhere along the line one of you or one of us has run across that particular product, used it, and found it to be functional and worth its price.

If you decide to order any of these items through *Harper's,* just follow the instructions on the next page. Postage and handling charges are on us.

THE HANDYMAN CAN

Formulas, Methods, Tips and Data for Home and Workshop may not be the catchiest title you've ever heard but Hans Winterkorn from New York tells us it accurately describes Kenneth Swezey's you-can-do-anything book ($7.95). "It is a well written and amazingly comprehensive compendium of useful information. Not only as an excellent reference work but also fascinating reading. Why dazzle your friends with a knowledge of French wines when you can dumbfound them with your grasp of emergency water purification procedures, prescription Latin, and proper shellacking methods for bowling-alley floors?"

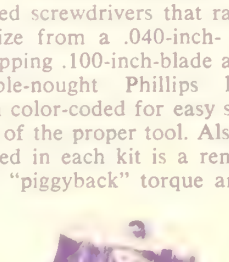
GEORGE WASHINGTON SPECIAL

This time of year fireplace fanatics begin clearing the back forty and laying up the winter's log supply. Most people use a dull ax for this purpose. Lewis Fields, a reader and "weekend woodchopper," suggests that a sharp ax works much better. He recommends the O-Max Ax Sharpener. "It's safe to use," he writes, "and it sharpens any ax, single or double blade. You clamp it to your ax head and insert a file which you then draw back and forth across the blade until it is bright and sharp." "You'll always get a properly beveled edge," Mr. Fields says. This tool is small enough to be carried in your pocket when you're working out in the woods. Regular use of it should add years of life to your axes and ease your chopping chores.

The O-Max can be found in better equipped hardware stores or received through the mail from us for $4.95.

THE TAMING OF THE SCREW

What can you say about a sextet of screwdrivers that are the same size as cocktail toothpicks? You can say "Thank heavens! Please pass the screwdrivers." Then get down to tightening all those loose screws in your sunglasses, cameras, watches, clocks, miniature locomotives, and jewelry that used to mean broken fingernails, bent safety pins, and flesh wounds from metal nail files pressed into emergency use. The XceLite M-60 Mini-Driver Kit ($3.50 at some electronic supply houses or from us by mail) has an astonishing array of five slotted screwdrivers that ranges in size from a .040-inch- to a whopping .100-inch-blade and a double-nought Phillips head, each color-coded for easy selection of the proper tool. Also included in each kit is a remarkable "piggyback" torque amplifier handle that slips over the top of the midget tools to provide a larger gripping surface, an extended reach, and increased driving power. Just because these tools are tiny doesn't mean that they are toys. Not by a long shot. Each is designed for the finest of detail work and is formed from hardened steel.





GREATEST GRATER

An all but anonymous tip has led us to the Rasper/Grater. The following recommendation complete with photo came to us from one "R.S." "This is a handy and practical grater. It cuts smoothly and effortlessly. Cleans and stores easily and, best of all, is rustproof. I like it." We second the endorsement, and add that the Rasper's interchangeable stainless steel blades give a wide choice of sharp cutting surfaces and can be washed in the dishwasher. (No more prying around inside the old-fashioned grater with a toothbrush.) Grated food is caught neatly in the bottom of the bin.

The Rasper/Grater is available at many gourmet shops or by mail from us for $6.

STICK 'EM UP

Get out your shoe box of curling photographs. A new process makes it simple to mount them without heat or glue. It will work for color or black and white, single or double weight prints, posters, children's art work, recipes, or garage sale signs to be mounted on illustration board, foam-core board, or any other similar mounting surface. The secret is No-Heat Mounting, a sheet of photo-mount paper with permanent adhesive on both sides.

We gave some to an art director/photographer friend who reports: "It is very easy to handle, even if you have to more than one sheet of the hesive together for mou very large prints. For the professional photographer a godsend, since the che dry mounting press is ar $100. It will have to stan test of time to see if it curls, but I think it's g Can you get me some mo When asked about the pos ity of curling, the manufac said the photos he'd mou three years ago with No- are still perfectly flat.

All you have to do with Heat" is peel the cover shee one side, press the photog or print down on the top; you strip the cover off the side, and press it onto the tration board. If for any re you want to remove the a sive, you can dissolve it rubber cement thinner.

This is a relatively new uct. It is carried by som or photo supply stores. You order a package of two 9"x12" sheets through u $7.95.



LIGHT UNTO MY PATH

Alexis Thompson, a from Little Rock, Arkansas an electric headlamp. As as we got her letter we w one too. Mrs. Thompson quently uses hers, the Ju Focusing Head Lantern without batteries, in many s ing goods stores, or by from us) for spelunking her husband. "With strapped to our heads an D-cell battery packs clippe our belts, we can see grea tances in dark caves and our hands free for mane ing about." The headlamp goes on to explain, "can beaten for night fishing beam can be adjusted fr short, wide fan of light long, narrow beam. I must fess that I often don it to s through boxes I've stored i attic—far away from that swaying bulb electrician

RAPAROUND INFO

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ng."
planning to use our
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engine, skiing cross
ight, bicycling, deliv-
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odel, complete with
1 40-watt bulb). Plug-
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vel that permits 90°
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model you need.

FIRE ALARM

ational Fire Protection
on reports that over
nt of the fires that kill
an one person start
e victims are asleep.
e now several reason-
ed warning systems on
et to awaken sleepers
fire is in its incipient

of the most practical
ible is the SmokeGard
700 ($59.95 at hard-
l building supply stores
or through us). This is a small, self-contained, ceiling-mounted smoke detector that operates on its own batteries and needs no external power supply. Once installed and adjusted, the 85-decibel horn—loud enough to awaken most heavy sleepers through closed bedroom doors—will start blowing when a smoldering fire causes an ionization change in the air. The SmokeGard can sense fire well in advance of either heat or heavy smoke: it will detect the invisible products of combustion. A room full of heavy smokers will not trigger the alarm, but it should not be installed in garages or kitchens where smoke and the fires in stove burners are a normal occurrence. One detector should protect each bedroom "area" immediately outside of the bedroom doors. Since the unit fastens to the ceiling with two screws, it can be removed in a few minutes and installed in your vacation home, trailer, or camper.

The SmokeGard has been approved by the Factory Mutual System, an independent testing service for insurance companies.



BARGAIN BAILIWICK

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...others is clever,
...ows himself is enlightened.
Lao-tzu, *Sayings*, c. 500 B.C.

...are eccentric.
...s crazy.
...original.

...t appear evil in others may seem virtuous
...is month we ask readers to form a conju-
...ingular, beginning with the third person
...h the first. The meaning should remain ap-
...e same in each person, with the value judg-
... Entries may be as direct or as baroque
...urther examples:

He is foolhardy.
You are venturesome.
I am brave.

He bugs.
You eavesdrop.
I listen in for purposes of national security.

Send your entries to "Conjugations," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be postmarked no later than August 9 and become the property of *Harper's Magazine*. Winning entries will be published in the October issue. Decision of the editors is final. First Prize: *New York Times Atlas of the World* (Quadrangle). Runners-up: A Bookworm.

...Proverbially Speak-
...ine game that asked
...ng three proverbs up to

...onary of Phrase and Fa-
...ham Brewer (Harper &

... in a telephone.
...ell is paved with . . .
...les.
...e a silk purse out of . . .
...olyester.
—Sue Warren
Stanford, Calif.

...lention:
...ge a book by its . . .

—Sandra Barry
Daytona Beach, Fla.

...wise . . . either orally or
...ay be inoperative if the
...dvertently misspoke him-
...ect to executive privilege.
—Gerald M. Bastarache
Falls Church, Va.

...ates . . . is likely to find
... turnpike with no exit for

—Mrs. Earl J. Berg
Seattle, Wash.

...nd early to rise makes a
... wealthy . . . and lone-

—Bertha Caffrey Brock
...ac du Flambeau, Wisc.

He who hesitates . . . should at least leave the tip.
—Rae A. Chamberlin
Yuma, Ariz.

They also serve . . . even when they suspect the tip will be small.
—Lew Eckman
Petaluma, Calif.

Silence is . . . the best policy.
—Alice Evans
San Diego, Calif.

For he who fights and runs away . . . better learn Swedish.
—Arlene Gilbert
Teaneck, N.J.

The early bird . . . has insomnia.
—William Haney
Brooklyn, N.Y.

All's fair in love and . . . Presidential elections.
—Susan M. Hoffman
West Hartford, Conn.

People who live in glass houses . . . are a behaviorist's dream.
—Mrs. Ruth Lewart
Holmdel, N.J.

Early to bed and early to rise . . . is the schedule of a commuter.
—Mrs. John Nyman
New Orleans, La.

He who hesitates . . . is called a bachelor.
—Billy Page
Beaumont, Texas

A bird in the hand . . . is worth over 60¢ per pound.
—B. Pellegrino
Tantallon, Md.

Man may work from sun to sun . . . but not if he belongs to a union.
—Gloria Rosenthal
Valley Stream, N.Y.

A word to the wise is . . . presumptuous.
—Mary F. Ross
Duarte, Calif.

Where there's smoke . . . there's Los Angeles.
—Michael Savage
Toronto, Ontario

Still waters . . . are polluted.
—R. T. Sklar
Sherman Oaks, Calif.

Hear no evil, speak no evil . . . your phone might be bugged.
Natalie Strauss
Denver, Col.

...many cooks . . . use Hamburger ...r.
—Gail Tanaka
Vashon, Wash.

... who hesitates . . . loses his parking ...pace.
—George Vogel
Corona del Mar, Calif.

... word to the wise . . . "not for publi...ation."
—Elizabeth Weltner
St. Louis, Mo.

...MES: Readers are invited to submit their own suggestions for games.
...rent games eventually published in the magazine will receive credit lines ... prize.

LETTERS

Wounded Knee

Terri Schultz's article ["Bamboozle Me Not At Wounded Knee," June] was preceded by an editor's note describing the author as "a young woman journalist who just happens to prefer fact to fantasy."

Of course, in such a scattershot approach, one is bound to disclose some fact, but there is a bit of fantasy in the story as well. Apart from her technical mistake in writing that I am part Sioux, it is an unfortunate bit of fantasy to imply that I somehow patronized the Indians when I was at Wounded Knee in March.

Had Terri Schultz really preferred fact to fantasy, she might have sat in on the meetings between the Senators and the Indians and she might have come closer to an accurate perception of the entire affair had she even bothered to inquire about my attitude toward the whole situation.

But, I do think she was entirely accurate in guessing that AIM's takeover of Wounded Knee was a media event. I personally regret that too many representatives of the media at Wounded Knee failed to define the issues seriously. Beyond the day-to-day reporting of the action, and the photographs of gun-toting Indians silhouetted against the sky, there was precious little inquiry into what the whole thing was all about. In view of that, Terri Schultz's well-written mixture of fact and fantasy was better than average.

JAMES ABOUREZK
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

"Bamboozle Me Not At Wounded Knee" contained a surprise for us. Terri Schultz quoted *Journal* editor Jim Kuehn relatively accurately concerning our editorial stands in the early weeks of the Wounded Knee situation. Jim recalls her visit and the subject of conversation, which was apparently the source of the quotations which appeared in her story.

After her departure from this area, Ms. Schultz called Jim and he sent her some of the ten editorials we wrote before the "siege of Wounded Knee" ended. Our surprise was that Ms. Schultz chose to exclude all of this information from her piece about the white man's perspectives of the situation.

It is further unfortunate that her story appeared after Wounded Knee had ended with no mention of the termination or that her story was based on the first few weeks of the situation.

JAMES W. SWAN, Publisher
The *Rapid City Journal*
Rapid City, S.D.

TERRI SCHULTZ REPLIES:

To Senator Abourezk: I, along with about seventy other reporters, would have been delighted to sit in on the meetings between the Senators and the Indians, but we were prevented from doing so by the long arms of the BIA and FBI, who at first banned all press from the Wounded Knee area. As the press grew more desperate and began sneaking in on foot at the risk of getting shot at, they finally permitted car pools selected by lottery. There was just one catch: the cars had to be out of Wounded Knee by 5:00 P.M. each day. Senators Abourezk and McGovern were themselves victims of the government's uncooperative attitude toward the press, for guards posted in the Bureau of Indian Affairs in Pine Ridge would not allow the Senators to hold a press conference inside the building following their evening powwow with AIM leaders. That is, the Senators were told they could enter, but the reporters had to stay outside. As a result, they were forced instead to meet the press after midnight in that cold and windy temple of despair —the Bureau of Indian Affairs n ing lot.

Senator Abourezk's heritag been haunting him for some tim can perhaps be cleared up f here. He is indeed 100 percent nese-American, and does not c a trace of Sioux blood. The fa that he is Sioux began when t *manac of American Politics* p in its 1972 edition that he wa half Sioux and one-half Leband has since been repeated in s national magazines. It would nice touch; but it's just not so *Almanac* is reportedly correcti information.

To James Swan: James Kueh kind enough to send me cop several editorials on Wounded which appeared in the *Journal* f ing our initial meeting in Rapi in which he said the newspape not run any comment on the n Indian take-over. He was most ful to me while I was in the are let me spend one entire evenin ing over his newspaper files o Indian situation in South Dak carte blanche treatment seldom among more urban newspapers jealously guard their clipping classified documents. After le the Wounded Knee area I pl him to keep track of changes i situation. The tyranny of the line precluded mentioning so those changes in my article—th layed *Journal* editorials were a them. Also, more seriously, I w able to include the deaths of tw dians, Frank Clearwater, 47, Lawrence Lamont, 31, from g wounds received during sho with federal marshals, and th struction of the trading post. reader, and certainly Mr. Swan is in the publishing business, ca preciate the pitfalls of runni breaking story in a magazine deadlines several weeks prior to lication.

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ELLIS E. REID

HOME: Chicago

AGE: 38

PROFESSION: Attorney

HOBBIES: Art, travel, good restaurants.

LAST BOOK READ: "The Exorcist"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Elected President Cook County Bar Association (second term). Started scholarship fund for minority law students. Directs a lawyer's reference plan for the poor.

QUOTE: "The Law must be available to all. For study, for protection, for justice. Working for those goals has made being an attorney more rewarding than I had ever hoped."

PROFILE: Dedicated. A strong spirit. A leader that finds no job too small to do himself. Concerned for others. Willing to take action in their behalf—even at a sacrifice.

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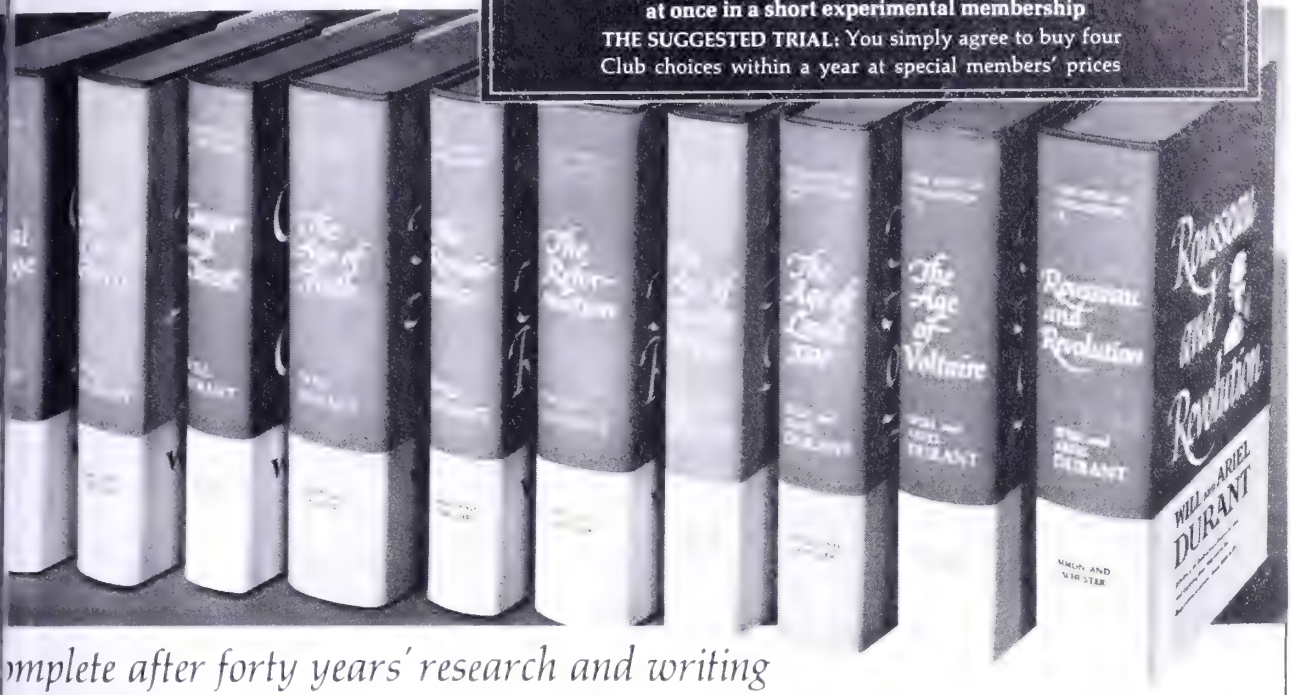
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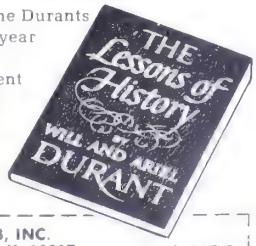
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First it will amaze you. Then it will impress you.

The amazing part is that we succeeded in putting a typewriter ribbon in a cartridge for the quickest, simplest typewriter ribbon change imaginable. Also, the cleanest.

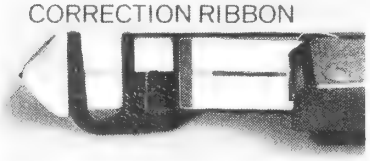
The impressive part is that Coronamatic™ Ribbon Cartridges come in nylon and carbon film (the kind usually available only with expensive office typewriters).

STANDARD NYLON
ribbon
CARBON FILM
ribbon

So in the same 3 seconds it takes to change a cartridge, you can now change to carbon film for typing that looks like printing.

It's like having two typewriters in one. One for day-to-day use. One for more professional-looking correspondence or reports.

CORRECTION RIBBON

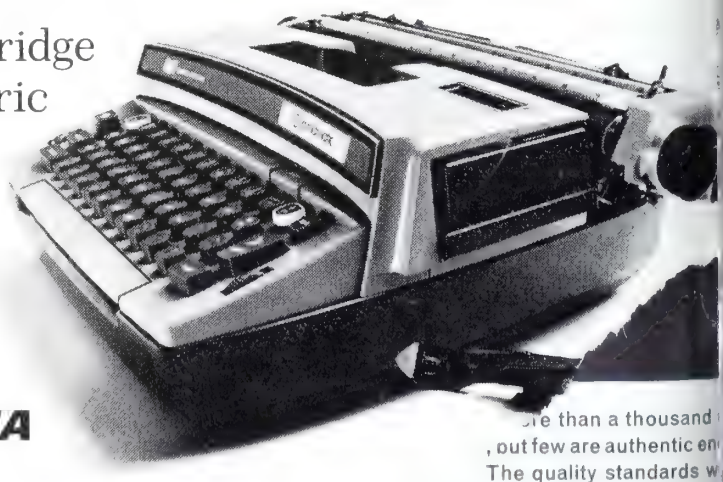


And in case you make a mistake, we put a correction ribbon in a Coronamatic cartridge so you can correct errors, in seconds.

We also put an assortment of colors into the cartridges—so you can add a little (or a lot of) color to your typing if you feel like it.

Smith-Corona's new cartridge ribbon typewriters. In electric portable and office models.

Now you have a lot of reasons to want to change typewriter ribbons.



SCM SMITH-CORONA
SCM CORPORATION

...e than a thousand
, but few are authentic en
The quality standards w
, varied. Into each drop go
...om the Highlands, the Lowl

Introductory offer: Participating dealers will give you an eraser cartridge, plus two fil... you to profe...sional typing. This offer good on all new portable cartridge typewriters.

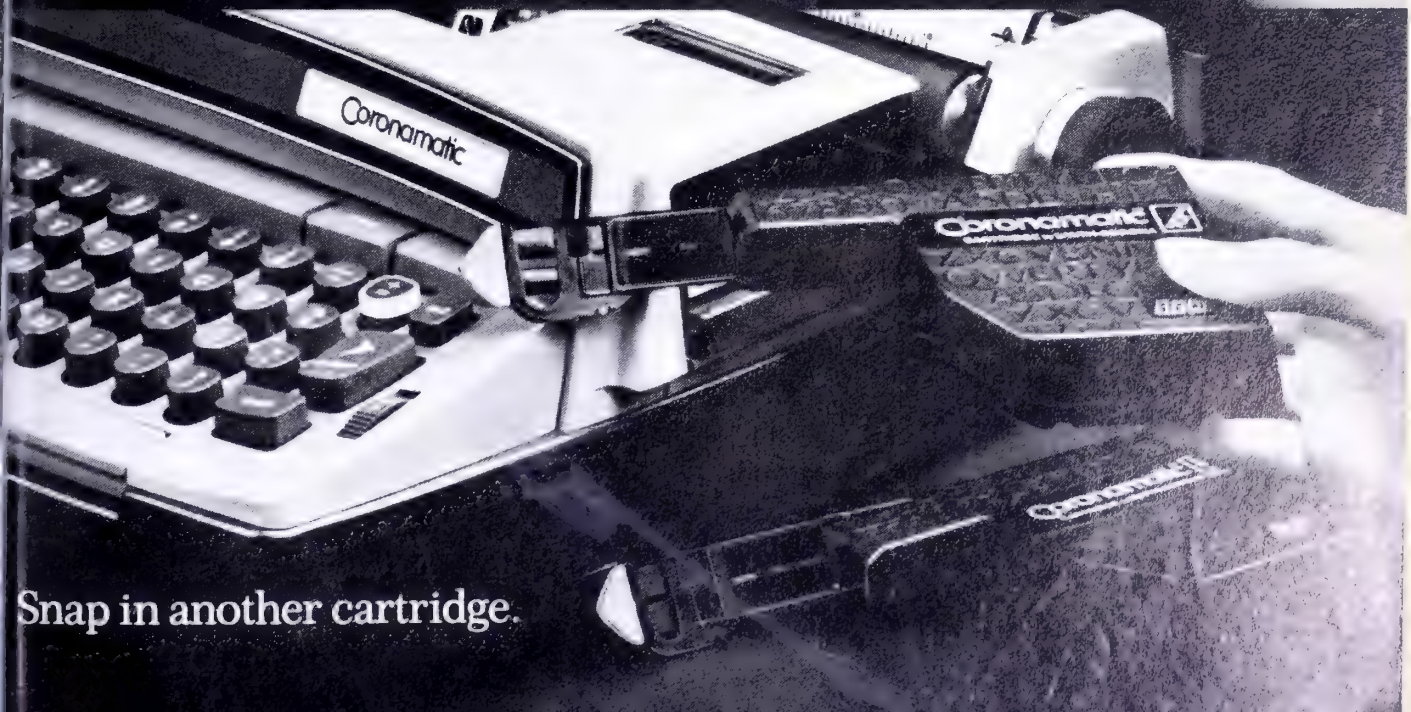
Dewar's never vari



Press cartridge release.



Cartridge snaps out.



Snap in another cartridge.

Harper's

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE PRESS **EDITOR:** Lawrence S. Freundlich; **PUBLISHER:** Peter Mollman

Published [illegible] by Harper's Magazine Company, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Cass Canfield, Honorary Chairman; Russell Barnard, President; Robert [illegible], Vice-President; Lewis H. Lapham, Vice-President. Subscriptions $8.50 one year; $21.00 three years. Foreign except Canada and Pan America: $1.50 per year [illegible] Magazine Company is a division of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc. John Cowles, Jr., Chairman; Otto A. Silha, President; Norton Armour, Secretary; William R. Beattie, Treasurer.

For advertising information contact Harper-Atlantic Sales, 535 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Other offices in Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, and San Francisco.

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POSTMASTER: [illegible] Form 3579 to Harper's Magazine, 381 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302.

Reprints and Permissions: Lee Mathiesen, Harper's Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

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w the war was lost but the wine was won



Long, long ago, when knights were bold and kingdoms were personal property, a 15-year-old girl named Eleanor was married to Louis VII, King of France. What she lacked in maturity she n her dowry. She was heiress to an area equal to almost one- modern France. But even that , and the marriage was dissolved e in 1152.

e she retained her property, as very popular and she soon ie proposal of Henri Plantaganet, Anjou. Being a Plantaganet and ant of William the Conqueror, pass that Henri became Henry England.

anor, who had been Queen of t 15, found herself Queen of t 30. This marriage was success- tune of ten children, two of ame kings. One was Richard the Lion Hearted, of Crusader fame. The other was King John and his best claim to fame was that he was forced to sign the Magna Carta.

Meanwhile, the proud French resented having so large a part of their country being held as personal property of a Queen of England. Especially since Eleanor's lands included the thriving seaport of Bordeaux and all the Bordeaux wine region as well.

Finally, after mulling it over for 100 years, the French started the Hundred Years War to get it back. In a last great battle at Castignon in 1453, the English were forced to leave the Continent . . . never to return.



But, all was not lost.

Before the English evacuated Bordeaux, they made sure they "liberated" all the fine wines maturing in the casks at Chateau D'Issan.



Today, the Chateau is occupied by the Cruse family. And the velvety red wine that bears their name is still worth fighting for. It is a unique wine, made from grapes that grow well in the gravelly soil dating back to a stone age river bed.

Most of the Cruse wines, including the superb Chateau D'Issan, are available in America.

And, as the English found out in 1453 they travel very well.

Every Cruse wine has its own story to tell... it begins when you open the bottle.

Cruse



THE NOILLY PRAT MARTINI

A great martini is not made by gin alone.

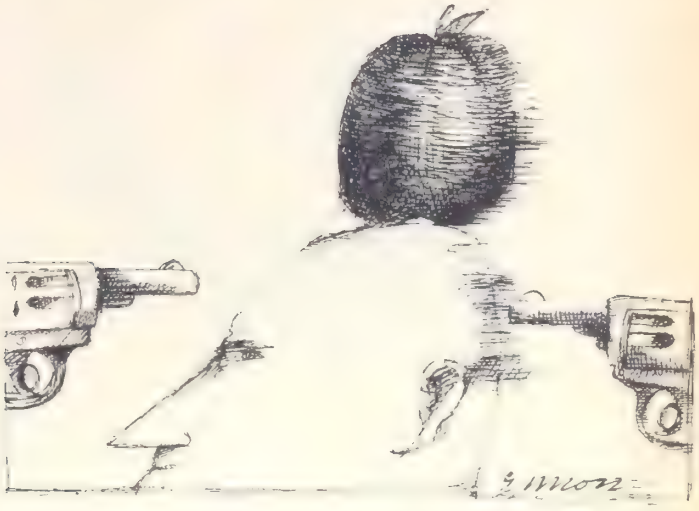
For great martinis, you need more than just a particularly good gin. You need a particularly good vermouth, too. And since Noilly Prat invented dry vermouth in 1813 we know what makes it good. We know that the longer dry vermouth is aged, the better it is. That's why Noilly Prat is aged longer And that's why it's the best vermouth for martinis. You've gone to the trouble of finding a really good gin. Are you going to put just any vermouth into it?

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WRAPAROUND



Geoffrey Moss

RUPTION:
You See It, Now You Don't

national morality play, rgate hearings inspire of virtue. They prompt trast the ideal and ac- / dramatize a lesson of alues warping public ilities. We discuss cor- nd the degree of indi- titude allowed by so- act. Because the spec- so great—public and ined on a scale we sel- ness—we are propelled icarious participation, he performers against .

erformance is supposed tructive. We are invited rom it any number of ys to understand our n particular, we are ed to watch the expo- corruption and to learn out the camouflages ceal it. The moral is a lot of corruption goes ized these days. It hrough a cultural un- h rich with protective ns. Revealing it takes deal of energy and at- s well as courage. Once at the first blink in consciousness, it has a ble ability to melt un- ly into the background solve from sight. The f the moral is that we er sharpen our percep-

roblem with solemn in- on recognizing corrup- that it's woven through ngly endless drone of There is no vividness to n. Corruption passes in of qualified phrases and ive verbs. It rides the f rumor and gossip. For those who want a simpler, more practical means of identification, here is a tip sheet on Corruption's habits and appearance.

Imagine him as a plain man in a plain suit. He lacks the obvious costume (diamond rings, a stovepipe hat) and, in fact, dresses much like you. He could be a neighbor or a friend, a man who gives every evidence of worrying about his kids, contributing to the school district, and demanding an end to the bombing in Cambodia. His other characteristics, however, are more distinctive:

In his commonest materialization, Corruption is wrinkled with fine distinctions . . .

He will fatigue you with questions of degree. He will advocate small elasticities—pushing a boundary, stretching a point, bending a truth, extending a justification. At any given moment he will assure you that outright transgression is at least three more fudges away. If he grows impatient, he will lecture you on the social machinery, arguing that it runs only because of the tolerances of slight accommodation.

He carries a pencil and eraser . . .

Since he is polished in the art of argument, he will maneuver you off the ground of principle and onto the ice of rules. While you slide around, he will calmly explain why certain rules don't apply or don't mean what they seem to. If you haven't lost your balance by then, he will hand you the pencil and ask you to "draw the line." When you do, he will erase it. He will counsel you to reasonableness and ask you to draw it again. Again he will erase it, challenging your fitness to live in a relativistic universe. If he doesn't wear you down by this process, he may try to make you so self-conscious about the way you are holding the pencil that you will forget about drawing the line.

He reasons like a baseball coach . . .

He will begin by saying he wants you to do him a favor, to keep an eye on the ball, to get the job done. His pep talk is a catalogue of bold and selfish plans well rewarded. If he's in the mood, he may philosophically observe that it is an unfortunate fact of life that you have to use your elbows at the public trough of money, success, power. He will profess to be guided by your own best interests.

He smells slightly of anesthesia . . .

This might take you off guard if you expect Corruption to have a rank, decaying odor. Indeed, he may appear surgically clean, even under the nails. He will speak affectionately of computers and miniaturization. He has a habit of referring to people as numbers. He may brag that he's invisible in any organization of more than 100 persons.

He has a sharp eye for your fears . . .

His friendly slap on the back is probably just an excuse to arouse your paranoia.

He holds out an advantage . . .

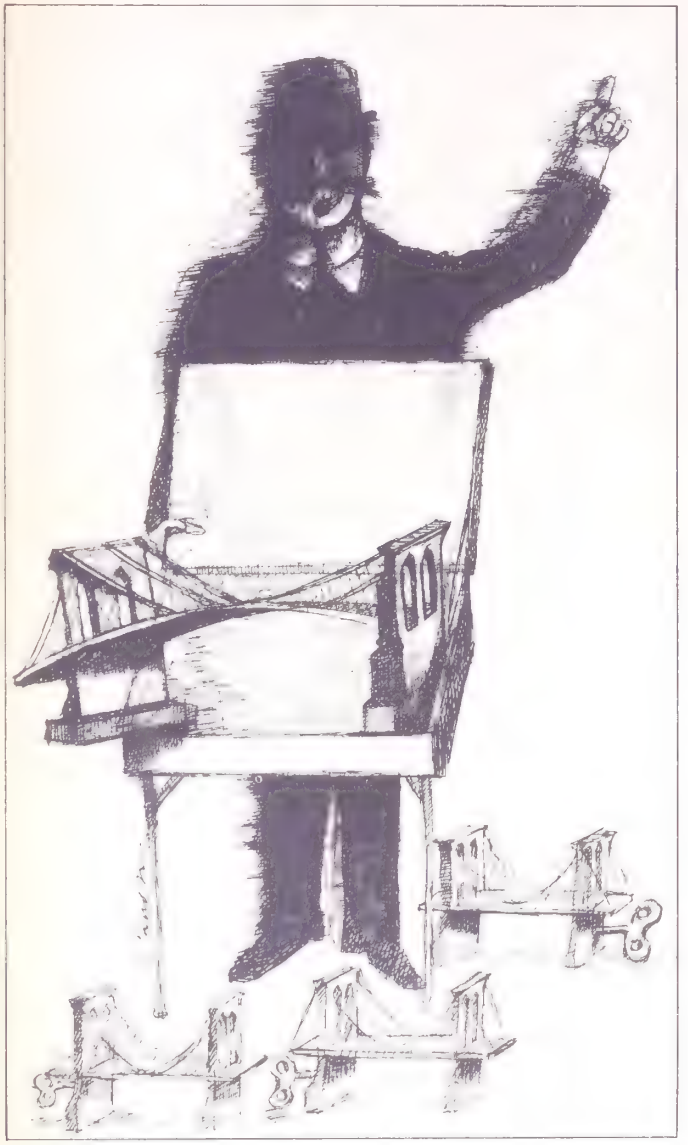
He will promise you an edge. Usually he cultivates the illusion of control, and he may begin by pointing out things there is no need to leave to chance. If you are hesitant to seize the opportunity, he will ply you with proofs that if you don't, someone else will—who will then have the advantage over you. Occasionally he can be persuaded to demonstrate that no one else loses what you gain.

Last and most revealing, in this character Corruption seldom provokes disgust, that peculiar emotion by which we are warned away from the unhealthy.

In its place, and less effectively, we have to rely on outrage —something that touches us where we think instead of where we live.

This issue of **WRAPAROUND** provides a clutch of perspectives on corruption. Its use as a sextant to the future gives contradictory readings: one holds that corruption is getting worse while we grow progressively indifferent, the other that corruption is declining as an educated and vigilant public exercises its collective moral values. Had time not run out on us, we would have liked to further explore attitudes toward individual corruptions: what are the most frequent, how are they to be guarded against, what are their social costs, and so forth. So we invite readers who would like to generalize from their own experience in 500 words or fewer to send us their personal concerns about corruption. When we have an adequate collection, we will publish them in the spirit of further public instruction. **—Tony Jones**

WRAPAROUND REPORT



MISTREATY

The United States do engage to guarantee to the aforesaid nation of Delawares, and their heirs, all their territorial rights in the fullest and most ample manner as it hath been bound by former treaties, as long as they the said Delaware nation shall abide by and hold fast the chain of friendship now entered into. And it is further agreed on between the contracting parties should it for the future be found conducive for the mutual interest of both parties to invite any other tribes who have been friends to the interest of the United States, to join the present confederation, and to form a state whereof the Delaware nation shall be the head, and have a representation in Congress: Provided, nothing contained in this article to be considered as conclusive until it meets with the approbation of Congress.

—Delaware Treaty of 1778
Quoted in *Custer Died for Your Sins,* 1969

"The University of Connecticut agreed today to stop opening and examining mail sent out through the university mail room by faculty members, which it had done in an effort to stop them from using the service for personal business."
—The *New York Times,* 5/27/73

Rationalizing the Rip-off

I have a friend who considers shoplifting $11 tins of pâté from Bloomingdale's a revolutionary act. If you push her, my friend explains: (1) she can't afford to buy it; (2) she ought to enjoy the pâté instead of some undeserving robber baron; (3) Bloomingdale's is continually ripping off the public; and (4) the system is corrupt anyway.

The obvious fallacy is that my friend's life is otherwise thoroughly unrevolutionary, the craving for pâté being the deadest giveaway. (Though, in times like these, with L. Brezhnev collecting racing cars, one can't be sure. After an excellent dinner, I once heard a well-known activist paraphrase Camus: "Can one love the revolution and still love Brie?") But, if you accept my friend's logic, it doesn't much matter whether she was pilfering pâté or dry bread. If the system is entirely corrupt and the major forms of corruption institutionalized and licit, then the social contract is null and void. Just don't get caught.

What distinguishes principled subversion from petty larceny? Choice of commodity? Target? Motivation? This recalls a somewhat more authentic revolutionary in the Bay Area, who was recently sentenced to one year to life for holding up the Marin County Co-op Supermarket, of all places. To startled associates in the movement, she explained that the proceeds were needed to finance underground organizing activities, but the caper still got a terrible press. Had it been a raid on the Bank of America, that might have been different.

The connotation of the expression "to rip off" varies depending on the circles you travel in, from a simple pejorative meaning "steal," to an Orwellian synonym for "liberate," to a neutral term suggesting a dog-eat-dog cynicism about a corrupt world: I rip off, you rip off, we get ripped off. Perhaps objections to the glorification of the rip-off are hypocritical middle-class moralizing. After all, which of us doesn't occasionally rip off the IRS or the phone company or the company expense account? Who pays all his parking tickets? So why not swipe a little pâté, or go on food stamps, or have the kind people at the unemployment office fi your summer vacation? N follows all the rules— have to be crazy to actual in your psychiatric history auto insurance applicati apply for a job at the p nel office—so choose ones you'll bend or breal

Philosophers have been pling with the question fo lennia. The social co theorists discarded the theological imperatives in of a simple functional ex tion: self-interest. If there no rules, life would be of each against all, T Hobbes wrote, with "no for industry because the thereof is uncertain. . . . n no letters, no society; and, is worst of all, continu of violent death; and the man solitary, poor, nasty ish, and short." Obey th because if there weren rules, everyone would su

This is neat as far as i but Hobbes doesn't couns to cope with a general of the contract. Nov Nasty, Brutish & Shor Washington law firm sp ing in tax write-offs, e contracts, and pro-trust ulations; they charge fi dred dollars by the hour the contract's loopholes cial morality is rigged i of the powerful, that's print in the social cont ethics are simply fur you'd be a damned foo rip off a little pâté.

But the social contra really doesn't explain about personal integrity seems to come from nonrational roots, like religion, conscience. In functional terms, my from Bloomingdale's v to argue me down. The rips us off, so why not a bit embarassed to hea fall back on *"Shopliftin something you don't d* cheating in class, or bombs on kids, or sa the opposition party.

—Bob

Bob Kuttner is The Villa *national correspondent in ton. He served as a con the preparation of this iss*

"The American natio sixth ward is a fine pec love the eagle—on the a dollar." —Finley Pet

ng with the Punch

ay back in April 1964, ting at my desk in the editor's office of ard *Crimson*, staring lly (or was it vacant- ne wastebasket. My eye ne words "airline tick- piece of junk mail I'd earlier in the day. out. It was from the otor Company. "Dear Editor," it began. The was that if the college ould simply return the postcard, the Ford ompany would furnish an airline ticket to a night's lodging at the Inn, and (following ay "College Editors ce") a new Mustang back to school in and vith for the rest of the year.

e I was a young male , I wanted that car. was dimly aware that night be something about the whole deal. up with my *Crimson* s and with such dis- d alumni as were still round Cambridge. The s was that if (a) I rite anything about it I made sure that Ford use my name or Har- promote Mustangs I didn't hog the car— did all that, it would

ent to Detroit. At the Editors Conference," pered cynical remarks other during the "pre- s" by Ford executives that we weren't being We behaved with as- docility. At the end of we were taken to the st Track, where there ty shiny red Mustang les, one for each of us, row. We acted non- because we were con- at any sort of childish would have resulted in being snatched away. not to scratch our meekly returned them representatives in our areas when the time

ord people didn't get blicity out of the deal, hadn't really expected wanted to have their n by "campus thought and that's what they got. We weren't hard to cor- rupt. We were eager for it.

One or two things have happened since then. The National Student Association-CIA revelations, the war, revolutionary politics, freaks, ecology, Watergate. Ingenuousness is no longer a viable posture among campus thought leaders. The Ford Motor Company doesn't sponsor College Editors Conferences anymore. Now, Ford has something called the Pinto Project for the Academic Community. Professors in the business departments of 150 colleges and universities get free cars. In return, the professors assign their classes to do "research projects" in the marketing and advertising of Pinto automobiles. Ford gives cash grants, $21,000 in all, to the colleges that do the best work. The business profs get cars. Ford gets goodwill and useful feedback and no guff, because in the business departments of 150 colleges and universities, it's still 1964.

Next spring, the Ford Motor Company will unveil a vehicle they call the Mustang II. It isn't hard to imagine what would happen if they were to have another College Editors Conference on that occasion. Some editors would toss their invitations into the wastebasket (and wouldn't fish them out again). Others would reject them abusively. Still others would accept, because the opportunities for rip-off, for ridicule, for exposé—in short, for good copy—would be too rich to ignore. What would happen? Guerrilla theater during the "presentations," demonstrations protesting pollution and backing mass transit, gleeful dope-smoking in the boardroom, demands for equal time for the UAW, and more. And when it came time to return the cars, I think we could expect the first College Editors Mustang Demolition Derby, with the proceeds to be donated to Ralph Nader.

—Hendrik Hertzberg

Hendrik Hertzberg is a staff writer for The New Yorker.

"I know only that what is moral is what you feel good after and what is immoral is what you feel bad after."

—Ernest Hemingway
Death in the Afternoon, 1932

DEMOCRATICALLY SPEAKING

To a democratic people citizens not a man of their own rank in life who rises from that obscure position in a few years to riches and power; the spectacle excites their surprise and envy, and they are led to inquire how the person who was yesterday their equal is today their ruler. To attribute his rise to his talents or his virtues is unpleasant, for it is tacitly to acknowledge that they are themselves less virtuous or less talented than he was. They are therefore led, and often rightly, to impute his success mainly to some of his vices; and an odious connection is thus formed between the ideas of turpitude and power, unworthyness and success, utility and dishonor.

—Alexis de Tocqueville
Democracy in America, 1835



KEEPING STRAIGHT

Relations between some Washington Lawyers and officials of the regulatory agencies can be so intimate they embarrass an onlooker. The lawyers and the regulators work together, in a tight, impenetrable community where an outsider can't understand the language, much less why things are done the way they are. The lawyers and the regulators play together, at trade association meetings, over lunch, on the golf courses around Washington. They frequently swap jobs, the regulator moving to the private bar, the Washington Lawyer moving into the Commission on a "public service" leave of absence from his firm. The story is told of the lawyer who enjoyed a three-martini lunch during a hearing before the Interstate Commerce Commission. When time came for the proceeding to resume, he instinctively sat down in the hearing examiner's chair and gaveled for order. Someone had to remind the poor fellow he had resigned two years previously and belonged at the counsel table on behalf of a trucking firm.

—Joseph C. Goulden
The Superlawyers, 1971

Prickly Conscience

A new generation of men came in—a more pushful set. I was one of them. We were men who went ahead. We did things. We didn't split hairs about trifles. Anyhow, men of this skin, with a conscience all the time full of prickles, are out of place in business dickerings. A prickly conscience would be like a white silk apron for a blacksmith. Sometimes you've got to get your hands dirty, but that doesn't mean that the money you make is also dirty. Black hens can lay white eggs.

—The Book of Daniel Drew, 1910

APAROUNDWRAPAR

Lying in the Courtroom

According to legal idealists, the trial is an institutionalized search for truth. To test that notion, Harper's *interviewed U.S. District Judge Marvin E. Frankel, a former Columbia law professor and author of an important new book,* Criminal Sentences: Law Without Order. *After seven years of presiding over federal trials in New York City, Judge Frankel has tempered his scholarly idealism with sobering realism. Lying, he says, is a courtroom contagion that must be stopped.*

Q. How extensive is deliberate lying in the courtroom?

A. I think, making a very crude estimate, that deliberately false testimony probably appears in important aspects in as many as a quarter of all the cases we try.

Q. Is this kind of deliberate lying evident to you as you are sitting on the bench?

A. Well, if two people say "We were standing together yesterday on that corner," and one says it was raining and the other says it wasn't, I suppose there's a high probability, unless either of them was drunk or otherwise impaired, that one of them has to be lying. At the end of a trial, as I try to reconstruct what has happened, what the witnesses have said, how I would decide the case, when I have a strong conviction that somebody has been lying, I also have a fairly strong belief that I can identify who it was.

Q. What about the tricks of memory?

A. When I talk about false testimony, I'm not talking about innocently inaccurate testimony. I'm talking about deliberate, intentional, and self-conscious misrepresentation of facts—knowing the facts are being misrepresented and intending to cause the listener—jury, judge, whatever—to be misled. I frequently say to a jury, "Your job is to find the truth, to determine what in fact happened at the time the events occurred that gave rise to this lawsuit." I am tempted sometimes to add, "Most or many of the people in this courtroom, far from intending to help you with this quest, have been doing everything possible to make you fail in your objective, and you're going to have to beat your way past them."

Q. How do we isolate this lying? Is it a cultural thing, or is it part of the adversary system?

A. Of course, bearing false witness was an old sin before the Bible. We as a nation have no monopoly on it. But there are things about our society that encourage, rather than discourage, fraud and falsehood. For one thing, we glorify competition—beating out your neighbor—and tend to play down in practice the virtues of candor and honesty. The basic notion of an adversary system isn't confined to the courthouse. Starting at least as early as Adam Smith we've had the idea that if every man seeks out his own selfish interest, everything will turn out fine for everybody. Sooner or later we're going to have to do some revising of Adam Smith, because in a complicated, crowded community, his philosophy doesn't work very well.

Q. Are there other cultural influences?

A. There are other pervasive things about the basic system of our economy that need to be recognized in this connection. We have a huge industry in which we are preeminent—the advertising industry. It is one of our most basic forms of communication and, allegedly, of information. Yet, obviously, much of this ostensible information is not purveyed to inform but to manipulate and to achieve a result—to make somebody think he needs something that very possibly he doesn't need, or to make him think one version of something is better than another version when the grounds for such a belief really don't exist. So we are all steeped in a form of dealing with each other where . . .

Q. . . . we're selling one another stories.

A. That's exactly right. There's a great deal of selling stories. The judge and jury are consumers of stories, and lawyers do indeed speak of selling judges and juries on their positions. I think perhaps the courts are too complacent about this and the crime of perjury needs more vigorous prosecution.

"The characteristic form of hypocrisy in the pre-Freud when principles and duty reigned supreme, was high-mind the ascription of purer motives to oneself than one was acting on; in the Freudian age, when everyone thinks h how sordid we all are inside, hypocrisy more often takes of ascribing baser motives to oneself than one is in fa driven by."

—Norman P
Making

Using the Means at Hand

When you work the streets, you pick up a trick or two—whether you're a pusher, a cop, or a highly principled lawyer trying to help the poor. One of the breed, a young VISTA lawyer in New England, tells about a trick he used in a recent case.

The VISTA's client, a black college student, bought two air conditioners and four tires on a time-payment plan. The contract stated that the finance company could repossess the goods if payments weren't met.

Several months down the line, the student's wife left him—taking the two air conditioners. Soon after, the kid totaled his car, which was towed to a garage with the four new tires on it. Since the student was having money problems, he called the finance company and said, "Look, I can't afford to pay you right now, but if you'll just give me a couple months, I'll make good. My credit is good and I've never had any problems." Instead, the company hired a lawyer. And the lawyer set out to file a criminal complaint for concealment of goods.

"This is a valid charge in a situation like this," explained the VISTA lawyer. "But in this case, I just didn't want the kid to have a criminal record.

"I could see this white New England lawyer take one look at this black kid and figure that some sort of jive was going on."

But before the charge was filed, the VISTA lawyer asked for a court hearing. The day of the hearing, the student was inconveniently in Washington, D.C. (still family problems) and couldn't make it back.

"I walked into the courthouse," explained the VISTA lawyer, "and before we met with the clerk, I was talking with the finance company lawyer.

" 'Where's your man?' he asked me. I said, 'He's not around.' 'No,' he responded, 'I didn't think he would be.'

"So I asked, 'Why bringing these charges? replied, 'We just want sure we get our mer back.'

" 'Jesus,' I said. 'Br charge against this gu worst thing you can know how these peop these black guys. You charge against them, th appear.'

"The other lawyer 'Well, where is he?' I sa in Washington. He's do with his brothers. You find him in Washingto

"The guy stopped an about it a while. 'Yeh,' 'they are like that.' I sa All he needs to know criminal charge has bee and he'll just pick up pletely new identity. Y tell one from another.'

"The guy thought some more. 'Yeh,' he sa be you're right. Do y we can get the stuff ba

" 'Yeh,' I answered. just take it easy and cool, chances are the come back up here an get the stuff.' "

No charge was filed. merchandise was retur

"It was very conve play into this lawyer the VISTA lawyer sa "But back at the offi friends and I had a he bate over whether m were ethical. I don' know. I know that wh was my job—and my to make sure a complai issued against this guy ever tactics I had to us this lawyer—be they l tics or, in this case, tota tional tactics—the ir thing to *me* was that done.

"Situations like that," tinued, "qualify for w ends do justify the which is to me where y the line."

—Margaret M. I

Margaret Lehrman is a W journalist.

DWRAPAROUNDW

periority Pitfall

ion is the child hteousness. Self-righ- often springs from de- superiority. After all, ier myself a superior v can my understand- orality be less than

r people and power toward one another. those who don't feel ike to have their gov- business, and educa- itutions run by supe- le. So when someone ong looking, talking, g superior, he is liable en some power. This confirms in his mind superior, so he looks power. After a while head of something. ng it dawns on him ould demonstrate his y in more impressive d of course acquire ver) if only he could d some of the obsta- s way—a law here or naybe an alleged ethic. stacles are not meant They are to keep the soft-headed, sponge- roles from running

lly these superior peo- retty easy to spot: they grees from graduate f business or from law Law schools have e purpose of bestowing grace on politicians-to- s long as anyone can r. With the great post- omic expansion, it was that business deserved r advantage, and the business school was in- provide a sign of grace e MBA.

ick law school had de- s to teach its progeny a language made up ary English words but n a way that created ly different meanings one else could under- awyers would then be ically superior. Business needed an equivalent . So they invented man- science, which wasn't y invention at all, sim- ng techniques that en- gineers, mathematicians, and the like had been using all the time and applying them to business problems. This startled the business establishment, which had never heard of these techniques. They were impressed because the techniques could be used to increase profits dramatically. "These young men are superior," they said.

Now, these management science methods basically said that if you treat people like machines they will produce more efficiently. The possibility that this might not be a morally defensible notion was not a subject in business school. They were not concerned with the human use of human beings. Norbert Weiner, the father of cybernetics, was. He wrote: "What is used as an element in a machine is in fact an element in the machine."

Business schools had other lessons to teach. A business school professor once gave me a low grade on a paper about R. H. Tawney's *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*. He said he loved my paper, but pointed out that I had not mentioned that Tawney was a socialist. I claimed that Tawney's politics were irrelevant to the point of my paper. He agreed with that, but stuck with the low grade. This was corrupt behavior on his part, and I took my cue from his example. I got an A for the course by writing the rest of my papers based on preliminary interviews with the professor on what to write. The course was called "Ethics in Business," or something like that.

Something Tawney says in his book sums up in a few words what I had in mind in the first place: "Few tricks of the unsophisticated intellect are more curious than the naive psychology of the business man, who ascribes his achievements to his own unaided efforts in bland unconsciousness of a social order without whose continuous support and vigilant protection he would be as a lamb bleating in the desert." **—Russell Barnard**

Russell Barnard is publisher of Harper's.

Major had lied, and it was good. He was not really sur- hat it was good, for he had observed that people who did , on the whole, more resourceful and ambitious and suc- than people who did not lie." —Joseph Heller

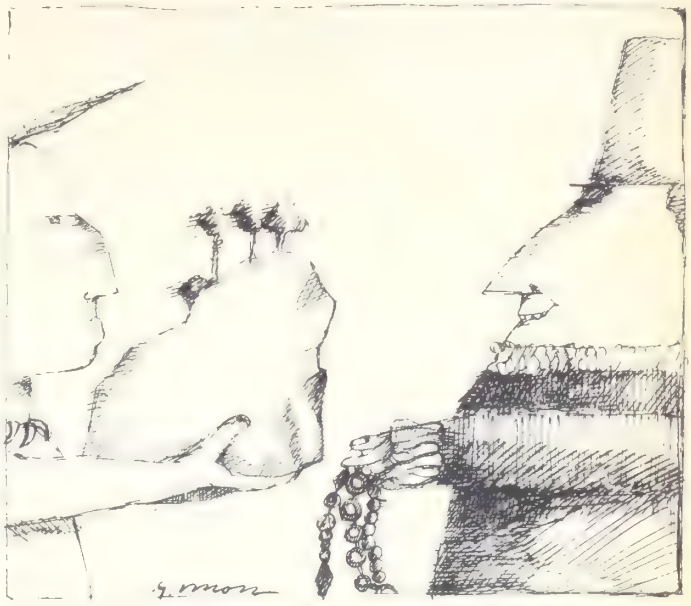
Catch-22, 1961

THE PITCH

The speed of thought was too slow. The allotted time of a conversational pause was too short; the ground that thought's trip-of-a-moment ought to cover had the extent of a continent—the whole range of man's relation to man. Here was the offer in full—the honest-enough trade, the open-enough deal, the earnest pathetic terms of the proposed contract. I engage to be reasonable; and in evidence of my good faith, I showed you just how reasonable.

—James Gould Cozzens

By Love Possessed, 1957



Weakness Corrupts

Power corrupts the few, while weakness corrupts the many. Hatred, malice, rudeness, intolerance, and suspicion are the fruits of weakness. The resentment of the weak does not spring from any injustice done to them but from the sense of their inadequacy and impotence. They hate not wickedness but weakness. When it is in their power to do so, the weak destroy weakness wherever they see it. Woe to the weak when they are preyed upon by the weak.

—Eric Hoffer

The Passionate State of Mind, 1965

"For de little stealin' dey gits you in jail soon or late. For de big stealin' dey makes you emperor and puts you in de Hall o' Fame when you croaks." —Eugene O'Neill

The Emperor Jones, 1921

AN EXTENSION OF FRIENDSHIP

Don Corleone was gentle, patient. "Why do you fear to give your first allegiance to me?" he said. "You go to the law courts and wait for months. You spend money on lawyers who know full well you are to be made a fool of. You accept judgment from a judge who sells himself like the worst whore in the streets. Years gone by, when you needed money, you went to the banks and paid ruinous interest, waited hat in hand like a begger while they sniffed around, poked their noses up your very asshole to make sure you could pay them back." The Don paused, his voice became sterner.

"But if you had come to me, my purse would have been yours. If you had come to me for justice those scum who ruined your daughter would be weeping bitter tears this day. If by some misfortune an honest man like yourself made enemies they would become my enemies."

—Mario Puzo

The Godfather, 1969

RAPAROUNDWRAPA

"He is a man of splendid abilities, but utterly corrupt. He shines and stinks like rotten mackeral by moonlight."
—John Randolph (1773-1833) on Edward Livingston

A HUSTLER'S GLOSSARY

COMMERCE, *n.* A kind of transaction in which A plunders from B the goods of C, and for compensation B picks the pocket of D of money belonging to E.

DICE, *n.* Small polka-dotted cubes of ivory, constructed like a lawyer to lie on any side, but commonly on the wrong one.

INNOCENCE, *n.* The state or condition of a criminal whose counsel has fixed the jury.

LAWYER, *n.* One skilled in circumvention of the law.

LITIGATION, *n.* A machine which you go into as a pig and come out of as a sausage.

MAMMON, *n.* The god of the world's leading religion. His chief temple is in the holy city of New York. **—Ambrose Bierce**
The Devil's Dictionary, 1906

Compromise at the Highest Level

22 And the men turned their faces from thence, and went toward Sodom: but Abraham stood yet before the LORD.

23 ¶ And Abraham drew near, and said, Wilt thou also destroy the righteous with the wicked?

24 Peradventure there be fifty righteous within the city: wilt thou also destroy and not spare the place for the fifty righteous that *are* therein?

25 That be far from thee to do after this manner, to slay the righteous with the wicked: and that the righteous should be as the wicked, that be far from thee: Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?

26 And the LORD said, If I find in Sodom fifty righteous within the city, then I will spare all the place for their sakes.

27 And Abraham answered and said, Behold now, I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord, which *am but* dust and ashes:

28 Peradventure there shall lack five of the fifty righteous: wilt thou destroy all the city for *lack of* five? And he said, If I find there forty and five, I will not destroy *it*.

29 And he spake unto him yet again, and said, Peradventure there shall be forty found there. And he said, I will not do *it* for forty's sake.

30 And he said *unto him*, Oh let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak: Peradventure there shall thirty be found there. And he said, I will not do *it*, if I find thirty there.

31 And he said, Behold now, I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord: Peradventure there shall be twenty found there. And he said, I will not destroy *it* for twenty's sake.

32 And he said, Oh let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak yet but this once: Peradventure ten shall be found there. And he said, I will not destroy *it* for ten's sake.

33 And the LORD went his way, as soon as he had left communing with Abraham: and Abraham returned unto his place. *—Genesis, 18*

Honest Graft

Everybody is talkin' these days about Tammany men growin' rich on graft, but nobody thinks of drawin' the distinction between honest graft and dishonest graft. There's all the difference in the world between the two. Yes, many of our men have grown rich in politics. I have myself. I've made a big fortune out of the game, and I'm gettin' richer every day, but I've not gone in for dishonest graft—blackmailin' gamblers, saloonkeepers, disorderly people, etc.—and neither has any of the men who have made big fortunes in politics.

There's an honest graft, and I'm an example of how it works. I might sum up the whole thing by sayin': "I seen my opportunities and I took 'em." **—George Washington Plunkitt**
from *Plunkitt of Tammany Hall*, 1905

The Team Spirit

Changing times have transformed corruption, as the torch has passed from the individualists to the team players. In this sense the Watergate scandal is hardly an echo of Teapot Dome, for the whole species of scoundrel is new. The Teapot principals were high-steppers and rare birds. Albert Fall boasted that he was the last man to wear six-guns on the floor of the U.S. Senate. One of the oil magnates who bribed Fall testified proudly that he had also "hired" most of Woodrow Wilson's cabinet to perform political favors. And "Dashing Ned" McLean, the owner of the *Washington Post*, who put Teapot Dome in the headlines to stay when he lied to a Senate committee, enjoyed his reputation as a rich playboy. (One way or another, the *Post* always plays a key role in bringing the big ones to light.)

A different breed has paraded before the Ervin committee. They speak with self-effacement of their loyalty to the Nixon organization and how it led them astray. The Odles, Porters, Magruders, and Deans *look* like a team, as they speak the same cumbrous bureaucratese—a language that links them together, each speaker suppressing his own feelings behind plastic words of deference. They were not in it for the money, as was Albert Fall. In fact, there is almost an air of self-sacrifice about the Nixon people—we did it for the good of the group, they say. They helped secure their positions in the organization, to be sure, but that was a secondary motive.

Last fall, I was in charge of the McGovern money in Texas, and I was amazed at the selflessness of corrupt impulses. Whenever the four or five of us responsible for Texas considered a project that seemed tainted, tension filled the room. No one wanted to be seen a sponsor of the idea, but n did anyone want to be the shout moral objections a something that would get for McGovern. The temp was strikingly unlike the hood pattern in which principles are pitted a some immediate gratificat should I steal the ice cre not? That was Albert Fal lemma, and it is old-fash We felt squeezed betwee kinds of pain. Either yo corners and felt ashame you had to speak out a the idea and feel exposed. strange, a moralist in a world. The fear of exp seems to activate the sam pleasant chemicals inside fear of shame. We hav absorbed in our bones th portance of not threatenin colleagues, of subordinatin selves to the higher purpos so we knew how arroga would seem to let our moral purity help Nixon in the White House. A ently, his people felt the way about rawer decisions grander scale.

We are so accustomed t atmosphere of large org tions, with all their com ments, that the idea of s ing, informing, or in any betraying the group hits us in the solar plexus. It c the fear of isolation, p vacuum cleaners in our achs. The conscience an group instinct fight for the part of your insides.

Modern corruption fee the complexity of a time everyone delights in pointi all the entanglements o system. Integrity, the op of corruption, requires p to have a sense of being —one person with control all his choices. That is ar sive sense now, as people splayed amongst all kin conflicting loyalties. A

THE TEMPTATION OF POWER

What society does is to teach the ideal of success, set u temptation of power and riches to men and nations—if the brave enough to risk and able enough to escape the thre penalties for getting caught. These warnings keep off all bu best men, biologically best. Then when these best men su we honor them, and if they slip we hate and punish them
—Lincoln St
Autobiography,

NDWRAPAROUNDV

you do—from the pol-
driving a car to the
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rease or the compli-
y in which you and
loyers rip off the pub-
rrupt from one stand-
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you the unmistakable
s of temptation. It now
purr of everyday life
business and govern-
nd we can only hope
e who see the corrup-
America are strong
o swim upstream.

—Taylor Branch

anch is a contributing ed-
arper's.

EN LIVES

O VAVNIK: The world,
Talmud, must not con-
ver than thirty-six Just
o have been allowed to
late the Divine Presence.
anks to them that the
bsists. Popular imagina-
k hold of these Lamed
(the numerical value of
ers *lamed* and *vav* is
x), gave them a back-
of poverty and obscu-
described them as lead-
len lives, revealing their
and powers only in
f need, when the sur-
f the community, the
or the world is at stake.

—Elie Wiesel

Souls on Fire, 1972

vioralist Twist

ar as a sense of self-
s concerned, we can of-
ithout exaggeration, be
erized as suffering from
bility gap and in desper-
d of simply being be-
Proceeding on the as-
n that the only way to
to oneself is by being
others, many psychol-
are seeking innovative
f using the therapeutic
ship to restore the cred-
and integrity of the pa-
One increasingly popular
l involves the use of so-
ntracts, in which the pa-
grees to pursue certain
oral goals on a specified
chedule or else face the
payment of penalties. For example, one patient with liberal political sympathies agreed to contribute to the John Birch Society if she failed to keep to her diet.

The use of penalties serves three important purposes. First, the patient may seriously reappraise what in fact constitutes his behavioral goals. One patient repeatedly complained of his inability to tell his wife of an affair he was having with a woman at the office. It was his further intention to ask his wife for a separation. When the question of schedules and penalties arose, this patient suddenly realized that he was not prepared for such a separation. It seems as though people enjoy the attention they receive when they complain about their vices. Such personal browbeating may cease if the patient is asked to put his word on the line.

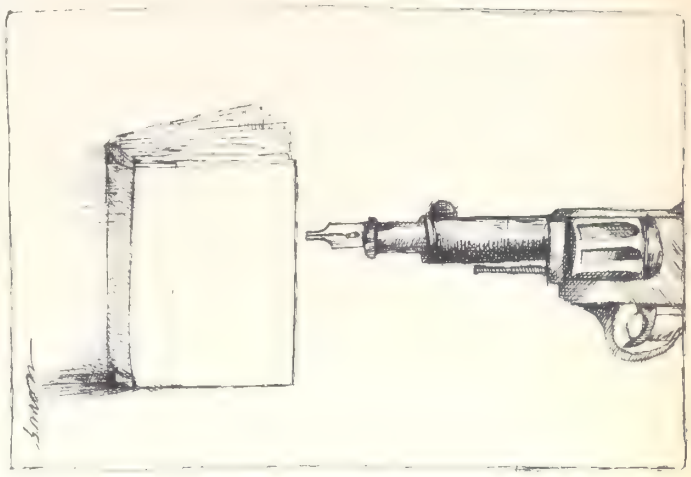
More frequently, however, the use of penalties serves to encourage the patient to set more realistic goals. The patient with a weight problem had a history of setting impossible starvation diets for herself. Invariably, she failed to keep the diet. It did not take long for her husband, her children, and finally even herself to lose faith in her resolutions. Threatened with the penalty of contributing to the John Birch Society, she forgot about starvation and simply dieted. The success that the patient has in meeting more realistic goals serves the function of restoring his faith in his word.

Finally, the use of penalties may serve a third psychological function which is of paramount importance at the beginning of therapy. At such times, the patient may continue to set too high a standard for himself, despite the penalties, as a result of his desperate need to demonstrate his worth. The payment of a penalty in such cases serves to remind the person of his sincerity and the seriousness of his undertaking. Although he may have failed to keep his word with respect to his behavioral goals, he does succeed in keeping his word with respect to the payment of his penalty. In a very fundamental sense, then, the patient cannot lose.

—Marvin Frankel

Marvin Frankel is a professor of psychology at Sarah Lawrence and visiting lecturer at the New School for Social Research.

One New York hotel, host to a fairly well-heeled class of client, reports the loss, over a ten-month period, of 38,000 demitasse spoons, 20,000 towels, 500 bowls, 355 coffee pots, and 475 Bibles.



Here, for the Very First Time, a Previously Undiscovered Deceit is Revealed

The warm knowledge that one has thought up a fine deceit is like cradling a matchbox full of fireflies; it carries within itself a warm self-congratulatory glow that brightens the atmosphere considerably when released.

Biting dinosaurs' tails is an entirely safe and satisfactory way to spend half an hour. All you need is a sharp pen, an eight-cent stamp, and a low passion to deceive.

Dinosaur tails, as unimportant citizens well know, are 90 feet away from their brains. The brain is usually no bigger than a lima bean, possessing all of the bean's astute wariness.

After the bite, you wait a week. Then the tail twitches. Jubilee! You have proved you exist. And the bigger the lizard, the bigger the joy.

A few years ago *Time* ran a piece on pickpockets in Europe. This was too good to miss. Just the week before, while I was researching a detective novel, I had read David Maurer's *The Whiz Mob*, a fascinating sociological study of a pickpocket group and its language. This made me an Instant Expert, just like any old *Time*-r. I decided to see how smart the lima bean was. So I made up a name, Neil Larsen, asked *Time* not to use it if they printed the letter, and sent off this completely phony letter. They printed it!

Sir: I was amused at your discussion of pickpockets [June 20]. As an ex-member of a whiz mob (pickpocket group), it is evident to me that the kind of people Detective Inspector Candlish has had his experience with are pretty crude operators. Nor is his information entirely correct. A stall is not a "runner"—whatever that is supposed to be—a stall is an extremely skilled kinetic psychologist who knows exactly how to walk alongside or in front of the "mark" (victim) so that he is forced to slow down or turn aside, right into the wire. This is called "framing the mark," and brushing against the mark is pretty crude—it can result in unpleasant attention.

Nor does a good wire argue with a victim over a taxi. Can you think of a better way for a mark to pick out a mug shot of you later in the police station?

It all sounds like a knockabout mob at work, no-class cannons. It is all a damn shame; it used to be beautiful to watch two stalls frame a mark at the command "Turn John in for a pit" and see the poke come out. A good whiz mob could do it in three seconds without the mark rumbling.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Manhattan

Here is the telegram they sent before they printed it:

Dear Mr. Larsen:
We would like to print your letter. A complimentary copy of that issue will be sent to you. We will withhold your name, and we wish you the best of luck.

Oh, the wild ecstasy of that last sentence!

—Shepard Rifkin

Shepard Rifkin is the author of The Murderer Vine *and other novels.*

WRAPAROUNDWRAPA

Either You're On the Bus or Off the Bus

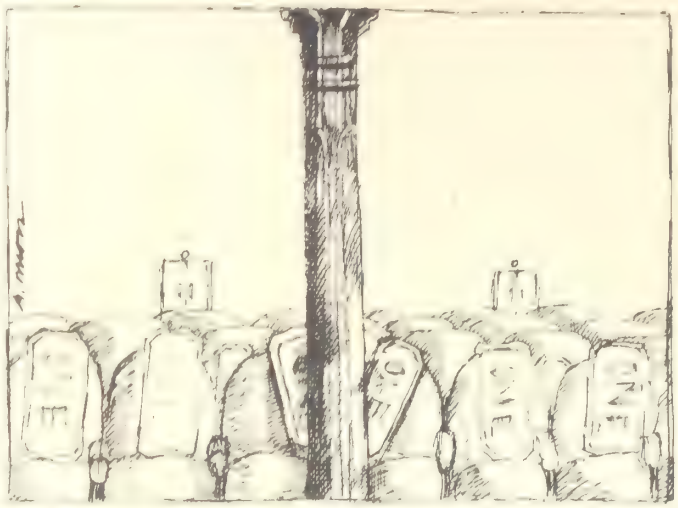
I once formulated a rule for finding an Indian chief in eastern Canada: first you drive along until the road surface deteriorates—that's how you know you have entered a reservation; then, look for the man driving the school bus. Since operating these vehicles is the most lucrative job on many reservations, the chief usually does it himself.

But is this "corruption?" Or when a Mexican policeman allows you to pay your fine "directly," and even gives you *change*, are we justified in condemning him and the institutions he represents as corrupt? As an anthropologist, I try not to impose my own standards on members of other societies. I can understand the conflict and sympathize with the pain of individuals who are caught between impersonal bureaucratic or legal norms on the one hand and personal loyalties or obligations on the other. But even when highly placed persons have violated clear-cut standards to which they themselves give assent, I suspect that outraged cries of corruption tend to obscure rather than advance the analysis of the social system which repeatedly produces such scandals.

The goal of anthropology is not to excuse or to condemn human behavior, but to understand it. This kind of disinterested investigation requires a high degree of personal commitment. But the concept of "corruption" may be as useless in understanding political behavior as are the concepts of "laziness" or "deviance" in understanding other types of behavior. So long as political campaigns are privately financed, policemen are underpaid, and racial or ethnic groups discriminated against, certain forms of privilege and injustice will flourish. But corruption is not a cause. It is the result of processes that we must seek to understand, and understanding is seldom advanced by assuming one's own moral superiority.

—Philip Bock

Philip Bock is professor of anthropology at the University of New Mexico and the author of Modern Cultural Anthropology, *published by Knopf.*



"Hell is the home of honor, duty, justice, and the rest of the seven deadly virtues. All the wickedness on earth is done in their name: where also but in hell should they have their reward? Have I not told you that the truly damned are those who are happy in hell?"

—George Bernard Shaw
Man and Superman, 1903

Winners and Losers

A startling moment, one that evidently occurred with undeviating regularity during the unfolding of Hollywood's biggest winner of all, *The Godfather*, came flashing into mind the other day. I remember, there in the darkened precincts of Loew's State II, being out of sync with the electrifying response when the first cop was killed and from the audience came an explosion of wild, joyous shouts and applause.

Now, *The Godfather* is a film I enjoyed and thought exceedingly well-made. So what I really found myself objecting to wasn't the film, but the audience reaction. Come on, then, I say. That's fatuous—objecting to an audience *reaction*. Which is when I got around to thinking about morality and immorality. And I cannot, to this day, honestly call this an immoral film (except, very broadly speaking, in some of its audience-manipulating aspects). But I can honestly call that audience reaction immoral.

I would seem to have paraphrased Greer Garson's line about illegitimate babies into a new reading: "There are no immoral films, only immoral audiences." Not quite.

What the audience was reacting to, as I see it, is an almost peculiarly American ethic—Winners and Losers.

By now this penchant for dividing humanity into the two categories is no longer just a figure of laconic speech. It has become a giant ingredient of our morality. And its inordinate growth (or metastasis) can be traced in motion pictures dating from the end of World War II, out of which holocaust America emerged the Winner.

Two films hitting this subject, both of them made in the late Forties, did so literally. The respective heroes of *Body and Soul* and *Champion* slug their way to the top, where, in that prizefight world, the ultimate accolade conferred is—in those precise words—"the Winner." Well, their talent not to be denied, our heroes make it, and in the process turn their backs on conscience, love, and honor. In an earlier, more innocent, prewar time, their counterpart in *Golden Boy* did the same, but had to turn his back on a violin.

The Fifties gave us, in a different setting, the distaff version of a Winner—Eve Harrington in *All About Eve*. There she stands, the trophy in her hand certifying that by dint of talent she has reached the pinnacle of her profession—by dint of talent and careful schem dissembling, dishonesty, du city, and the betrayal of friends and benefactors.

The theme of Winners Losers perhaps saw its def tive dramatization at the ou of the Sixties. By the time *Hustler* ends, its hero has r ized his ambition, he reached the heights, he has b en the best there is, and the Winner. All it has take attain this is his talent with billiard cue and the life of girl who loved him. But loser, he. He's beaten Minn ta Fats.

What made this picture g for me (moral, if you will) gave it dimension was that ter most of its footage been so effectively devoted a taut, exciting, cutthroat q for the Win, we were given taste of ashes in the mouth the Winner, but in this with the hint of redemption. the least, our hero has chan his scale of values and foun more important to have wo the game of life than in game of pool.

Now, at the beginning of Seventies, both on screen off, the Winner is the father. **—Eleanor Wolq**

After many years as a film editor, Eleanor Wolquitt is now ing screenplays.

The Hard Sell

Do not use the word "c tract." Use the word "agr ment." And don't ask the pr pect if he wants the lot. A him a question and write answer on your agreement. A "What is your correct nar sir? What is your correct m ing address?" And so through the agreement. member, if he has let you out the agreement, *he bought*. You assume he bought. Okay, what do you when you get to the botto Don't ask him to sign. Y know what's wrong with word "sign." You have b taught all your life to r every word, be careful, bewa don't sign anything. So you him to *okay* the agreement. won't sign it but he *will* okay

—James O. Fo

Sales memo quoted *The Great Land Hustle*, 1

WRAPAROUND CONTINUES ON PAG


It's been a rare pleasure.
How many things in life, these days, can you go to again and again with the same expectancy of pleasure and never be disappointed?
J&B, we're happy to say, is one of those things. And, in that sense, a rare pleasure.
But J&B is also one of the most popular scotches in the world. And, in that sense, a very frequent pleasure.
Which just goes to prove once again that life is full of beautiful contradictions.
J&B
RARE
SCOTCH
The Pleasure Principle
J&B
J&B
86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky. © 1973 Paddington Corp., N.Y.

John Fischer

THE EASY CHAIR

How to save some of your tax money

DURING THE TWENTY YEARS he has been in Congress, The Honorable Henry Publius has always voted to give the Pentagon everything it asked for. And every time he has been unhappy, not to say conscience-stricken, about his vote.

He knows that many of the billions he has voted for military appropriations have been wasted. He strongly suspects that most of the new weapons systems he will vote for this year will prove unnecessary or obsolete before they ever go into operation. He realizes that the military establishment is perhaps the most inefficient organization in American society, and the costliest—so featherbedded that it makes the railway unions look like paragons of public virtue. He yearns to use some of the money squandered by the Pentagon for things his constituents really need: schools, for example, and housing, and job training for out-of-work teen-agers. He is well aware that Congress has little hope of ending the destructive spiral of inflation unless it can get the military budget under control.

Yet he has never dared, up until now, to speak up against any of the demands for money by the Army, Navy, and Air Force—even though he is a more conscientious Congressman than most and really would like to do the best he can for his constituents and his country. Henry Publius has three reasons, or excuses, for his apparently irrational behavior:

1. He knows that the military has an awesome power to help its friends and punish its enemies. Congressmen it regards as "uncooperative" don't get many defense contracts for their districts; and if they become truly annoying, they may find that the airfields or naval bases in their bailiwicks are closed down. After all, the Pentagon has a lot more such installations than it really needs. Besides, it can always build a new installation in the backyard of a more understanding statesman. How do you think Sen. Henry Jackson and Rep. Mendel Rivers got all that pork for Washington and South Carolina?

2. If he were critical of the military budget, Publius is pretty sure that his opponent in the next election would accuse him of being unpatriotic and endangering the safety of the republic.

3. Above all, he doesn't know enough. The Honorable Publius, who is no coward, might take the first two risks if he could be sure he is right. But how can he tell whether the Air Force really does need to spend $40 billion over the next fifteen years to build and operate a new bomber fleet? How can he prove, to the voters and to his fellow Congressmen, that this project actually is a fly-boy's toy, as unnecessary as a squadron of sailing frigates and a million times more expensive?

For all the information he can get comes from the Pentagon itself. He has to accept it on faith, or challenge it in ignorance, as he has never had anywhere to turn for an independent and objective appraisal of the facts. The Armed Services Committees of Congress are of little help, because they traditionally have been spokesmen for the Pentagon, rather than cold-eyed examiners; and they too depend on The Brass, because they have no staffs capable of a searching scrutiny of the military budget. Neither, indeed, has the President's Office of Management and Budget. Ever since World War II, it and its predecessor, the Budget Bureau, have been in the habit of accepting the Department of Defense estimates without the careful line-by-line scrutiny to which all other federal agencies must submit. And outside the government, of course, there was no organization competent to look with informed ar expert eyes at what the President w doing.

UNTIL RECENTLY, THAT IS. Today the notional Henry Pu lius and his colleagues on the H are, potentially, in a much strong position for dealing with the mi tary. For the first time they can no make intelligent decisions about t defense budget, because they at la have sources of independent and r liable information. If they choose use this information in a courageou and responsible way, that could b the best news of the century for t American taxpayer.

For one thing, the Senate Arme Services Committee has begun to d clare its independence from the Pe tagon. Since Sen. John Stennis su ceeded Richard Russell as chairma the committee has built up a sma but competent staff, which has r cently been looking at military d mands with surprising skepticism It can now provide objective answe to many of Publius's questions.

Two other sources have develope outside the government. One of thes is the Brookings Institution, a pr vate research organization that ha been making highly respected stu ies in economics, government, an foreign policy for the past fifty-seve years. Only in the past three years however, has it concentrated a sub stantial part of its talent on investi gation of the defense budget—wit some quite startling results. Its anal yses command respect because the are being prepared by a highly e perienced staff under the direction o Charles L. Schultze, a former direc tor of the Budget Bureau. Its late findings are reported in two book that were published this summer— *Setting National Priorities: The 197 Budget* by Schultze, Edward R Fried, Nancy H. Peters, and Alic

John Fisher is an associate editor of Harper's.



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M. Rivlin; and *Strategic Forces: Issues for the Mid-Seventies* by Alton H. Quanbeck and Barry M. Blechman. These are more provocative documents than their scholarly titles suggest.

AT THIS POINT it is only fair to warn you that I am not a disinterested observer. I happen to be a trustee of Brookings, and a longtime friend of both Schultze and Kermit Gordon, the Instituiton's president (and incidentally another former director of the Budget Bureau). My confidence in the soundness and integrity of the Brookings studies is shared, however, by innumerable scholars and people in government, of all shades of opinion. The Brookings staff is in constant demand for consultation by Congress and the Executive Branch, under the Nixon Administration as well as earlier ones.

The other independent source of data on armaments is a comparative fledgling: the Center for Defense Information, which opened for business last year. Its director is a retired rear admiral, Gene La Rocque, and its staff of consultants includes an array of retired admirals, generals, physicists, and former Defense Department officials. It is a project of the Fund for Peace, one of the more conservative peace organizations: the Fund's chairman is Randolph P. Compton, a vice-president of the Wall Street brokerage firm of Kidder Peabody, and its board is sprinkled with Senators, university presidents, lawyers, and businessmen. Unlike Brookings, it is a propaganda and lobbying organization rather than one devoted to nonpartisan research; but it has produced some illuminating documents.

THE FINDINGS OF THESE TWO organizations offer scant comfort to the snow-white doves among us. They do not support George McGovern's claims, made during the past Presidential campaign, that defense spending could be cut by one-third virtually overnight. Nor do they give any underpinning to the arguments of the more radical critics of the military, such as Seymour Melman, who believes that more than $50 billion could safely be trimmed out of the military budget.

But for more moderate types like myself—people who want to see the country well defended at any cost, but wonder if the cost has to be all *that* high—these studies are a revelation. Anyone seriously interested in the subject will want to reach his own conclusions after reading the two Brookings publications mentioned earlier (available through any bookstore) and the various documents issued by the Center for Defense Information (1201 Massachusetts Avenue, NE, Washington D.C. 20002).

My own conclusions run about like this:

1. The Nixon Administration's demands for defense spending are overblown. It is asking for $85 billion this year; and if it gets the new weapons systems it wants, the cost will rise to at least $114 billion a year by the end of the decade. This program is likely to weaken the country, rather than strengthen it, as it will damage our already inflation-crippled economy.

2. At least $7 billion could be cut out of the military budget for fiscal year 1974, which Congress is now considering, without weakening our defense posture. By fiscal 1978, the savings ought to rise to about $26 billion a year. These are relatively modest sums, compared to the dreams of the super-doves, but they aren't chicken feed either. They would go a long way toward balancing the total federal budget and stabilizing the economy.

3. If military need were the only consideration, the cuts in the Nixon program could be a good deal larger. But there are persuasive diplomatic arguments against cutting back too fast. For one thing, massive reductions in defense spending might remove the Russians' incentive to bargain for mutual and balanced disarmament. Why should they bother, if we seem to be disarming on our own? Besides, such cuts might look more serious than they actually are, to enemies and friends alike. The Soviets might read them as a signal that we are weakening in our determination to defend our own vital interests, and our allies'. Hence the Kremlin might be tempted into dangerous adventures in, say, the Middle East, the Mediterranean, or the



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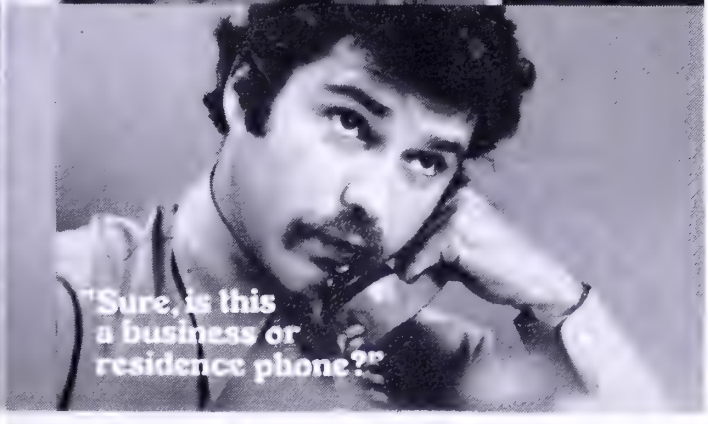
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Indian Ocean. True enough, we have been getting a lot of sweet talk from Comrade Brezhnev recently, and at least the short-term interests of the Soviet Union would seem to argue against any hostile moves. But Brezhnev won't last forever; the basic ideology of the Kremlin remains apparently unchanged; and nobody can guess what his successors might do.

Among our friends, overly drastic cuts in defense spending might well raise doubts about our ability, or will, to help them in a moment of crisis. Germany, Japan, and Israel might then decide that they have to develop atomic weapons of their own —a step that could lead to world disaster. So timing is important. Our swollen military machine can, and should, be slimmed down—but at a pace that will not cause either alarm or temptation abroad.

4. For the first time in history, most military numbers don't mean anything.

No general ever lived who didn't want more men and weapons. And in the past this was understandable; one more battalion of artillery or an extra five thousand men could mean the difference between defeat and victory.

But the first atomic bomb blew up that kind of logic, along with Hiroshima—although most of our generals and some members of Congress are not yet willing to admit it out loud. For it is a simple fact that both Russia and America already have far more nuclear weapons than they need. Each nation can destroy the other many times over. An additional 1,000 warheads—or 10,000 could not make that destruction more complete. Nor can any weapon, known or imaginable, ward off that destruction, for either side.

This chilling situation was formally accepted by both countries when they signed the SALT agreement. Each promised, in effect, that it would not even try to defend its cities against a missile attack. Their joint policy is MAD—Mutually Assured Destruction—and on some sleepless midnights the acronym seems to me appallingly appropriate. Nevertheless, it is the only policy anyone has yet thought of for preserving a relatively stable peace.

Today the United States has about 6,000 strategic nuclear weapons. According to Admiral La Rocque's calculations, only 2,000 of these would be needed to wipe out every town in Russia of more than 20,000 population and to destroy virtually all its industry. The Soviet Union has only about 2,500 such weapons, but some of them carry larger warheads than ours so their destructive potential is probably about equal. Under these circumstances, it is a sheer waste of money for either side to heap up still more strategic weapons.

5. Yet the program the Administration is budgeting for would do just that. It would give us at least 12,000 strategic weapons by the early 1980s, together with new fleets of bombers and missile submarines for delivering them.

How does the Pentagon justify these plans? Well, the Joint Chiefs of Staff have a recurring nightmare. Someday, somehow, the Russians might develop an array of new weapons that could wipe out all of our strategic forces at one stroke—all our missiles in the underground silos, all our bombers (including those in the air at the time), and all our missile submarines scattered throughout the oceans. Then we would be helpless to hit back. And knowing that, the Soviets might therefore be tempted to strike first. Consequently, reasons The Brass, we have to keep multiplying our strategic arms indefinitely, to make sure that enough would always survive to destroy Russia—thus protecting the Kremlin from temptation.

To be sure, this nightmare does not look very probable. Russia does not have any antisubmarine forces that can seriously menace our underseas weaponry, and there is no indication that she can develop one in the foreseeable future. Unless our whole Air Force decides to take a nap at the same moment, its bombers at all their widely scattered bases and in the air can hardly be blotted out simultaneously. The third member of our strategic triad—the land-based Minuteman missiles—might someday become vulnerable to a first strike, *if* the Soviets aim the bulk of their missiles at that single target, and *if* they can improve considerably their accuracy and the mounting of multiple warheads. But that possibility is at least a decade away.

In sum, the military chiefs are asking us to spend vast sums because of their fear of imaginary weapons that the Russians don't have nov probably never will. Moreover, contemplating this nightmare, chiefs evidently are overlookin fact that the enormous buildu American nuclear weapons r make the Russians a little ner too. They might even get the n that we are preparing a first s of our own.

6. The Administration is eml ing on a crash program to ac a fleet of new bombers, a new g ation of missile submarines, nev craft carriers, and a new air de system. The Brookings and th Rocque studies demonstrate co sively, it seems to me, that a these are either totally unnece or premature.

The proposed B-1 bomber wi the most expensive plane ever (at least $45 million a copy) bu performance will be only margi better than that of our present B and its purpose is (to say the le unclear. It is to be loaded with orate electronic gear to enable get through the anti-aircraft defe that protect the Russian missiles. since our basic assumption is the Soviets would strike first, t missile silos would be empty before the bombers arrive. As J. Ognibene put it in a recent ar in *The New Republic*, the B- elaborately designed to bomb e holes. Under the SALT agreem Russian cities (with the exceptio Moscow) must remain unprote For bombing them, the B-52 se just as well as the B-1.

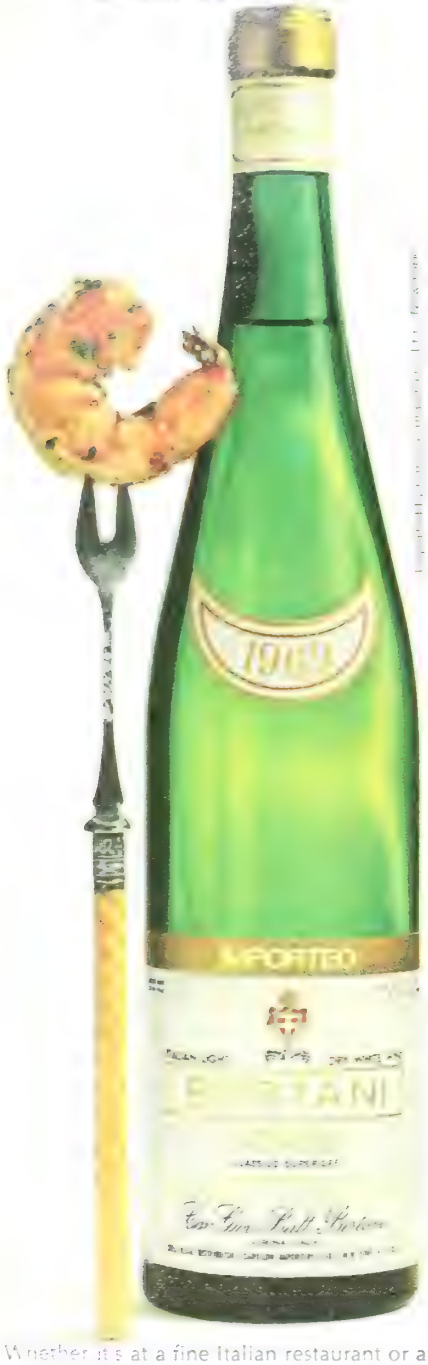
With some modernization, the model B-52s (types G and H) c remain in service till the end of century. By then, it should be sible to develop a much better cheaper plane than the B-1: example, a "standoff" bomber could fire long-range missiles, therefore would never have to near the Russian anti-aircraft fenses.

The rush to develop a fleet of submarines, called Tridents, is harder to justify. They are desig to fire missiles with a longer ra than those fitted into our pre Polaris and Poseidon submari consequently the Tridents could r around a wider area of the oc and thus make it harder for an en to find them. But the longer-ra missile could be adapted for us

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our Poseidons, at far less cost. Besides, the Navy itself has boasted that the Russians cannot locate even one of our submarines, much less all forty-four of them simultaneously; and it has admitted that the Russians show no signs of developing a significant antisubmarine capacity. There is no apparent reason, then, for replacing the present fleet until it begins to wear out, perhaps ten years from now. The Senate Armed Services Committee has, in fact, recommended that the Trident program be slowed down, for a saving of $885 million in this fiscal year alone.

The Navy also wants a new attack carrier, to add to the fifteen it has now. Cost: with planes and escort vessels, at least $3 billion. Instead, it would make better sense to retire some of the carriers now afloat. They are highly vulnerable to missile, submarine, and air attack; they proved of limited value even in the Vietnam war; and they would add nothing to our strategic strength in a conflict with Russia. Perhaps their chief value is diplomatic: to intimidate weak countries, such as India and the Dominican Republic. And for that purpose, questionable as it is, we don't need fifteen of them.

Another proposal is for "modernization" of our air warning and defense systems against incoming Soviet bombers. Its purpose is a mystery, since we agreed in SALT not to try to protect our cities against nuclear attack. And if the Russians should attack, they obviously would use their missiles rather than their small fleet of obsolete long-range bombers. Indeed, the whole idea of "air defense" is almost comically antiquated, like the sky watchers who manned church steeples during World War II.

There are plenty of opportunities for minor economies—just a few billion here and there. For example, all our armed forces are top-heavy with officers. We now have one general or admiral for every 1,800 men of lower ranks; as recently as 1969, with a war on, the ratio was only one to 2,900. We have one colonel or Navy captain for every 143 personnel; during World War II we had one to 800. For every enlisted man, we have one officer or noncommissioned officer to supervise him. Ask any enlisted man if he really needs that much bossing.

Much larger savings could be made by modest cutbacks in the size of our armed forces and by the c... ing of unnecessary bases at home ... overseas. With the end of the V... nam war and a winding down of ... cold war, a reduction in land fo... from sixteen to eleven divisions ... in the Navy from fifteen to nine ... riers would seem entirely feasible.

THERE IS NO SPACE HERE to s... out the billions that would be sa... by each of the specific economie... have mentioned, or to give a detai... justification for each of the cutba... in spending. Nor is there any ne... because the figures, facts, and st... tegic scenarios are fully presented ... the Brookings publications and ... Center for Defense Information ... ports mentioned earlier.

My estimate of the total potent... savings—$7 billion for the comi... fiscal year, rising to $26 billion ... year later on—is derived from th... studies; but it is my conclusion, ... that of either organization. Inde... Brookings makes no single, speci... recommendation. It merely sets fo... a series of alternative military p... grams, of varying dimensions, ... gether with their costs and proba... consequences—leaving each read... to judge for himself which cour... might be most prudent. The cuts ... have suggested fall in the midd... range. If you care to examine t... figures for yourself, you may fe... that I have been too conservative.

Probably you don't—after a... that's a lot of figures—but your r... presentatives in the House and Se... ate ought to, because that is what w... pay them for. You may want to c... these publications to their attentio... and ask what conclusions they com... to. Your future tax bills might be ... lot smaller as a result.

It might also be worth your whi... to mention these publications to yo... local newspaper, suggesting tha... some editorial analysis of militar... spending would be a major publi... service. Most Americans, I believe, ... have no idea what grandiose and u... necessary plans the Pentagon has p... in motion—largely because there ha... been so little critical examination o... military matters in the press. No... that the press is entirely to blame. ... Like the hypothetical Congressma... Publius, it has never had a re... liable source of independent infor... mation. But it does now, and th... time has come to get alarmed.

"... was on my Horse the whole night & it raining hard ... There was one of our party Drowned today (Mr. Carr) & several narrow escapes & I among them ... Awful night ... not having had a bite to eat for 60 hours ... Tired ... Indians very troublesome ... Found a human skeleton on the prairie today ..."
—Diary of a Texas cattle drive, 1866.
Quoted in The Cowboys


"Stampede by Lightning" by Frederic Remington. Thomas Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art, Tulsa

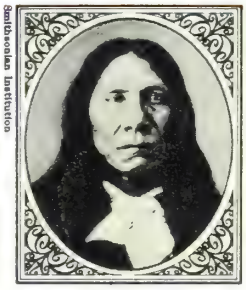


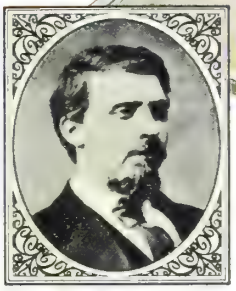
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Franklin Ashley

THE GIRLS AT THE RACE

They know how to keep them ole cylinder heads poppin'



Jerry Robinson

NO MATTER WHAT the temperature, it is bound to be hot on Labor Day. Although Jerry and I are off to the "Southern 500" stock-car race, the cars are secondary; for here is the South's greatest montage of flesh and fashion—of mascara, makeup base, blusher, eyeliner, eye shadow, leg makeup, lip gloss, pantyhose, mini-skirts, maxi-skirts, hip-huggers, and hot "payunts." Yes, oddly enough, the roar of the grease and the smell of the crowd attracts the lurch and perch of Southern womanhood. *Nobody* is anybody's sister, and the race is the least important thing at the race.

If every newspaper in the state closed down, it wouldn't matter. We'd still know about it. If every radio and television station folded up, nobody would care, for the Darlington race is a myth, honored in an avalanche of photo essays on Richard Petty's electric-blue Plymouth and Bobby Allison's Holman-Moody Mercury—for isn't the Darlington Southern 500 the granddaddy? Charlotte and Atlanta have lives of their own; nobody's impressed with their grandiose enterprises. But Darlington, South Carolina, is just like any other fly-crazed tobacco town. Except for one thing—the Southern 500. Practically all the drivers hate the track, but they come because it's Labor Day, the prize is big, and half of South Carolina is in the stands. And maybe they come for something else, too, which is why Jerry and I are here.

I'VE SEEN HER ALL MY LIFE. And except at Darlington, she is an anachronism. The blondine is burned into her roots. She swings through the sun in the old prehistoric rhythm that made the Cro-Magnon stop, that makes the boys on the Dodge drop their eyes from the pit area. Boom! Boom! Boom! Pocketa! Boom! Boom! Boom! That's it, Mary Jo is moving. The Spearmint shifts from side to side in cadence. Mary Jo is a racing girl, her face a rougher contour than when she was a cheerleader for Spartanburg High or when she worked at the Dairy Queen a year later. Mary Jo's got a 1959 tight-tight Joi Lansing blouse and a 1968 mini-skirt and the boys on the Dodge are saying, "A little higher and I can see to China."

"Whoo-*ie*!"

Mary Jo doesn't move a lash. Boom! Boom! Boom! Pocketa! Boom! Boom! Boom! White vinyl pocketbook and white vinyl boots. It is Monday, Labor Day, and Mary Jo is more of the race than the ripped rubber of the track. She is the waitress at Howard Johnson i Orangeburg who holds your gl a little longer; she is the nurs the night shift who stands too in the door; she is the Delta s ardess on the Atlanta-Washin run who gives you more "Co-C She is the fantasy of the lea hoop-jumping, capillary-crunch four-on-the-floor, one-in-the-back boys from Myrtle Beach.

She *is* the race, the sun, the sh She's the cheerleader you never

THE PIT AREA IS several hun feet long, directly opposite grandstand. It is the physical h of the race; broken metal is rev ized and sent whirling back into culation. The drivers and pit c focus only on metal and rubber. because their intensity is so g and because they never look at stands or the infield, even when t *are* looking, they are decidedly n desirable to the ex-cheerlead "Hey, Bobby!" "Hey, Buddy!" "H Pete!" "Hey, Freddie!" "HEY!"

But Bobby, Pete, Buddy, Fred have never seen anyone. They charging into the sheds in bla shiny jump suits with just the r amount of grease smeared across legs. They are sitting on fenders: r faced, grinning—and when they l out at the world, it is into the su

THE PASS TO THE PITS is red white, and it says: "No wo or anyone under 21 allowed in pi So Susie has to stand by the fe and figure it out. Susie is from V ginia and comes to every race. S

Franklin Ashley teaches at the Universit South Carolina in Aiken. Jerry Robinso a free-lance photographer from Lynchb Virginia.

oan McCann, school principal, has made up her mind about beef.

principal of the Siwanoy Ele-ntary School in Pelham, a New k suburb, Joan McCann uses ative skills every day. Supervis-a staff of 28 and a student body 70 is a sizable job.

n is also a busy mother of two. l in her role as homemaker, she lies some of the same kinds of s to buying and preparing food ner family.

's found, for example, that the e economical cuts of beef are easier on the budget and more ative to work with.

Joan McCann has made up her d about beef. She's decided her family will keep eating beef ause they like it. It's good for n and they're used to it.

milies want beef

st families are like Joan's; they t to keep beef in their diet and y want to survive the budget nch. The meat industry is doing eral things to help them.

t, we're giving meat shoppers rmation on the great variety of s and prices that are available rywhere, and we're suggesting s to make gourmet dishes out nem.

Second, we're embarking on a program that will make it quicker and easier for everybody to identify the cuts they want. Wherever meat is sold, new, uniform meat labels will soon appear. Their purpose is to simplify and standardize the names of meat cuts. You'll be able to go into just about any food store from Abilene to Zanesville and find that the same cut has the same name.

Cattle herds expanding

And third, cattlemen will continue to make special efforts to increase the size of their herds to help meet rapidly growing demand—provided their costs permit them to operate economically. In fact, they've produced more beef each year from 1962 through 1972. For instance, 2 million cattle were added in 1970, nearly 3.5 million in 1971 and more than 4.5 million in 1972.

It takes at least 20 to 24 months to produce a steer and get the beef to your food store, and the assembly line can't be speeded up. Beef from the expanded herds of 1972 will not begin to reach the consumer until 1974 at the earliest.

Consumption is up

Americans are now eating about 116 pounds of beef per person each year, and the figure is expected to reach 130 pounds by 1980. But beef is a complex industry, more dependent than most on nature's processes for the profits that are necessary to keep this or any other business going

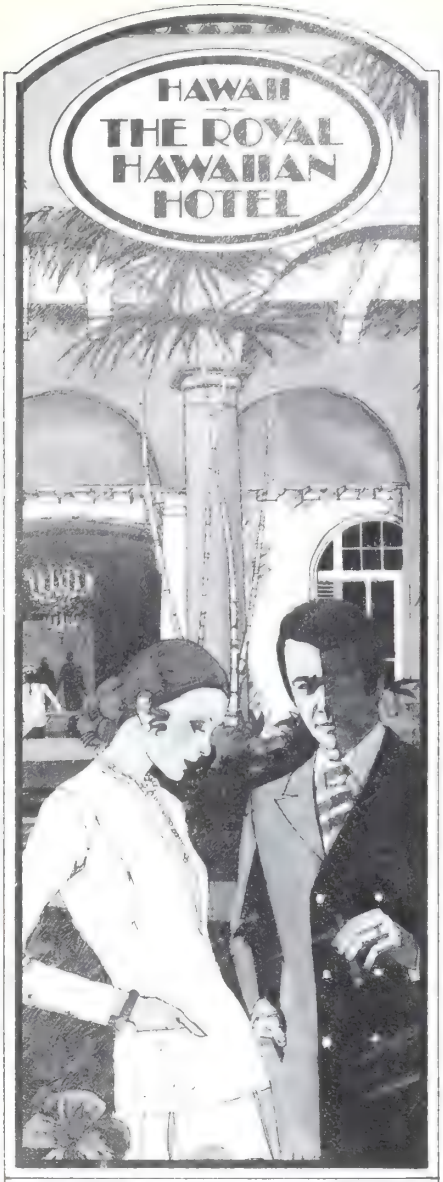
We have always accepted these risks, and we are continuing to try hard to keep beef on your table, at reasonable prices, and to help busy, creative homemakers like Joan McCann get the best value for their beef dollar



BEEF INDUSTRY COUNCIL

National Beef Industry Council

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the epitome of the camshaft groupies. Not only is she here at the race, but Susie has been at the qualifying heat, too. She has even photographed the Lorenzen crack-up during qualifying.

"I knew it was gonna happen," she says.

"Is that right?"

"Sure, Freddie told me he don't like to be second."

"When was that?"

"That's all right. You come here much?"

"No," I say. "But I've been here before."

"Well, it can get hold to you."

"I guess."

"One thing's for sure. If you got any problems, racin'll solve 'em."

What? What was that? Racing did solve her problems. Do you think Oral Roberts, Billy Graham, or even Billy Sunday could touch hanging on that fence with a hot-orange blouse and matching lipstick? Do you think Dr. Carl MacIntyre or Billy James Hargis could shove anything into that camera to come near the blasted steel and the hypertension of the Wood Brothers, balancing disaster on the back of their wrecker?

"Gimme that sheet," she says.

"This?" I hold out the list of competitors. The steel fence shapes the blond hair into diamond figures.

"I know all of 'em but *him*. I just know who he is. He's staying at the Holiday Inn."

"Where's the action?" I ask.

She doesn't blink. "Most of the action is at the Sheraton. My room number's 104. If I'm not there my mama'll take a message."

MAMA! You got it.

THE SHERATON IS, INDEED, the center of action. There are two focal points—the lounge and the balcony. First, the lounge. Marty Robbins is creaking the piano, but his voice is creaking more. "A White Sports Coat and a Peenk Carnation." It is now 1957. A blondie and a ducktail are almost making it on the floor, which reminds me of Bill Hardin in the seventh grade asking me about a certain young lady I had led back to her seat: "Does she dance close? Hunh? Does she dance close?"

"What you writing?" asks Brunette Beech-Nut.

"Oh—ah—I'm just taking notes."

"How can you see to write?"

"Well, I try."

"For the paper?"

"Of a sort."

"I haven't seen you before."

"Well," I look at my feet. "I s of—I don't get up here too much.

She uncrosses, then crosses, l legs.

"Do—do you come to all t races?" I plod on.

"Sure do. I know everybody."

"Why do you come?"

"I like racin'."

"You with anybody?"

"No." Smack! Smack! "I'm ju here in general."

Now Marty has switched to *gi-t* and Ducktail and Blondie are sha ging. Yessir, the only thing missi is The Platters. The chewing gu has obliterated my friend's perfum The only thing that can compete Evening in Paris, and I swear to m self that I smell *it* coming from son dark table.

The balcony faces the pool. Ar the girls are joking it up watc ing Buck dive into the baby poo "Whooie!" Buck screams. Then— flat-out and facedown explosion.

"I don't see how he does it." say to the open air, trying for a r sponse from an overweight blonde.

"Hell, Buck does this every yea It don't hurt him."

"Looks like it would kill him."

"He don't know what hit hin You from here?" Despite all th makeup, her brow wrinkles.

"In a way."

"Well, I'm with *him*," she says pointing to another ducktail.

"That's good."

"I just like racin', that's all."

Meanwhile Jerry was having bet ter luck, three girls down the railing

"Where you from, pitcher-man?"

"Around here," Jerry cryptically replies, having heard that photog raphers always reply cryptically.

"I'm from North Carolina." She is in a reddish beehive, not all red not blonde, but somewhere in the twilight zone of hair dye.

"Well," bat-bat, "you hadn't took my pitcher, yet."

"Okay." Mock seriousness. Jerry snaps a few that all contain beautiful smiles, needless to say enhanced by Pearl Drops Tooth Polish.

"Now do me, too," commands a friend with India ink hair. Jerry obeys. With each click India Ink adopts a model's pose. Hands on the head; hand under chin; head tilted

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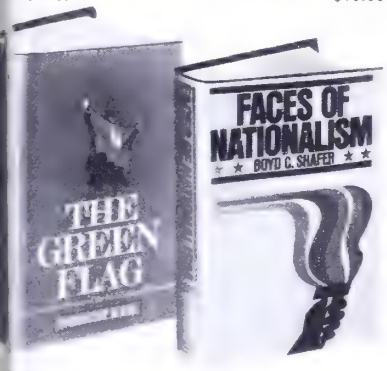
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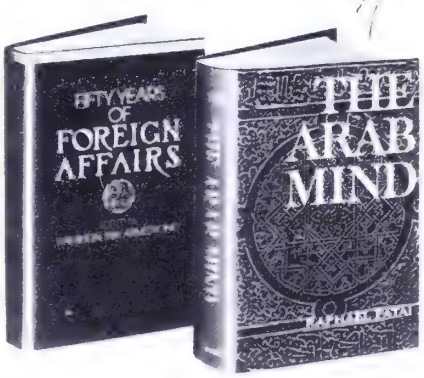
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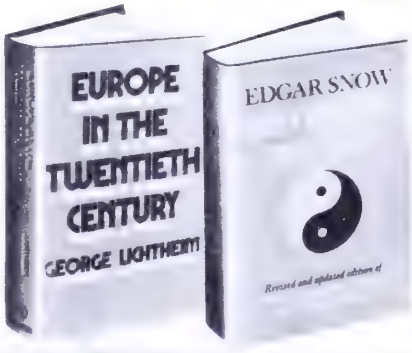
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backward; but always full, full moon smile.

"Whachu gone do with those?" asks North Carolina.

"I might send them off for an article."

"Well, send me to *Playboy*!" says India Ink.

"Send me, too," says North Carolina.

"Okay, I'll send you, too," says Jerry. "But probably they want different poses."

The two go into a gigglefit; a posture of all the stock-car groupies. They have little to say, but they are of Olympic standards in giggling. Any retread sex reference is enough to set them off. They pound each other and sometimes resort to tickling in order to carry it off. Of course, this is sheer eiderdown for the male ego.

SUSIE: "SEE, MAMA AND JANIE was down in the room. And, you know, they wanted to triple-date. So I told 'em no, I wasn't going. I mean, I dated *him* before. What does he think he's doing? He just said after we came back from the show: 'Well, how about it?' That's all he says. 'Well, how about it?' That took nerve. I pretended like I wasn't—like I didn't know what he was talking about. Like I didn't—I mean, you have to play innocent with 'em. You can't let on. They're interested in one thing and one thing only.

"I mean, I like to have a good time, you know. I like—I don't just like to—I like to talk. Some drivers are nice. They talk about cars. Not like these others around here. Mary Ann and I date a lot, but we don't go for no monkey business. And there's a lot going on around here. We were going out the door and I heard some boys sayin', 'Which one do you want?' and saying, 'We need somebody to handle Mary Ann.' I know what boys are after. But they got to show me a good time and cut out the monkey business."

Later, when I called Susie's room at 5:00 A.M., she was OUT.

EXCEPT FOR A PRE-RACE parade, girls are allowed on the track only once during the weekend—the night Miss Southern 500 is selected. VARROOM! ROOMA! UDDEN! UDDEN! Mascara, eye shadow, spike heels—with lip gloss sending coruscating shots of light back up into the crowd. The smiles seem to be locked, as if the twenty-six queens had frozen their gears. The more the light shimmers on the lip gloss, the more the "Bo's" stomp and scream. They're not prejudiced. When superassimilated Betsy Goldstine came in second runner-up, the REAL MEN raised the roof. Why'd she lose, hotdammit? So round, so firm, so fully packed, unfiltered, fiery Betsy Goldstine. See, the Real Men didn't know that styles have changed. They wanted a short, power-packed honey with lots of breast and shiny legs. In other words, they wanted somebody with a figure! None of that bluejeaned, tie-dyed, bell-buttomed bullshit! But high-powered, soft-tail cuties whose intellect hovers on the level of *Edge of Night*.

"But how," I break into the melee, "how do you feel about being a sex object? Does it bother you?"

"The only thing I don't like is that stuff they put on you," volunteers one brunette. "One time . . ."

"Wait a minute," I say. "What stuff?"

"OFF. They put OFF on us."

"The spray?"

"Yeah. But they still get on you. I was up there and I got flies all down my . . ." She points to her cleavage. "They still get in there. But I guess OFF has its place. It just makes you so shiny is all."

Wheehew! Wind it up, Jesus! The perfect girls—lip gloss and chemicals shine to the point of shaking the cool machines in the shed.

After the contest is over, we adjourn to the Holiday Inn. The new Miss Southern 500 wears her crown in the pool and, aw shucks, Marty Robbins appears. Jerry and I know we have to find the number-one sex object: Betsy Goldstine, at last, bounces into the antiseptic light. Hey there, little girl, want some candy? But seriously folks—how does it feel to be an object of pure lust?

"Well," she blinks. "I don't know exactly. You meet a lot of nice people."

Down the walk comes Daddy-O. He is hard to ignore because his arm is soon circling Betsy's shoulders. "Oh, this is my roommate's daddy. These boys are doing an article."

"Zat right?" Daddy-O is cool. "This is a nice little girl, boys."

"Yes, sir," I say.

"I mean"—dramatic paus mean, a r-e-e-l nice girl."

"We can see *that*," says Jer maining appropriately wry anc ical.

"I think a lot of her." Dad squeezes, Betsy giggles and loc her feet.

"Do you . . ." but that is as I get.

"She certainly is nice," says dy-O.

"Mr. Edwards is nice, too stays in our room," Betsy cheerfully.

"Well, honey. Lemme tell something. You see these boys he Jerry and I look at the side "These boys are after one thing one thing only."

"We appreciate your confide Jerry deftly parries.

"Don't get smart. I know boys."

YOU SEE, GIRLS LIKE THESE got to be protected. They hav minds, at least according to Men, but also according to real Daddy-O was only the beginn The next day, Jerry and I encou showdown time.

It is Monday, and the infiel littered with campers and cars tents and trucks and Coca-Cola c By ten in the morning the in boys are stumbling around— eyed, hung-over, flaked-open. eleven, a parade starts down track. And here's the second run up—Betsy Goldstine, bouncing b as Miss Falstaff. You can't kee champion down. On the far side the track is a nest of fun and fr More bleached-out blondes ask to come Jerry's picture.

"Take me, honey," says one.

"Not her, she's a Indian."

At this point Jerry leaves for m Coke.

Now some of the fellows are c dling up to their U-Haul trail playing poker for *two* and *three* lars a clip. There is a great congl eration of hard male flesh. Even ing on the ground, they are sw gering. The kernels of humanity.

"How 'bout a barbecue leg?" Bi says. Billy is from Rock Hill and has been coming to the infield si 1964.

Now the boys in the poker ga are giving me the eye. Soon they c me over, and a fellow with gree

glasses and brushed-back gray
asks me for credentials.
don't have any. I've just got this
' I point to my number-35 card.
nybody can get those for a dol-
says Grayfox.
—I wish I'd known." (Actually,
ould only get the passes through
ey Wallace, the raceway pres-
.)
/e just wanted to warn you . . ."
fox trails off.
—about what?"
bout the women." He shakes
ead in the direction of the Bo-
who are gum-clicking in their
chairs.
kay."
oint is," a greased-out, black-
d, refugee-from-wrestling puts
his cards, "don't mess with the
en. We don't mind you sitting
id, but this is the first year we've
em down here."
ayfox elucidates: "See, 'fyew
ut of line, you'll get your ass
'
ut—wait! I'm from South Car-
. I wouldn't do that."
hh—lot of son-bitches from
Carolina," says a red-headed
who has no eyes.
rue," I say. "Thanks for warn-
ne."
ey you," screams a blonde.
eah?"
ake my pitcher."
m not a photographer. I'm writ-
n article."
/ell, there's nothing out here."
that other boy married?" asks
ther blonde.
es."
's hard to tell nowdays."
e race is there and Bobby Alli-
vins, riding the Coca-Cola spe-
But the real race is among the
nents of the Fifties—sprawled in
lawn chairs, rasping Co-Cola
anging on the fence in hot or-
lipstick; shining benevolently
e holy track . . .
and on the bedsprings grind
the pistons. Faster, harder and
r in the sun-stroked vision, gey-
of groans and squeals and sat-
ion—the extension of the Ford
r Company. Whirr! Whirr!
e! Grind! Crankcase, universal
Their hard, blank eyes winding
ne preplanned flutters. The Dar-
on girls know what it's for. Shift-
swinging, swaying, hyperbolic
lation. Onward. One thing and
hing only. □



Colette Dowling

WHERE I AM

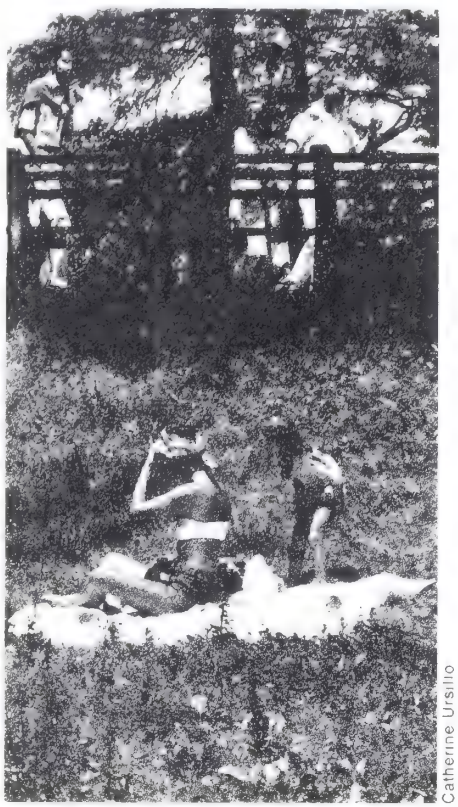
The expanding boundaries of womanhood

MAYBE FOUR OR FIVE TIMES a year I travel to the East Side of Manhattan by bus. Mostly if I have to go there I prefer to do it by cab, sailing insulated down the glass-walled canyon of Park Avenue as rapidly as possible, letting the restaurants and fancy hotels and apartment buildings swim by me as remotely and prettily as if I were an out-of-towner, for I am not at ease with the poodles and people of that side of town.

The West Side is my home. I am a West Side woman. That statement names me more precisely than saying, "I am an American," or, "I am a college graduate," or, "I am a single mother-of-three." When, like today, something moves me to get on the Fifth Avenue bus, my eyes invariably fall on the one woman who seems, at least to me, the quintessential East Side woman, and her Martian differences quicken in me a sense of myself, a pang of self-recognition.

It has taken me a long time to get this far, to decide once and for all on which side of Central Park I belong, and so I bear this woman no rancor. I regard her with interest, her huge, yellow-tinted glasses on this bright winter afternoon, her subtle odor of Patchouli. And for the hundredth time I notice that her lynx-belly coat is uncluttered by accessories, no hats or scarves or hand-knit mittens to obscure the total effect, the perfectly polished hair, lips glossed the color of dusty autumn apples, legs neatly stockinged and crossed. I try to catch her eye to see what it looks like, but through those oddly ominous shades her eyes stare directly in front of her, flickering only briefly in my direction, then back to the infinite space beyond.

I was an East Side woman once, young and not fully formed, a fledgling on the staff of *Mademoiselle*, just out of college and sharing with three other girls an apartment in an air-conditioned, doorman building on East 79th Street, buying cheap the



Catherine Ursillo

cast-off clothes of the fashion editor because my salary of $50 a week didn't permit me to dress in the manner to which the magazine was accustomed. It was a dual life, what with the glamour of my Condé Nast job and the rest all hamburger meat and occasional rosaries in the dark. I tried to flirt with fashion and sometimes with men from advertising agencies, drank too much, learned only to like my height, and left that world four years after I'd entered it, pregnant, married, and neither a moment too soon. I'd been beginning to show signs of wigging out—vertigo, panic, tachycardia. Oh, I doubtless would have survived, but it really didn't feel like it at the time. It was as if there was not enough oxygen in the air, as if I'd been trying to survive in the rarefied atmosphere above the tree line. No vegetation can grow there, although the view is terrific.

Colette Dowling is the author of The Skin Game, *an investigation of cosmetic medicine. She is working on a satirical novel about women living without men.*

Married, we went to live in low-roofed no-man's-land of Chel I made my world within the five tle rooms of our apartment, bea my babies and rarely venturing yond the laundromat on Eighth A nue, or the little asphalt playgro buried in the midst of the ILG buildings. Relieved of the neces of making choices, I suckled babies and licked my wounds. I had proven vastly different fr what those years of private sch ing, those heady days at *Maden selle* had taught me to expect. had no money to speak of, and tle else but hope. And yet it was s Sometimes at night I would look our living-room window to see top of the Empire State Build looming against the darkness, there was no remorse. I had for ten how to use the subway.

Time trickled mercifully and babies grew fat. One morning looked in the Real Estate section the *New York Times*. We had a more money and were cramped space. Two nine-by-ten bedrooms not enough for five people. Our took up most of one room and bunk bed and crib lined the walls the other. The ad said six rooms $200 on West End Avenue. On t phone the broker told me he h appointments lined up solid fr three until six that afternoon. some reason he paused and sa "Well, you could come up at tw thirty if you want."

GOD'S COUNTRY, I called it, for seemed as far north as We chester. You come out of the subw on the corner of 96th and Broadw into crowds of people, clusters junkies nodding together on the sid walk in front of Snack King, a boozers doing their dingbat, milk eyed shuffle step, warped and dent blacks and spaced-out Puerto Rica with gold teeth, moon-faced ear mamas with babies strapped to the backs, high-struttin' transvestites

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* * * * *

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Your opinion is important to us. Legislation follows opinion. And uninformed opinion can lead to bad legislation, to unreasonable controls and restraints by government.

So please remember: the average after-tax profit of manufacturers is not the 28¢ on $1 of sales many Americans believe it is. It is 4.2¢.

An opinion survey on profits was conducted in 1971 by Opinion Research Corporation, Princeton, N.J. If you would like to have more details of this survey, write . . . Bethlehem Steel Corporation, Public Affairs Department, Bethlehem, PA 18016.

*Based on most recent (1971) figures in 1972 Statistical Abstract of the United States on average U.S. manufacturing corporation profits after taxes.

silver Judas wedgies, lots of little scurrying Japanese, hallucinating Haitians, young, stunted boys with yarmulkes and *payess*, and old men in black coats and white beards . . . a lot of weird people. I looked at the apartment and went back to the broker's office to sign checks—a month's rent, security, and the broker's fee—for $750. I only had $300 in the bank, so I called a friend who said she'd lend me $500 the next morning. Then I called my husband.

Oh it was strange, alien territory, this physically battered land bordering the Hudson. My phone seemed weak contact with the few friends I had left in New York, most of whom lived in the Village. The shopkeepers had odd Austrian-Jewish accents, and although they were friendly with their regulars, they were not particularly open to strangers. It was April and the neighborhood seemed to be swarming with young mothers taking their young children to and from school. I watched them wistfully, hoping that by fall my children would be in some nearby nursery school and I would be able to meet the other mothers.

In the meantime I concentrated on enjoying our new apartment and avoiding the landlady in the street. "Tell her you only have two children," the broker had advised after I'd handed over the checks. "Pretend you had the baby after you moved in." It's hard to pass off a six-month-old baby as a newborn, so I kept my eyes sharp and crossed the street whenever I saw her coming. Rachel was almost two years old before I'd changed enough to be able to look the landlady in the eye. It was the West Side that helped me to change.

ALL THAT WAS FIVE YEARS ago and a lot has happened since. Bobby was shot and Nixon was elected. Babies were born at Woodstock; a man was stabbed to death at Altamont. Rock stars began killing themselves. It may not have been a South American sort of revolution but a lot of blood flowed—at Kent, yes, and at Attica. Riots in the prisons and the streets. God was pronounced dead and the Jesuits left their ancient training grounds in the hinterland of Maryland and moved into an apartment house right here on 98th Street. They even opened a bar for themselves called The Gang Plank. Death was in the air, you see, bringing with it a ferocious sense of life. Some of those Jesuits began drawing life-size nudes and hanging them on the walls of their apartments.

Something in the atmosphere up here allows you to breathe. Broadway is a boardwalk. It is not as pretentiously freaky as St. Mark's Place but it's not exactly East 72nd Street on a Saturday morning either. If there's a woman's uniform, on a winter's day, it's something like this: army-green battle jacket, jeans, a muffler wrapped around your face, and on your feet suede platform shoes of a parrot blue-green. No makeup to speak of, hair undone, and yet a definite style withal, a breeziness, an ease of posture that suggests sex, easy and clean.

Myself, I wear in winter a black greatcoat that sweeps the sidewalk, neat of shoulder and narrow of epaulet, because I will not be entirely of this or any other world. Yet in the fall and spring I wear a marine captain's jacket of gabardine twill, a loose size 36 (small marine), which still bore fresh dry-cleaning tags when I found it tucked away in a wood box in a dump in Leonardo, New Jersey. Did the guy catch it in Vietnam, or did he kill and cut out, leaving his commission for a McDonald's franchise on Route 17?

Some wound has opened within me. I felt the first rending a year after we moved up here, on an April evening that had darkened early with rain.

The news had come earlier that day, but I'd remained dry as bone, dry as I'd been that whole long weekend in November 1963. It was about 8:00 P.M. The children were asleep and the house was quiet when I first heard the sound, mournful, attenuated, and human, in the distance. I went to the window of my study, which overlooks West End Avenue, straining to see through the window bars. First the melody emerged, then the words. I realized, then, that I'd never before heard the song, and here was a motley, raggedy group of people walking calmly down West End with umbrellas and babies and candles in the soft spring rain, singing "We Shall Overcome." Black they were, and grieving, and at last my own tears fell, silently and seemingly without end. Late, late I stayed by the window listening to them as they wove their slow parade up and down the side streets between Riv side and West End. I was afraid t if I lost the sound of them I'd l myself again.

ONCE THE WOUND IS OPEN, life come in. The first thing I ticed was this: there was someth joyfully childlike in these peo —musicians, filmmakers, writer salted away in the large apartme nearby and whom I slowly came know. The women, I discover used four-letter words like (as mother used to say) "someone in armed services." This made me tremely comfortable, for until t I had never met a woman (exc for Pauline Kael) who talked di with the utter authenticity tow which I aspired.

The men, it seemed, were learn to look into one another's eyes remember a huge mud puddle, so forty feet long, at the base of bowl that nestles in the hill at 10 Street in Riverside Park. Sitting the long shadows of a waning were some people who'd only lat come to talk with one another, t ing with trust along with attitu and ideas. Below us the child played, and finally they tempted puddle, sliding and splashing whooping it up in the sewage-r silt until we could take it no lon and went barreling down the hill join them. It was the first of ma such orgies with our children, da ing, flute playing, bikinis in playground sprinkler, soccer gam calisthenics, charcoal-broiled me hide-and-seek in the flowering c apples, and all, all in our Rivers Park.

TO ADMIT OF DIONYSUS is to be to live. I must say, it did wond for the women. Pelvises looser and foreheads broadened. Men h always had their times to revel, th nights on the town, their bache parties, their monthly, mind-bendi poker parties. Strange to say, in t distinctly familial setting, the wom began to discover what it was about, the wine, the music, the hea abandonment of reason. And eve thing was gelling on this hill ab the playground, with the kids about us. Why *not* stay out half night if you wanted to? Didn't y stay home with the kids when

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wanted to go out. Why not go dow town and work for the money, danc with other women, have men frienc you enjoyed talking to as much a (more than?) your husband, aahl why not have both men and wome friends you related to in any wa you wanted? Didn't it, after all, con to that? Isn't that the ineluctab conclusion of everything that's ha pening?

When *Up the Sandbox!* was pu lished, it seemed a bit passé. Y could have your cake (meaning ma riage, children) and your revolutic too! Or could you? Could you da to let it all hang out, to work wi the expectation of succeeding, beg loving your body and your min could you begin to care about li with a passion that precludes cari about whether or not a marria stays together?

The loss of innocence is the p lude to revolution. Bereft of illusic with nothing else to lose, you eith die or you move. All of a sudden lot of us West Side women came leave our husbands. And it was pa ful, no question. There were d perate moments of doubt, tears, e sodes that would be clinically scribed as anxiety attacks, syndron of manic-depression, those shifts mood that occur when you've yourself off from something that least was familiar and you're sure you're happy where you a You knew what you didn't want, what, now, do you *want*? Optio you said then, but now that you got all these goddamned optio what in heaven's name do you with them?

It begins to iron itself out. A n life-style, frightening at first, emerg You begin to see there are others l you—women all over the coun who are long past adolescence who at last are tasting the fruits autonomy—and that helps. The p ticulars may differ from place place, the mode of dress, the idic those outward signs that mark y both as an individual and as a me ber of a community. But the unc lying spirit is universal.

I don't know what the statis are, but I think a lot of men mi tell you that the typical West S woman is divorced, in her early t ties, has two children aged five seven, receives child support but tle or no alimony, works at least p of the time, does volunteer work

u're a woman, the time has come for you to decide

Are you really the "weaker sex"? Someone's "better half"
er suited to cooking and cleaning than business or politics?
nctively flighty and illogical — and therefore hopeless and helpless?
ur body really designed to give more pleasure than it receives?

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ide a powerful antidote. We'll help you see yourself as a
le person — because, until we can all do that for ourselves,
e of our other gains can really matter.

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ance in the career of your choice. Or to get the kind of personal
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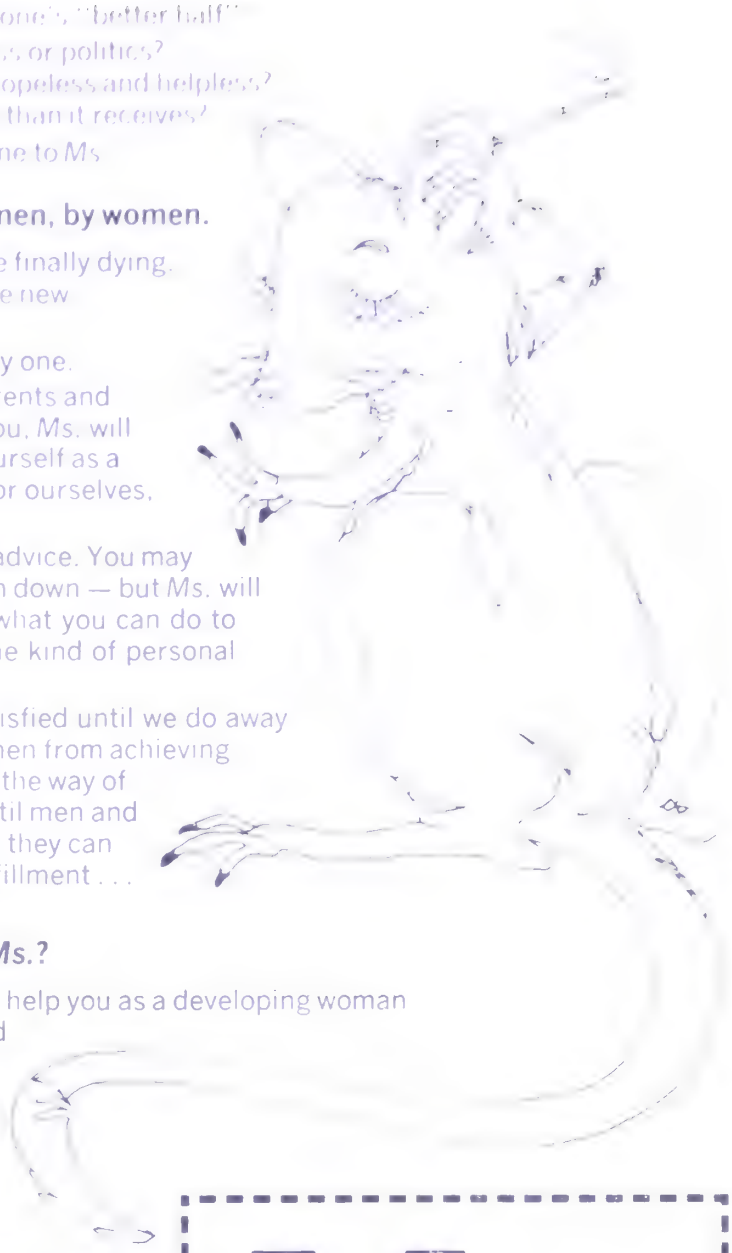
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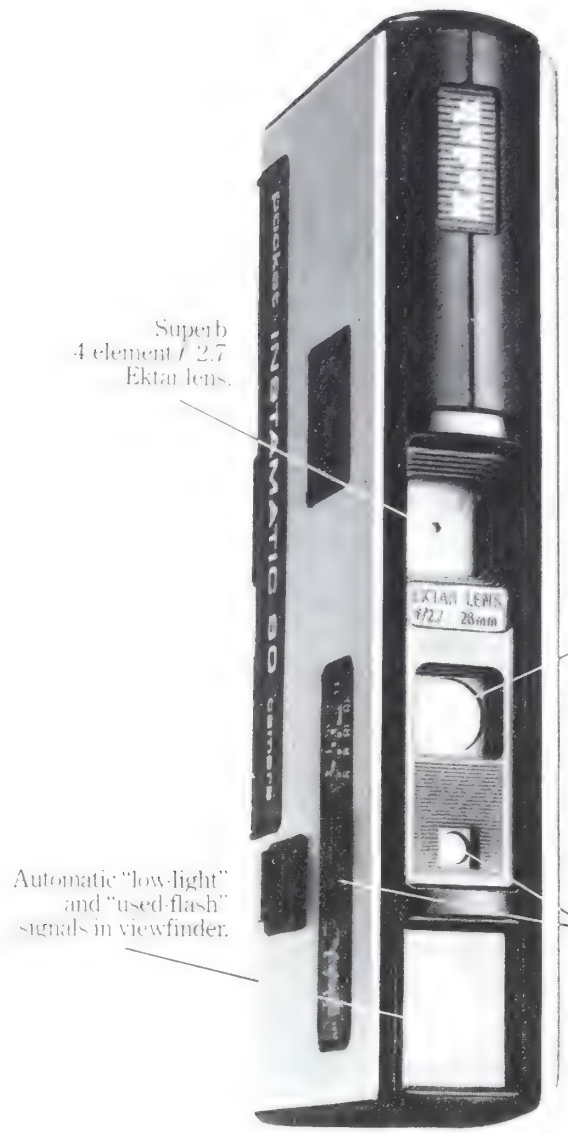
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her kids' school, and swings. [illegible] last means that she'll ball you if [illegible] so inclined.

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That is no heterosexual Jill Joh[illegible] ston I'm creating, no female versi[illegible] of Mick Jagger, no *Cosmopolit*[illegible] "Which is the best sort of lover f[illegible] you?" quiz. That is my best frien[illegible] Marisa, and there is a muchness abo[illegible] her that some find frightening. [illegible] man I know once said, "I like Ma[illegible] sa, but she scares me. She is outsi[illegible] my purview. I wouldn't know how [illegible] handle her." Quite so. That is o[illegible] reason I think of her as the epito[illegible] of the West Side woman.

OT ALL OF US ARE QUITE so hap-
pily defined. I am still torn by
differences between my Catholic,
-fearing, mind-constricting, East
e past and my Jewish, humanist,
loving, soul-freeing West Side
ent. I am frightened by the pos-
lities. Lately I have had thoughts
h, dire, dire!—of the possibility
roup sex. These thoughts do not
ık up on me in the early-morning
ract, like the shredded kite tails
n old and mostly buried dream.
y invade me in the fleshly pres-
when the wind is right.

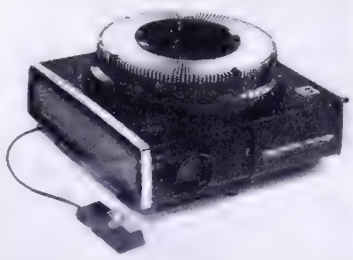
is August on our hill, the end
peculiarly clear day at the end
summer, peculiar in that none
is has really gotten away. Some-
we've managed to make a sum-
holiday for ourselves here on
upper lip of the West Side High-
, with our chess and Go, our pic-
and dancing, our kids stripped
he waist and wild as willows in
r gopher games of subterfuge.
have watched the suns fall and
d the crickets sing to the moon,
now it is end of summer, a long
er threatening, and we ritualize
changing of the seasons in the
that people always have. We
e eaten, drunk wine, smoked a
e pot, the darkness is just begin-
, and Billy plays his flute. Ron
s the guitar, Marisa sings a des-
, Eastern-weird and pure, and I
the Frisbee for a drum. What
es me, as I look at each of them,
hat we're all experiencing the
e thing at the same time. Some-
this jerry-built music is coming
ther. "Listen to Colette," Billy
. "The drum is the lead." That
ntens and also mystifies me, be-
e while I know the rhythm is
t they follow I feel we are also
wing Billy's melodic flute, that
's guitar is underlying my drum,
Marisa's singing is fleshing out
's flute, that no one of us could
nissing from what we are putting
ther. "I feel like we should all
naking love together," I say, and
and Billy and Marisa simply
e. I guess it is easy to accept be-
e, after all, it is only a feeling,
an idea. And yet there it is.
ll that East Side Catholic condi-
ing gone down the drain? No,
all. Although I felt the possibil-
of it hanging in the air, ripe and
able as a summer moon when
're sixteen, I decided group sex
ot for me. I simply couldn't han-



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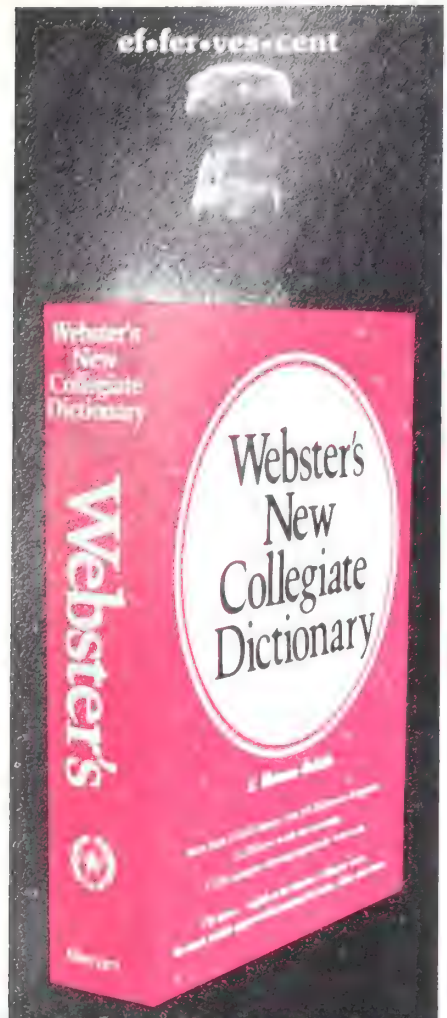


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dle it. But the thing that scared me, that sent me turning cartwheels and, ultimately, that night, spraining a foot so badly I was on crutches for a month, was an old, residual fear. Suppose, in such a situation, I were to say No. Would my friends walk away and leave me?

Déjà vu. Could I possibly have been experiencing the terrors of adolescent peer pressure at the ripe old age of thirty-four? I could, and I was. Sometimes it is easier to sustain a physical injury than to risk rejection.

Outside of marriage you have to begin all over again the process of individuation, of learning to maintain your individuality in relation to the group. It took me some months to find out what happened that night late in August, in Riverside Park. Probably it is the central lesson all us divorced women are learning. Saying yes to life necessitates the capacity to say no, to decide, to hang up on the bores, tell the hangers-on it's over, shape up these children you've allowed to trample over you for years—because you were only marking time until they grew up and left?

To learn that there is no marking time, that is the clincher. Each day is the cutting edge of your own and no one else's life. You begin to refuse the compromising assignment, the volunteer work ("Could you sew up a few astronaut suits for Jimmie's class play? It'll only take you a couple of evenings"), the awful, octopus role of stretching yourself in all directions at once, because, yes, you needed so badly to be approved by *everyone*.

Well, I am beginning to pull in my tentacles, to take my receiver off the hook for long periods of work and reflection, and when I emerge from this chrysalis, it will be to contribute something to this world, mark my word.

LATE, LATE ON NEW YEAR'S EVE something wonderful happened. I'd had a party and only a dozen or so of my friends were left. It was the first party I'd ever given without having a "date." Someone's strange Latin record was playing and I was moved to get up and merengue. It was a flashback to another day—early Fifties, I'd say. After a bit I noticed that people were quiet, sitting on my living-room rug watching me dance. Strange. Inst of being embarrassed, trying to tend I didn't love it when pe watched me dance, I invited then As I danced I began talking to t and they talked back to me, and all participated in this easy war that was flowing out of me an was *powerful*, looking into their e smiling at them, understanding last that I was sexy and that I k it and they knew that I knew it, that everyone enjoyed it all the m *because* I knew it. Let it be, Beatles used to say. It was an inst irreversible recognition of self t jolted me light-years forward, ou the dark ages of self-subjugation into the human race. "Funky," a n said to someone sitting next to h "She is sure a funky chicken."

Funky chicken my ass. I'm s you meant it as a compliment, it's not good enough. Know that w you were admiring was only the side of all those dark, murky wor in me that scare you so much a that you try to forget about, brownish stains on my mattress co because technology has not yet vised an adequate way to damn up, the devilish strength of my ute pushing babies into the world, nagging self-assertion you choose call lib. What pulled at you so ea New Year's morning was not gown of garnet velvet; it was my li blood. Will you understand? Wh I dance to the Stones it's with t same energy I use for suckling an fant or keeping vigil in the hope t second shot of adrenaline will ke my little boy from strangling to dea on the mucus choking his bronch tubes. Not all my worlds are pre ones. You could say there are clou in my coffee. And yet it is stron sharp with the taste of chicory, a to me it is good.

Tomorrow I am thirty-five, and last I've discovered what my sexu ity is—it is simply my energy f life—and somehow that clears up awful lot. Whether I use it for scru bing the bathroom floor or revisi a manuscript, listening to a friend making up the school lunches at mi night, that energy is all from t same wellspring, and it is all sexu I am toilet bowls and dreams. I a chewed cuticles, brilliant flashes feeling, seminal creativity. I am West Side woman and I celebrat *Imago*!



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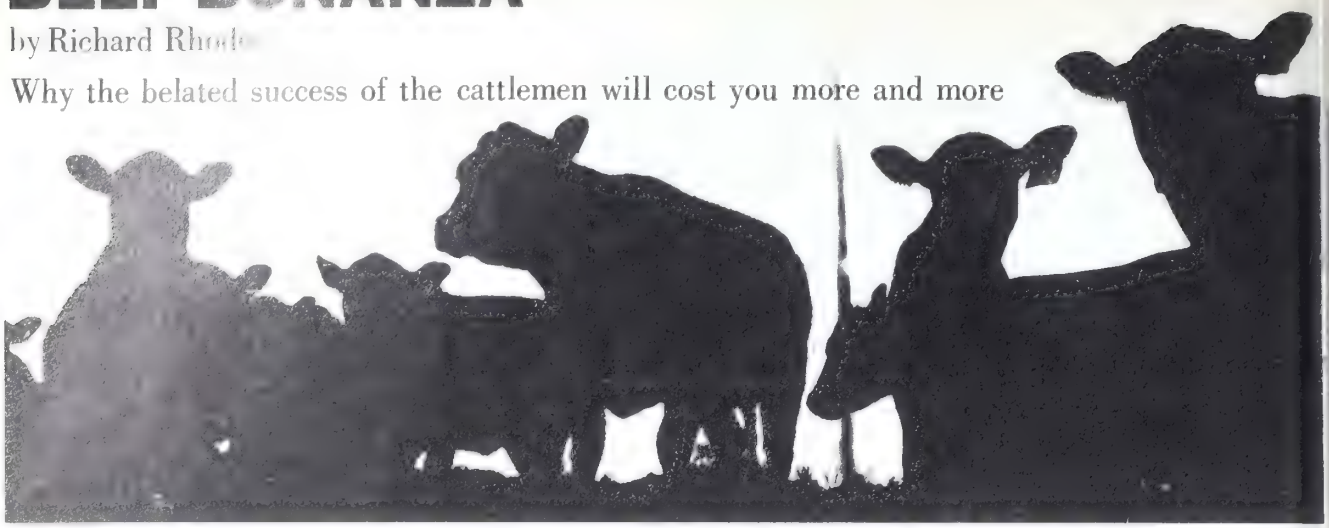
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BEEF BONANZA

by Richard Rhode

Why the belated success of the cattlemen will cost you more and more



Charles Gatewood

Cattlemen, the character of

TAKEN AS A GROUP, cattlemen may be the last honest men in America —shrewdly honest, in the manner of country people, not nobly honest, in the manner of the Good Book. When cattlemen agree to sell cattle to one another, they also agree which of them shall do the weighing. If the buyer does the weighing, he pays more. If the seller does the weighing, he is paid less. Similarly, when cattlemen arrange to divide a herd, they agree that one of them will work the cutting gate and then the other will have first choice of the half he wants. The results of such dealings may be as close to objective truth as human beings ever come.

I worked for a cattleman once, the summer between high school and college. He decided I needed a good suit for college. Since I couldn't afford his tailor, he looked up a store where they sent to the factory for suits made to measure. The salesman took my measurements, wrote out the order, and then asked for a deposit. The cattleman bridled. He said a man's word was his bond, and in his business thousands of dollars routinely changed hands with a handshake and a one-dollar bill. The salesman was nonplussed. He'd never seen either of us before and couldn't imagine trusting a total stranger.

Two brothers I know run a 3,000-acre cattle ranch in Missouri. Their grandfather was the world's most successful mule trader. He did a lot of business with cattlemen who rounded up their wild mustangs for him, before the automobile and the motorized cavalry condemned the mustang to dog food. The cattlemen would pocket his checks for months, sometimes for years, without cashing them. They carried them like savings bonds, secure in the knowledge that they would always be covered at the bank.

But however admirable the honesty of cattlemen, their other virtues are mostly antique. More than one believes we should return to the gold standard. They are, as they like to boast of themselves, smoking their fiftieth cigarette of the day, the last of the rugged individualists. They work hard, but no one dares tell them when or where. They don't even have federal subsidies, though it's hard to believe they wouldn't like to.

They think they are subscribers to an ancient and noble code of conduct, and perhaps they are, but the basis for that code is insecurity. The cattle business is so irrational that it calls forth the wildest kind of speculation, even today, when new commodities markets give cattlemen some chance of protecting themselves. Cattle prices may go up or down by 40 percent in six months. Capriciously. Imagine the high, broken windows on Wall Street if the Dow-Jones varied 400 points in six months. The effect of such madness on its practitioners is staunch conservatism, hidebound conservatism, in business certainly and often in politics too, born of a kind of lifetime systemic shock that leads cattlemen to believe that the only way to do things is to do them the way they were successfully—more or less successfully—done before.

Richard Rhodes is a contributing editor of Harper's *and the author of* The Ungodly: A Novel of the Donner Party.

Chance, element

THE REASON CATTLEMEN are c servative is that the business beef is a stochastic business, a b ness characterized partly by o and partly by chance. The prob is figuring out which part is wh The breeder who mates a good with a good cow and gets a d calf, the feedlot owner whose ani are at their prime the day the ma goes up must be excused for ta the universe personally. Those v have little control over their lives likely to believe in omens.

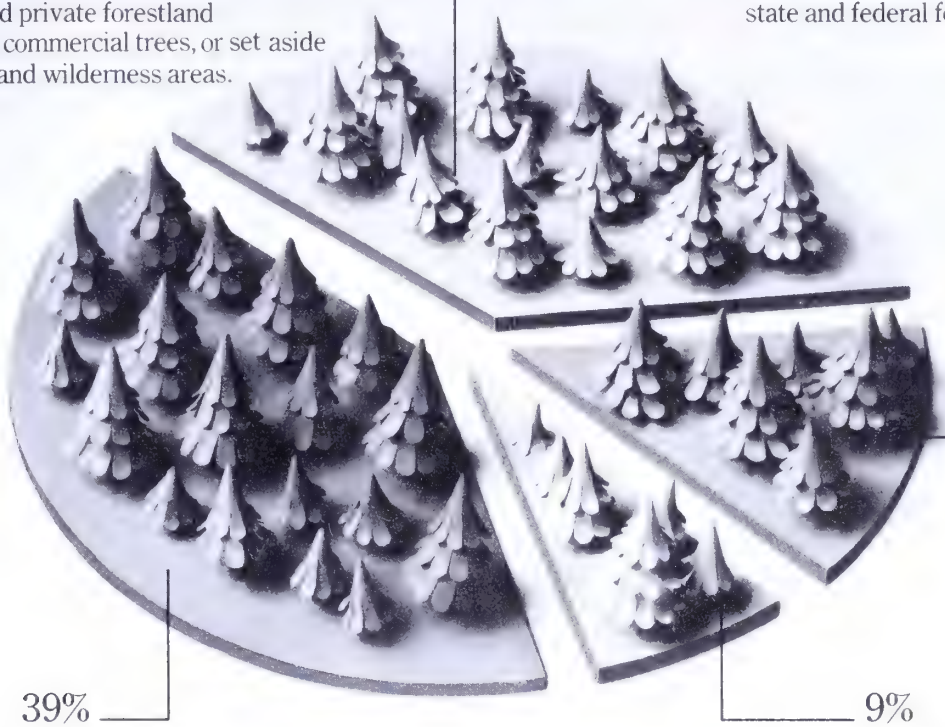
As a result, your true cattlema land-poor. That is how he can be ognized and differentiated from businessmen in the business. Wh ever he makes a little money, he sumes he is likely to make more he uses his money to buy more l so he can run more cattle. Hav found, like Job, no other refuge righteousness, all cattlemen are timists.

Cattle, opportunities

TRADITIONAL DESCRIPTIONS of cattle business reflect its irrep sible good cheer, even at the expe of common sense. Building ste engines, manufacturing zippers w once risky ventures, but are ri no more. Cattle are as risky toda they were 400 years ago—perh more so. Yet down through the ye respected correspondents have b gulling urban readers with fanc promises of success.

This is Gen. James S. Brisbin, U Army, who published in 1881 a b

The American forest still belongs to the American people.



And to a *lot* of people.

To begin with, four million individual Americans own 39% of the entire forest—a forest that's still nearly three-fourths as large as it was when Columbus landed.

Then, too, *everybody* shares ownership in that 19% of the forest owned by federal and state governments which supplies so much of the raw material for building our houses and cities and making our paper products.

And when you add the 17 million acres of forestland that's been set aside for parks and wilderness areas, and the government land not suitable for growing commercial trees, the American people—individually or collectively—own 91% of America's 753 million acres of forest.

So if the forest industries seem to own more than their 9%, it's probably because with responsible, scientific management they've been able to make this 9% produce 26% of all the raw material we need for today's wood and paper products, and still keep America green—and growing.

Source: Department of Agriculture, U.S. Forest Service

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called *The Beef Bonanza*. Here he quotes a letter purportedly written by a wealthy Western gentleman to his impoverished brother in the East:

> *Now let us see what we can do with a herd of 400 Texas cows, worth $5,000, to begin with. At the end of one year the cows would have 400 calves, each worth $7.00. I count full yield, for in cross-breeding there is not one cow in a hundred barren; neither is the loss over one per cent of calves dropped where hay and shelter is provided, and proper care taken.*

The same gentleman, when closely questioned by the general, says, "In cattle raising the herd doubles up and dovetails so fast it is with difficulty we can compute increase." Cattlemen are notorious for their dislike of paperwork, but they would envy the gentleman's justification.

To set the record straight there is *Cowboy Arithmetic*, a book by Gen. Harold L. Oppenheimer of Oppenheimer Industries, one of the largest cattle management firms in the world. Oppenheimer proposes no more than an 80 percent calf crop for purposes of figuring, and even allowing only eight calves for every ten cows he includes a deduction of 7 percent before profits for "culling, mortality and optimism."

Oppenheimer is optimistic about the cattle business, not only on general principles but also because he has studied the market carefully and knows the American scene well. He returned from Europe only a few months ago, where he found beef prices, *mutatis mutandis*, as much as two-and-a-half times as high as ours. Europe has discovered corn-fed beef and likes it as much as we do—likes it two-and-a-half times as much as we do, as a matter of fact. The European demand and prices are such that a choice steer is worth about four cents a pound more to European buyers, FOB Kansas City International Airport, than it is worth to American buyers, FOB the Kansas City stockyards, half an hour down the road. And the European buyer will absorb the cost of transportation, shrinkage, slaughter, and waste. The growing European demand for corn-fed beef is a dilemma of serious proportions for the Nixon Administration. Exporting beef will help our balance of payments, but it can only hurt domestic beef prices, i.e., push them up.

The optimism of dyed-in-the-wool cattlemen begins to make sense.

High beef prices, causes of

CATTLEMEN ARE GAMBLERS, but not very daring ones. In their bidding against future price changes they aren't likely to bluff. For years they have held back only enough of the best young heifers to maintain their cow herds. The other heifers, the majority of heifers, went to the feedlots along with the steers, and then to slaughter. Since they weren't allowed to breed, the slaughter heifers had no offspring, and the total number of cattle in the United States didn't much increase. Demand did. Finally, after fifteen years, prices abruptly went up. Even better (or worse, if your point of view is that of the consumer), prices looked as if they would stay up because Americans, among others, will do everything but kill for beef. So this year the cattlemen are holding back every heifer they can find space to feed. They're increasing the size of their cow herds. For the next two years, that decision is going to add an artificial scarcity to the very real scarcity of beef we've been feeling. By then the heifers will have calved and the calves will have gone to feedlots, and there'll be more beef for us all—except that by then Europeans will be taking more. More Americans will be taking more. And imported beef, especially Australian beef, which we rely on to make up the difference at the hamburger level, will be going to the Japanese.

Another cause of the change in beef prices was the winter that just passed, the worst cattlemen have seen in years. A 20 percent calf mortality was not uncommon. Those calves will never grow to be corn-fed steers.

Land, decline and fall of

TODAY THERE IS NO MORE land available for the production of human food. What we have now is all we shall ever have, and urban growth, industrial decentralization, federal projects, and private recreation are reducing it further by about five million acres a year. The obvious result of this shrinkage is that the value of rural land is going up. So, accordingly, is the cost of raising cattle on that land. With land p rising, cattlemen are finding it ficult to put together new, econo assemblages of land. To expand reap economies of scale. Their native is to use the land they more intensely. You can squ 1,500 cows onto land that ca 1,000 head comfortably, but onl spending more per cow—for f izer and the like. And intense tivation" of cattle has its li Crowded, muddy feedlots suff worst of all from the terrible wi of '72. Animals standing up to t bellies in cold mud don't do well.

Because of these and other cha in traditional land values, rural r are expected to double this year. cattle industry is reeling with shock of it.

Guilt, a certain sense

LARGE, ANONYMOUS CORPORATI do not feel guilt when their p itable operations add to the cost living. Cattlemen do. For the f time in years they are making so thing like a 10 percent return on t investments, not a killing certai but a welcome change from the 2 p cent returns of the recent p (Sometimes they saw no returns all. Sometimes they took losses $40 and $50 a head.) And now, if some monstrous conscience lea over their shoulders just as they lif the apple from the fruit stand, t find the entire consumer nation m at them.

The supermarkets get boycott Cattlemen go to supermarkets a buy up a thousand dollars' worth beef and give it away to dramati their plight. Back during the fi week of boycotting, the farmers alo the Missouri River bottoms north Kansas City posted their proper against the gentle souls who go the every spring to hunt morels, whi taste, incidentally, like beefstea The farmers put up signs explainin that they were barring mushroo hunting in retaliation for the boycot "Enjoy your peanut butter san wiches," the signs said petulantly.

Such emotional overkill sugges that cattlemen are feeling guilt about their good fortune and perha a little hysterical. They've seen har times for so long they can't really b lieve the demand for beef is going t



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keep the prices high and even push them higher. They imagine that only now can they take such modest profit as has finally come into view. And for such ambition they have been scourged by the populace. It's almost more than they can bear.

Charolais, invasion of the

THE FACT IS, THE CATTLE business is just beginning to emerge from the dark ages, practices, prices, profits and all. It stands today in about the same position that industry stood seventy years ago: at the beginning of rational management. Cost accounting is no longer considered an intolerable burden on the rancher's freedom of spirit. Some cattlemen are willing to admit that there are other good breeds of beef cattle besides Hereford, Shorthorn, and Angus. Outside investors are entering the business in increasing numbers under corporate and limited-partnership arrangements, funneling in soft dollars that would otherwise go for taxes. The computer, by now the mainstay of American business, is beginning to find a use in the cattle business, calculating the complicated vectors of genetic improvement.

Jerry Litton, a freshman Congressman from northeast Missouri, is as good an example of a renaissance cattleman as I know. At thirty-five, Litton has made himself prosperous by bringing innovations to the business of breeding registered bulls. He made his changes fast: Litton and his father converted their Hereford herd to a French breed, Charolais, in 1952. Cattlemen in the Southwest had experimented with so-called "exotic" breeds before 1952, most notably with Brahmins that could tolerate flies and summer heat. But the idea that Litton and others like him fostered, of introducing large European breeds to the United States, not for climatic adaptation but because they grew faster and produced more pounds of beef at an earlier age, was an idea that many cattlemen, including General Oppenheimer, are still skeptical of.

Litton, whose family history includes hog epidemics, house fires, and accidents that left his father bedridden for years on end, had little to lose. He promoted the big white cattle from France at state fairs, renting exhibition space when cattlemen wouldn't let him into their shows. He parlayed his small Missouri Charolais convention into a major national event among cattlemen by bringing in speakers like Arthur Godfrey, Walter Cronkite, and Ralph Nader, hiring Playboy bunnies to serve as ushers, and keeping a fleet of limousines standing by to whisk his potential clients around town. He used showmanship to get past the cattlemen's defenses; when he succeeded, he proved he had a good product to sell. He kept his bulls out of the show ring for ten years because he wasn't sure they would stack up against standards established for the smaller, blockier English breeds, but when he finally began showing he ran away with every prize in town. He was lucky enough to chance one day upon a young Charolais bull, named Sam 951, who grew up to such extraordinary quality that he sets the standard today against which most other Charolais bulls in the United States are measured. Litton's computerized breeding program is a model system; by computing averages for each new calf against averages of all the calf's relatives in the program, it becomes more and more accurate in its predictions every year. It can presently predict a calf's weaning weight to within a pound and a half. Litton is wry about his innovations; he says they wouldn't be considered unusual anywhere except in the cattle business

Changes, long-overdue

CHAROLAIS OPENED THE GATE to a stampede of exotic breeds. All are European dairy and working breeds and much larger than Herefords or Angus or Shorthorn. The most promising, in my opinion, is an Italian breed developed long ago by the dukes of Tuscany, the Chianina, an animal bred for work and beef, that stands at the withers, when fully grown, six feet high. The Chianina has been known as a breed in the United States only since 1971. Since live animals cannot be imported directly to the United States, the Chianina exists here at the present time only in the form of half-bred calves produced from purebred Chianina semen artificially inseminated into Charolais, Brown Swiss, Angus, and other cows. Chianina that qualify as purebred—7/8 crosses for heifers, 15/16 crosses for bulls—won't [illegible] available for breeding until at le[ast] the fall of 1975. But an animal t[hat] drops an average-size calf that th[en] grows so fast it weans at twice [the] weight of English breed calves, a[nd] weighs as much as 1,500 pounds [at] one year of age, is an animal of [re]markable promise—assuming t[he] buyers of slaughter cattle can be p[er]suaded that large cattle should not [be] penalized because they do not ma[tch] the conformation of the Engl[ish] breeds.

Changes in the cattle business [ap]pear to be coming fast. Consideri[ng] the pressures of the marketpla[ce] they could hardly do otherwise. I[n] spite some toughened tax requi[re]ments—cattle investors must show [a] profit at least every third year to ke[ep] their capital gains status—cattle [are] beginning to look like a good inve[st]ment. Oppenheimer Industries us[ed] to acquire many of its clients fr[om] the ranks of show business and Hol[ly]wood. Today, entertainers accou[nt] for less than 5 percent of Oppe[n]heimer's clients, who are for the mo[st] part bankers, investment banke[rs] and senior partners in large accou[nt]ing firms, the latter being people wh[o] watch over other people's shoulde[rs] for the best investments around. O[p]penheimer lists four reasons why u[r]ban businessmen are choosing to i[n]vest in cattle. He puts the tax shelt[er] first, profit second, glamour thir[d] and liquidity coupled with reasonab[le] security fourth.

The immediate effect of pri[ce] freeze 3A has been a slowing dow[n] of the changes coming to the be[ef] business. Cow-and-calf men are le[t]ting more of their heifers go. Fee[d] lot men aren't putting as many stee[rs] on grain when grain prices soar whi[le] beef prices are frozen. We can expe[ct] to see higher prices than ever whe[n] prices are thawed.

But, beyond the immediate futur[e] it's possible to see a market in whic[h] beef prices stay high and go highe[r] as demand increases not only withi[n] the United States but also from th[e] rest of the world and as the practice[s] necessary to squeeze more pounds o[f] beef from the same amount of lan[d] add more cost to each pound of bee[f] produced. That's where the exoti[c] breeds come in—Litton's Charolai[s] and breeds like the Chianina. The[y] aren't likely to replace the Englis[h] breeds but will probably be cross[-]bred to the English breeds to produc[e]

The Texaco Gasoline Economy Test.

ven if you fail it, what you learn can save you gasoline and money every time you get in your car.

You know you use more gasoline when you drive at high ed. But do you know how much more? For example, out how much more gasoline do you use at 60 mph than 50 mph?

A. 2% ☐ B. 5% ☐ C. 10%



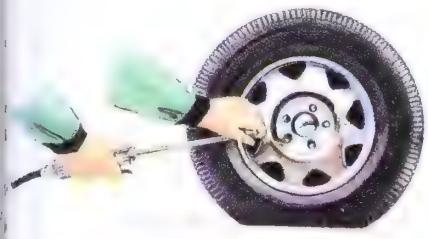
4. Jackrabbit starts eat up a lot more gasoline than slow-and-easy ones. But do you have any idea how many miles per gallon jackrabbit starts can cost you on the average?

☐ A. 1 mpg
☐ B. 2 mpg
☐ C. 4 mpg



You waste gasoline if your tires are improperly lated. But do you know which causes poorer mileage, erinflated tires or underinflated tires?

A. Overinflated ☐ B. Underinflated



5. If you have a standard shift, you can save gasoline by getting into high as quickly as possible. How much more gasoline do you think you use if you race along in 2nd rather than shifting into high gear?

☐ A. Up to 30%
☐ B. Up to 45%
☐ C. Up to 60%



The kind of oil you use can affect engine performance, o. Do you know under what conditions it pays to use a emium motor oil like Havoline Super Premium?

A. High-speed driving
B. Hot-weather driving
C. Stop-and-go driving



6. A car that's not properly tuned-up is simply not using gasoline efficiently. About how much gasoline do you think it wastes?

☐ A. Up to 4%
☐ B. Up to 8%
☐ C. Up to 12%



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Answers:
1. C 2. B 3. All three: A, B, C 4. B 5. B 6. B



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and growth and general vitality
comes when two distantly relate
imals are crossed, suppressing
desirable recessive traits and en
ing desirable dominants). Ame
taste is already moving in the d
tion of what can only be calle
veal anyway, and if Chianina-A
steer calves could be fed to the
weight at a much earlier age
purebred Angus calves are today,
would mind but those who like
er beef and those who think
shouldn't breed upstarts to old re
ers regardless of the results?

Don't forget, though, that there
upper limits to the amount of
that can be produced in the U
States and in the world, and tha
world is beginning to position i
to compete with Americans f
large share. Environmentalists h
been saying for a long time tha
world doesn't have enough resou
to go around; no one ever said
would be one of the first to be sp
thin, but that is what is happeni

Beef, low cos

YET BEEF REMAINS CHEAP in
United States of America. J
Litton has memorized the statist
he uses them to answer his colleag
in Congress. An hour's wages to
Litton says, buys 3.1 pounds of b
Ten years ago it bought 1.8 pou
Less than 16 percent of our inc
goes for food. Ten years ago
figure was 20 percent; twenty y
ago it was 23. In England 25 per
of income goes for food, in Ja
35, in Russia 58, in most Asian co
tries 80. "So I tell my urban
leagues in Congress," Litton c
tinues, "that one of the reas
most Americans have so many
things is because they're only spe
ing 16 percent of their dollar
food. I don't care what set of figu
you look at, in none of them is f
high. Food has gone up 4.8 perc
in this country in the last year,
in European countries it's gone
about 8 percent."

The reason beef prices seem so
possible is that they have changed
fast. They're not going to get bet
so we might as well get used to the
The beef bonanza, price freezes n
withstanding, is here to stay.

id Denby

EN WITHOUT WOMEN, WOMEN WITHOUT MEN

es on the decline of rosexuality in our movies



Chip Barnard

SHORT TIME AGO, when critics wanted to dismiss American es as trivial and artless, they l always point to Hollywood's a for working romance into ically every picture. Our love- k cinema often deserved to be ered at; convinced that the pub- ould feel cheated without a little ching every half hour or so, the eering studio tyrants forced a interest" into desert adventure res, sci-fi, Westerns, mysteries, Brothers' comedies—you name nd yet, even if "love" occasion- slowed down a nifty melodrama ised false issues, American mov- ffered one of the most engaging ntic myths in the history of pop- culture—men and women work- competing, playing, or suffering ther out in the great world and g in love while doing it. Com- onship between the sexes was a genuine ideal in our movies. oday, that norm seems remote peculiar. Romance is just about l in our movies; there's plenty of of course, but movies in which and female equals meet, fight, in love, have an affair, get mar- or don't get married have just t disappeared. And when you do a love affair at the center of an rican picture, the picture is ly always terrible. Romance has me the province of a sickening retrograde commercial sentimen- y, the genre in which mind and ition and style are relinquished. viegoers will doubtless be able me up with exceptions, but I'm g to get at a general trend.)

ur filmmakers seem to have lost ability to make ordinary hetero- al behavior interesting. In the the American in love was an in- d wise guy; now he's simply der than other movie characters. w scenes of Sidney Poitier's mush *A Warm December* were enough nake me grateful for the most rous black exploitation movies. divorced husband and wife (George Segal and Susan Anspach) in Paul Mazursky's *Blume in Love* are both so nebulous that the movie never gets off the ground; since the flashbacks show they were bored with each other during their marriage, why should we spend two hours rooting for the wife to give in and take her husband back—aren't they better off divorced?

A Touch of Class tries to revive the old Thirties' magic, but it stumbles badly. Following the convention that has been standard in romantic comedy since *It Happened One Night*, writer-director Melvin Frank gives us a couple whose mutual insults cover an irresistible attraction until finally, after a variety of adventures, the mask of antagonism drops away and their love is that much stronger for having emerged out of anger. It's a charming formula, but it requires a certain delicacy to work. Here, in a misbegotten attempt to be modern and knowing, Frank turns the comic insults into vicious name-calling and competition. Thus, when George Segal and Glenda Jackson fall into bed after a bit of "healthy" violence, only the crassest assumptions about the healing powers of sex would allow us to think that these two could swallow their pride and anger and immediately become idyllic lovers. Yet this is what Frank is up to; he wants us to think they might live happily ever after if it weren't for Segal's rotten marriage, and in the second half of the picture the inhuman pseudo-"smart" dialogue gives way to a conventional pathos of lost opportunities.

It looks as if *A Touch of Class* has become a moderate-size hit, but anyone can see that the real action these days isn't in romantic comedy. Most of the big hits as well as the movies that have earned critical raves and awards in recent years have done without romance, and an amazing number have dispensed with women. In the important new movies the main emotional relationships are between men; more and more, women are forced out to the periphery as men's whores, sisters, or stay-at-home wives, or they are excluded altogether. (Of course a few movies are dominated by women—those starring Barbra Streisand or Liza Minnelli, for instance—but, as I'll explain later, these pictures are peculiarly sexless and unromantic.) Since 1966, with *A Man for All Seasons*, and including, year by year, *In the Heat of the Night*, *Oliver!*, *Midnight Cowboy*, *Patton*, *The French Connection*, and *The Godfather*, the Academy Award for best picture has gone for seven consecutive years to a movie without a major female role. To this list we could add another group of films, equally successful, all of them male competition/companionship epics, all of them indifferent or hostile to women: *Easy Rider*, *M*A*S*H*, *The Wild Bunch*, *Husbands*, *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, *Deliverance*, *The Candidate*, *The Friends of Eddie Coyle*, and *Scarecrow*.

THE TWO MEN, DRIFTERS, meet at the side of the road somewhere out West and quickly become friends. The older has done six years in the pen and is on his way to Pittsburgh to get some money out of a bank and start a car wash; the younger has been at sea, avoiding the responsibilities of fatherhood—he carries a

David Denby is the editor of Film 72/73, *an anthology of criticism that will be published in November by Bobbs-Merrill.*

lamp in a little white box for his child in Detroit who may be a boy or a girl, he doesn't know. Together they travel east, hitching, riding on freights, dropping in on relatives, whoring, fighting, getting drunk in bars, always moving across the country in one of those movie journeys that is less an experience of an actual landscape than a metaphorical test of American ideals and liberties. And we aren't surprised when the ideals are shown to be an illusion and the liberty impossible; the journey ends in madness and defeat.

What I'm describing is the recent Gene Hackman-Al Pacino film, *Scarecrow*, yet, apart from specific details, it sounds suspiciously like many other serious-minded American pictures of recent years—*Easy Rider*, *Midnight Cowboy*, *Two-Lane Blacktop*, *Five Easy Pieces*, etc. This negative picaresque, the journey through corrupt, betraying America, has become a major new movie genre, and *Scarecrow* has all the familiar elements: fancy, bleak photography; an elegy for a simpler land; forlorn little "sensitive" moments, repeated over and over until they become clichés; and, most important, those two demoralized male characters at the center. In these films, despite the dithering, aimless quality, defeat is built into the basic structure; we know from the beginning that the two heroes of *Scarecrow* aren't going to make it, and we know the same about the other down-and-outers who have recently become the ironic models of American ambition and idealism in our movies. These men are all harmless enough and their dreams are innocent, yet America is too much for them, America does them in. Some of these movies have been very affecting, yet the condemnation of America comes too easily: the country may be corrupt, but films like *Easy Rider* and *Scarecrow* haven't begun to comprehend the complexity of American life. Despite all the adventures, all the experience, these movies take place in a vacuum, an America more mythical and metaphysical than actual. Their reality isn't our reality, at least not centrally, and one of the principal reasons is that women are never allowed to intrude on the masculine relationships; the movies take place in a land where women barely exist.

It's probably the contrived absence of women that allows these films to indulge in pretentious, vacuous attitudinizing about America; women would turn the films back toward the center, back toward a consideration of work and sex and love, and they would also tighten up the films dramatically and make it easier for them to find a more plausible resolution. As it is, this type of ambitious buddy-buddy movie has nowhere to go except toward death and madness—the sudden apocalyptic ending that always seems so phony—or toward homosexuality.

So far, any suggestion of sexual attraction between the principal characters has been avoided like the black death, but as one after another of these movies is released, certain critics have begun to discern a subtext of *repressed* homosexuality; this "insight" is accompanied by an attack on the filmmakers for refusing to face up to the obvious implications of the material. But this is a line I would be wary of taking. Pointing out homosexual motifs in movies gets to be a nasty, invidious game, particularly if the charge is that these are closet-queen movies. Calling someone a repressed homosexual is far more damning these days than merely calling him a homosexual, and the same is true of movies—the charge implies not only incompetence and ignorance but a cowardice that is no longer quite plausible, even for commercial movies. Homosexuality is now good box office, and there's no compelling reason for movie companies to avoid it.

CRITICS LOOK FOR homosexual explanations because they are uncomfortable with the content of movies like *Midnight Cowboy* and *Scarecrow*—men learning to take care of each other, learning that friendship is more important than anything else, and so on—and because these movies seem to carry an excess of emotion. It's true that *Midnight Cowboy* was out of control at times and that *Scarecrow* lacks focus and becomes repetitive and silly, but refusing to come to terms with homosexuality isn't necessarily the reason; dozens of movies are plagued by artistic failures of this type. Moreover, there's nothing distinctly homoerotic about the relationships in these movies as there was, say, in movies like *The Servant*, *King Rat*, *Performance*, and many others. Movies like *Scarecrow* inhabit a sexual limbo (despite the whores), and dramatically the irresolute and irritating.

Leaving aside the question of mosexuality, I think the men write and direct these movies guilty of a kind of sentimental fra nalism that downgrades or sin ignores women—the feeling women aren't as *fine* as men, no spiritual, not as noble or as subli ly pathetic. In this view women practical, earthbound, reality-ori ed creatures, friendly and sexual generous, but on the whole rat trivial; in the larger, "mythic" An ican experiences that Hollyw loves so much, they don't count fo thing.

In fact, whores are virtually only women to appear in the curr male-action films. In his recent *Garrett and Billy the Kid*, Sam Pe inpah, who is something of a conn seur in these matters, brings back grateful, adoring Mexican types used in *The Wild Bunch*. Like many of the semi-anonymous wom in recent American movies, they there only to be screwed, quarrel over, and slapped around.

The picture is still another of th elegies for the Old West; the t heroes, posed nonchalantly agains variety of Mexican landscapes, ment the good old days when g slingers lived the free life. This sap male fantasy has become a centr American experience—not by virt of its truth, not because anyone o side Hollywood deeply cares about but because it is forced on us in o form or another about six times year. One after another, the male pr fessionals offer their swan songs: g slingers, gangsters, pimps, cops, r deo stars—each in turn takes his la ride, makes his last run, sustainin his style and courage right to the en (our cinema succumbed to Erne Hemingway's sentimental side in th late Forties and may never come o of it). What we've got is a cinema male dithering and gracious mal nostalgia—a crackpot cinema.

LET'S EXAMINE THE OTHER SIDE the coin. American movies a terribly diminished at the moment b the almost total absence of *heroines* Every movie period had its great f male stars and archetypes, its hero ines of love and adventure and suffer ing. There were the exquisite, trem

; Griffith virgins (Mae Marsh Lillian Gish), fiercely struggling ıst violation and death; Mary ford, the more sentimental vision urity in white; Theda Bara, the tless vamp who "ruined" men by lozens; Gloria Swanson, the over-ed society adulteress; Garbo as complex, neurotic modern wom-Constance Bennett, seduced and doned by wealthy men in picture picture; Jean Arthur, the Thir-working girl—man's companion equal; strident, exasperated le Lombard; Jean Harlow, the l-hearted loudmouth, and Clau-Colbert, the tease; Katharine burn and Bette Davis, exemplars eroic striving and feeling in role role; Joan Crawford, Lana Tur-and Barbara Stanwyck as the ally overpowering murderesses adulteresses of the Forties, and n.

indulge myself in this list partly of longing for some of the old esses, partly to show the neces-of creating truly contemporary ıen in the movies. Most of these s reflected asinine ideas about ıen, and no actress of today is go-to get very far playing embattled ins or poisonous husband steal-Stanwyck, for instance, was ex-g as the wicked woman of the ies, but that image makes sense only as a reflection of male para-. Still, sexist or not, those were s that a woman could sink her ı into. Today such parts are rare; ıe's lucky an actress can get a *or* role as a hooker rather than of those nominal parts in a male-ınated film. The hooker seems to about the only type of modern ıan that male directors and writ-will allow themselves to admire, hooker movie being the only in-sting exception to the blight on ance. Jane Fonda in *Klute*, Bar-Streisand in *The Owl and the sycat*, Julie Christie in *McCabe Mrs. Miller*, Karen Black in the cious *Portnoy's Complaint*—these the funny, tough women who are descendants of the heroines of the rties. The hooker has benefited n a reversal of male fantasies—ngth of character is now widely ciated in the movies with sexual erosity, weakness with sexual in-tion. The hooker is available and is good at what she does (yet she he only woman professional now earing in the movies—is it because she doesn't compete with men?), and she won't gum up a relationship with conventional romantic talk and nagging demands.

Jane Fonda, who was so brilliant as the hooker in *Klute*, is the only major contemporary actress to carve out a persona for herself in the old manner—the tough, bruised, resourceful girl who's a little more aggressive than she need be because she's been pushed around too much. But what kind of a future does Fonda have as an actress? Half the time she gives the impression that acting is a rather trivial occupation for a grown woman (although, unlike Brando, she doesn't draw on that self-disgust when she performs); and her radical activities are gradually making her unemployable in large-budget films. All over America there are theater owners and TV station managers who won't play her pictures. It would be a shame if her career collapses, because the movies desperately need her. She obviously likes men, and she plays well with them, so she's uniquely qualified to act out the new conflicts in feminine roles, the new, necessarily tension-ridden styles in romance that have developed since women's lib beg putting such extraordinary pressur on young women. And any mass ar form even halfway alert to the time would provide her with such roles (it provided comparable roles for Hepburn, Jean Arthur, and Davis thirty-five years ago—why not now?).

BUT WHAT ABOUT SUPERSTARS like Barbra Streisand and Liza Minnelli? These actresses certainly are getting good roles and carrying them off, but they may be too powerfully energetic and individualistic to team up with men successfully; the actors appearing with them try to stay cool and usually get left behind; there's no sexual equality and no real connection. Streisand has more natural vitality than any other performer now working in the movies, but it has its destructive, wall-slamming side—she can make your head hurt. She ran right over Omar Sharif in *Funny Girl* as well as Ryan O'Neal in *What's Up Doc?* and bypassed Yves Montand altogether in *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever* (as nearly everyone said, they hardly appeared to be acting in the same film). A



surly, withdrawn Walter Matthau looked at her suspiciously out of the corners of his eyes in *Hello, Dolly!* and they never made contact. (This may have been more his fault than hers; Matthau was bored and resentful in almost all his roles a few years ago.) George Segal did achieve a very pleasing sexual parity with her in *The Owl and the Pussycat* when she calmed down in the second half of the film, and so did newcomer David Selby in *Up the Sandbox!* but, unfortunately, the film was disastrously misconceived and they had only a few scenes together. At her worst she increases the tempo of her lines until the words become gibberish (something she'd never do when singing), and kills her partner's timing by reacting to the next line before he's even said it. But her talent is overwhelming, and if she would only forgo the nonstop attack and relax a bit, she could easily become the leading romantic heroine of the American screen.

Liza Minnelli has a giddy, perverse, almost masochistic vulnerability that makes her fascinating and also a little nerve-racking to watch. Perhaps too jumpy to be sensual, she seems drawn to bizarre sexual roles. In *Charlie Bubbles* she offered herself to a comically indifferent and baffled Albert Finney; staring at her breasts he could hardly conceal his dismay, and as she moved down on his body, her wig fell off and sat on his chest like a giant spider—surely one of the most grotesque love scenes ever played by two major talents. In *The Sterile Cuckoo* she was very affecting as Pookie Adams, the screwed-up, hyperactive teen-ager who overwhelms the conventional college boy played by Wendell Burton, but eventually her self-laceration destroys our interest in the romance. *Cabaret* was her first non-masochistic role, and of course she was marvelous; this conception of the material softens the hard-bitten, sexual-opportunist side of Isherwood's Sally Bowles, gives her some genuine performing talent, and leaves her in full glory on stage at the end, all alone but doing what she wants to do more than anything else. The film thus becomes a bittersweet celebration of show-biz drive, a force that obliterates mere romance.

Perhaps female superstars need to work with a different kind of actor than is now available; the cool, self-effacing style that has been fashionable in leading men for some time simply isn't enough for these prodigies of energy and talent; in picture after picture they propel themselves into orbit, leaving their earthbound men far behind.

WHAT HAPPENED? How can we explain the general dominance of men, the relative exclusion of women, and the eclipse of romance? A few points:

• Violent action-adventure movies continue to be trustworthy at the box office while other genres fail. So as not to slow down the slam-bang stuff, women aren't being written into these movies anymore. In many cases we can accept this exclusion as properly realistic. Would *The French Connection* or *The Godfather* have been better movies with larger roles for women in them? There's no reason to think so.

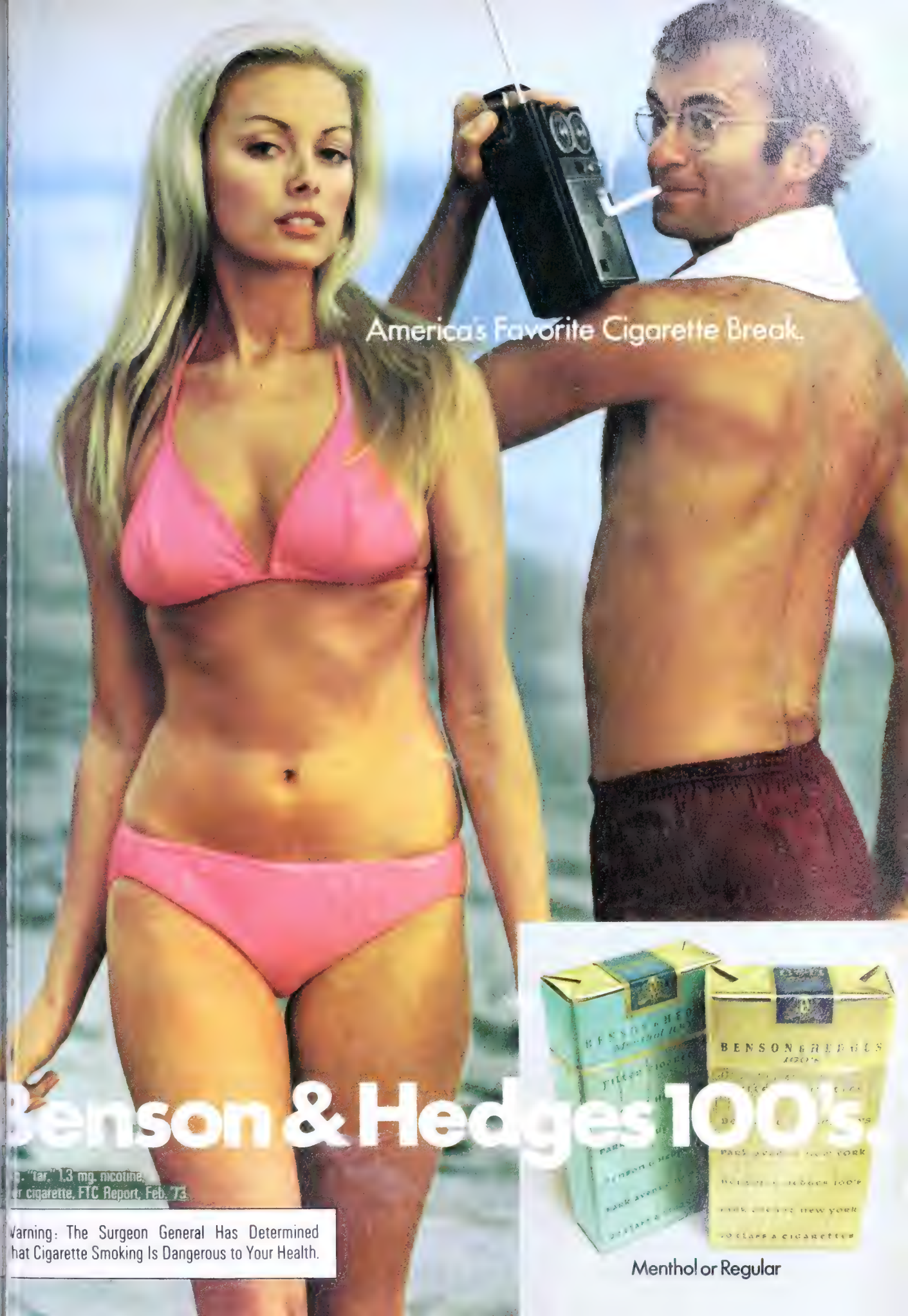
• To a considerable degree popular culture has lost its affirmative character. Television remains goody-goody, but sometime during the Sixties movies caught up to the negative temper of modern literature and began to assume a distaste for conventional relationships and happy endings. Marriage is now seen as a trap or at best a perilous, exhausting compromise; thus the sort of romantic comedy whose actual or implied end is marriage becomes harder to justify, and it becomes more hip to make a film about a disintegrating relationship than about one that works.

• The Sixties, unlike previous decades, did not develop a new style of romance that could be useful in the movies. Grass may be a better aphrodisiac than alcohol but it doesn't do much for conversation; "sensitivity training" probably makes banter seem phony, and sexual liberation doubtless makes it unnecessary, but in American movies romance thrives on jokes, wisecracks, and insults, not on good vibes, "openness," and a willingness to touch. Extreme sensitivity is charming only if you are receiving it or expressing it; as entertainment it's banal and boring.

• Women's liberation has paralyzed the movie companies. In New York and Los Angeles, where movie projects are hatched, relations between the sexes are a battleground on which all previous rules of warfare have been thrown out. What's happening between men and women is now so charged-up, improvisational and bewildering that the movie companies are afraid to touch it. They ask, won't any movie about what's happening be out of date by the time it appears? If we make a film about the sex life in the urban centers and the suburbs, won't it offend the rest of the country, where sexual protocol remains traditional? Of course these chicken-hearted questions like those that kill movie projects at birth.

So far, the movies have responded to women's lib only in oblique ways: instead of contemporary stories, we get two simultaneous versions of Ibsen's *A Doll's House* (with Claire Bloom and Jane Fonda); instead of movies with strong-willed, mature women who know what they want or at least know that they must look for something new, we get movies that respond to the masochistic side of women's-lib writing and portray women as victims. In Frank Perry's *Diary of a Mad Housewife* and *Play It as It Lays* and Otto Preminger's *Such Good Friends* the heroines suffer passively at the hands of boorish husbands and lovers. We are meant to be sympathetic, although many of us probably want to give them a kick: why don't they fight back? Women are also being raped more often and more viciously than ever before, not just in grind-house shlock but in classy movies like *A Clockwork Orange* and *Straw Dogs*. Sometimes it looks as if woman-as-victim is a very useful option to people who want to be high-minded about exploitation.

AMERICAN MOVIES AREN'T MUCH fun anymore, and I suppose if you wanted to be solemn you might say they aren't very healthy either. The violence stuff goes on and on and will probably never end or even slacken off. At the same time there is a trend toward an increasing isolation of the sexes, and that means no comedy, no joy, no lyricism, and no myths that are fun to believe in. Movies like the working-girl comedies of the Thirties or the Astaire-Rogers or Tracy-Hepburn series are remembered so vividly because they made people feel better about their own lives. Our movies don't do that anymore. Sometime in the Sixties we decided we no longer deserved to feel good and romance died.



. "Tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine,
r cigarette, FTC Report, Feb. '73.

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COUNTERSIGNS

ONSERVATIVES v. CONSERVATISM

By a vote of 5 to 4, the Supreme rt has obscured the question of cenity in a ruling that would en- nt Anthony Comstock. It's an- er chapter in the long history of le attempts to legislate morality, the probability that it won't work es it no less foolish.

The porno plague has baffled the rt ever since it ruled in 1957 that First Amendment does not pro- obscenity—thereby plunging the d Justices into distasteful reexam- tion of almost every book, film, l magazine that the lower courts med obscene. Last spring a sensi- compromise seemed possible. To ommodate the changing diversity American erotic tastes, Justice lliam J. Brennan urged his breth- to discard all rules against ob- nity except in instances involving ors and unconsenting adults. Five tices reportedly favored that ap- ach—until Byron White, a Ken- dy appointee, switched to the hard- position of the Court's four Nix- appointees. In effect, White be- ne the sole arbiter of American rals.

As a curious result, local laws may w supersede the Constitution in cenity cases. Under the Court's ic standard, local officials may n any printed or graphic portray- of any sexual behavior that can- lawfully take place in public. The y exceptions, according to Chief tice Burger's majority opinion, works of "serious value"—typified by "medical books for the education of physicians and related personnel [that] necessarily use graphic illustrations and descriptions of human anatomy."

One had thought that conservatives still believed in the therapeutic powers of the free market. But in this instance, as in others, the supposedly conservative Nixon Justices displayed no such faith. They reached their decision at precisely the time when pornographers had begun to pay the price of market saturation—public boredom.

Instead of encouraging that process, the Court has licensed local censors to prevent you from reading or seeing any erotic material, other than medical books, that offends their lowest-common-denominator sensibilities. The logic of this anti-market approach could lead to criminal convictions for the distributors of virtually any form of erotic expression—not just *Deep Throat* and *Screw* magazine, but also the works of Joyce, Nabokov, Mailer, Pynchon, Barth, and Bellow, to say nothing of *Harper's*.

If a minority is now empowered to police the majority's sexual fantasies, as well as its serious literature, we might as well entitle anyone to ban anything he despises. Why not declare Holiday Inns obscene? Why not do away with city dogs, laxative commercials, the New York Knicks, McDonald's hamburgers, *Moneysworth* ads, Uris office buildings, country music, Johnny Carson? If you hate them, no one else can have them. Back to states' rights, duchies and fiefdoms. Minority rules.

The ludicrousness of these notions is exceeded only by that of all previous attempts, such as Prohibition, to suppress the majority's alleged vices. The next step is for organized crime to supply the public's wants at black-market prices. The real smut peddlers doubtless admire the Supreme Court's decision. Certainly it will be good for business. One can only hope that a flood of absurd obscenity convictions will eventually remind the Court that it must expound the Constitution, not local censorship.—R.S.

PLEASURES OF PRESIDENTIAL PARAPLEGIA

Various columnists, led by Stewart Alsop, are making the editorial pages groan with worry that Richard Nixon will become a "paraplegic" President during the remaining three years of his term. A weak President, they lament, will mean no summits, no breakthroughs, no grand initiatives, nor any heroic chess moves to remove us from the slop we are in. Things are already bad—the government is paralyzed; the social ills fester; the President has lost the mysterious part of his diadem that makes bureaucrats cower and reporters take

him seriously. Whatever the eventual outcome of Watergate, the President will be anemic until 1977, and we are invited to shudder collectively at this prospect.

We should decline the invitation. Most columnists exist to make the trivial sound important and to ruminate on the importance of government until it is dull enough to blend in with the editorials. They quake for their jobs when the President does nothing, when there is no reason to cogitate upon the syntax of his speeches. An incapacitated President—like peace or prosperity—is bad for the editorial pages, but not necessarily bad for the country.

The recent months of Nixon's paraplegia have been his proudest time in office. His doings have entertained the entire nation (no small service) with such sparkling copy that the pundits have had little to add. He has provided diversion and humor without inflicting a major program or policy upon the people. While providing sport on the side, he has fulfilled obligations to his conservative constituency by doing very little. This policy is the product of wisdom as well as weakness: Nixon has learned that what he does matters only slightly. If he does nothing about food prices, consumers boycott the supermarkets. If he steps in boldly with a price freeze, farmers destroy their animals.

The blank agenda at the White House comes as welcome relief to anyone who has perceived the drawbacks of an active, popular Nixon. His first major success in the polls came in November 1969, when the President chose to avoid humiliation in Vietnam and to send Agnew spitting after the press. During his most recent popularity peak, he obliterated much of North Vietnam for Christmas and impounded half the budget. Now that his public support is too low for such energetic actions (while still nearly twice as high as Harry Truman's during his worst days), Nixon has contented hi with more indolent pastimes, su thinking up colorful declination f the Ervin committee. Only would ask for more.

Everyone should smile when a servative President is inactive, l ing down foolishness with a low file. Democrats will feel safe, they may even see shades of Eu McCarthy—who promised no take himself too seriously as P dent, to reflect, and even to move of the White House to live like a dinary citizen. For Republic Nixon will never have enough charisma to be an Eisenhower, he can be a Coolidge. He can b up his own legend of ceremo football games, astronauts, and bolic projects that leave well enc alone. And when Watergate gets boring for the front pages, perh he can continue our entertainm by visiting the Antarctic or wri another book about his master crises. —

AS THE WATERGATE TURNS

If the Nielsen ratings can be trusted as reliable barometers of the public opinion, then the Watergate hearings must be judged a theatrical failure. When given a choice of entertainments, the electorate prefers the contrived bigotry of Archie Bunker to the contrived wisdom of Sam Ervin. Some of this preference can be attributed to an instinctive dislike for bad news, most particularly bad news that remains vague and pervasive, as if whatever malevolent djinn has broken loose in Washington hasn't yet decided how far to spread his pestilent smoke. Few people like to be informed of instability in high places. It reminds them of instability in their own lives, but lacks the comfortable resolution of other network soap operas.

Also, the public indifference derives in part from the same drowsiness that contributed to George McGovern's defeat in the last Presidential election. McGovern appeared to embody the reckless idealism associated with the misadventures of the 1960s, and Mr. Nixon appeared to promise a return to somnolence. The desire for a dreamless sleep has been persistent enough to withstand a number of fearful disturbances, among them the incessant bombing of Cambodia. Why rouse oneself from sleep for the sake of a political burglary?

But an even more persuasive reason for the indifference to the disclosures of the Ervin Committee probably has to do with a suspicion that nobody in the Senate caucus room, on no matter which side of the questions, believes in the integrity of his own position. The witnesses speak for the legal record, and the members of the committee talk for the television cameras. Collectively they remain unconvincing because of the disparity between what they say and what they do.

In theory they admire the Constitution and the fragile balance of law that supports the hope of democracy. In practice they admire the fact of power. Even the most sullen of witnesses eventually concedes that he should have known better at the time of his indiscretion, that he should have remembered that the oath of office obliged him to uphold the l Their grudging confessions lack humility of repentance, and t leave the unbecoming impression t if again presented with the sa temptations they would make same miserable choices.

But the demagoguery and politi expedience inherent in the questi asked by members of the commit suggests that those gentlemen h extended their seniority by reason other miserable choices. They habit the same world as the witness a world in which votes trade at quo prices.

The hearings therefore beco depressing because the drama mains both ominous and abstract. is like watching the fever of tr ing from the gallery of the New Yo Stock Exchange. The brokers hag for an advantage apparent only themselves, and nobody knows wh ruin they might inflict on otherw innocent spectators. It is the kind uncertainty that doesn't attract large audience. —L.H.

Morgan

UNNING OUT OF SPACE

utopian vision of California proves to have been a mirage

YEARS AGO THE LATE Joseph Wood rutch sat at his desert home near Tucson liscussed the westward tilt. We could not ire then, but migration across America nearing its climax. A California governor, Brown, was beseeching citizens to ring h bells and blow automobile horns to mark noment when California succeeded New as the most populous state. Like some Cal-ians even then, Krutch was unimpressed. nis pell-mell rush is not accompanied by controlling impulse, by some novelty of ose," he said, "then all we will have is ier East Coast on the West Coast. The still offers a wonderful opportunity for ng a new kind of life, a civilization differ-rom the old one. The real question is, 'Is opportunity going to be muffed?' "

w the answer has become clear. As Joe h feared, and as any student of utopias l have predicted, we botched it. Like pero's "insubstantial pageant," the vision hed:

ur revels now are ended. These our actors,
I foretold you, were all spirits and
e melted into air, into thin air . . .

e swaggering, magniloquent decade since ornia became biggest, no New Jerusalem ppeared on our Western shore. This should y have been surprising, except that the of impending bliss were being solemnized . "Embarrassments befell the image that to become California," says the futurist rt Tschirgi. "California is still here, but mage has departed."

ie image will be missed. Ever since its gold with Bret Harte and Mark Twain on hand ommemorate the riotous scene, the world ooked to California for tall tales. Its peo-olithely obliged, seldom admitting even to iselves that they have been piling excess nature's own overstatement. In a closet I have a two-foot stack of issues of California magazines both living and dead, for some of which I share blame. The euphoria became endemic in the 1960s as the highly paid agents of the big media vied with each other in racing about the state to champion their pet behaviorists, their enlightened industrialists, their golden youth, their renaissance men, their diviners of the new age.

But who can remember now that gravity of promise, all gone weightless, in the Berkeley campus revolt, the nude encounter groups of Big Sur, the mod young millionaires, the communes of Haight-Ashbury, that melee of drugs and rock and surfboards and sex? The Hashbury has crashed, and Esalen has become a pop consumer package. Docile peeps are emitted from the awesome multiversity that Clark Kerr envisioned. Rocketing toward tomorrow, Californians found cracks in their window on the future. This was so recently a blank landscape on which the believer might inscribe whatever he liked, and now he strives to recall what it was he meant to write. After years of excessive expectation, it has come rudely to Californians that even on the far shore they did not have the momentum to glide forever above the rubble of their dreams.

Revolt against growth

THE END OF CALIFORNIA'S AGE of bluster is documented on every side.* With a melancholy loss of innocence, its people now leave troubled Los Angeles County at the rate of

* The most telling statistics apply to the number of births (381,198 in 1961 as opposed to 329,826 in 1971), to the net migration into California (302,000 in 1962 as opposed to 55,000 in 1972), and to the number of people who remain in the same house for a period of five years (5,215,841 in 1960 as opposed to 7,963,954 in 1970).

Neil Morgan is a columnist for the San Diego Evening Tribune. *Ten years ago he wrote* Westward Tilt, *a book then proclaimed as the harbinger of a new and golden age.*

Neil Morgan

RUNNING OUT OF SPACE

100,000 a year. Schools are shut down and plans for new colleges cancelled all over the state. Obsolescence reigns in chambers of commerce; growth is out of vogue and quorums are hard to come by. For the past seventy years California has grown at least twice as rapidly as the nation: now it grows no faster. It is no longer fashionable to proclaim a golden tomorrow in the language of gross product or per capita income, in tonnage per acre or days of sunshine: nobody listens. The California juggernaut has been powered by a technology whose integrity is now suspect. It has mastered desert and rivers and mountains at a time of doubt about the capacity of man to intrude in his environment without destroying it. Even the automobile, the ultimate symbol of California's crazed mobility, is challenged by the threat of fuel rationing to purge the murky air.

Corporate California is on the defensive. Ten years ago some believed the state to be on the threshold of the first mass aristocracy, its economy striding on at the side of technology toward perpetual prosperity. The westward tilt was part climate, part freedom, part dream, part jobs. What remains? Eight years ago the city of Los Angeles opened a Park Avenue office in New York to woo business and industry westward. Amid reports of population decline and potential power shortages in Los Angeles, that office closed early in 1973. It belonged to another era, when Litton and Lockheed and the Rand Corporation knew no embarrassment. It is already clear what the difference is: a deep and deliberate rebellion against years of feverish growth. There is a groundswell of challenge to government and corporate bungling in a wide range of matters that affect the quality of life. A citizens' revolt aims at saving the California that millions went searching for in the move west and helped destroy. There have been other moments when California has slowed, but there is every reason to believe this one is climactically different. The demographics of California deceleration threaten to be as sensational as those when California was on the way up, when 1,000 new citizens crossed the mountains each day. The word is out among the young that California is a place to visit, but not to linger. The new tourism pitch is, "Come but don't stay." Developers are beleaguered by public outcry. Among the major cities, only suburban San Diego and San Jose still gain in population. Californians have been on a materialistic bender that has threatened to put them beyond the most growth-obsessed societies of history. Now it is the morning after.

One trait above all makes California intrigu- : its unique accelerating process, which ap- rs to hasten and magnify both the good and the bad. Trends still surface sooner and swing wider in California. So if California changed directions radically within a decad may be important to the rest of the natio understand what is happening. The trends clear. Zero population growth approaches rate so rapid that demographers doubt t charts. With the virtual halt in migratio California, some sense of community eme within a classically vagrant society that is less, militant, and unawed by an establishr of changing faces. The proprietary concern his setting, rather more than for his societ the mark of this new Californian. This con places the Californian at once in the m stream and at the vanguard of the nati temper. Again the nation may watch Cal nia to see if something novel and radical work (see box on page 67).

The shattered dreams have given way t new dream that seems more attainable. W obsessive energy, Californians take up the ca of their still majestic environment. With creasing signs of maturity, bearing the scar their uproarious past, they seek to use polit and legal means—not high-flown rhetoric achieve their ends.

THEIR NEW OBSESSION TO SALVAGE the of-doors has brought Californians from hind their patio walls and has begun to rev the materialism and ingrown privatism of t life-style. Young and old have marched ou tug at the establishment, so recently commit to eternal growth but now conceding that vironmental concern is no passing fad. Th have been notable victories. U.S. Steel ab dons construction of its waterfront skyscra in San Francisco. Pacific Gas & Electric other utilities agree to build nuclear po plants away from the coast. Local voters le that development may cost more in servi than it returns in revenue and vote increas acquisition funds for parklands. The Sie Club blocks Mineral King, the Disney resort the Sierra Nevada. California Tomorrow st bornly spotlights feeble, ludicrous efforts state planning and finally offers a state plan its own making. Almost a hundred county pervisors, many under pressure from envir mentalists, fail in reelection bids in 1972. T state institutes a solid-waste management boa wild rivers act, and transportation planni Prodded by Californians, the Bureau of La Management moves to halt abuse of des lands. The legislature seeks compromise tween the billion-dollar-a-year timber indus of California and those who insist that pub interest in privately held timberland takes p cedence over private property rights.

Governor Ronald Reagan, sensing the ti opens the door to proposals seeking to sl

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The Spanish sun.
Let it shine on you.



ough vast junk piles of government, the 00 jurisdictions in California that range n mosquito abatement and irrigation dis- ts to the seventy-seven-city clutter of Los geles County. In the most vehement cry so heard in the environmental cause, California ers stun even themselves with a 55 percent jority for a statewide coastal zone conserva- n commission. It is the first comprehensive reline regulation anywhere. Its success or ure carries implications for all coastlines, r which the greater number of the American ple live.

Scenario for land use

HE 1,000-MILE CALIFORNIA COAST is irre- vocably interlocked with the California way life. It is an immense segment of the na- ıal coastline, encompassing about the same ance as that from Boston to Savannah. out sixteen million people live within twen- niles of this coast, along the littoral between coastal mountains and the sea. It is one of most scenic, desirable, crowded, and dis- ed corridors on earth. About 60 percent of s privately owned and was selling, until last vember's balloting, for as much as $4,000 oceanfront foot. There is public access to ut one-fourth of the coast. The rest is fed- lly owned, much of it by the military, with ricted access.

Passage of the initiative shocked big business l labor, the lending industry, and land de- pers, whose political war chest outweighed t of the environmentalists by twenty to one. reated a coastal commission and six regional commissions to rule on development per- s within 1,000 yards of the high-tide line to submit to the 1976 legislature a master n for the California coast from three miles ea to five miles inland. No other state agen- has as much autonomy as this commission, is any other given such broad powers over d use. The commission faces immense prob- s, including how to operate within its $5 lion budget over four years, but it has gone work. Loans have dried up on coastal devel- rs, and real estate prices dropped. At its t meeting the commission voted unanimous- to halt drilling by Occidental Petroleum poration on the Pacific Palisades shoreline. ne vote prompted Armand Hammer, Occi- tal's chairman, to remark, "It is easier to do iness in the Soviet Union than in Pacific isades.") The first steps of the commission e been tottering, and some predict its down- , but, modified and refined, it should suffice. state or federal legislation has previously ne to grips with environmental crisis at so ctive a working level.

The commission is only a blip on the big screen of federal land use control that Gladwin Hill, national environmental correspondent for the *New York Times*, regards as the imperative goal. From his home overlooking the coast, he projects a scenario: "Say that next time the California voters approve an initiative to put the Sierra Nevada into a land use control commission. And then the Great Central Valley, and next the desert. Pretty soon you've got the state, and if you get the commissions to work together you have a state land use control board. But suppose every state finally does as well. Suppose Maine decides to hold 25 percent of its land in forest. Then the voters decide nationally that Maine should be our forest state, and want to leave it 60 percent in forest! In the end a federal land use plan is the only way to avoid chaos."

There does seem to be a tedious trail ahead, and California is only starting. But the accelerative process applies, and if land use controls can be implemented in California they can work nationally.

The coastal initiative was not an isolated mandate. "Local communities are alive with action," says John McCarthy, an environmental attorney who represents a score of citizens' groups. "This state teems with informed people who are rejecting the traditional decision-making processes of our system. They have abandoned the myths that extreme growth is viable, that our resources and capacity are unlimited. We are in a quiet revolution here in California."

"Californians have seldom admitted that they have been piling excess onto nature's own overstatement."

IF IT IS REVOLUTION, McCarthy is among those in command. His expertise is the exploitation of legal processes available to citizens to interfere with unwelcome development. He leads environmentalists in muscle-building exercises. Even before last November's coastal vote, he had won a startling decision in the Mammoth Lakes case, which virtually halted building in much of California for a time and raised cries of recession from developers. At Mammoth Lakes, a ski community in the Sierra Nevada, a developer had begun construction of a line of eight-story apartment buildings in an area of single-family cabins. Andrea Mead Lawrence, a former Olympic gold medalist, led residents in a suit to halt the project. Three lower courts ruled against Friends of Mammoth before McCarthy won a six-to-one verdict from the California Supreme Court. It established for the first time in the United States the concept that citizens may halt any significant private construction that has not received an environmental-impact study. Since few local governments had staff or capability in so new and still nebulous a specialty, many overreacted. Some even halted permits for garage additions and side-

Neil Morgan

RUNNING OUT OF SPACE

walks. Los Angeles issued disclaimers with all building permits, warning developers that they proceeded at their own risk. A bank economist spoke of "a whole new ball game for the housing industry." No state had gone so far.

Even at the local level, where politicians are most vulnerable to pressures for land abuse, voters are forcing halts in growth. Over protests of labor and the construction industry, voters of San Jose, Pleasanton, and Livermore approved measures to halt subdivision development until schools, streets, and sewers are provided. Alameda citizens went to the polls to block bay-fill and high-rise construction projects. Across the Golden Gate from San Francisco, the Marin County water board declared a temporary moratorium on residential water connections.

In Petaluma, a river town north of San Francisco, residents labeled their tranquil setting the "egg basket of the world" until it was discovered by San Franciscans decamping their harassed city. Poultry farms gave way to condominiums. Mayor Helen Putnam, a motherly first-grade teacher, responded by pushing through an ordinance that limits developers to a total of no more than 500 residential units in Petaluma each year.

At Davis, where an agricultural college expanded into a full campus of the Universi California, four of five members of the council are from the university. Mayor nard Skinner, the registrar, was the only cil holdover elected by a liberal coalitio voters last year after a registration drive a students. "People tell me," he says, "that I overnight from being the youngest and liberal member of the council to being the est and most conservative." Yet the resul not been a cleavage within the community as that which followed the election of militants to the Berkeley city council. A member battery of committees is prepari general plan for Davis with strict environ tal controls and a ceiling on growth.

Pete Wilson, the progressive young may San Diego, has presided over down-zonir lower density of 40,000 acres of undevel private property within a year. Voters gave a two-to-one mandate for brakes on gr "The burden of proof in San Diego now the developer," Wilson says. "At the very we have accomplished a fundamental chan attitude. We ask both if a development for itself and what is its cost to the env ment. We insist that land use not be a sep function of government. Most social and p ical problems can be traced to land use



Elihu Bl

s." San Diego voters plunged deeper even their mayor; they overwhelmingly adopted mplistic local proposition that halted all -rise construction along their exquisite t. The ordinance is tied up in the courts deemed vulnerable, but it demonstrated the arousal so common now that even real- e salesmen must cater to it. (DISCOVER S SAN DIEGO COMMUNITY, a develop- advertisement reads. IT'LL BE 42% EMP- WHEN IT'S FULL.)

WHAT ADVENTURE STORY do Californians offer next to the world? Perhaps it is simply that they have tired of the extravagant games, that they have run out of masks, California was once a *divertissement* of- l up in good fun but now the laughter is and the serious business begins.

lusions have been jarred all across Amer- in California, they were part of the creed. n older societies, a sense of the limits of nas begun to pervade. This vagrant society urds and embraces at a reckless rate. It is g so now, at a watershed in its brief his- The putty culture must find shape and bility. There is poignancy to the scene, for ornians have always fancied themselves on verge of utopia. Botching it, they seek an- r chance. Dr. John Holdren, who divides ime at Cal Tech between studies of the ronment and population, senses that the en tinge is gone, the land-of-opportunity le burst. "California is not the place it to be," he says. "If California has taken ead in some national slowdown, that's fine me. The future is not inevitable. If we take time and trouble we can do something t it." California may remain a harbinger ie future, but that future is a complex, in- pendent social structure. "The new dream," Pete Wilson, "is that it hasn't all hap- d here yet, it's happening now, and we can right. People came here from somewhere because California was different. They are ıtful when old mistakes are made again and they are determined to stop them. great question is what the cost will be, will we be willing to pay it? That's still own. But we may learn soon in California. e people are uniquely aroused."

e Krutch would not be dejected by Cal- ia today. The search for utopias has al- been a dreary story. The loss of utopian ns need be no more destructive than the ling of a skin in the act of growth. The West is conquered, its dreams broken, but New West is still to be won; the land is d, and now it must be made into a whole ty. Even as the ruins of dreams are swept , Californians cannot resist new dreams. At last there are millions of California-born who are not hobbled by the excesses and instability of the frontier, with its allegiances "back home" to distant kin and farms, schools, banks, and businesses. California is their birthright. In a sense they are its first generation. There is as much historic precedence for achievement by sons and daughters of migrants as by those who have sailed off for utopia. The energies and innovative skills that brought California from gold camp to superstate in a century have not been dissipated. Disenchantment with the old vision does not dull the rising powers in California; it spurs many of them toward more realistic goals. This quintessentially American state still bears watching. □

"The new California tourist pitch is, 'Come but don't stay.'"

THE GOLD-RUSH SOCIETY

Can the people of a single state actually be so different from other Americans? History suggests that they can be. The forty-niners who came for gold were typically young, male, single, and from the Eastern seaboard. More than half of all Californians in 1850 were in their twenties. Historians trace a line from them to the present, seeing California as the only place where a rush for gold was made to serve as the base for an ever-widening superstructure of society. What we see now in California is the evolution of that gold-rush society. Californians are more prosperous, longer-schooled, and more mobile than the American norm. They have high rates of suicide, divorce, drug addiction, and crime. They remain a young population, much as in the days of the gold rush: the percentage of Californians over sixty-five is below the national level.

Californians buy more household appliances and convenience foods. Their families are smaller. They believe to the verge of fanaticism in birth control and small foreign cars, two articles of faith which must somehow be related. They drink more bourbon, rum, wine, and vodka, but less gin and Scotch than the nation as a whole. They pay, like everyone else, record high taxes, but about half still goes to education. They have a penchant for impermanence. The people with whom they involve themselves seem interchangeable. They make and lose money and friends and love with a casualness that stuns more traditional Americans. They drift between communities of amiable strangers. They find a sense of community with neighbors only on the occasion of accidents, dogfights, wife beatings, fires, flash floods, or earthquakes.

They are the most mobile of Americans, moving in travel and moving their places of residence more often than others. One-fifth of all mobile home parks in America are found in California. Californians tend to buy and sell their homes like cars. They move when they change jobs, when new freeways open, or new tracts offer more houses with electrical kitchens or condominiums with larger rooms. There is a parallel between such extreme mobility and the woes of California society: the low percentage of church affiliation, indifference to metropolitan planning and area government, high rates of divorce, suicide, and crime. The sense of community responsibility is blurred by so fluid a social pattern.

VERSE

VALLEY

by Ken Smith

Pale grass
a long flag
striped once by the river,
the one
wandering blue star
of the heron.

In the light's silence the farmers
crank the old box Ford
full of chickens. The cock croaks,
he has counted his wives,
some are missing,
plucked and stiffening
under the market awning. Nothing else
but a pheasant's stuttering,
a distant bell-sound. I see
in the starry river
the keel mark.

Tightened into the bank's
woody side under the steep
hill's rocky shadow
a Viking boat
is vanishing.

AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS

by Irving Feldman

I.

Check-grabbing in the neon effluvium,
the big spenders hustle from the table.
"I'm fresh out of singles. I'll getcha
later, Joey," they yell at the waiter,
or, "Here, kid, keep the change."
The change the change the change subdivides,
and augments racketing in the chamber
of their unbroken unsinkable twenty,
lifeboat tilting on a depth of measureless
green, where you and you and you
and the waiter yaw in the wake
of the 40-long with sharp lapels
that swaggerdashes out lifting an arm
that shows two inches of white-on-white,
a watchband glinting, a ring with red stone.

II.

The big shots bang down their phones
like guillotines. Buy Marvin!
Sell Harvey!
Headless Harvey!
Paraplegic Marvin!
Gas presses on the stomach.
God, let me belch Harvey, let me
evict Marvin!
The office girls hurry. "Mr. Sam,
Mr. Sam, you didn't take your pill
this morning. You'll kill yourself!"
He sighs. All over the world
the cigars go out again. And a good
man, between mother-daughter-
mistress-wife, reaches the end
of his bicarb.

?AVAN

ɔteven Harvey

llows the design of all living things
·limax
the gentle spiral downward

ıgh layers of Prince William's Forest
the Virginia pines
into the darker hardwoods
/oung trunks vine-twirled
pulled to the ground
e mushrooms
their white bodies just under the forest floor.

;oatsucker disturbed
s
een the creepers
ɜs the stream
into the next woods.
ɔnight from our bright tents
ɔok into the black circle of trees
isten for the low call.

Some lay their heads on boots
and some lay them against the stones
imagining wild horses
tightening flanks
and raising forelegs
in a city of white towers and brass domes
she lifts her mouth
to the crucifix
and a boy wearing a black robe
dances in the empty streets

until dawn. Then the leader
lifting his pack
and cinching the load
calls
and the long line of people and animals stirs again
bringing their various movements
the horses snorting
in the cold air
the men dragging their rifles in the path
to one purpose.



The Quays

William Irwin Thompson

WALKING OUT ON THE UNIVERSITY

And escaping the grip of the old industrial state

A FINE FINISH TO WESTERN civilization shines out on the bright glass buildings of the modern state university. What is hidden in all the historical camouflage of tradition at Oxford or Princeton, and only sensed in fleeting moments of inattention in common rooms and faculty clubs, is brazenly expressed in the office-building architecture of the universities of the post-industrial state. Just a few years ago these great buildings were dedicated with speeches that celebrated a new age of triumphant rationality created by enlightened investment in higher education. To demonstrate the high level of modern society made secure by the new management sciences, governments spent lavish funds on building citadels of progress with wall-to-wall carpets and occasional pieces of art.

Now these same buildings are slums where sullen bodies sprawl upon the floor and pass a joint among themselves. Like Indians on a reservation or the poor in public housing, these students treat their physical surroundings with a contempt for the facile condescension built into the forms of their incarceration. They put out their cigarettes in the carpets, steal the paintings from the walls, and strew their trash everywhere. If the students must study, they cut out the assigned chapter of the book from a copy in the reserve section of the library, or, if the book is naïvely left in the open stacks, they steal it altogether. If that is too much trouble, then they buy a term paper from a company organized for the purpose. With four-track stereo minds, they pile sound on sound and listen to portable TVs while they read; they hold rock concerts in the academic halls, and talk and walk about during the lectures. Navahos speeding across the Arizona mesa in a Ford pickup and slinging beer cans out the windows could not show more contempt for the irrelevance of their traditions than do these denizens of the modern youth reservation.

These are the children of the suburbs, who have been institutionalized in schools all their lives. They almost always obey, but they take out their repressed rebellion in acts of trivial revolt. What the city fathers deny with their buildings, the kids affirm with their trash. Without the courage to drop out or the will to suffer their freedom, the ones who remain institutionalized take a compensatory pride in acts of bourgeois petty thievery and think that in "ping off" a book from the student books they have committed an act of existential mation in the face of the establishment. closed within a tightening space, ecologic and socially, they move through a social culture in which institutions like the school, detention center, and public housing are al a piece. There are no tramp steamers left, foreign legions or Lincoln Brigades. Their venturous brothers and sisters may have str out to see the world of youth culture in c tered jets—to smoke hash in Marrakech, to sh smack in Istanbul, and to drop acid in Katm du—but history has left these obedient c dren behind in an eroticized bureaucracy. A yet they do not make love to one another: t "ball." They no longer take LSD to find face of God; they take coke to intensify t orgasms and downers to make the music la

This is the paradoxical university of students: a Dionysian bureaucracy. The uni sity of the faculty is its mirror image: an A lonian irrationality. All is order and meth ology. As soon as consciousness senses a thr an academic methodology breaks it down i pieces so that the whole problem cannot seen. Utterly engrossed in the details of c mittee work, these specialists could pluck h from the face of terror and never have to l it in the eye. Forced to spend more of their li in committees than in the classroom or libra these teachers are taught how to become "m agers of a learning system." In each commit a crisis comes along regularly to convince professor of his new importance in the wi sphere of public affairs. He no longer noti that the mimeographed material from all committees weighs about fifty pounds. He s cumbs to his responsibilities, but he takes students down with him, for now they too allowed to serve on committees, to become sponsible members of the academic communi

The contemporary university with its soci ized education is, as the founding president York University, Murray Ross, has said, large public corporation." Its purpose, the fore, is to teach people how to live in a lar public corporation, and this can be done as w in a committee as in a classroom. In fact, committees begin to dominate the life of a u

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ity, the atmosphere of the classroom changes
ı one of a teacher with his students to one
committee chairman with a team of con-
ants. The role of an educational bureau-
y is to educate people to bureaucracy, and
can be done as well in a course in humani-
as in business administration. If one con-
the structure, he can afford to allow a lib-
amount of play in the content. The more
alien subjects like mysticism, revolution,
exuality can be brought into the structures
ırricular behavior, the more these structures
e their power over just those areas of ex-
ence that might subvert them.
he call for reform from within thus becomes
ever device to preserve the structure. Re-
ıers fancy that by opening up the curriculum
ıbjects that seem relevant to youth, such as
rty, abortion, or gay liberation, they will
te a healthy university; but all they really
be doing is offering Sociology 100, 101,
The university culture remains the same.

D THE CULTURE WILL REMAIN the same until
the problem is seen as a whole. The prob-
as a whole is that our institutions are no
er in sync with the pattern of human growth
ıgh time. We think that time is a line that
es from bad to better, from poverty to prog-
from ignorance to knowledge, from grade
one to twenty. The point of the line is to de-
velop an identity through a function and then
maintain that function for as "long" as possible.

Before the industrial revolution, children worked with their parents and relatives on the farm. They did not have to be flattered that they were responsible members of the community, for it would never have occurred to anyone to consider them anything else. But when factories began to replace cottage industries, the parents became collectivized in the new institution, and so it was thought only natural that the children should be too. But the younger members of the human species did not take to industrialization so readily; the factory became literally a Procrustean bed, and as the children began to lose eyes and limbs from their encounters with the machines, it became obvious that they did not fit in the factory. And so another institution was created, the public school, and the collectivization of the parents was matched in the collectivization of the children.

The public school in America was more powerful than its counterpart in Great Britain. Since we were a nation of immigrants, the central task of the school was Americanization. Whatever the teacher may have said about the three Rs, she was basically saying: "Your parents have an accent. I don't. If you want to belong to America, you must reject your parents and come to me." Like an apparitional Statue of Liberty,

"There are nc tramp steamers left, no foreign legions or Lincoln Brigades—history has left today's students behind in an eroticized bureaucracy."



the public school teacher held an illusory torch of learning aloft and summoned all the waifs to her side. She took the children away from their parents, just as America took the immigrants away from Europe. In the age of print, when big cities and big books contained what civilization was all about, the system went unchallenged. But by the age of television, the media became a more effective means of Americanization. The educational system that had worked on the Jews or the Irish no longer worked on the blacks: when Jewish teachers in New York tried to take black children away from their parents in exactly the way they had been taken from theirs, they were shocked to encounter a violent affirmation of negritude. The encounter revealed the true power of education: while claiming to be the protector of liberty in a democracy, the educational system had slowly grown into a center for the distribution of tranquilizers and for behavior modification. The system created to put muscle into democracy ended up becoming the closing fingers of the long arm of the state.

When education became big business, it joined the union of big business, and big government. In all large corporations, public or private, the central feature of behavior is obedience to corporate routines. So the lines of desks matched the production line, and time was taken up in progress through grades. From the cradle to the grave, from rags to riches, the new man had to make his way down the line. Of course, it didn't work very well, but then agricultural civilization hadn't worked very well either. It could have gone on for thousands of years, just as agricultural civilization had, but something remarkable happened. Industrial civilization came to an end. Daniel Bell would give one reason, McLuhan another, but whether because of automation or electronic media, students began to revolt and workers began to refuse the "chimpanzee work" of the production line.

All the lines of industrial culture were breaking up; people were "making waves" again. The natural life rhythms of *homo sapiens* were reasserting themselves after two centuries of hibernation in the iron winter of the industrial era. Teenagers began dropping out of school; middle-aged men took dramatic turns into new careers; and housewives walked out of the kitchen with as much religious yearning as the Lord Gautama had when he walked out of the nursery of his sleeping infant.

Homo Ludens and *Homo Faber*

IF ONE STAYS INSIDE A KITCHEN, a school, or a corporation, then what is happening looks terrible and anarchic: all civilization is breaking down. But if one moves to the other side of the social uterine wall, there is sunlight and space in which to breathe and move. In after a few cries of fear, it is all rather wonful. There is more pulse to this new life, ar it moves in alternating waves, that does mean that it lacks an overall sense of direct As creatures begin to take their own tim move *with* life rather than *through* life, we begin to see that there is a new rhythm to way the pageant unfolds itself.

No longer is there a single identity to m the functionary; now instead there are two g within the self that pulse in a cycle alterna between *Homo Ludens*, the being of play, *Homo Faber*, the doer of work. In the first c one experiences a period of creative expansi in the other, a period of consolidation into fc

As one looks at the procession of indivic lives around him, an overall pattern begin emerge. There is the straight line of institutic clock-time going from the nursery to the r sing home, but pulsing under and over it is wave of human life-time. The following out of the alternating waves of life-time should be seen as a literal description but as a mus staff that shows us how the relationships w so that we may learn how to *play*.

AGES ONE TO SEVEN (*Homo Ludens*): In first seven years of life the major project mastering the body and the heart. The cl grows through play with his body and with parents. He *feels* his way toward self-mast through the richly supportive emotional e ronment of the family.

SEVEN TO FOURTEEN (*Homo Faber*): At traditional age of reason a profound cha takes place, as Piaget has confirmed. The cl loses his emotionally based egocentrism and gins to take a more objective interest in world. He moves to the mastery of the m and a delight in the gathering of facts: "H fast can a cheetah run?" "Can a peregrine con fly faster than a cheetah can run?" "W is the tallest mountain in the world?" "Who the most goals in the NHL?"

FOURTEEN TO TWENTY-ONE (*Homo Ludens*): From the ages of seven to fourteen, when th delight in collecting objects and facts, childr should be in school. But by their teens th should be released from school and, in go Maoist fashion, sent out to work and play rural communes. At fourteen the individual gins to experience a new phase of creative pansion; it is what Freud called the period "the return of the repressed." Now the yo must struggle once again to master the bo and the heart, but this time it is the sexua developed body that he must master. Along w the explosions of puberty comes an explosi of new emotions and tenderness. The mode

IF YOU FEEL LOST IN A WINE STORE, HERE'S HOW TO FIND YOURSELF.



The difficult thing about buying wine is that there are so many wines to buy.

On the one hand, we're fortunate that there are so many good wines from which to choose.

On the other, the over 500 different kinds of wine, and the hundreds of different brands of each, domestic and imported, make the task of learning about wine almost impossible. Most people throw up their hands when confronted with so many choices and just grab a bottle because they like the label.

We at Inglenook Vineyards realize it's impossible to make a wine expert of you in one ad. But we can give you some pointers and a basic starting point, so that you'll have a better idea of how to go about buying wine.

TIP NO. 1: START SOMEWHERE.

First off, you need a starting point. You should become thoroughly familiar with four or five wines. Then when you try new wines, you'll have a basis for comparison.

We've arbitrarily listed five wines below which we feel are a good place to start. They're not the final answer, of course, because there is none. But they do represent five totally different, easy to distinguish tastes.

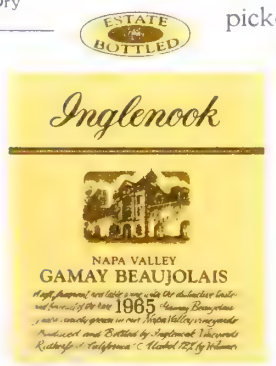
FIVE BASIC TASTES TO START WITH.

Name	Color	Taste
Pinot Chardonnay	White	Dry
Sylvaner Riesling	White	Semi-Dry
Charbono	Red	Dry
Gamay Beaujolais	Red	Semi-Dry
Gamay Rosé	Rosé	Dry

TIP NO. 2: BE HUMBLE.

When you go to buy these wines, don't be afraid to admit you're not the world's foremost expert on wine. There are so many wines, and vintages, and so forth that it's safe to say that *nobody* is the world's foremost expert on wine. So get all the help you can.

There is usually one person in every wine store who knows more than you do—the manager. Get his opinions on vintages, vintners, and the like. But make sure he drinks and enjoys wine regularly himself. If this is the case, you've chosen the right store, and found someone who can save you years of fiddling around in the dark.



TIP NO. 3: READ THE LABEL.

The better wines are generally produced and bottled solely at the winery.

This insures almost total control of a wine's production by the vintner. So look for the words "Produced and Bottled by." In French, these words read, "mis en bouteilles au chateau" and in German the term is "Original Abfullung." Otherwise the wine could have been made in one place, blended in another, and aged in still another.

Even better are the words, "Estate Bottled." This means that the grapes were grown under control of the vintner and in the vicinity of the vintner's chateau or estate. Only a few American wines bear this marking, and finding one in a wine store is a good way to find yourself.

Which leads us to Inglenook.

TIP NO. 4: SPEND MONEY.

Unfortunately, the age old saying "you get what you pay for" is generally true when it comes to wine.

Meticulous tending of grapes and vines costs money, vintaging costs more money, and estate bottling costs even more.

And even though we all know someone who picked up a bottle of 99¢ imported wine and raved about it for years, you have to write it off to chance. For it just isn't possible to consistently produce great wine at a low cost.

Inglenook Estate Bottled wine is the most expensive wine made in America.

It comes from the Napa Valley, it's all vintage dated, and it's all produced and bottled by us.

So the next time you get that old lost feeling when buying wine, let Inglenook be your guide.

INGLENOOK

Not just for profit, but for reputation.

This ad is one of a series. If you'd like copies of other ads, send your name and address to Inglenook Vineyards, Box 527, Dept. C, San Francisco, CA 9[illegible]

being shifts from the apparent toughness of the fact-gatherer to a softer and more "feely" approach to all ideas. To try to contain people in schools at this stage of life is to do violence to their whole nature. They need to grow and develop through emotional and physical activities, not through sitting in libraries trying to understand the passionate abstractions of older people. In a clumsy recognition of this phase, high schools and colleges were often excuses for having football teams. But in the old aggressive and competitive industrial culture, there was never a full recognition of the qualities of adolescence. Adolescents need to grow through sexual discovery, emotional bonding, music, poetry, work, dance—in short, through play in the truest cultural sense of the word. If human beings are kept in schools during this stage, they will simply convert them into nurseries of show-and-tell. Asked for intellectual papers, they will simply turn in collages, finger paintings, or seven blank pages as a Zen statement. Compressed into a space that forces them to explode, they need to be given an open space that allows them to explore.

TWENTY-ONE TO TWENTY-EIGHT (*Homo Faber*): After a period of physical and emotional growth through feeling, one begins to surfeit on "feely" approaches to ideas and begins to hunger for what Yeats called "the mastery of what is difficult." University teachers readily admit that the best students are those who have dropped out and later returned to college. I first noticed this difference when I had students of different ages in a small seminar. The younger students couldn't care less about Yeats as Yeats; they looked upon the poems as Rorschachs for their own inner workings. The older students were impatient with the younger ones. They were tired of looking into a mirror and wanted to break out of the closet of their own emotions; they wanted to learn how to read a difficult text and see what Yeats had in mind.

There is no question in my mind that well over half the problems of our universities would be solved if we adjusted them to the right age group, allowed people to come in at various levels, and opened them up to become resource centers like public libraries. If people were allowed to have a natural growth from fourteen to twenty-one, then they would not have to endure a delayed adolescence at twenty-four. Students who have gone directly from high school to college are inevitably in a state of emotional frustration. If they have gone to graduate school straight after college, then they are in a state of suspended rage from the suppression of their human natures.

If people were given a full and rich period of development from fourteen to twenty-one, by twenty-one they would be hungry to follow that period of creative expansion with a perio of consolidation into form. They would the be ready for the civilized rigors of universit o professional school and could respect and fo w traditions without trying to pervert them t caricatures of learning. In a healthy cul e people could proceed smoothly from B.A to Ph.D., LL.D., or M.D. in the period from t n ty-one to twenty-eight.

TWENTY-EIGHT TO THIRTY-FIVE (*Homo Lude*): After a period of training and work comes re joy of the performance of one's skill in a pr s sion. In this period of life, one integrates t tery of body, mind, and heart into a new u of being. The age of thirty-five is the divi g line for what Jungians distinguish as the and second halves of life. The first half is period of self-formation; the second the pe of self-realization. The period from twenty-e to thirty-five is the age of the career. Here *is* a lawyer, doctor, teacher, or businessman

For a woman the pattern is, of course, ferent, depending on when or if she choose bear children. For those women who so cho the fourteen-year period from twenty-one to t ty-five would be the most likely time. In a p institutional culture, the universities and pro sional schools would be open. Now they quite closed and will only take the young apply directly after college. Many law and m ical schools, for example, insolently refuse take part-time students because they might the club by filling it up with "housewives." healthy culture, however, fathers could go to versity along with mothers, and each could h the other in balancing classes and child c Or, in a different pattern, women could s home while their children are young and t return to school or work at a later stage.

THIRTY-FIVE TO FORTY-NINE (*Homo Faber*): the second half of life, when the period of formation of the self has resulted in the achie ment of a unity of body, mind, and heart, alternating seven-year cycle lengthens to fo teen years. After the seven-year performa of one's career, a new restlessness begins to pear in middle life. For many individuals t restlessness will result in a dramatic shift t new and different career. Businessmen will come teachers; housewives will go off to l school or decide to get Ph.D.s. Most peop however, are still mentally living in an industr culture, and so they have difficulty identifyi the source of their restlessness because they f at their established age there should be no r son for it. Unable to find the source, they of make only subtle shifts. Realizing that they becoming tired of laboratory science or cla room teaching, they may shift into administ tion (a field much more suited to *Homo Fab*

n *Homo Ludens*) without admitting to themes that they are no longer really scientists eachers.

n business this restlessness may come at the nt of satisfying long-standing ambitions: afone has the right car, the right house, the it job, he begins to wonder if this is what it all about. At its best, this stage of life is so much the joyous performance of one's l, but the stage of responsibility, of mastery nstitutions, of leadership. This is the time :n one builds the structures in which others joyously perform their skills. It is the time he dean, the administrator, the politician. It ie age of power, when the individual comes the fullness of his own powers.

TY-NINE TO SIXTY-THREE (*Homo Ludens*): power is not meant to last forever. If one become locked into power in the previous ge, then this phase of life comes to deliver n from that prison. For those who have ressed too much of their physical and emoual natures, this stage is often a painful conntation with aging and death. Often a very heart attack arrives to remind the powerman that he has killed his heart and it threatto return the favor. There is once again a to master the body and the emotions. For ple at this stage of life, the Esalen techniques Gestalt and encounter can be effective forms leliverance. Or the threat of death may bring a religious awakening, and the individual pull back from the public exercise of powonto a new concern for the self.

This concern for the self could become a morand depressive state in which the individual s touch with life, but in the natural scheme hings this period is also the time of grandenthood. And so the individual is brought k in touch with life and returns to the heart the body in a religious association with the tinuity of human time through the generais. The phase thus becomes a period of cre-e expansion, of broadening horizons and outks beyond the drive for power. Out of the frontation with aging and death a fuller and per humanity can emerge. Man can see the of life and once again become Man the yer. When such an individual returns to the ditions of the mind and social institutions, brings to them a new spiritual force. At this ge of life, as *Homo Ludens*, with comedy in eye and tragedy in the other, the person is dy to be entrusted with the custodianship of institutions themselves. He is ready to be judge, the president of a university, corpon, or nation.

TY-THREE TO SEVENTY-SEVEN (*Homo Sapi*): In the concluding stage of life, man is her singly *Homo Ludens* nor *Homo Faber*; he is the sage, Utnapishtim, the survivor of catastrophes, the old man of the mountains to whom the great and powerful king of Erech, Gilgamesh, goes in search of wisdom and freedom from the terror of death. The sage expresses the wisdom and authority of the human race as opposed to the skill and power of those who happen to be ruling at the moment. The end of life is a meditation on one's *karma*, a contemplation on all that has gone before. This contemplative mode of being is neither work nor play, and thus those who see old age as the absence of work and therefore the presence of play greatly mistake it. People who think that the end of life is play, retirement, and a return to *Homo Ludens* do not recognize how most people hate retirement and compensatorily hold on to objects and facts for all that they are worth. Old people are supremely the people of opinions, and it is not important whether the opinions are right or wrong, for they are old enough to know how complicated everything is; rather, it is important that opinions are held, for in holding on to them one holds on to life.

"Once the ruling class disguised naked power in the civilized vestments of the Anglican Church; the ruling class has now changed those vestments to doctoral robes from Harvard."

Changing hierarchies

AN UNDERSTANDING OF THE CYCLES of life helps us to see that there is a dynamic quality not met by our linear institutions. In industrial society, our institutions do not work for teenagers, women, and old people; they work only for people who are concerned with power and making money. Our institutions demand that people do not make waves, that they stand in line and wait—wait for promotions, raises, and degrees. The image of the production line dominates all our institutions, cultural and economic. But now that the industrial revolution has reached its limit, a cultural revolution is taking place and the priorities of life are being set on the scale against GNPs and Ph.Ds.

This revolution is one in which the energy of culture shifts from institutions to the outside environment. Religion moves out of churches, education out of schools, business out of factories, and politics out of the party system. Through the impact of new informational technology like cable television, there is a return to the New England town meeting, and candidates begin to run for Congress on purely local issues and concerns without ever having to be *machers* in the Republican or Democratic party. Naturally, this release of energy from institutions to the entire environment seems like an explosion to people on the inside. Failing to understand these positive releases of human potential, they try to block and impede them.

The most immediate attempt to block the cultural transformation is management's effort to maintain industrial values and procedures

through its institutional power in business, government, and the universities. In the industrial revolution, culture surrounded nature and made it into a content in its larger structure. During the great exhibition of 1851 in London, a controversy over cutting down the trees in Hyde Park was resolved by building the wrought-iron and glass Crystal Palace around them. Now, in post-industrial culture, management is trying to surround human culture to make it into a content of its larger structure, and that is what the education business is really all about.

Once *laissez-faire* provided the ideological apology for industrial development; now the behavioral sciences are trying to provide an apology for the management of a technological society. As government moves away from representative democracy to executive management, so the university moves away from a critical to a consulting role. The power of government and the authority of education are collapsed together in a single ideology called "the sciences of human management." And just as once there was no appeal to the power of the Church without risking damnation, so now there is no appeal to the power of science without risking a charge of irrationality or insanity. Of course, the behavioral sciences are not really scientific, any more than the established church in nineteenth-century England was really holy. Once, it was useful to the ruling class to have its younger sons in the Church, for this lent an air of respectability to its rule and clothed naked power in the civilized vestments of the Anglican Church. We no longer respect these vestments, so the ruling class has changed them to doctoral robes from Harvard. With its Bundys, Moynihans, and Kissingers, Harvard has become the Canterbury Cathedral of the established church of post-industrial society.

This forced marriage of authority and power is an unhealthy thing for the republic. In the nineteenth century, the scholar had no power, and only the robber-baron capitalism of a Jay Gould could have the ear of a President. In *The Education of Henry Adams*, Adams describes his attempts to take up residence in Grant's Washington in the hope of securing an appointment. But in a Washington as corrupt as Grant's the services of a Henry Adams were not needed. At that time American culture had more dimensions than the political one, and a timely invitation from President Charles Eliot returned Adams to Cambridge and a professorship at Harvard. In the nineteenth century, Harvard, the inheritor of the Puritan ethic, was the center of American intellectual and moral authority: Washington was the capital of power, but the distance between them expressed the healthy distance between authority and power.

Nineteenth-century Harvard could function as a refuge for the fuller values of a healthy culture. There the scholar could complain no one listened to him, but out of his isol he could create the works that go to mak a civilization. Unfortunately, the scholar not happy in his isolation; he fancied th only he had a voice in power, the country w begin to move into a golden age. Now, ha lived through a golden age in which the and the brightest sat at the father's right h we can see how disastrous it is to turn Har into a stopover on the way to Washington.

BIG BUSINESS AND BIG GOVERNMENT been joined by big foundations and big ucation. Culture has collapsed into society, society has been compressed into the very row range of Republican-Democratic poli The university, dependent upon governr support, has become the major center of tribution for the new ideology of human r agement. But with its success has come de failure. Just as in the nineteenth century university took authority away from the Chu so now the new culture is beginning to t authority away from the university. To be s the university will not disappear, just as Church did not disappear; but as the Chu was to the Berkeleys and Harvards of the Fif and Sixties, so will the Berkeleys and Harv be to the new cultural centers of the Seven and Eighties.

To understand the failure of the modern versity, one must understand the failure of cial science to provide a secular ideology str enough and culturally deep enough to supp the growth of a planetary civilization. Al could do was bring Indian intellectuals to Center for Advanced Study in the Behavio Sciences in Palo Alto and teach them how drink Scotch. Even then, it did not always wo for some of the brighter ones began to real that American social science, so lavishly s ported by the Ford Foundation, was sim ideological camouflage for the spread of world-view congenial to the growth of Americ based multinational corporations. The failure the modern university is thus intimately link with the failure of social science.

The university was first a village, and th in the days of Oxford and Cambridge, it beca a town; in the era of Harvard and Berkeley, became a city-state. Now, through the Kissinge and Skinners of Harvard, the tiny city-sta like an ancient Rome, is growing to become t new empire of behavioral civilization. Becau history is part of the humanities, it has no pla in "value-free" social science: and so what missing in the grand imperial vision is a hi torical memory and a tragic sense that a so ety that seeks to live like an empire will d like one.

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George Plimpton

THE PONY WARS OF BLOOMFIELD HILLS

In which Alex Karras of the Detroit Lions vainly tries to lead eleven pacific lambs to slaughter

A FEW AUTUMNS AGO, ALEX KARRAS, then the ferocious Detroit Lions tackle, was swept by a sense of civic responsibility that somewhat startled those who knew him. He had become a head coach in the Bloomfield Hills Pony League, which consisted of teams named after National Football League franchises—the Forty-Niners, the Rams, the Raiders, the Vikings, and so forth—and was restricted to youngsters aged nine and ten. Originally, he was asked to coach in a league composed of even younger kids—the Bee League, in which seven- and eight-year-olds played—but Karras felt there was "too much crying down there for me to take on the job."

His team was the Bloomfield Hills Jets. His second son, Alex Jr., played on it, and so did the boys of a couple of his Lions teammates—one of John Gordy's two sons, and Joe Schmidt's son, Billy. It was an oddly frustrating experience for Karras. The Pony League teams played each other on Friday afternoons or weekends, which meant that Karras, involved in his own turbulent football wars, was often away when his charges had their games. He did the best he could. As soon as his own game was over, walking off the field at Kezar Stadium, say, with the seagulls from the bay beginning to land and waddle among the empty rows of seats to pick among the refuse left by the crowd, Karras would hurry down the ramp to the locker room, lobbing his helmet into his cubicle, and reach for the locker-room phone to call home.

"Hey, Alex, that you? How'd the Jets do? You *lost*! To the Chargers? What happened? Six fumbles!" And he would sit and listen to his son's explanations, his face torn with despair even though around him his own teammates were shouting and carrying on about their victory over the Forty-Niners, and some fifteen minutes before he himself had been scuttling around in a real-life adult backfield, lunging for the quarterback with self-satisfying success.

That fall, I went out to Detroit to watch the Lions play a few of their Sunday home games, and on one occasion I arrived a few days e in the hope of watching Karras's Bloom Hills Jets in action. Karras gave me direct and in the late afternoon I drove out to the h school grounds, where the Jets were g through their last drills before playing Bloomfield Hills Vikings the next day.

I stood on the sidelines and watched. Ka wearing his golf hat, reared above his team a derrick. Somewhat to my surprise he working with the offensive team. Another c pensation, I thought. At the other end of field his assistant coach was working with defense.

Almost immediately I could see that t were a number of distinctive characteris about a Karras-coached team. After a through of each offensive play, the Jets ce was required to form the huddle by statio himself at the proper eight- or nine-yard dista behind the line of scrimmage, raising his aloft so it could be seen, and shouting at top of his lungs "Hud-*dle*!"—apparently an tempt to avoid the general milling around a the completion of a play and to get the play grouped quickly around their quarterback was a cry one could hear across a couple fields, as echoing and forlorn as a loon's, an indicated to anyone in the vicinity who follo Pony League activity that Karras was at w with his team.

Almost all the players looked like choir bo an appearance that was not belied by th wearing the accoutrements of football warfa they stared out from beneath the rims of th helmets with enormous gentle eyes, and th high voices, clear as whistles, were as unfe cious as birdcalls in the evening. All of th were required to wear plastic mouth guar which were attached to their helmets, and wh they set them in their mouths, they seemed have regressed en masse to the use of pacifie Some of them, of course, did not like what th were doing at all. After every play involvi



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ct, an inevitable grasping at imaginary
ds would occur, usually at the elbow or
or a sudden limp would devastate a
r, and he would come hobbling up to Kar-
id say as follows:
r . . . "
iffer, what the hell's wrong? You're carry-
i like a little girl. No one even hit you. Go
ck."
essir."

RRAS WAS NOT ONLY TOUGH on his charges,
ut predictably he was not above keeping
am on edge with his own brand of need-
At one point, his quarterback, a youngster
d Reardon, complained after an unsuc-
il pass that he could not see his intended
er. "Mr. Karras, I can't see Brookmier.
too small."
rras blew his whistle to stop practice.
okmier," he called out. A helmet atop a
boy turned. "Brookmier, your quarter-
can't see you. *Grow*!"
another occasion, toward the end of prac-
Karras called out, "I want the pass return
over here. Quick!"
e youngsters milled about uncertainly.
want the eleven people who are on the
return team over *here*. You all know who
re."
group began to form around him.
Well, it's about time," Karras said. "Our
il teams must have pride. Okay. Let's hear
the pass return team."
ay!" they cheered.
What is the best of the special teams?"
he pass return team!"
re you proud to be on the pass return
?"
essir!"
Well, you dummies," said Karras. "There
such thing as a pass return team." The
gsters looked at him, betrayed, eyes solemn
arge in the shadows of their helmets. Kar-
ook his head. "Dummies!"
ll right," he called. "Everyone gather
l." The entire squad moved in around the
n "pass return" team. Karras stood in the
e, towering above them.
ll right," he said. "That's enough practice
day. But first I have some questions. Who
e playing tomorrow?"
he Vikings!"
nce again."
he Vikings!" they all shouted in unison.
Who are a bunch of turkeys?"
he Vikings!"
Who are we going to slaughter?"
he Vikings!"
ismissed," said Karras.
watched them troop off toward the side-

lines. A few mothers were standing there in the gathering darkness. Back in the high-school parking lot other mothers waited in their cars, the headlights on, and the youngsters moved reluctantly, as if each of them was loath to conclude his turn at aping adult savagery by going to his mother, perhaps (the ultimate indignity) to be clasped briefly and asked if he was "all right" before being driven home, holding his helmet in his lap, in the family Chevrolet.

Karras, his son, and I walked toward his car. "I'm wrung out—psyching my team up," he said. "There's nothing left for *me*. I'm playing against Green Bay on Sunday. What sort of a game am I going to have against them! Jesus!"

"What sort of personnel have you got on the Bloomfield Jets?" I asked as we got in the car and headed for home. "Certainly you've got a lot of football heritage," I added, thinking of his son and Gordy's and Joe Schmidt's.



George Plimpton

THE PONY WARS OF BLOOMFIELD HILLS

"They're okay, those kids," Karras said. "But then the squad is very weak with the reserves. Wait until you see them in action tomorrow. The rule is they all have to play. Did you see this one kid called Puffer? Puffer is about one foot tall and he's all voice. If Puffer could play the game he talks, no one else would walk out on the field. They'd all go home and hide in their basements. He wears number one. He's the single worst football player I've ever seen. I don't think he's made contact with anyone this year."

"What position does he play?" I asked.

"I think he plays somewhere in the line," Karras said. "It's hard to tell because he runs away from the guy carrying the ball. He doesn't want to get involved. He wears glasses. He's very bright. He's going to be Secretary of Commerce one day. Puffer," he said. "That's truly his name. When I was playing football at his age, the kids had names like Slivovitz and McTawney and Bragodnic, really tough Polack and Irish and Eyetie names, and they had nicknames like Turk and Hammer and Jughead, and some of them had already lost their front teeth.

"Puffer," he said in despair.

Mister Stump's bacon

WITH THE BIG GAME in the Pony League coming up, the Karras household went to bed early. When I came back the next afternoon, driving through a slight rain, I found the house full of tension. Alex Jr. stood in the hall, fully dressed in his football paraphernalia and wearing his helmet. His father was pacing through the rooms. To ease things, his wife, Joanie, chatted lightly with me. "The kids certainly have their ups and downs. One time young Alex came up to me and said, 'Mom, I have a bad shoulder. Do I have to go to practice?' I said, 'Put on your uniform, Alex. Think of your father. He played five games with two torn cartilages.' Well, you know what young Alex answered? He said, 'Yes, but he had Novocain.'"

On the way to the game, Alex Jr. sat in the backseat of the car.

"Are you going to give us a big pep talk, Dad?" he asked.

"Why, what's wrong? Didn't you like the one I gave last week?" Karras turned labo from the wheel, maneuvering his big sho around so he could glance briefly at his s

Young Alex was noncommital. He was l out the window at the passing scenery. turned back. "Mr. Stump usually gives t talk," he said.

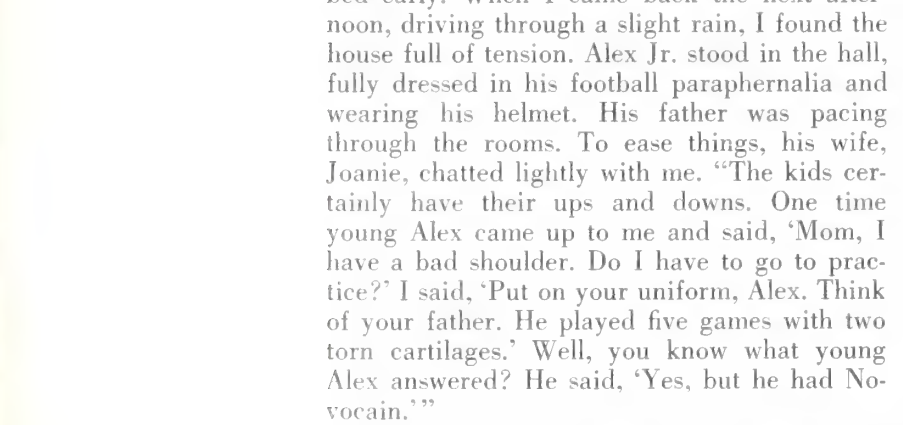
"Who's Mr. Stump?" I asked.

"He's the defensive coach. His first n Dick, but I call him Mr. Stump. I give 'Mistah Stump!'" Karras cried out the na the car like a sea captain calling for his swain's mate. "Mistah *Stump*! Sometimes I Mr. Stump is putting everybody on wit pep talks." He shook his head. "Wait'll yo him. Couple of years back *I* gave a pep ta fore my old school. At Iowa. They ha worst team that year. I went back for a coming and they asked me to come into the er room before the game and talk to the So I wondered: Shall I give them a real W for-the Gipper sob talk, or shall I give th big long Vince Lombardi scream and over a few lockers and act like a goril went in there and gave them neither o looked at my feet a lot. I mumbled a few t What I remember is that there was a black right in front of me—Levi Williams, hell good tight end—and while I talked he ha the biggest grin, like I was telling him the niest thing in the world, some great honky that really grabbed his ass. I couldn't figure So the team went out on the field and they beat something awful. Real horror. This f Williams came up after the game and he this same tremendous grin on his face—and man, he'd really been *laced* out there on field. Iowa was beat about 40-0. I said, man, you all right?' He told me that he l what I said in my pep talk. I said, 'Hell, you got beat 40-0.' He said, 'Hell, man you give that talk and maybe we get beat 80-0. was one grand man, let me tell you."

WE REACHED THE PLAYING FIELD. It overcast and threatened rain. Karras out of the car and looked up. He had left rain gear at home and was wearing the hat that read "Jewish Open" and brightly ished cowboy boots. Alex Jr. stood beside and looked across the field at the Viki "They're all big," he said.

Karras collected the team on the high-sc gym steps for his pep talk. "Mister Stump? you have a few words for us?" he asked.

His assistant coach stood up. He was a man, wearing a trench coat, and he had a C in one hand. Just as he was about to begin, discovered a strand of hair on his tongue, wh he picked at briefly before addressing the te as follows:





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George Plimpton

THE PONY WARS OF BLOOMFIELD HILLS

"Men," he said. "We're going to win this one . . . and win it big. I don't want crumbs. I'm not interested in crumbs. *You're* not interested in crumbs. Sure's shootin' *I'm* not. I want the whole slab of bacon." He took a swig of his Coca-Cola. "I want you to hit them out there. We want blood, sweat, and tears and a *lot* of it. Otherwise you can go home. This game isn't milk and cookies. Nosiree. It's blood and *guts*." He sat down.

"Thank you, Mister Stump," said Karras. He rose for his own pep talk.

"Boys, I'm tired of losing. Are you?"

"Yes!"

"Now the team we're playing—the Vikings—has lost three games this season. After we're through with them this afternoon, how many games will they have lost?"

Everyone shouted: "Four!"

"I want this one. Do you?"

"Yes!!"

"Now, tomorrow's Halloween. I don't want anybody thinking about Halloween. I want you to think about winning and hitting the other guy and bringing home the bacon. Right?"

"Right!" they all yelled.

A mother appeared at the bottom of the gym steps. "Mr. Karras, can you make sure that Bryant gets home right after the game?" The boys, presumably including the one called Bryant, studiously avoided looking at her.

"Yes, ma'am," said Karras. "He's going to bring home a whole slab of bacon. Isn't he, Mister Stump?"

"Right on," said Mr. Stump.

"No crumbs."

"No sir," said Mr. Stump.

The mother, puzzled but apparently placated, smiled tentatively and turned back for the school parking lot. On the way she passed a latecomer, hurrying up wearing his helmet, his mouthpiece inserted. He wore a big number one.

"It's Puffer," said Karras. "Boy, are we glad to see you."

Puffer rushed up. He removed his mouthpiece. "Did I miss anything?" He had a clear, bright voice.

"You missed Mistah Stump's pep talk. And mine," said Karras.

Red with blood



THE BOYS BEGAN MILLING AROUND. There were only a few minutes to go. They began aping their elders' pre-game ritual—boxing each other on the shoulder pads. Puffer stood off to the side. I watched him—a small vigorous figure with a pale intelligent face and a spotless uniform. "I don't think he's ever been on the ground," Karras had said of him. Puffer chattered away. "Puffer's here," I heard him whisper to himself. "They'll tremble in their b[oots] when they hear that Puffer's here." He loo[ked] across the field at the Vikings. "They're no[t] big," he said. "Puffer's going to stomp them [and] ring their bells."

"Mr. Karras," he said, tugging at his coa[ch's] sleeve and looking up. "Their shirts are g[oing] to run *red with blood* when Puffer gets ahol[d of] them."

"Yes, yes, Puffer," his coach replied, [his] mind on other matters.

"Mr. Karras, their brains are cooking w[ith] the awfullest fear."

"Puffer, sit down and calm yourself."

"Mr. Karras, when I tackle them, I'm go[ing] to put their light bulbs out."

"Sure, Puffer. Now just don't burn your[self] up thinking about it. Save yourself."

Puffer sat down on the gym steps, his ha[ds] in his lap. Across the field the referees' whis[tles] began to shrill—arms waving the Jets on. [The] players were suddenly quiet. They trotted acr[oss] to their bench. Their captain, the middle li[n]backer, a youngster named Simon, chugged [out] under his oversized helmet to the center of [the] field for the coin toss. Karras had instruc[ted] him what to do.

"He's a good player," Karras said to me. [We] were standing in front of the bench. "He's th[ree] feet tall and he weighs thirty-three pounds, [but] he sticks like a burr."

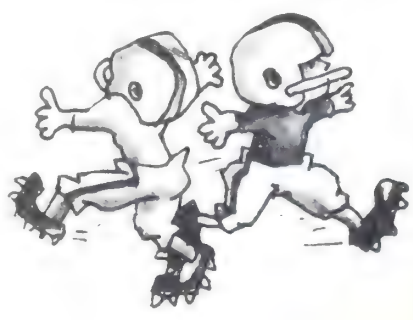
We watched as the team apparently lost [the] toss. The referee made the signal by extend[ing] his leg that the Jets were to kick off, and th[en] turning and catching an imaginary ball, he [in]dicated that the Vikings were to receive. [But] when Simon came trotting back to the ben[ch] he allowed that he had actually *won* the toss.

"Wha? Wha? Well, then why the hell are [we] kicking *off*?" cried Karras. He looked betra[yed] under his golfing cap.

"It's psy . . . psy . . . " Simon stuttered.

"Are you trying to tell me there was a p[sy]*chological* reason!" Karras exclaimed. "Je[sus] Sweet Christ!"

Before he could hear more, Simon turned a[nd] scampered out to his team, drawn up in a li[ne] and waiting for him to kick off. At the refere[e's] whistle he ran forward, and perhaps frantic [with] his anguish at having made what his coa[ch] thought was a tactical error, he sent a wobb[ler]



own to the ten-yard line, where it bounced
uded some potential receivers who looked
ı and not especially anxious to fool with
l finally the most nerveless of them picked
football and ran up to the twenty-three.
was one of the tacklers.

ll," Karras said, looking pleased. "Noth-
ong with that. Shows what a heady team
can do."

Vikings moved for a few first downs,
en kicked eighteen or twenty yards, and
s offense took over.

ras sent in the offensive plays himself,
ng them in, and he told me it would have
him the greatest sense of power if they
urned out to be what he expected. He
instruct his quarterback (he used two
rbacks in his system) to call "the power
'go,' " pat him on the back as he ran out
e next play, and stand peering forward
h his big spectacles in expectation of see-
s orders translated into a recognizable
al facsimile. Instead, the play itself would
ute and heave, with a fumble probably
ed, and when the quarterback arrived
n the sidelines, Karras would ask, "Now,
it, what in God's name was *that*?"

ı, sir," the quarterback said. "They're
g us and *everything*!"

second time the Jets got possession of
ıll, they did better. They made a first
but then stalled on the fourth down with
rds to go. The situation, since the team
ı its own thirty-five-yard line, seemed to
r a kick. Karras sent in an end-around
'I don't believe in punting," he told me.
e people can kick the ball just about
yards. Only the very suave coaches call
unt. The Viking coach punts. The Viking
is very suave."

tactic worked; the end-around went for
yards—supported with high-pitched yells
he bench—and the Jets had a drive going.
every play the Jets center raised his
ke yell of "Hud-*dle*!" the Karras trade-
that called the team together after a
and after one last distant "Hud-*dle*!"
at the far end of the field, we saw the Jets
s run a short plunge and begin leaping up
wn, and we knew they had scored. All of
ts began slapping each other's palms as
otted back toward the bench—a massive
on of the familiar ritual practiced by
lders. The try for the extra point failed,
ere was still general jubilation.

mme, Mistah Stump!" cried Karras,
we got ourselves some champions?"

Stump's face was glistening happily in
in.

Vikings, however, received the kickoff
gan marching steadily for the Jet goal
Ir. Stump, seeing his defensive charges
wilt before the Viking onrush, was beside himself with torment. He took off not only his trench coat, but his suit coat. He wore in the considerable chill and rain a sleveless white shirt and a black string tie, looped loosely from his neck from nervous tugging.

"Come on, Jets! You have to have guts to play this game!" he cried. He leaned over the border of the sidelines, jackknifed, as if he were poised on the edge of a swimming pool. "Oh, no! Make him go inside of you." He turned away and strode frantically in front of the bench.

"Mistah Stump!" cried Karras. "What is transpiring?"

Stump shouted at Karras. "What do you do? You ask them to move just a little bit to the outside, maybe a step or so, and they shift twelve *yards*." He turned back to the game. "Plug up those holes. No more *flinching*, dammit!"

His cries were to no avail. The Vikings scored on an end run. Their extra-point try failed as well, and the score was tied 6-6.



"I don't believe in punting," Karras told me. "Only the very suave coaches call for a punt. The Viking coach punts. The Viking coach is very suave."

Puffer's light bulbs

THE SECOND HALF BEGAN. The teams started to slip in the mud. I was hoping to make some notes about the Detroit Lions' progeny playing in the game—Bill Schmidt, the Gordy boy, and young Karras, to catch if they reflected their famous parents on the field, if one could tell from the boys' mannerisms, the hunching of shoulder pads under a jersey, or the position of the hands on defense, or down in their stances, that a Gordy was out there, or a Karras, or a Schmidt. It turned out to be impossible to tell, not only because of the mud and gloom, but because the boys' frames, at nine or ten, were thin as ropes and bore so little resemblance to the quick heft their fathers carried around. As Karras said of them, "They get into positions like snakes."

The teams churned back and forth, neither scoring. Behind the Jet bench a few girls stood watching the game, shifting their weight from



George Plimpton

THE PONY WARS OF BLOOMFIELD HILLS



one long, thin leg to another. "Is that your brother?" I heard one of them ask in disgust. "He fell down. He's gross."

"It's raining. Why not?" said the other defensively. "He *is* gross," she added reflectively. She bent and began speaking earnestly into the face of an Irish setter, cupping its head in her hands. "I'm going to petrify you tomorrow," she said. "I'm going to leap out at you with a Halloween mask. Are you prepared to be petrified?" The dog moved its tail uncertainly. His haunches lowered and he began to tug against her grip. She let go. "Stupid," she said to him. "Big stupe." She stood up. "What's going on? Who's ahead?"

"Who knows?" said the other girl. "Maybe it's a tie. Your brother fell down again."

I moved out of earshot. The team toiled on in the semidarkness. Behind us a group materialized and stood on the bottom step of the stands in back of the bench. With a start I recognized Joe Schmidt, the Lions coach, standing under a large black umbrella. His face was impassive. He was there to watch his son. The rain began to pelt down harder and his wife moved in close to share his umbrella. There was another couple with them. Perhaps they were going out to dinner somewhere afterward. I doubted that Karras was aware Schmidt was watching. The rumors had it that the two were not on especially good terms.

With just a few minutes to go in the game, Karras called out, "Has anybody not played yet?"

A number of hands went up along the bench.

"Jesus Christ, Mr. Stump—we've got about ten of them," Karras said grimly. "Mistah Stump, begin sending in the reserves!"

His assistant substituted at every opportunity. The last one sent in was Puffer. He ran out, a small tidy figure with the big 1 on his back, with quick, busy steps that carried him along quite slowly. Karras watched him go. "Okay, Puffer!" he called. "Turn out their light bulbs."

"See if you can figure out where Puffer plays," he said. "It's somewhere of his own choosing."

I watched. The Vikings were on the offense at midfield, and when their fullback moved forward with the ball, we could see Puffer receding from the play, falling back from the line into his own backfield. I was reminded of a shorebird, one of the plump plover family, retreating up the beach from a line of surf.

Puffer's presence on the field did not result in any change in the score. Finally, in the gloom, the game ended in a 6-6 tie. On the sidelines Karras asked, "Is that the end? Okay, everybody. Go over and shake hands with them."

The players began walking slowly back toward the gym, winding down, I supposed, their emotions about the game. I moved along with them, my notebook open and smudging s in the faint rain. I could not resist it. I l down and asked the perfunctory question reporters put to players in post-game interv

"What about the Vikings?" I asked M who was the Jet center. "What sort of a te

He looked up, startled. "Well, they de good," he said, aping his elders in their lo room banalities—his voice husky, presun from the afternoon's effort he had put int ing out "Hud-*dle*!" "They're a real good club. They come off the ball real good."

"Oh yes," I said.

The boy walking along next to him said, proved one thing, though—that the Viking on their legs . . . er, ah . . . at a time."

"You're saying that they put on their one leg at a time?"

"That's right," he said. "They can be We just didn't put up enough points on board."

"What was the problem?"

The boy shuffled along. "We couldn't enough points up on the board," he said a keeping to that familiar platitude, so odd cause it was delivered in his high-pitched flu voice. "They defense good." Then he bega have trouble: "Er, ah . . . Brookmier . . . then there was that time . . . well, *you* k when . . . and what about when . . . and he *ki* me, that big guy . . . and the rain . . ."

"But most important . . .?"

"We just couldn't get those points up on board"—this clear and positive.

I fell into step alongside Puffer. "Hey, Pu what is your opinion of the Jet coaching sta

"I think Mr. Karras—he's the new Ch Checker," he said. I jotted this compar down in my book. I continued, "Puffer, did put out any light bulbs?"

He did not answer. He walked with his h down. My heart sank.

"No," he said softly. "I ran away."

We walked along. I had no idea what to "It's all right, Puffer," I finally said. "One you're going to be the Secretary of Commer

He stopped and looked at me out of depths of his helmet. "Isn't it funny?" he cheerfully. "That's exactly what Mr. Ka told me."



n Robbe-Grillet

NITIATIONS: A CYCLE

slated by Richard Howard

Pretending

OU ARE THE ONLY GIRL, you must pretend re are two. If there are two, pretend there ıree. More than three, it is too hard, even several windows and several mirrors of var- shapes. If there are over three, better pre- to be alone.

Suspect identity

R ELSE RESORT TO SUBTERFUGES, like wigs, or makeup for lips and eyes, or even put on che hat with lace and flowers, the kind n as a fun hat, making dreamy and exalted (it is hard to keep from laughing), imitat- ıe faraway expression of someone who has eceived a letter from a great distance, the s or the Andes or the Undies, from a non- ent country, a blue letter telling incredible s: the story of the three little maids who at the bottom of a well, the story of the young girls married by Gilles de Retz, tory of the eighty captive maidens in the ground prison of Vanadium, the story the 121 underage prostitutes of the Blue in Shanghai, or about the 999 concu- of King Solomon, son of David; or it t even be the story of the 11,000 virgins logne, in any case the story of an unspec- number of girls who do not exist, good ld and pretty as pictures, whose pictures ply from page to page in a book you pre- to be seeing for the first time.

Rules of the game

RE IS THE LIST OF REGULATIONS:
Both of you look at yourselves in a mirror, ng your eyes as blank as possible, as if ere staring at something still farther away, hing indefinite and hazy that is happening without changing place.
ess each other up, draping yourselves in that are too short or else ripped to shreds. a piece of unlikely fabric around your Make a gown out of the curtains.

Put perfume on each other, applying it at all the most delicate points, one after the other in the same order. (Don't make any mistakes.)

Read together an insane poem.

Without taking your eyes off the mirror, repeat obscenities with a very romantic expression on your face.

Then, each in turn, pretend to sleep while the other, having opened the book of poems to the same page, rereads the text aloud, switching the words around. The two bodies must be touching at some point throughout the whole reading, as if entirely by chance: a toe in an armpit, or the crook of an elbow around a nipple.

Transform the corrupted text all over again by replacing the poetic words with vulgar terms for the secret parts of the female body so that the thing has no meaning at all. You can begin with nouns having the same number of feet as the original, then continue with words much too long or too short.

Then go over to the window, raise the curtain and look outside, saying to invisible witnesses: "She's such a fool: she doesn't understand anything. She sleeps like a succulent."

Now return to the bed and whisper, distinctly, into her ear: "You're nothing but a little whore, a puddle of dirty water, a stagnant swamp, a gaping cherrystone." And then step back, giving her a sweet smile she doesn't even see, for she really has fallen asleep.

Odors

THE ODOR OF A WET CLAM, as has been said, the odor of new-mown hay, the odor of wilted flowers, the odor of leather boots, the odor of shellfish, the odor of hair, the odor of horses.

You hide yourself in a barn full of hay where it is much too hot, and you dance barefoot like madwomen, until you're dripping with sweat.

Suddenly you stop and you look out the smallest window, as if you had caught sight of something amazing out in the field. And you say slowly, without turning your head: "The bay filly is spreading her legs to take a piss."

Then you stand very close to the other one, and you murmur: "You're overheated, you wild colt, you've got yourself all wet."

Alain Robbe-Grillet is the author of The Erasers *and the script of the movie* Last Year at Marienbad. *His latest work is* Sisters, *published by William Morrow.*

Alain Robbe-Grillet

INITIATIONS: A CYCLE

Gust of wind before the rain

ON A SUDDEN WHIM, YOU MUST NOW pretend to be annoyed, so that the other one is obliged to ask your forgiveness. (The fact that she has—apparently—done no harm is not taken into account, quite the contrary.) Meanwhile, you turn your back to her and comb your hair, indifferently. The little devil is used to changes in the weather, she shuts her eyes until the storm passes. But you tell her she must kneel, and you bend her neck so that she hides her shame, along with her face, in the hollow of her thighs. You tell her: "You're heavy, you're soft, you stick to me like a strand of seaweed." And you take advantage of the situation to caress her soft captive shoulders, which just happen to be quite naked. Finally, since she's so nice, you forgive her and tell her a true story.

More than once upon a time (most of the time, you might say) there was a brand new little nightgown with pleats and lace inserts, which was swept away by a gust of wind on a stormy night. The gust of wind swept it right out the window into a thorny hedge it couldn't get out of because it was caught on the prickly branches at the neck and the arms. After an hour, it was all torn, because the wind had turned it in every direction. Then a thunderbolt fell on the hedge to release it, and the bushes burst into flame, crackling like a yule log on the hearth. Immediately afterward, it began raining in floods. When the nightgown returned to the house the next morning, it was barely worth tearing up to be used for rags.

Nature muffled

YOU HAVE FALLEN SILENT. You have nothing left to say to each other. Your head is empty. Your ears are filled with the invisible hum of insects chirping on all sides at once. You are in the country, before the last war, or toward the end of the last century, in a place without relatives and without boys, as usual.

You have wicker picnic baskets and umbrellas instead of parasols. You are reading old-fashioned novels set deep in the heart of a phantom Africa, filled with incomprehensible psychological dramas in the damp heat and the chirping of the crickets.

The coffeepot has remained on the table, under the big tree, with the breakfast cups that have not yet been cleared away.

The voyeur's bicycle has been stolen. It's an old bike left in the sheepfold (you've always seen it there), and it's always been called the voyeur's bicycle, ever since some horrible story someone told about it. It's easier to use than the girls' bikes, because of the horizontal bar that keeps the skirt up in front and leav[es] thighs free. The basket in the back an[d] handlebar have been loaded with field fl[ow]

You are bored. You make bouquets th[at] mediately wilt. You are together all the [time] There is no more time. You haven't spok[en] each other for days and days. I think you [have] lost your tongue.

And suddenly you might have heard a st[ra]noise: like someone around a bend of the [path] sharpening a big knife. You would lo[ok] one another, without speaking. And wit[h] same impulse you would abandon the path, bicycles, the baskets, and the parasols to to your heels across the fields, through th[e] derbrush. You would be very frightened.

Then, as usual, comes a dizzying stai[r] and a long corridor, with blood running under the door of a locked room. It's the horrible story beginning all over again, dream, in the shade of a big motionless

Dozing de[r]

SHE HAS CRIED OUT IN HER SLEEP. It so[unds] like a scream of terror that has not [man]aged to escape her throat, where it turns a kind of repeated rattle, a long rasping pl[ea] rising or falling with more or less volume cording to a swelling movement of the bur[ied] depths. To take her hand is not enough to her from the panic of the flooded abyss drags her down.

The seventh wave, a more violent one, wr[ings] a moan of suffering from her. You must t[ake] her more roughly, grab her shoulders, make[her] stand up, slap her, shake her like a rag [doll] The scattered fragments of the nightmare br[eak] loose from her and fall at her feet, like inc[om]prehensible rags.

Half-awake at last, she sees herself st[and] naked in the rectangular mirror above the co[uch] where she had collapsed and scarcely rec[og]nizes herself. She is still dreaming, lying on back in the grass, exposed, yielded up, l[egs] parted and her hands behind her neck, am[ong] the cushions of the huge motionless mirr[or] doubtless a magic one, a captive of its ghc[sts] sleeping in her own arms.

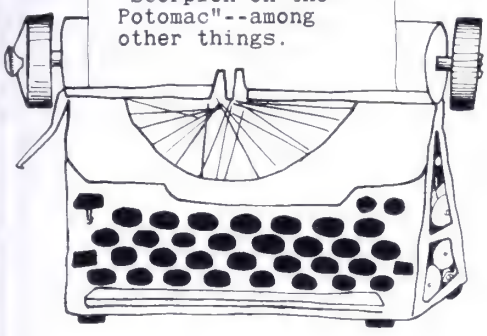
In order to release her from the hallucinat[ory] caresses that still linger here and there over [her] young flesh, in order to remove the dust of [the] path, the dewdrops, the remains of the bus[hes] or the wilted flowers that have caught on [the] hair of her secret places, you must now wash h[er] body with the water from the spring, gather[ed] in the sunshine, for you cannot rely on the wa[ter] from the well, which is too deep. She whimp[ers] a little under the long trickles of water th[at] cover her body in every direction. Is she on[ce] again quite clean, innocent, purified for the s[ake]

DREW PEARSON AND WASHINGTON

THEY DESERVED EACH OTHER

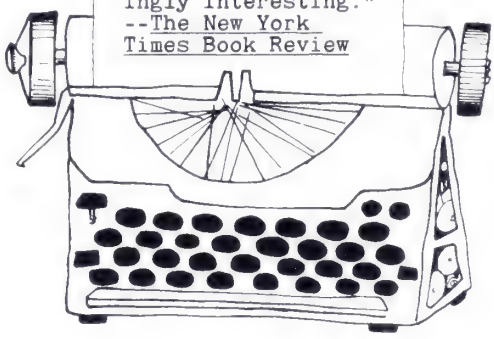
A letter addressed merely "S.O.B." was delivered by the Washington post office to Drew Pearson's Georgetown home. It was meant for him.

They called him "Scorpion on the Potomac"--among other things.



His scandalous life was easily the equal of the scandals he uncovered.

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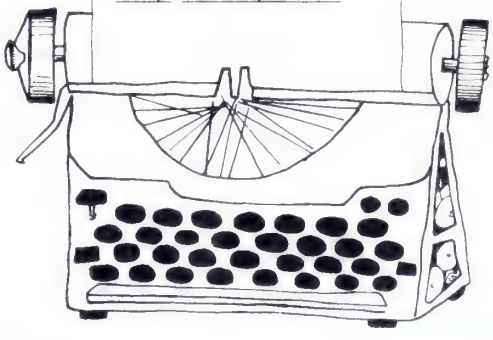


He was sued for libel 275 times, for a total of $200,000,000--and lost only once.

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rifice? You examine with meticulous care the most inaccessible nooks for the suspect traces that the demon might have left there.

She lets you have your way. She has nothing more to say. She is not really there. Soon she will fall asleep again.

Metamorphosis and assumption

BUT NOW SHE'S TURNED HERSELF into a dove all over again: no sooner have you looked the other way than huge white feathers burst out, and spread in the light . . . What could be more irritating? Yet you are quite certain of having noticed the mark of the beast on her left breast, just at the edge of the nipple; and once again she pretends to be an angel of heaven. Now she's even flying away, fluttering into the air quite easily with her heavy, sumptuous wings that make an infernal din.

And you stand there, both of you, watching her disappear over the rough stone wall toward the end of the field, where, already, she forms no more than a cloud of reddish mist, at the edge of the impenetrable forest.

Spells of the harem

TO COMFORT YOU, I SHALL NOW tell you our true story. Scarcely more than children, we were both bought by the sultan—because our parents were too poor to pay for our sustenance—and raised in an antiquated palace filled with velvets and silks, furs, marbles, and doors sealed shut by enormous locks and chains. [illegible] day long we nibble sweetmeats, lounge on [illegible] vans of reddish leather, our only compan[illegible] little curly-haired dogs, perfumed and d[illegible] creatures, themselves crammed with cream, [illegible] um, and sweets.

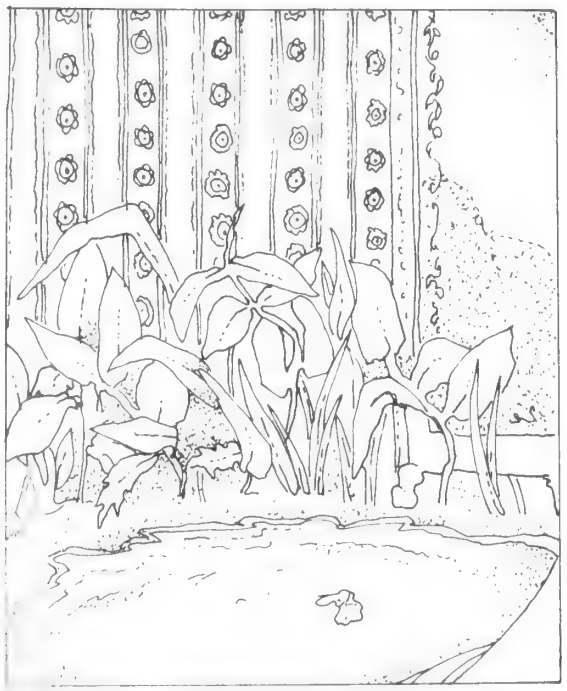
The sultan is neither old nor cruel. He's [illegible] rather nice; but he's stupid, like all boys, [illegible] we have told him we don't want to see any [illegible] of him. He's had a book brought to us, [illegible] posedly to amuse us. It's a funny book, w[illegible] has nothing in it but photographs of girls [illegible] bracing, more or less undressed, with st[illegible] that are always sliding down over a shoul[illegible] and little panties gaping between the thighs [illegible] companied by childish captions whose t[illegible] seems to us quite beside the point, actual[illegible]

Soon, after leafing back and forth, you re[illegible] that the pictures are poisoned: as you l[illegible] your will weakens, your mind fogs, your b[illegible] turns warm and soft; your neck especiall[illegible] already more sensitive and suppler, more [illegible] uous, more delicate . . . It has also grown lon[illegible] no doubt about it, and the skin has develo[illegible] a finer texture; the neck seems smooth [illegible] round as a swan's neck . . . Then you sudde[illegible] remember that on the pretext of celebrating [illegible] arrival, the sultan had had all his young w[illegible] strangled, just for the fun of it, and then [illegible] finest horses slaughtered.

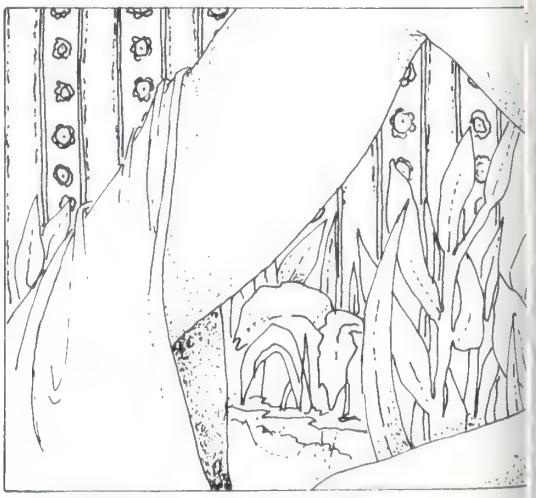
You turn, with the same look, toward the [illegible] narrow blocked-up opening of our prison, wh[illegible] a bar is missing from the cast-iron grille.

Through the magic for[illegible]

WE HAVE BOTH ESCAPED through the w[illegible] dow. But the forest surrounding the ca[illegible] is also enchanted: the weeds coil around [illegible] ankles, poisonous plants hanging all around [illegible] sneer in silence overhead, long creepers [illegible] down the branches to clutch our waists as



Kowalski



or our wrists, our armpits. As we grad-
lose our breath in our mad dash, the huge
eshy flowers that keep falling from the
l plants lodged in the giant trunks take
tage of our panting breath to force their
into our gaping mouths and begin to
er us.
very locks of our hair, loosened as we
le, are like clusters of snakes, and our
owns wrap our loins with huge floating
s that magically begin weaving a sara-
around us, without any good reason, since
is not the slightest breath of air.
was at the very moment we were about
cumb, at the end of our strength, that we
reached the shore.
sea! Long before seeing it for the first
I had often dreamed of the sea in my
ood. The sea is a smooth, calm surface,
d a uniform blue, across which you can
long as you like, easily, without getting
Unlike the water of streams and rivers,
you must be content to dip no more than
s of your toes (higher is very dangerous),
an walk on the sea's surface without sink-
to it or leaving the slightest trace; and
alk on that way, gliding the way you do
ams, experiencing neither resistance nor
e, all the way to the horizon, which is
re near so far as people say.
n you find out what there is on the oth-
e . . .

Love here now

THE OTHER SIDE, THERE ARE the garden
nd the house, which have not stirred.
. Now you have come back home. Enough
nics in the country, travels, adjectives,
etaphors. You had tried them out for fun;
eren't so much fun.
change clothes. You put on old blouses
so worn they have become transparent, and you don't even bother buttoning them. You make some hot chocolate in big cups. On your skin, here and there, remain perhaps one or two little marks, at most; they must be mosquito bites.

You try reading one of the old books lying around I don't know how long in the corner. And you think it's really too silly for words . . . You look into each other's eyes for a second, as if inadvertently. You say nothing and yet, this time, you know that it has been said: you will sleep together.

There is no one. It's easy. You pretend to be very sleepy all of a sudden; but it's not true, you can tell: it's only not to frighten the other one, and also not to be frightened any longer yourself.

Afterward

AFTERWARD, IT'S MUCH BETTER, maybe, in any case it's different. I had often dreamed of the sea in my childhood: lying exposed, receptive, uniform, painted an intense blue; the freedom to run to the horizon. It was, also, vertical and flat. It opened in the middle, like a double door. Now, you can dip your feet in it, look at the bottom, catch shrimps in the holes and other creatures of the same kind that leave a funny odor on your fingers, a familiar odor. Perhaps you have grown older—a little. In order to get out to sea, where the horizon still recedes, you must now take the little boat moored at the jetty, at the end of which is leaning that old bicycle. □

"You are in the country, before the last war, or toward the end of the last century, in a place without relatives and without boys, as usual."





Thomas J. Cottle

A VIEW OF THE COUCH

A portrait of a psychiatrist starting out in private practice

EARLY IN HER LIFE FANNY BRUCKNER decided that, whatever happened, her children would learn to play a musical instrument and receive an education that everyone would recognize as the best money could buy. Solomon Rothstein, the man she married when she was nineteen, supported his wife's determination. In June 1944, the first of their two children was born. Martin Benjamin Rothstein was a healthy seven-pounder, and with the hands, his parents agreed, of a surgeon. Certainly not of an accountant, definitely not a businessman, possibly a lawyer. Maybe a dentist.

"How many times they told me this," Marty Rothstein, now a psychiatrist finishing his residency training, said one afternoon at the Municipal Hospital.*

"Being a psychiatrist's not so bad," I replied.

"To me or to you. To them, it's still a little confusing. They weren't formally educated so they don't know what psychiatry really means. My mother's right out of that old joke. She keeps telling me I'm a psychiatrist because I can't stand the sight of blood. 'Maybe you'll still change' is her favorite line. I've been on the couch two years already and that's all I talk about. I think I'm convinced somewhere in my head that I do have to change. It's like I have this primitive sense that psychiatry's illicit, and that maybe it *is* because I can't stand blood.

"What do mothers want? I went to an Ivy League college, an Ivy League medical school, I studied the piano eight years. What does it take to make your mother happy?"

"A private practice," I suggested.

"Look at this," he said, sitting in his leather desk chair and motioning me to take a seat opposite him on the couch. "You and my mother. It's a goddamn conspiracy. I see my first private patient tomorrow at nine o'clock and already I've got you siding with my mother a[gainst] psychiatry."

"Chalk it up to transference," I kidded [him].

"You know, that's a very sound idea. I [may] I will."

After completing the handsome educatio[nal] parents had wanted for him, Martin Roth[stein], a tall, bearded man with deeply set, dark b[rown] eyes, began a three-year residency progra[m in] psychiatry. As medical school wore on, th[e de]cision of whether to enter internal med[icine], pediatrics, neurology, or psychiatry had be[come] more and more perplexing to him. He d[ecided] psychiatry at the beginning of the fourth [year], falling back, in a sense, on his college inte[rests]. As an undergraduate he had concentrate[d in] psychology and literature, debating as la[te] his junior year whether in the long run [medi]cine was as rewarding as graduate school. [His] parents and uncle openly pushed for me[dical] school, while the woman he loved believed [physi]geons to be butchers and psychiatrists ca[lled] ist fakes. She counseled him to be a poet, [jour]nalist, writer, or editor. His decision to [enter] medical school was finally settled through [the] advice of a friend who convinced him that [he] can always write poetry but one can't si[mply] decide to do a little surgery here and there,' [and] mentioned Chekhov and William Carlos [Wil]liams.

HIS INITIAL EXPERIENCE WITH patients [dur]ing his medical training encouraged hi[m to] pursue a career in psychiatry. "It just seem[ed]," he told me, "that psychiatrists could be m[ore] thoughtful, more humane. They weren't, [of] course," he said, smiling, "but one clings to [an] ideology or dream in medical school beca[use] the curriculum is so ghastly and medieval. [The] only thing that was really special about psy[chi]atry was that there were so many Jews. It [was] like this little housing project there in the m[id]dle of the hospital. But with a name like R[oth]stein, where should I have gone? Orthoped[ics]? Ob-gyn? Maybe. I'd rather look down from [the] other end." He had put his feet up on the D[anis]h Modern desk his wife and he had sele[cted]

*This article is based on a series of conversations extending over a ten-month period. In most instances I took notes during these meetings, but occasionally I waited until the conversations were over before reconstructing what had transpired. In all my work, I preserve the anonymity of those with whom I speak. I have not, therefore, granted special protection to "Dr. Rothstein," whose life, incidentally, neither he nor I consider "typical."

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ially for the office. "My first major deduc- he had told me when I met him some four is before, as the days of his residency to a close.

hat reminds me," he said, breaking into my hts, "of a fantastic dream I had last night. where you're sitting is where a man will ting tomorrow. There's going to be a man calling me, doctor, and needing from me thing that that means. I'm going to cure s what he's thinking. I'm going to make it od like his mother or father never did."

'ith your feet up on the desk?" I asked, ing his answer.

sten, man, I'm going to be so nervous I'll ky if I'm not sucking my thumb. Feet on esk? They'll be on the floor, legs crossed, d, coat buttoned. I even thought of shav- y beard tonight. Anyway, last night I had ream that the patient comes in—notice I patient'—we don't see people, we see pa- —and it's a woman. Not Mr., you know, nom I'm really going to be seeing, but a n. You want to know her name?"

nna Freud?" I guessed.

eacock."

don't get it."

ell, the last part you get." I nodded yes. Lea just happens to be by pure chance the of the first girl I ever went out with. But e not supposed to think I need analysis or ing," he joked. "I mean, when I finish he past, I finish with the past.

nyway, Miss Leacock comes in and sits right there,"—he pointed to the couch— I present myself as the polite, intelligent t. She looks up at the diplomas, you know, look up too, and we nod. Yes, Miss Lea- I'm telling her with my eyes, I'm a trained iatrist ready and waiting to help you. So gins by telling me she's divorcing her hus- because she's having an affair and she loved him anyhow, and she doesn't care what happens to their son—my wife and I a son, in case I didn't tell you—and I start gh. It doesn't seem to bother her, but I'm in the chair laughing. Out loud. Then ays she's been very depressed and she's ng of killing herself, and now I become hysterical."

arty, may I write about this?"

ne dream? Yeah, I suppose so." He was nly serious and thoughtful. "But if you , you have to add the interpretation. You to say that it's not exactly what it seems. of all, it's a dream of great anxiety. 's a doubting of confidence, there's a fear at women, I suppose, will tell me, and not ut-and-out sexist perversions. And I sup- t shows again that one's prior life is very a part of the therapy process." For the nt the two of us sat in silence.

A big step above human

SURELY THERE IS A POWER in the therapeutic relationship, I mused, an inequality between the participants. The arrangement of furniture in a doctor's office, the patient's chair and the doctor's chair, the angle at which they are set, symbolizes this asymmetry. And maybe it works to become a valuable aspect of the encounter, as the payment for services becomes a valuable part of the relationship. Maybe people doubt a service when they get it for nothing. Maybe they are relieved to unleash a certain batch of emotions along with money. But now, in this instant, the power was here on the couch with me, for I felt Rothstein trying to cover the vulnerabilities he had just revealed. We confess, I thought, to journalists, psychiatrists, ministers, teachers, and parents, but once the words are said, it doesn't always feel quite the way it is supposed to, no matter how much the other person says we are stronger and purer for it.

"I don't need to include dreams," I said. "I just thought this one was important."

"No, it's not that. If the psychiatrist isn't in touch with his feelings, outside of his own therapy, naturally, it's no good. That's surely the creative part, the creative—what should I call it?—the creative energy of the therapeutic exchange. If it's only you, the patient, pouring out this stuff, then it's no good. But this is the connection, you see, with writing, with art generally." His tone was modest as he hunted for these complex notions. "The connection for me is in control. Not even the conscious under-

"I am wonderfully common in my sexual fantasies about patients. I fantasize about all of them."



Jerry Sarapochiello

standing of feelings, but control. The putting into action, into everyday life, of these feelings so that they benefit you. They must raise you somehow. See what I'm saying? If it's totally based on understanding, if everything is understood and analyzed, you stop listening, to everybody, especially yourself. Then you're the dogmatic doctor whom nobody needs, except the AMA." He was not joking. His face showed lines of belligerence. Or was it regret? "I think if there are therapeutic goals, one of them must be to have a certain control over oneself. This leaves room for intuition. It's the I-don't-know-why-I-said-that phenomenon. But expression of feelings isn't enough; dreaming isn't enough, primary process isn't enough. It has to be disciplined, not controlled like a prison controls, but in the way that the ego is the executive, as the man said. Anyway, that's one dream. Now let me tell you a daydream that I had this morning so you shouldn't think I'm trying to hide that dream with a lot of academic talk."

"You know, people ask, what are psychiatrists? Their kids are neurotic, they're rich, they're prone to suicide. It's so damn hard to talk about what shrinks are." I reminded Marty that my purpose in talking with him was to explore the way his own life as a young psychiatrist, just this week, beginning a private practice, was going.

"But people generalize," he protested mildly.

"Yes, people generalize."

"You write a piece about one psychiatrist, people will read into it *all* psychiatrists."

"They may. But look," I replied, "you examine a patient and say paranoid schizophrenia. You diagnose, I diagnose."

"But we don't generalize," he came back.

"At times we do. We speak about *mental* patients, *all* the paranoids, *all* the psychopaths . . ."

"I suppose."

"So maybe," I suggested, "someone might read this and say, this is a human being, with courage, with intelligence and sensitivity, who does good work and who also makes mistakes . . ."

"God forbid," he said, grinning.

". . . who has impulses and desires. You want people to think you're not human?"

He hesitated before answering. "You want the truth?"

"You'd like to be a bit above human. A step, right? Not a big one, but a step."

"And why not a big one?" He smiled at me kindly. "Why can't I buy into the doctor myth a little, too? Eight years since college. Since *college*, my friend. I don't really like speaking this way because there's a lot of mythology and adoration connected with being a doctor, but there's a lot of crap you have to take, too, and when the guy in the pharmacy calls you 'Doc' it feels very good." He leaned back in his chair as though he had said his piece. "Yes, I pose I want some of that special treatm confess to feeling that I've earned it."

"Which means the money too?" I asked an asperity that he detected.

"Hey, you can't resent me for that. Not the salaries I've been making for the la years. Jesus, I was at the poverty level w was working twelve to fifteen hours a day. I want some of the money. Other guys are ing it. I'm almost twenty-nine. I went to c with guys who are lawyers now, or in bus who are making thirty grand a year and while I'm on a fellowship stipend that pay than thirteen thousand. So I want it, yes."

MARTY LEANED TOWARD ME, resting h bows on his knees, and glanced quick the door. "I had a patient about three w ago who was telling me about his anger to a—I guess it was a surgeon that he owed m to. What he was saying reminded him tha owed the hospital for something else. He ranting on about this and I was doing my to understand, appear sympathetic, you k But inside I was thinking, I'm glad you're going to be a regular patient of mine becau you owed me money I might refuse to see I swear to God, that's what I was thinkin you don't pay me, I may not see you. I agree on a price, you come up with the m or I don't have to stay with you. You can someone in the clinic."

"Does that thought frighten you?" I as He didn't understand. "That, you know, m becomes a key part of the transaction?"

He thought about the question for a mom "Yes and no. It bothers me that I might out for a while during therapy, which every does, but about the money situation, no. make an agreement to pay, you pay. You p ing for something more important?"

"I am."

"Well, let's do it, then. The issue, I thi that confronts every psychiatrist—psycholo too"—he looked over at me—"is private p tice versus—what do you want to call it? P lic service, maybe; clinic work, teaching, kind of thing. Lower-paying stuff, all righ He nodded his head. "There can't be anyb that makes it through any medical school sees all the sickness you see who doesn't w to treat people. You walk on the street and someone lying there, it's like an instinct to h them."

"Although some laws make that insti tough," I interjected.

"That's a lot of crap. If you want to h you can help. You don't have to be afraid. A way, I think Tom Dooley thoughts, and Schw zer thoughts. I think community clinics, I thi

vorking for the poor. But I know what's
o happen."
ı're going to end up in private practice."
going to end up in private practice," he
d softly. "Right now that's the way I
I might have been more political when
oung, but it's like you get sucked into a
life, and money and cars and homes
the rest are part of it. What can I say?
ı know, give time here and there, teach
ts probably, but I'll end up with most of
e devoted to private practice. Even if I
ı a hospital part time, five, ten, twenty
week, that's just another adjunct to pri-
actice. You think these big-shot psychi-
vorking in hospitals see poor people in
You're crazy. Very few doctors do. And
t dumping on psychiatry only, it's the
›ractice of medicine. I see it, you see it,
ll part of it. Some good-looking woman
es to college, walks into the clinic and
erns and residents fight for her. Some
ittle Negro kid comes in, and everybody
him off on a social worker or medical
or mental health worker. Who's kid-
ıom? There are a few dedicated people
ht from the start want to effect change
w both in the profession and in the so-
ut the rest of us talk. I'm a talker. I don't
go into the ghetto and see knife wounds
›ple blabbering from neurological prob-
d paranoid schizes. I could very well lie
you know, and pass off some kind of
ıs idealism which I probably would if
re some newspaper promotional stuff.
at the hell, it's better to have the truth
no one knows who the guy is who's tell-
Maybe it's just easier. Maybe, like it
s to some people, you change when
forty. What's the name of the guy who
s the Mather Clinic in Piedmont?"
ı mean Gerard Pressman?"
ht, Gerry Pressman. There are lots of
ke him who after ten, fifteen years of
practice want to get out and see the rest
world. So that happens." He let out a
eath. "But for now I'm part of the ar-
ent that says the more money you have
e likely the chance of seeing a psychi-
rivately in his office. And I guess, for
le, I want to be the psychiatrist in that

The flushing sound

TED THE SUDDEN TENSION to be gone.
Marty Rothstein breathed heavily as he
or something in the pocket of his suit
This was only our second meeting in
ce. Previously, we had met in his down-
ffice with heating pipes on the ceiling making an infuriating racket and a bookcase hiding a main drain for the upstairs floors. Once, when the flushing sound had made it impossible for us to hear one another, he joked that the office causes everyone to think anal. "What the hell," he had said, "it's the stage of life I handle best. So people come here with sexual problems, phobias, tics, they hear the flushing and the pipes up there clanging with the demons inside, and they switch over to anal problems."

He was only half joking. The incongruity of that first office had annoyed him. Ironically, it prompted discussions of his supervision by two outstanding psychiatrists, one of whom was a psychoanalyst as well. "I'm tied to them, right up to here." He made a gesture as though slitting his face in half. "I need them, though. I learn from them, especially Pincus. He's brilliant. Sometimes, you know, you'd like to parade the John Pincuses of the world before the public and say, 'You all think psychiatry's easy and there's nothing to learn, listen to this man.' He's young, too. Middle forties, but he's brilliant. *He* cures people. But I'm so nervous with him that most of the time I forget everything I'm supposed to tell him about my work. Once in therapy, about six months ago, I suddenly got two patients confused. I mean, I knew whom I was talking to, but I had his relatives confused with the names of another patient's relatives. Three times I misnamed them. Once his mother, once his brother, and once the girl he goes with." Marty held up three fingers. His face had an excited "It's all true" look on it. "You know what the guy said to me? 'I think you're a fine doctor, Dr. Rothstein, but I think your watch is an hour fast.' "

"You think I told Pincus about those slips? Not once." He was still smiling. "I told my analyst, though, which is itself significant because it means I was more concerned how *I* was faring than how he was faring."

"Maybe you were wishing," I interjected, "that it was the other patient? Were you bored with this one?"

Marty nodded his head and smiled. "Out of my mind," he conceded. "I think my wish at that moment was to have anybody else for a patient other than this guy."

The phone rang then, and Marty had a brief conversation that I tried not to listen to. He hung up and asked, "Where was I?"

"Whether you think because of all this complicated neurotic material that maybe residents are too young to do therapy?"

"Of course we're not ready, but who's going to do it, and how is anybody going to start? When I think now of what I knew two years ago, two years" —he almost shouted the words —"when I was doing thirty hours a week of treatment."

"There's going to be a man sitting there calling me 'doctor' and needing from me everything that that means. He's thinking I'm going to make it all good like his mother or father never did."

Thomas J. Cottle

A VIEW OF THE COUCH

He saw my surprise. "That's right. Thirty hours, and what I knew at the end of my first year as a resident you could put in a thimble."

"And the patients don't know," I said quietly.

"They don't know, and because the bulk of the ones I saw were poor and uneducated and had nobody in their communities to talk to, they didn't care. 'Mrs. Lopez, I'm Dr. Rothstein,' " he announced himself to an invisible woman. "That's all they needed to learn. They were in the hands of a doctor. College students, too. They didn't care. They *did* care what you said, though." He stared at me. "Then there's the other side. If residents with medical training don't do therapy, and the medical profession remains as isolated and smug as it has, you end up turning therapy over to anybody who wants to hang up a shingle. That I'm not for. They don't all have to go to medical school, but I sure wish there could be something that everyone would need to qualify to do therapy."

"How about demanding knowledge of the Bible?"

"The Bible?" he asked incredulously.

"Sure."

"I suppose it's as good as anything," he said after contemplating the idea for a moment. "The Old Testament." He grinned. "God, what would it be like to have doctors who are really educated! What an incredible thing to have the power we have and the status and have people feeling that you're wise, particularly in psychiatry, and walk around never having heard of half the books that people on the subways are reading. Not only that, but such fundamental issues go unchallenged, or, you know, they're left up in the air. Who's really sick? What determines whether I, with training, with a year or two or three of experience, decide someone's sick and needs to go to a hospital? Here's a confession you can use in your story. On appearance alone, I'm already deciding the fate of a patient. And whether or not they're attractive, man or woman, somehow goes into that calculation. So how do you deal with that in psychiatry, doctor? How do you deal with a desire to have a black patient or two just so no one will accuse you of anything, or so you don't have to feel you're furthering a profession that has its racist side too?" He was nodding in his characteristic way, almost rabbinical; nodding as if to say, "How well I know all this from my experiences on this earth."

Questions of status

MY DISCUSSIONS WITH DR. MARTIN ROTHSTEIN continued at regular intervals well into the winter. It was now almost nine months since we had met, four months from the time he had officially completed his residency at the ho and begun private practice. His new office suite he shared with two other psychiatrist particularly handsome, a far cry from the ment cell with its sustained flushing bass.

Anticipating that within a couple of yea would enter a psychoanalytic institute for ther training, he had selected an office in v patients leaving do not pass those waiting seen. All three doctors, furthermore, had gered their schedules so that a patient w rarely see the other two doctors.

"You look very prosperous," I said, on ing the new office for the first time one December afternoon.

"I don't feel it," he said. "Fact is, I still I'm playing doctor, especially since I still supervision."

"You continue that, eh?"

"Little bit, sure. I'm not ready to be to independent yet," he smiled. "I'll be up that when I'm fifty."

"So how's private practice?" I asked, pu out my notebook. We watched each other clo

"I was thinking after seeing a patient other day that I wasn't really so sure wha was talking about, what it meant, really, therapeutic sense, and a part of me said, do you care, you're a doctor and that prob matters as much as anything to him."

"I think there's truth in that," I said, "e with all the defensiveness."

"I guess there is. I just feel," he went on hesitating way, "that I'm not prepared for this. I still feel that I'm in high school, dri my father's car, taking a girl out and wan to impress the hell out of her with my fath money. That's really the sensation I have. not mine, and yet it feels very good. Too g I'll bring a patient in here, you know, for first time, and they'll look around with miration." Marty and I took in the room gether. There was the handsome desk and co brought over from the hospital, two mod matched chairs, a small wall bookcase fi mainly with psychiatric texts and journals, on the floor near the window several large sc flera plants. On the walls hung his diplomas certificates, a watercolor painted by his for college roommate, a Paul Klee poster that some reason made me think of Carl Jung, a Moroccan rug that helped keep the ro quiet.

"It's nice in here, is what they have writ on their faces," he continued. "I have to la 'cause I never see that expression, that way t check things out as a test of how successfu am without thinking of the nights Paula an were here in our ratty old clothes plastering a painting. I must have made fifteen holes in t wall before we got that one rug to stay up. W I'd love to say to them is, 'You better believe

ıd cheerful and rich here, and that I
damned hard to get here and work
ıard listening to you even if you think
erpay.' So I do it for them and for me,
ake it very seriously."
impressed."
good here. Once in my life I'd like to
to not be the humble well-defended doc-
ı really a very snotty guy, and I think
w that it's all behind me I probably want
in a snotty way. I have my boards left to
ou know, comprehensive examinations in
gy and psychiatry, and I'll pass them
me work, although God only knows," he
aking his head, "I can't remember a
rom neurology. All I think about is that
get those results I'll probably raise my
that gross, you think?"
on't know." I shrugged my shoulders.
ı don't like that kind of talk."
ink the same thoughts," I told him. "You
by talking, I confess by writing, and we
elieve there's an automatic purification
."
uess so," Marty responded pensively.
ay," he said, breaking the mood, "I made
to tell you a few of my thoughts on the
ur."
ht, good."

S., WHOM I'D SEEN ONCE or twice in the
ospital, actually, was the first private pa-
hough he wasn't the first I saw in this
I recalled the dream in which Marty
d in the presence of a woman bleeding
epression. "As the guy was speaking, I
ly had this thought that I could compute
uch I was earning per minute. Then I
time him for a minute and do a word
ınd eventually get down what I was earn-
each word." I tried to remain expres-
s. "You're thinking 'crass,'" Marty re-
l. I shrugged. "Add to it that I realized
ne passed much faster when I was talking
hen he was talking. Which reminds me
u notice I've placed the clock where I can
ut the patients can't."
at's tradition. Like a picture of Freud
here."
ty laughed out loud. "Mine's at the
. R. D. Laing too. Tradition also says
not supposed to have pictures of your
ıd kids around."
ah, I know," I muttered, "so patients can
ze whether or not you're a eunuch."
ıich reminds me too of the sexual fan-
' There was a strange urgency in his
as though this were to be our last meet-
erhaps having seen the first private pa-
in his new office meant a substantial part
life was now to be permanently cut free.

"I want you to know," he was saying sarcastically, "that I am wonderfully ecumenical in my sexual fantasies about patients. I fantasize about all of them—male, female, young, old. I snoop and peer and heaven only knows what else. No one should think for a minute that this sleeping with your patients act is an impulse that only a few misbegotten souls entertain. It's in here, man," he proclaimed with intensity. Behind the desk I saw him reach for his groin. "The encounters in this room evoke your body and your mind, your past and your present no matter what neurotic complex you've resolved. The patient brings all his life to that moment, and you better bring all of yours. The difference is in control and discipline. But you bring it all. Private practice, clinical practice, you bring your guts and your genitals along with your mind. And your heart. The patient brings in his mother, you bring in your mother. You don't have to talk about her, but you better get her in there. Everybody they mention or describe reminds you of people. I used to try to get these people out of my mind until I realized one day the kind of insight a doctor can get from thinking about the people of his childhood and adolescence his patients make him think of. What they ought to make as a prerequisite for psychiatry is going to a huge public grammar school and high school so you can have millions of characters to be reminded of someday when you're sitting in that chair." We looked over at the brown leather swivel chair that everyone in the world would recognize as belonging to a doctor.

"And the Bible, too," I said, adding my own prerequisite.

"The Bible, too," he nodded. "Both Testaments."

Minutes later, our meeting had concluded and Marty escorted me to the small elevator outside the waiting room.

"You're ready to write, aren't you?" he asked.

"I think I'm going to try a draft. I'll show it to you."

"That's good. I'd like to have a look at your stuff, and me through your eyes."

"You can take out things if you have second thoughts."

"No, it's not that. That's not going to bother me," he said, somewhat perplexed. "It's—what I'd really like you to say in the article is that while I was willing to be interviewed, to kind of be, you know, like the patient, the difference is that you came to me. I wanted to say some things, as a confession, I suppose, just to show the other side. But the compulsion wasn't mine. I was willing, obviously, but I didn't initiate it." He pointed his finger at me. "And that's an important distinction."

We shook hands. □

"Some good-looking woman walks into the clinic, and the residents fight for her. Some smelly little Negro kid comes in, and everybody shoves him off on a social worker. Who's kidding whom?"

COMMENTARY

TRIBUTE TO A MAN, AN ERA, AN ART

In the summer of 1935 large blue streetcars clanged along the tree-shaded streets of Washington, D.C., and FDR lived on Pennsylvania Avenue. Boy and girl government clerks lived in rooming houses on K Street, and some people were laughing at the antics of those two comic figures over in Europe, Hitler and Mussolini. It was a pleasant, somnolent city. Cattle were dying out on the drought-stricken plains of South Dakota, and jobs were hard to find all over the U.S. of A. Roy Stryker and I arrived in Washington at about the same time that summer. He was forty-two and I was twenty-one. He had come down on one of the new streamlined trains from New York City, and I had hitchhiked out from Saint Paul, Minnesota. We didn't know each other.

Stryker came to Washington with Rexford Tugwell (one of FDR's original brain trusters) to head up the Historical Section of the Information Division of the new Resettlement Administration (soon to be renamed the Farm Security Administration) in Henry Wallace's Department of Agriculture. He had a half-formed concept that it might be appropriate to gather together a collection of photographs of all aspects of American rural life, with emphasis on what had gone wrong: deforestation, soil erosion, migrant fruit pickers, and hungry children. These were the things Stryker thought should be recorded by the government. The word "documentary" wasn't yet current when Roy began to recruit photographers.

Walker Evans, Dorothea Lange, Arthur Rothstein, Ted Jung, Carl Mydans, and Ben Shahn joined Stryker's staff, and soon they were working in the South, in the dust bowl, and in California's migrant camps. Along with publicity shots of government farm projects, they were sending in pictures of a destitute family walking down a highway in Tennessee, of a sharecropper's pregnant wife in the doorway of her Arkansas cabin, of a desperate face in a West Virginia coal town. There were also pictures of country dances, small-town main streets, barber shops, circus posters, riverboats. I'm not sure that Roy Stryker planned it exactly this way, but that's how FSA photography began. Later Russell Lee, Jack Delano, John Collier, Marion Post, Gordon Parks, Arthur Siegal, and Marjorie Collins became part of this unique project, and it lasted for seven years.

I had been in Washington several months looking for a job when I heard of an opening as assistant messenger in the Resettlement Administration. The next day I went to the Barr Building across from Farragut Square [illegible] interviewed. Roy Stryker was a gray-haired man [illegible] thick-lensed glasses, and there were a lot of photog[illegible] spread over his desk. He seemed amused that som[illegible] wanted a job with the title "assistant messenger." [illegible] wanted to know where I came from, and he laughed [illegible] I said Minnesota, but it seemed to please him. Th[illegible] asked me if I was interested in photography. I hi[illegible] amusement at that ridiculous question and told hi[illegible]



September 1935. Walker

not at all. "Fine," said Stryker. "Just what we're lo[illegible] for." Then he laughed some more and told me abou[illegible] new job. I would get a free streetcar pass, but I w[illegible] carry very few messages. Most of my work would in[illegible] copying captions onto the backs of 8x10 glossy p[illegible] and stamping them with the name of the photogra[illegible] My salary was to be $1,080 per annum. I grabbed

I didn't meet any photographers for a while. [illegible] were all out working. But I began to look at their [illegible] tures as I stamped them, and a whole new vision o[illegible] country opened up to me. I had never been to Califo[illegible] or Florida, or hardly anyplace else except Minnesota [illegible] Washington, D.C. Now I would look long and hard [illegible] picture of black children playing a game outside a[illegible]

Harper's welcomes brief contributions from all o[illegible] readers who find themselves inspired to passionate s[illegible] ment. Please send entries, including stamped, sel[illegible] dressed envelope, to "Commentary."

schoolhouse in Alabama, at a displaced family out from a rain-soaked tent in a California fruit camp, at a dreary factory town in Pennsylvania, ow-covered church in Lancaster, New Hampshire. er been to any of these places, and I wanted to go. ne to recognize the distinctive styles of the photog- : Rothstein's pictorial approach—he specialized ulus clouds—Ben Shahn's incisive, unedited per- s. "Well," he would say, "I guess you can call it ntary. That's all right." Dorothea Lange looked le with a compassion and simplicity that was dif- rom all the others. And the pure, classical presen- of Walker Evans—the "thingness" of his quin- al picture of a gothic railroad station was some- e most meaningful of all to me.

thea Lange was the first photographer I met. She ack from the West Coast and talked with deep in- on about the families who had to leave their farms ahoma to pick lettuce in California. Ben Shahn o town and brought a lot of joy into the office. He ainter, no photographer at all, but Stryker had the nse to send him down South to make great photo- Finally I met Walker Evans. I learned that he had friend of Hart Crane and that he preferred Bach to ngs. It was these three, Evans, Shahn, and Lange, d the strongest influence on Stryker in the early hile he was forming a concrete plan out of the un- ideas he had brought to Washington.



May 1938. John Vachon

what was Roy Stryker? He was a blend of old- opulist and New Deal Democrat. He was a kind of y and effervescent tyrant from whom I heard, for t time in my life, that the American economic sys- d some imperfections, that the Negro hadn't been y Abraham Lincoln, and that it wasn't necessarily cause you read it in the *Saturday Evening Post.* aid to have been, at one time or another, a cow- farmer, a social worker, an economics instructor. certainly never a photographer. When I knew him a forceful, garrulous, earthy, cantankerous, im- nable human being who could recognize and nur- lent, who could absorb and assimilate ideas from and disseminate them. A catalyst, he's been called. ceived a promotion from assistant messenger to file clerk, and Stryker gave me the job of organiz- o a coherent system the thousands of photographs re coming in. My head was filled with subdivisions and cross-references. All FSA pictures came under scrutiny, and I came to know this vast collection of pho- graphs better than anyone else in the world.

Then, inexorably, as in Greek tragedy: one day I told Stryker I thought there were many scenes around Washington that should be photographed for his files. "Why don't you borrow a camera and give it a try?" he answered. And I did not hear the portentous bells tolling.

Ben Shahn showed me how to focus the Leica and which button to push. On that weekend I roamed the numbered and alphabetized streets trying everything I wondered if a camera could do. I shot through restaurant windows, into dark bus stations, from moving streetcars, and on downtown streets at night. Many of the frames were out of focus and badly exposed. But somehow they had "turned out," and Stryker was interested in them. He continued to look at my weekend pictures and to discuss them with me. I began to understand what he was getting at. Stryker had a keen sense of what kind of ordinary street scene in 1937 would be interesting in 1973.

Walker Evans reproved Stryker for letting me begin with a Leica. To learn what photography is all about, to understand what a splash of light does to a sensitized emulsion, to know how to guide and direct that light, Evans said, I must first use the 8x10 view camera. So for the rest of that summer I carried a heavy case and tripod around Washington, photographing architectural oddities after the manner of Walker Evans. I remained a weekend photographer, but many of my photographs were accorded the consummate honor: they were added to the File.

About that time Archibald MacLeish was writing *Land of the Free*, a work in which poetry and photography were juxtaposed to complement each other. He spent several weeks looking at FSA pictures, writing lines around them, and writing lines for which he sought a picture. One of his lines was, "We looked west from a rise and we saw forever." He wanted to see a rough pioneer cabin, a clearing in the woods, with limitless ranges of mountains dissolving in the west. Stryker decided that I should go out and get that picture.

Such frivolity—a picture for a poem—could not be undertaken openly by the government. So I was sent to Norfolk, Virginia, with Arthur Rothstein to photograph what in those days was called a Negro housing project. It was my first photographic trip out of town, and I stayed in a hotel. (For some quirky reason I've kept track of my photographic trips out of town, and I've since made 456 of them.) Rothstein and I spent two days photographing the project and then drove back to Washington by way of the Blue Ridge Mountains, along the Skyline Drive. Late in the afternoon we found a promontory off a side road with a view of a deserted log house and a splendid vista of mountains fading away in the west in variegated hues of deep and misty blue. It clearly said, "We looked west from a rise and we saw forever." I set up the 8x10 view camera, went under the black cloth, and spent several minutes focusing, adjusting the rising front, composing on the ground glass, waiting for the sun to just glint the edge of a cloud. Then I emerged, cocked the shutter, inserted a tremendous piece of emulsified film enclosed in a wooden film holder, withdrew the slide, and, holding my breath, I squeezed the cable release. Rothstein thereupon pulled out his Leica and snapped three variations of my scene. "Just to cover you, in case . . ." he said. Of course I forgave him. About sixteen years later.

A few months after this, Stryker sent me to Georgia for a few days to photograph Irwinville Farms, an FSA project of little white houses with a community center and a co-op. I went alone, and it was my first immersion into the mysterious South. I remember the lean, angular face of a farm woman with sweet straight lips, and a ten-year-old boy drinking from a fountain marked "Colored Water." I drank blueberry cider at a country dance. I haven't seen those pictures for thirty years. On the way back I had to change trains, and there was a three-hour wait in Atlanta, where I'd certainly never been before. I hired a taxi for five dollars to drive me all over the city. I was looking for something. In 1935 Walker Evans had photographed two identical weathered frame houses with ornamental woodwork, half-hidden by two large billboards, on one of which was Carole Lombard's face with a black eye. I found the very place, and it was like finding a first folio Shakespeare. The signs on the billboard had been changed, but I photographed it, and it's in the File.



John Vachon

In October 1938 I was given my first long, and sought-after, assignment. I was gone four weeks. I left from Washington's Union Station on an overnight train. I sat in the smoking car with important government officials who smoked cigars and told smoking-car stories. First stop: Cincinnati, Ohio. Mission: to make pictures of Greenhills, an urban resettlement development fifteen miles outside the city. This I did dutifully for two days, and when I had a chance I roamed the streets of the strange city of Cincinnati. I photographed a parade, a man standing in the doorway of a burlesque theater, a couple sitting on a bench in Fountain Square. I wonder what ever happened to those people.

In a few days I pushed westward. Ah, to be eating breakfast in the dining car while crossing Iowa's undulant acres. In western Nebraska I had my first glimpse of a part of the world I came to love, the ecstatically magnificent Great Plains. I got inside dozens of farmhouses (what a wonderful job I had: how else could I have ever been in a farmer's house in Red Willow County?), and I photographed the whole family sitting down to dinner. And there were the towns! I was twenty-four years old, and this was America before the Holiday Inn. Seneca, Kansas, had a hotel with a huge balustraded and polished staircase rising out of the lobby. I went to a church supper in the basement of the Methodist church, I saw ladies quilting, and I talked to the editor of the *Yates Center Gazette*. In North Platte, Nebraska, I met an ample five-year-old blond lady who played the piano in Her name was Mildred, and she said she was a whore from Wichita. I told her I was a talent scout Broadway, and her picture is in the File.

Before I left Washington, Stryker had told me finished my assignment I should go spend a we Omaha. To do what? Just photograph Omaha. My clue was an article in a recent *Harper's* by George ton. It was a socioeconomic study of that city, som in the manner of the later "Inside" books by John ther. Leighton's book *Five Cities* was about to be lished, and Omaha was one of the cities. Stryker worked wondrous miracles, had arranged that this should have an appendage of photographs from th cities. These were to be government photographs nished at no cost to the publisher, and certainly muneration to the photographer. In those days pu tion was its own reward. Maybe it still is.

I spent a cold November week in Omaha and wal hundred miles. Was it Kearney Street where unemp men sat all day on the steps of cheap hotels? A tattoo lor, and the city mission with its soup kitchen. Men ing around the stockyards. One morning I photogra a grain elevator: pure sun-brushed silo columns of ce rising from behind a CB&Q freight car. The geni Walker Evans and Charles Sheeler welded into on preme photographic statement, I told myself. Th occurred to me that it was I who was looking at that elevator. For the past year I had been sedulously the masters. And in Omaha I realized that I had oped my own style of seeing with a camera. I knew I would photograph only what pleased or astonishe eye, and only in the way I saw it.

In November 1940 I was officially appointed "ju photographer." I now made $150 a month. I bought and took off for the West, photographing my way thr Maryland and Ohio and Indiana.

The Dakotas in winter were a revelation to me became one of my favorite places in the world, like or the Italian Riviera, only different. It was cold, an second-hand Plymouth had no heater, but it was my totally exhilarating photographic experience. I love wide emptiness, the fact that there was nothing wha to photograph. This trip marked the beginning o affection for that land of vast space and wild blo snow, and the winter that I don't check into the Northern Hotel in Devils Lake is an incomplete wint

Back in Washington, D.C., it was still that easyg border city where you got good seafood by the w front, but war was proceeding in Europe, and Ch Lindbergh and Sen. Burton Wheeler were warnin not to get tricked into it. The country was beginnin ease out of the Depression, and there was something ferent in the air. The draft had started, and new p were being built everywhere. Soon all the FSA ph raphers were out photographing "defense activities" the changing rural landscape of burgeoning trailer ca

A month after Pearl Harbor I started out on my trip for the FSA. This was to be the longest, eventful grand tour of the U.S.A. I ever made. I was nearly six months. There was now a thirty-five-mil hour speed limit imposed all over the country to save

es, which were rationed, and I drove leisurely west- rough the mountain towns of Maryland and West a, and down the Ohio River through Parkersburg llipolis. Saturday night people stood on the main of these brooding towns, black suits on the men peless color prints on the women. I gave a ride to r on leave, a private first class, Fred. He said his as going to move soon. Any day now. Maybe over- hen he got out of my car near his house a lady l to ask him if he'd seen her son Raymond lately. s on my way out to the Great Plains again, but he way I was photographing Selective Service Red Cross ladies making bandages, the National drilling in the armory. We had been attacked by anese, and we were at war, but hardly. In the Civil e Registration office in the basement of the court- n elderly white-haired man was asked, "What do nk you can do to help?" He raised his right hand s sworn in. There were sky watchers with helmets ople with armbands who knocked on your door if showed during a blackout. Draftees were training ooden guns, and farmers were being moved off nd where Army camps were to be built.

look of early American antiquity, as in colored aphs, was on the old river towns. I drove through n Illinois and Missouri. There were red brick gs and high curbstones in the towns at the edge hills, and on Saturday afternoon a farmer's wife, in the pickup truck, ate an ice cream cone. The States is at war, thank God, and an American flag, ite and blue, flies unfurled in front of every place ness on the square. A glorious sight on a good warm January.

nto snow-covered Wisconsin and across Minnesota. a night on a dairy farm and got up at 5:00 A.M. h Elaine, the farmer's daughter, milk the cows. or Freedom was one of the slogans to be photo- d. In February I reached the eastern edge of my l Plains. Stryker's directive had been pretty gen- e trusted me by this time. For ten weeks I traveled alted rolling land and photographed what pleased nished my eye, what I saw and wanted others to inter sheep camps, creased faces of cattlemen, a game in the back room of a bar, buttes, and wild horses on the Bad Lands, silver jukeboxes and bowling alleys, a snowman holding a flag, and a e Flyer leaning against the back door.

pictures were being used by the Office of War In- ion, and I was supposed to show that this was a ountry. I was finding out it really was. This was ely populated area, still least affected by the war. t know it at the time, but I was having a last look rica as it used to be.

pring arrived I crossed the Continental Divide, and he farthest west I'd ever been. Snow was melting Rockies, and early violets popped up in Pocatello, I photographed Spring—clothes blowing on the ne, kids playing marbles, women planting backyard s, blossoms on trees.

e were confused and frustrating days when the f the shutter seemed senseless to me, and I won- what I was really doing, and why. There was the r who looked at me with incredulity and said, 's a war going on, and the government's sending ound *taking pictures?*" Or the resentment toward my A ration card, which allowed me unlimited gasoline. I was uncomfortable around uniforms. I hadn't been drafted because I had two children (pre-Pearl Harbor children, they were designated by the draft boards). But an overnight visit to a winter sheep camp, or coffee and cake with the ladies of the WCTU, would always restore my confidence in the validity of what I was doing.

I'd been away from home for a long time, and in June I headed back east. Most of the photographers were now in military service, and Roy Stryker's photo section had been taken over by the Office of War Information.

I stayed on for a while with Stryker and his reduced staff. We photographed shipyards, steel mills, aircraft plants, oil refineries, and always the happy American worker. The pictures began to look like those from the Soviet Union. But I still knew what Stryker and I liked, and I couldn't just drive past a lonely mailbox on a Texas farm road or a farmer with a mule pushing his plow past high tension wires.



John Vachon

In September 1943 Stryker left the government. He left behind the File, which is now in the Library of Congress: 270,000 black-and-white visions of ordinary America mounted on gray cards. If it is not the single most monumental photographic coverage ever executed, it is certainly the most monumental ever conceived.

Roy Stryker went to New York, to the Standard Oil Company, to try to do the same thing all over again for the oil industry. Well, he tried. I joined him for a while. He sent me down to South America to make pictures of oil. Then my pre-Pearl Harbor children let me down, and I was drafted into the U.S. Army. I spent the rest of the war making movies of pigeons in Central Park for the Signal Corps.

When I got out of the Army the FSA was no more, and I wished I could call it back. I got a job in private industry, as we used to call it in the government. A job as a photographer, because that's what I was now. That's what Stryker had turned me into, starting that afternoon I walked into his office and told him I wasn't interested in photography.

I telephoned Roy a few weeks ago to wish him a happy birthday. He's eighty. He lives in Grand Junction, Colorado.

—John Vachon
New York, N.Y.

John Vachon was awarded a Guggenheim fellowship in photography this spring.

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A CANARY ISLAND OF THE MIND

I was wandering around an all-night supermarket trying to locate a jar of chutney the other night when I ran into Nelson Utijian, who was just back from a two-week vacation. He looked relaxed but not very well-tanned.

"Where did you go this year, Nelson?" I asked. "London? Majorca? The Canary Islands? You didn't send us a postcard."

"We didn't go anywhere this year—couldn't afford it."

"But you look so rested, so at peace with the world."

"That's because I spent the two weeks having my consciousness lowered. It was wonderful—like a month on the beach at Ocho Rios."

"How's that again?"

"Alexandra had hers lowered too and loved every minute of it. Of course, she had been going to her women's consciousness-raising sessions every Monday night, so hers was about due to get cranked down a notch or two."

"Is it a surgical process like a lobotomy, or do you take pills, or what?"

"It's nothing like that at all—no need to file a claim with Blue Cross. It's just a matter of snapping those mental connections that constantly blink on and off in a minute-by-minute accounting of the flow of human events and where you stand in it all—as a woman, man, employer, worker, Caucasian, Presbyterian. It's not too hard, really. You just have to be careful of what you read, whom you dine with, what you watch on television, that sort of thing."

"How far down did you have your consciousness lowered?"

"Not too far. About to the level of, say, Tricia Nixon. I'm sure I can get it pumped up again."

"What did you avoid watching on television?"

"Instead of watching Dick Cavett interview R. D. Laing, we watched Johnny Carson interview Diana Ross. That helped. We were practically comatose for the next fourteen hours.

"The TV networks also helped out by rotating their coverage of the Watergate hearings. We're in a little valley that doesn't pick up an ABC station, so on Thursday we forgot our troubles—and everybody else's—and tuned in some ol Van Dyke reruns. Then on S we put the Louds' divorce out minds and watched *Mannix.* I didn't realize how much missed. I'm crazy about th Peggy always smiles sympath at the bad guy's victim an 'Would you like some coffee? she says that, I feel calm an sured all over."

"Nelson, I'm beginning to s you're in such fine shape."

"Also, we avoided readin Anderson, Mary McGrory, a *New York Review of Books.* tied up in a bundle all the ma with articles about *Last Ta Paris* and dumped them unc cellar steps.

"And instead of seeing any people we usually hang aroun we invited Aunt Snookie and Ed over for dinner Saturday They told us all about the ne leum on their kitchen floor. pleasant."

"Nelson, it's been nice h about your unusual vacatio can you tell me where the he keep the chutney in this plac

Nelson became agitated. buy chutney!"

"No?"

"The workers at the Majo factory in Bombay get paid rupees for a fourteen-hour d are given only a couple of h mangoes for working Satur love chutney, but I never buy

"Vacation's over, eh, Nelso

"Looks that way."

"Welcome home."

—Richard Lanesboro,

Richard Lipez is a free-lance who does a regular column f Amherst (Mass.) Record e *"Customs of Our Tribe."*

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trial Workers of the World);
Rough Country and No
" (PRC&NW—Pierre, Rapid
d Northwestern); or "Maimed
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, Milwaukee, and Gary);
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M&NA—Missouri and North
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—M. L. Story
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JOHN BARTH'S FICTIONS FOR SURVIVAL

by Josephine Hendin

The End of the Road. Doubleday, $4.95; paper, $2.45 (Grosset & Dunlap).
The Floating Opera. Doubleday, $5.95; paper, $1.25 (Bantam).
The Sot-Weed Factor. Doubleday, $10; paper, $2.95 (Grosset & Dunlap).
Lost in the Funhouse. Doubleday, $4.95; paper, $2.45 (Grosset & Dunlap).
Giles Goat-Boy. Doubleday, [illegible] paper, $1.95 (Fawcett).
Chimera. Random House, [illegible] paper, $1.50 (Fawcett; Octob[illegible]



NO ONE BUT JOHN BARTH has written so blithely of falling apart. From *The End of the Road* to *Chimera*, Barth has written with the lightness of a man for whom the Fall was only a literary event and woe is a Mrs. Malaprop. Elegant, dazzling, Barth is no black comedian, but the mannerist of human nonsense. His characters are beautifully groomed insanes, bowing in and out of life with neat jokes on their own collapse. Barth's humor is an emotional style, an etiquette for people who can go mad politely and who glide from anguish into a quip.

As Odysseus outwitted the Cyclops by claiming he was "no-man," so Barth's people outwit adversity by erasing everything but a wily voice weaving fictions, tales, myths—all those glorious lies that can save them from themselves. For Barth's people, style is life-style, the logic of sentences refutes the mind's chaos, syntax can be a saving grace and parody the only force for order. Barth's characters are caught in the experience of nobodyness, the sense that they are blank as interstellar spaces, or selves so protean that they are nothing but pure possibility. But they find the magic words, the abracadabras, that ward off Mother Silence.

From the farces on current life, *The End of the Road*, *The Floating Opera*, and *Lost in the Funhouse*, through those historical epics, *The Sot-Weed Factor* and *Giles Goat-Boy*, to the mystical heroes of *Chimera*, Barth's no-men run back through time to legend, to supreme fictions. Barth takes this culture's obsession with "identity," its mania for the question, "Who am I?" and turns it into a belletristic circus, making a pure entertainment of falling apart. As Jake Horner in *The End of the Road* remarks, "Articulation! There was *my* absolute, if I could be said to have one . . . To turn experience into speech—that is, to classify, to categorize, to conceptualize, to grammarize, to syntactify it—is always a betrayal of experience, a falsification of it; but only so betrayed can [illegible] dealt with at all, and only in s[illegible] ing with it did I ever feel a[illegible] alive and kicking."

Horner is Barth's prototype [illegible] temporary man, paralyzed in [illegible] lessness because he feels nothi[illegible] anything. Having passed his M[illegible] orals at Johns Hopkins, [illegible] checks out of his room beca[illegible] has no reason to stay in it. H[illegible] to the bus terminal to go any[illegible] twenty dollars will take hi[illegible] while making up his mind wh[illegible] go, "he simply ran out of mot[illegible] a car runs out of gas." He s[illegible] mobilized in the terminal for t[illegible] four hours. How to move a p[illegible] paralytic? What to do when y[illegible] not exist "except in a mean[illegible] metabolistic sense"?

Barth offers a doctor whose[illegible] apies are all imperatives. "Ch[illegible] is existence," the doctor [illegible] "Everything we do must be or[illegible] toward choice and action. . [illegible] doesn't matter whether you ac[illegible] structively or consistently so l[illegible] you act. . . . Don't let yours[illegible] stuck between alternatives. [illegible] alternatives are side by side, [illegible] the earlier. If neither of the [illegible] plies, choose the alternative [illegible] name begins with the earlier le[illegible] the alphabet. These are the prin[illegible] of Sinistrality, Antecedence, [illegible] Alphabetical Priority. There [illegible] others."

Unconcerned with emotion[illegible] dainful of introspection, the [illegible] insists people require rules, tig[illegible] mulas, or roles to hold them tog[illegible] What they need is his "Myth[illegible] apy." If Horner cannot exist i[illegible] for himself, he can parody an[illegible] play roles, assume masks. [illegible]

Josephine Hendin teaches at the New School for Social Research and is the author of The World of Flannery O'Connor.

there's anything behind them, sn't. Ego means I and I means id the ego by definition is a ' The doctor's talent is for in- the awareness of fiction into who could never make it in it might thrive as art forms.

I HORNER'S DISEASE and the octor's cure are defensive ma- s, designed to block feeling, to he continuity of personality, focus on the forms of paralysis t the content can disappear. hat content is is scarcely ap- to Horner, who goes dead to n depression. But it is omi- suggested in Barth's descrip- f a plaster bust of Laocoön, iest to whom Apollo granted dge of the contents of the Tro- rse. Driven by love for his to warn them, killed by a vin- god whose passion was wide to annihilate him and his aocoön is the man cursed by and knowledge alike. Hor- ust of Laocoön serves as a ask reminding him that in- ce, involvement, and concern d in the annihilation of the you love, the children you protect, the betrayal by the u have served for a lifetime. n turns *The End of the Road* ragi-farce on philosophy and y, parodying the agitations of d thought. Horner, newborn erapeutic poet, a pragma- tral before all grand designs, d off against Joe Morgan, the tionalist, idealist, and advo- nothing but absolutes. And n them is the honest, an- Rennie, Joe's desperately wife, who has looked "deep herself and found nothing," o clings to all Joe's ideas for ss and stability. The *ménage* that ensues rises to a great n self-consciousness of any parody of people who think e saved by ideas but are in Barth's vision of all rela- s as deadly. Rennie, made t by either man, cannot en- possibility of bearing Hor- ild and resolves to kill her- lorner, his disengagement g down, frantically gets the o perform an abortion, and, f Barth's rare queasy scenes, es Rennie die on the operat- e.

"Terminal," Horner tells a cab-driver. At the end of the road is Barth's sense that paralysis may be peace and innocence, the well of choicelessness where the numbed mind and non-being free you from being alive. Why feel at all when all there is to feel is remorse? Why get involved when involvement is lethal? What seeps through every perfect line of the novel is Barth's sense that all anyone can do is mock his hang-up, or control his collapse with witty detachment. Beyond the mockery is real life, the depression Barth accelerates toward the ultimate choice, the terminal question: "Should I live or die?"

THE FLOATING OPERA is about Todd Andrews' decision and indecision on the day he decided to kill himself and changed his mind. Andrews is Barth's attempt at a character riveted in obsessive reasoning, in stating and negating, doing and undoing himself. A lawyer with a legalistic soul, Andrews spends ten years investigating the facts of the day he decided not to die. And the fruit of this inquiry is one logical proof whose final term is "There is . . . no 'reason' for living . . . (or for suicide)."

Formalized despair, logic at the edge of craziness, permit Barth's characters to emerge as benign, witty presences, spinning out their existences on the thin line between paralysis and suicide. Andrews reaches the neutrality of a Horner. But Barth accomplishes a sublime spoof on the power of mind to order life into meaning anything at all. For beyond Andrews' survival theorem is Barth's vision of life as broken episode, the floating opera you can watch from a riverbank never seeing more than the bit played before your particular spot. This sense of life as fragmented, incapable of arousing any coherent feeling, controls all Barth's realistic work, and informs his conception of character as a compilation of ideas, roles, terms. How does the human opera float? Lethally, according to Barth.

The human situations that do break through Andrews' logical screen are full of wrath. Andrews makes the third in a *ménage à trois* (again) with loving friends who've adopted him. But after fifteen years of amiable sex with the beautiful

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Jane and friendship with her husband, after having possibly fathered "their" daughter, Andrews refuses to adopt *them*. Even as their lawyer he is so aloof that he does not know whether he will bother to win (which he can) the case over Mack's father's will, in which the Macks would inherit three million dollars.

Detached destruction is Andrews' forte. Only once in the Great War was it broken when, overwhelmed by fear in a trench, waves of terror washing over him and loosening his sphincters, a German soldier sprang into the trench, equally terrified and loose-boweled. And clasping each other through the night, they become fiercely protective of each other, each looking out while the other sleeps. But toward morning Andrews becomes suspicious—what if all this needfulness is only a pretense? What if the German is only waiting to kill him? He draws his bayonet and kills the man, who, roused by the knife from sleep, looks at him with shocked, astonished eyes and dies. The urge to kill any closeness in any encounter suffuses Andrews' life—his alternative to detached cruelty is involved cruelty. Just as he destroys the trusting soldier, so he needs to demolish the Macks' affection for him by outraging them with phony tales of his sexual exploitation of the poor black girls of the town.

How to explain the urge to wreck any involvement? Andrews, unlike Horner, has a past, a family, a history of emotional loss, thwarted love, outraged sonhood, sexual detachment. An emotional paralytic, he is doomed to central emptiness, forced to devote his life to an inquiry that lists only what he did and not what he felt on the day he decided not to die. Like Horner, that comic existentialist, he is nothing but the record of his decisions and indecisions, nothing but the sum of his choices or choicelessness. Andrews is finally saved not by logic but by paralysis, by his inability to feel enough joy or despair to want to live or die.

What springs from Barth's "modern" novels is ridicule of both the disease of paralysis and its "cures." Horner and Andrews are technicians of collapse, craftsmen organizing their decline without understanding it or changing it at all. Neither the detached imagination nor detached reasoning can put the human puzzle together. Could introspection do it? Barth's one attempt to explore the innards of the mind is *Lost in the Funhouse*, a collection that adds up to a portrait of the writer as psyche. Barth attacks introspection as the final dead end, and personality as nothing but insecurity or nagging complaint. He equates introspection with private fear, with inadequacy in all its humiliations reflected through the mirror maze of consciousness. And rolling through his "modern" novels is a relentless indictment of philosophy, logic, and the ruminative process as dead ends in the funhouse. How to get out of the terminal maze of modern times? How to escape those cracked images?

IMPERSONAL, COOL, Barth's impulse is all to get out of the paralyzing trap of personality, all to find the Pegasus that can leap into Art. And history is Barth's flying horse, the inspiration that effects the greatest distance from present despair, that offers the dream of possibility, of youth, of a childhood full of live nerves, live wonder, a time when fictions were real as facts, and the funhouse was fun. In *The Sot-Weed Factor*, one of the most brilliant literary feats of the Sixties, Barth wrote of seventeenth-century America as a no-man's-land whose sheer wildness generates the "freedom" that "makes every man an orphan." For Barth's characters reemerge in the past as heroes, as surging historical phenomena. Personifying the American continent is Henry Burlingame, abandoned at birth in an open boat, half "salvage Indian," half English lord, onetime gypsy, Ganymede scholar, and one of those violently polysexual men whose tastes extend through both sexes to shoats. For Burlingame is not paralyzed by choice; he chooses everything at once. Disguising himself as Lord Baltimore one day and a pirate revolutionary the next, he works on both sides of the cause. Be yin, be yang, be lord and savage, implies Barth, be anything but yourself. Nothing excites like mutability. Burlingame multiplies himself out of the obsessional, paralytic bind of Horner and Andrews, out of human stature into a living demonstration of Flux.

To be human is to be paralyzed, to have a purely personal history is to be crushed by the weight of all its disappointments, to be all lord a savage is to have no sex—the Barth's obsessions. To un them he throws against Burli the young Anna and Eben twins left motherless at birt made virtually fatherless b quirkiness of their provincial E father who makes Burlingame tutor. Burlingame lusts after excited by twinship as primal s ity, the coalescence of yin and But for Eben all this intimacy breeds abstinence and total i bility. Self-styled virgin and Eben at Cambridge "Did not deign to dress himself or eat, b immobile in the window seat nightshirt and stared at the ac in the street below, unable to c a motion at all, even when hours later, his untutored bl suggested one."

Burlingame goes on, plugge the immense energy of nascent savage bands, of a continent inf its wildness into everything. Fo American past is Barth's drea Odysseus as Cyclops, one fusi mind and power. And with his lute energy, fragmented sexu and diffused personality, Burlin is the first Barthian hero to i "no-man-ness" as a national ide turn the chaotic, the disinteg heart and the broken self int best defense against paralyzin pression.

Infusing all Barth's later wor passion for the single anomalou ure who depersonalizes, abstr and enlarges emotion toward a h dimension. In *Giles Goat-Boy* attempted a messiah who migh the perfect American savior: a brid of a machine and a goat thered by a computer, born of a v who immediately abandons hi a library dumbwaiter, lamed in chute, raised as a goat among g by a scientist soured on humank the goat-boy, Barth insists, fol the archetypal pattern of heroes will certainly grow into the g tutor who will decipher wha "passed" and what is "flunked" universe run like a university. O long, belaboring the analogy bet studentdom and life, *Giles Goat* is probably Barth's least succe novel. But it powerfully conveys new way of dealing with that re ring figure in his work: the dama abandoned child, the inhuman who cannot feel a thing.

erupts from even this weak
Barth's genius for archetype
gy, as the means of express-
nobling, and enlivening the
of the paralyzed clown. As
goat-boy is another Eben
nother Andrews, another of
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rience above the human line
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ne fictions that for Barth do
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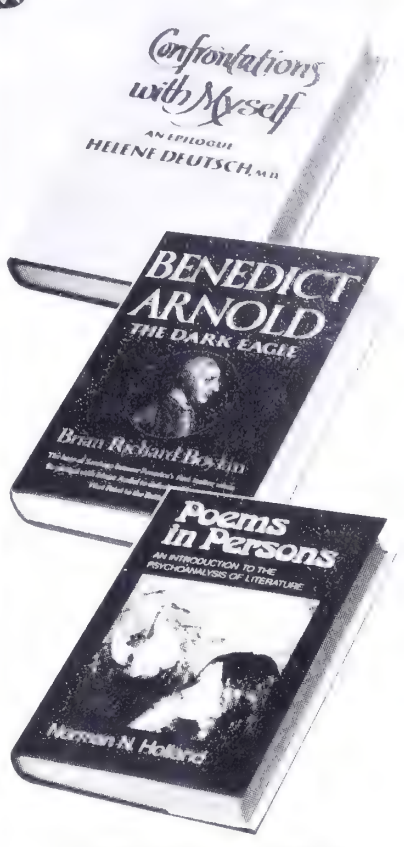
H'S HEROES ARE NOT neces-
ly happier than his moderns.
y all feel more "important,"
ble to dissolve their insecur-
n idealized image, to alchem-
own emotions. Barth's hilar-
nelaiad (in *Lost in the Fun-*
is about a man caught be-
eality and art, the fact and
ry of himself. Can he do the
cal trick? In youth, Barth's
is is all too aware he is a no-
less gooded than Philoctetes,
ve than Ajax, less crafty than
s . . . Why then did Helen
him of all the great men of
To her Menelaus signified
ng real, as Helen him. What-
s it?" Such questions presum-
ive Helen to Paris. Eleven
ter, Troy in ashes, Menelaus
roteus for an answer to his
ntwining Proteus through all
sformations, Menelaus loses
it of inquiry. "Helen loves
hout cause; accept her with-
stion," the old man advises.
enelaus does, even through
insistence: "Husband, I have
een in Troy. . . . What's more
er made love with any man
. . . . Before Paris could up-
, Hermes whisked me on fa-
ders to Egyptian Proteus and
Helen out of clouds to take
ce." Is Menelaus Proteus?
roteus? Proteus Proteus? No
n this domestic comedy or in
h's mythic tales where the
swer to despair is credulity.

Marriage, like art, survives through that suspension of disbelief, that storytelling that in Barth's work always involves a suspension of real emotion, an almost willful abandonment of pride and resentment, tenderness and need. With myth, Barth has worked toward covering the face of experience with classical dramatic masks so that his characters achieve the requisite distance between storyteller and story, player and play. Survival in Barth's world requires that emotion be stylized, that feeling be converted to yarning. For to feel is to lose—lose Helen, lose one's way in the funhouse of life and art, lose oneself in the labyrinth of personality. Few have written with more distaste of the private, the personal demon; and no one has found a more elegant alternative than Barth in the symbol of the chimera, the legendary beast only Pegasus could corner, and that only Barth could make the emblem of every writer's private terror.

What to do if your Pegasus has grown fat? If inspiration no longer soars, no fables come to mind? The three novellas of *Chimera* are all about creeping silence, all about heroes in middle age who are terminal mirror maze sufferers. By far the most brilliant is the *Dunyazadiad* in which a genie who seems to be Barth appears to Scheherazade and her sister Dunyazade and announces himself as a writer gone quiet: "My name's just a jumble of letters, so's the whole body of literature: strings of letters and empty spaces, like a code that I've lost the key to." He wishes "to go back to the original springs of narrative" for inspiration: ". . . And of all the storytellers in the world his very favorite was Scheherazade."

But Barth's "Sherry," though she wants to stop the Shah from deflowering and murdering virgins as he has done for years, knows only stories that already exist and has no idea of how they could be told to the Shah. Each day the genie appears from the future to tell her stories she is said to have written in the past. Each night, after making love with the Shah, she tells them to him, leaving the climax for the morning in the hope that he will let her live another day, her little sister Dunyazade watching her lovemaking and storytelling from the foot of the bed. The Shah finally weds Scheherazade and marries her sister to his brother, all

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amid great rejoicing. But Barth's tale is a comment on how feeling would make this resolution impossible, on the disjunction between life and art, the terrible way imagination betrays itself to emotion. For who could rejoice who had to perform to stay alive? What gratitude has an artist after 1,001 one-night stands?

FOR BARTH'S PEOPLE, in the silences of love and storytelling, in the relation between lovers, artists, and audiences, there is always the fact of destructiveness, the impulse to kill each other. Sherry plans that she and her sister will cut off her husband's "bloody engine" and "choke" him on it. How to save Scheherazade from being real? How to save the bridegrooms? The *Nights*? In this tale of story within story within story, how else but with still another story? The Shah's brother beguiles Sherry's sister with a tale of love and a plea to love "despite her heart's feeling," to make love "as if" she loved. Never has Barth so plainly put the imperative to live against the grain of basic hate, never so pleasingly argued for parody as the only force for love.

From *The End of the Road* to *Chimera* Barth has spoofed the search for identity into the intense, the serious pursuit of a mythology of emotion. He adores parody as self-definition and self-defense, the means of saving oneself through reverse mimesis. Sherry and Donny abandon their rage by faking love, encapsulate themselves in fiction and bow neatly back into the *Nights*. But nothing is not parodic in Barth's world, neither storytellers, nor enchantresses, nor stories that cohere only through their relation to other stories, an existing myth, or an archetypal pattern. Happier than reality is Barthian similitude, the power to live "as if" you were another, that transformation that turns haters to lovers and is foretold in the magic formula of Scheherazade and the genie: "The Key to the Treasure is the Key." Magic words are all in all; storytelling is life's means and only prize. And no one has written more glitteringly than John Barth of the worthlessness of the heart, or the great munificence of language in bestowing so much grandeur, so much richness, so many pearly epigrams on all us swine. □



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sixteen when the father end of mine bribed a don't know if the two went to the judge him- "Uncle Jack" (the dis- tain who arranged the on) or the whole Dem- party. I accepted my father's pronouncement cket had to be squash- was a good man and, , could do nothing f I questioned his ethics, d's father would be an- urt, offended. I cared bout my relationship n than some silly old process.

t same year the school nd I had irreconcilable es. I felt trapped by my teachers, all of the he subjects I had to e people who willingly and the people who evade their obligation . When I saw people on a final, I felt noth- is contest between the and the cheaters did amuse me. I did not be involved.

incidents indicate two oddly joined, that en- corruption—friendship nation. Corruption, un- rder, arson, or pillage, n isolated action. It is sphere, a mood, a sen-

ave unwritten contracts friends. They agree to comfortable. We agree them comfortable. Wil- ys a cop not to find ing in his restaurant, lliam's friends commis- ut the high cost of run- business. Stan finds a buy a stereo that hap- to have a serial num- friends will not have ic busted. Pete, a girlie e editor, gets a case of month as payment for a whiskey brand name fiction. His friends con- him on his ingenuity k to his health.

so find ourselves in un- environments. It is mfortable to be alien- fore we could possibly we'd have to feel.

r has a talent for over- his customers; his employees have learned to applaud or at least not to boo him in his own theater. Jonathan, an art director, likes to impress upon photographers the relationship between loyalty and kickbacks; the photographers, who have learned a thing or two about survival, prefer not to have a negative reaction. Harry, a restaurateur, likes to support his local police with "something for their trouble" —present or future. The new policeman learns to stop saying "No, no," and start saying "Thank you."

Etiquette is a way of revealing friendship and masking alienation. Corruption, then, may simply be a complicated form of courtesy.

—Norman Schreiber

Norman Schreiber has written commentary on books, photographs, music, and humor.

CHEATING

In my experience, the smartest kids in a class cheat as much as or more than the "dumb" ones. They realize that cheating is the easiest way out of the monotony of schoolwork, and they can rationalize their actions many ways. It is the best way to assure good grades, to relieve the pressure, and, besides, everybody does it—including adults and possibly the kids' own parents.

Faculty members and administrators are still distressed by the lack of honorable mores on the part of the students, even though they have been slightly infected by the students' casual attitudes. Their agony begins when the question of punishment for a cheater arises. As the severity of the punishment depends not only on the magnitude of the sin but on the motives and circumstances the teacher believes are present, the would-be punishers are beginning to ask why a student finds it necessary to cheat.

Of course, many teachers still dismiss the cheater as a lazy parasite who has nothing original to say or who just doesn't want to bother with the standard memorizing or thinking. But among the new breed of teachers appearing in the schools, conscience has weakened easy certainty. It is not the principle of the thing that bothers them, for most of our teachers and administrators are liberals and therefore awfully uncomfortable with strict applications of principle. Theirs is not to do or die, theirs is but to reason why.

He and she are usually young, interested, and popular with the students. The growing amount of cheating deeply concerns them, but they look upon the situation in a different light. More and more teachers are ready to suggest that maybe it's the schools' fault that students cheat; that schools have always taught students to fight for the best grade and to get it any way they can. They are beginning to question the traditional emphasis that society places on grades, and the pressure on students to *achieve*.

It could be said that this new attitude simply creates more excuses for lazy students, letting them off the hook too easily. Still, the questions remain to be raised and debated; with the importance of grades removed and a more flexible, individualized approach to teaching, would a student feel less inclined to cheat, increasingly motivated to learn by himself, and admit to being not as perfect as he would like? **—Immy Humes**

Immy Humes is now in the 10th grade at St. Ann's Episcopal School in New York.

Ripping Off

For the teen-ager, the rip-off begins as a simple thing: a child's matter of desire and fulfillment. You stroll into a supermarket. One by one, the items drop into your basket. You are adding up their prices, realizing you have just enough money to pay for the items you've already chosen, when you see a small box of strawberries waiting in the corner. You can taste the sharp, sweet sting of their juice; you see their plump bodies floating in a pool of cream. You want them. No one is coming down the aisle, so you slip them into your bag.

This kind of steal is an isolated incident; like Gide's gratuitous act it is done without consequences, in the void. Although the teen-ager may never mention the steal, he knows that in the unblinking high-school world such an act of rebellion is considered "cool."

As the teen-ager's desire to be "cool" and to assert himself grows stronger, the rip-off metamorphoses into an art. Here the object fades in importance as the act becomes an intricate measure of daredeviltry. The story of a boy who lowered himself by a rope into someone else's backyard to "liberate" a small refrigerator and thus impress his girlfriend appears in the yearbook of a prominent New York City high school. This form of rip-off is frequently directed against organizations that represent the system itself. A favorite steal is to enter a subway station and have a friend distract the token seller while a group of people pass in through the exit door free.

The apotheosis of the rip-off as revolt can be found in Abbie Hoffman's *Steal This Book*. In a series of ridiculous antics, Abbie and his friends rip off the establishment in the name of revolution and the new generation. But what Abbie fails to realize is that only a very small minority of this new generation is even quasi-revolutionary. It's not fire-wielders but average, self-oriented, middle-class high-school kids who are doing the steals.

The rip-off is the arena for my generation's version of the adolescent conflict of individual vs. society—only intensified by the radical difference between our permissive childhoods and what is perceived as the inevitably conformist adulthoods awaiting us. Ripping off occurs with the sense of being stranded between two worlds and with the hunger to snatch up anything to fill the gnawing emptiness inside. Slowly our parents' many loopholes, and "doing what feels good" are pumped into us. We compare ourselves with Beckett's man dangling at the end of a string made of his own weaknesses. Childish consumers, we are snapping together a new product. *Voilà*. The rip-off: the ideal alloy of acceptance and rebellion. **—Diane Sherlock**

Diane Sherlock is a student at the Lenox School in New York, where she edited the student paper.

:OUND CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

The Infallible Sign

It is part of the self-congratulation of every age to believe that its corruption, at least, exceeds that of any other. Alas, we are no more to be congratulated for our corruption than for our architecture. Good workmanlike examples of both we have in abundance, of course, but the touch of the master is rare. Just as we have no Parthenon, so we cannot produce such an elegant expedient as the Alcmaeonids' getting Sparta to overthrow Peisistratos by putting in the fix with the Delphic oracle. No recent Pope has invited bids for the papacy, whereas Benedict IX actually sold it. The Joint Chiefs of Staff may at moments get above themselves, but unlike the Praetorian Guard they have never liquidated the chief of state and put the known world up for sale.

There may be an element here of the attitude that

Compounds for faults that it's inclined to
By damning those it has no mind to.

Falling well short of being able to take its pleasures with pagan relaxation, society compensates with a vigor—heaven knows overdue—in its public life that is unprecedented and sometimes harsh. Newspapers, film studios, and politicians that once were pillars of fatuous comstockery now reserve their inquisitiveness and reprobation for frequently unprovable innuendoes; in another quarter, the main improvement is that the damage done to advanced writers and painters by repressive puritanism was probably crueler than that done to public men by lubricious reformers. A conservative administration ruined Joe Tydings' political career, helping to defeat him for reelection by leaking charges that it would never have had the face to bring in a court of law. A liberal Senate, not having the courage to stand on the letter of "advise and consent" and reject Clement Haynsworth for his legal opinions, dirtied his good name by rejecting him over shamefully pettifogging charges of conflict of interest.

One could multiply examples endlessly. There is no need. There is more money than ever before and a greater range of official discretion, far too much of which, in Mencken's word, is "wabbled" by money or its penumbra of glamour, contacts, and favors: in Washington especially, money may be heard not merely talking but even singing from *Aida* and doing animal imitations. But—at the risk of sounding Pollyannaish—one might rightly feel that, given a free government, things do progress, albeit creakily.

Castlereagh once circulated a proposal to influence newspapers with money; his Prime Minister, Lord Liverpoo
with great wisdom, th
only newspapers that co
bought would be the on
worth buying. This m
more nearly a truth ove
than of a given moment,
is a sound rule that even
laws and vigilance are es
the self respect of freen
our best hope. Honesty
liberty, "will not survive i
utes if it has died in the
of men." Corruption is th
infallible sign, says Gibb
constitutional liberty: be
one might add, under suc
ernment people dare p
out. We resist absolutis
cause it sets us free of
corruptions only to corr
self. We shall never be f
all our own disgraces, b
least in a government
gives us a chance to feel re
sible for them, we have a
chance every day of re
them. **—Timothy Dick**

Timothy Dickinson is a consul.
Harper's.

FIGURING YOUR CORRUPTION QUOTIENT

Soul-searching time again! How many shady schemes have you lent your hand to, how many petty compromises? On the other hand, how many times has your inner nobility triumphed, how often has your conscience been your guide, your virtue its own reward? The quiz below is designed to help you determine just how good a citizen you are. Remember—the higher you score, the lower you are.

1. A salesman is soliciting your company's business. You let him:
   a. shake your hand
   b. buy you lunch
   c. take you and your spouse out to dinner and the theater
   d. send you a case of Scotch at Christmas
   e. finance a trip to Bermuda
   f. give you cash
2. You are a disc jockey. You accept from a record promoter:
   a. the time of day
   b. freebies
   c. dinner
   d. a trip to Liverpool to preview his new group
   e. cocaine
3. You are looking for an apartment. You grease the palm of:
   a. nobody
   b. the departing tenant for "fixtures"
   c. the janitor
   d. the superintendent
   e. the owner
   f. all of the above
4. You get your fourteenth parking ticket. You:
   a. decide to pay up and stop feeling like a fugitive
   b. wait to see if the computer catches up with you
   c. try to get it fixed
   d. register your car in another state
   e. lie to the judge
5. Your company sends you on a business trip to Cleveland. You get a ride and stay with a friend. You charge your expense account for:
   a. exactly what you spent
   b. plane fare
   c. hotel
   d. meals
   e. plane fare, etc., but only if you don't have to forge re
6. You are seeking a government contract. You:
   a. offer a sealed bid as other seekers do
   b. take a Congressman to lunch
   c. arrange for your Senator to commute in the company
   d. pay a well-connected lawyer $10,000 to set up a me
      with the appropriate Cabinet member
   e. contribute $100,000 to each Presidential candidate
   f. contribute $200,000 to the sure-fire Presidential winn
7. To save money on your income tax, you:
   a. hire a tax consultant
   b. pad your deductions
   c. take off personal expenses as business expenses
   d. accept cash payments and don't report them
   e. launder your income through Switzerland
8. To reduce the high cost of acquiring merchandise, you:
   a. get it wholesale through your brother-in-law
   b. claim it was broken when the bill arrives
   c. claim you never got it when the bill arrives
   d. skip town when the bill arrives
   e. steal it
9. To save on phone bills, you:
   a. cut down on calls
   b. call collect with a coded message
   c. make personal calls from your office
   d. bill calls to a phony third party
   e. make personal calls from somebody else's office
   f. use a blue box to bypass the billing mechanism
10. If you were sure of not getting caught, you would defrau
    a. no one
    b. the IRS
    c. Safeway
    d. the corner druggist
    e. your grandmother

l
se Books

ıg off after the truth
the zest and determi-
of a terrier chasing a
ack, Lincoln Steffens
ted the biggest bosses
ost grasping business-
n-of-the-century Amer-
ld provide. Yet even-
e placed much of the
or corruption on the
ays—"the petty honest
o do not know that or
r how they sin." For
reform to be possible,
believed, ordinary peo-
ld have to come to re-
truth about their own
ity. It is an argument
t as relevant today as it
n Steffens published his
y in 1931.

ome clues to the nature
own involvement in
on, you cannot do bet-
to read his autobiogra-
arcourt Brace, $12.00).

The "Muckraking" section offers particularly valuable data and deductions, and the book as a whole limns a man who was brash, intelligent, resolute, influential, and extremely funny. Steffens is delightful as well as enlightening company.

Here are some other books exploring ways in which "honest men" are entangled in corrupt activities:

Counsel for the Deceived, by Philip G. Schrag (Pantheon, $5.95), a lively, thoughtful account of battling consumer frauds in New York City by means fair and foul.

Not With A Gun, by Jean Carper (Grossman, $6.95), the story of a homeowning swindle that would never have worked without the cooperation of respected individuals and institutions.

In the Name of Profit, by Robert L. Heilbroner & others (Doubleday, $6.95), is a collection of shameful profiles of well-educated, respected executives whose cynicism and avarice led them not only to evil corporate doings but also, after same were exposed, to promotion.

Just as respectable conduct shades into corruption, so corruption shades into crime. The vast gray area between what everybody does (though it *is* a little crooked) and offenses that are plainly criminal is populated largely by white-collar workers. Edwin H. Sutherland argues in *White Collar Crime* (Holt, $4.50) that the lines drawn in this area have been neither accurate nor useful. Though Sutherland's main interest lies in reforming our theory of criminal justice, the book's implications for social and personal reform are significant.

Those of us who have been rooked by white-collar criminals or other masters of sharp practice may be more concerned with defending ourselves than with analyzing or identifying. A number of books now on the market provide suitable ammunition. To wit:

Stealing, by Mark Lipman (Harper's Magazine Press, $6.95). According to the author, a private investigator, employees of American corporations are stealing billions from their bosses, yet they do not think of themselves as even slightly dishonest.

The Great Land Hustle, by Morton C. Paulson (Regnery, $7.95), a thoroughly documented account of how apparently reputable blue-chip corporations pressure people into buying mostly worthless land.

Frauds, Swindles, & Rackets, by Robert Rosefsky (Follett, $6.95), tells you everything you need to know to keep con men from conning you. The main thing to remember: the strength of their appeal rests as firmly on your desire to get something for nothing as it does on theirs. See above, *The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens.*

---

ing advantage of sympathy for illness, you:
ancel an invitation to a dismal affair
all in sick to take a three-day weekend
laim a whiplash in a car accident
laim that a disability was job-related
ribe a doctor to certify that you are disabled

ı have found a wallet. You:
eturn it intact
eturn it without the money
ıse the credit cards
ell the credit cards

ır next-door neighbor, who, like you, is a white liberal, s you a black family is interested in buying his house. You:
ell him that's fine with you
ask him not to sell until you can find a white buyer
oll the neighbors to find out who might give in to blockusters
all a broker and put your house on the market

u are leaving your job in order to travel and loaf until r money runs out. You:
give plenty of notice and offer to train your replacement
suddenly claim you have mononucleosis and ask for three months sick leave with pay
ouse up your work so you'll get fired and can collect severance pay
ask your boss to say he fired you so you can get unemployment insurance.

ur friend, who is selling his car, tells a prospective buyer 'our presence that it's been driven only 12,000 miles but you w he set the odometer back from 50,000. You:
ake your friend aside and suggest he level with the buyer
ell the buyer the facts yourself
figure it's none of your business and keep your mouth shut

ile you're away for the weekend your apartment is burrized. You:
estimate the value of your losses as best you can and report accurately to the insurance company
b. pad your losses slightly on the theory that the insurance company expects you to and automatically disallows part of every claim
c. pad the losses because the money will make a big difference to you but the company won't even notice it's gone
d. pad your losses a lot because you'd be a fool not to

17. Your 12-year-old son is small for his age. You:
a. acquaint him with distinctions achieved by small men
b. let him get into the movies for half price
c. tell him to pay half-fare on the bus
d. buy him airplane tickets at children's rates

18. You go to an overpriced restaurant and have an indifferent meal. Afterward, you discover that you have been undercharged. You:
a. call the error to the waiter's attention
b. say nothing but increase the tip
c. leave, suffused with a sense of retaliation

19. You find a five-dollar bill in the street. You:
a. leave it there, assuming its owner will find it
b. give it to charity
c. pick it up and ask anyone around if it belongs to him
d. recall the fives you've lost and pocket it

20. Someone you don't like wants to go out with you. You:
a. list bluntly the reasons you're not attracted
b. say you have to walk the dog
c. say untruthfully that you're infatuated with someone else
d. make up some phony reasons why it won't work

SCORING

a = 0	d = 30
b = 10	e = 40
c = 20	f = 50

IF YOU SCORED:	YOU ARE:
0 — 50	Simon pure
60 — 150	slightly tainted
160 — 300	quite wicked
310 and above	utterly rotten, and probably a felon

If you fudged any answers, add 100 points to your score.

TOOLS FOR LIVIN

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

As products proliferate it's getting harder and harder to separate the true items of value—those that do what they promise for a useful period of time at a reasonable cost—from the general chaff. Tools for Living is simply an attempt to make information available on those goods and services worth knowing about. Furthermore, since everyone we know gets busier and busier, we felt it made sense to extend the information service to its logical conclusion: you can buy most of these products through us if that's the easiest way for you to get them.

Tools for Living is not a product testing service. If we feature something here, it's because we like it. There are no best buys, no check-rated items, no guarantees or warranties. Our items are not selected by an organized process; somewhere along the line one of you or one of us has run across that particular product, used it, and found it to be functional and worth its price.

If you decide to order any of these items through *Harper's*, just follow the instructions on the next page. Postage and handling charges are on us.

TV MOVIES

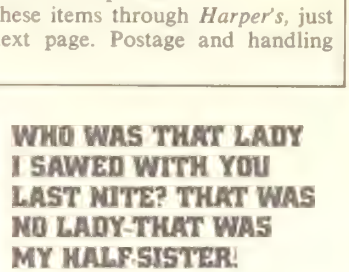
One of television's most consistent pleasures is the late-night movie. More than 14,000 movies are now available for television, and frequently there is *no* other way to see the work of an unfashionable era or director. The best way to check out what's what on the late show is Leonard Maltin's *TV Movies* (Signet, $1.50). There are other guides, but none gives as much information as Maltin's: director; year of release; the plot in brief (and an evaluation, to be taken, we think, lightly); the cast; whether it is in black and white or color; and the original running time. Main advantage of the latter: to tell if a film has been cut, and if so, by how much. A 122-minute film in a two-hour time slot has been trimmed considerably for commercials (if not because of content). Maltin's book won't bring back the snipped footage, but it may help explain the rough edges in an otherwise wonderful movie.

DUCTAPE LORE

Norman A. Wilson, a reader from Tahoe City, California, who heads a snow consultant service, wrote us in response to our item on Ductape that "Ductape is used extensively in avalanche control work to tape two packages of explosives together, to tape fuse to charge, and sometimes to mend a tear in the explosive covering. In this part of the world Ductape is even referred to as 'avalanche tape,' and asked for at hardware stores by that name by little old ladies in tennis shoes."

WHO WAS THAT LADY I SAWED WITH YOU LAST NITE? THAT WAS NO LADY-THAT WAS MY HALF-SISTER!

You can never tell where you're going to be when you need a saw. You could "be at home and have to free the foot of a screaming, frightened child from between the pickets of a fence or you could be out fishing and need to cut your boat's



motor out of underwater branches." In both cases, Josh Knowles, a reader from Lansing, Michigan, used a pliable, packable tool known as a Pocket Saw.

"This saw is all blade; in fact, it is three blades of superquality silicon steel interwoven into one blade with a removable thumb ring on each end. Since the blade is very pliable, it will roll up into its own plastic pouch for easy carrying. Whenever necessary, you use the saw two-handed by holding the thumb rings taut, or you can fashion a one-handed bow saw by stretching the blade on any green finger-thick branch or sapling.

"For $3 [from sporting goods stores or from us postpaid] I don't know of a saw that comes near the Pocket Saw in performance, and convenience. Its nonsticking teeth cut soft material like cork and rubber with ease. The manufacturer says it will even cut ice or horn. Haven't tried those, but my wife has used it to divide large pieces of frozen foods into serving-sized portions. And, since it cuts in every direction, it's almost like having a pocket jigsaw."



PLEASE, SQUEEZE

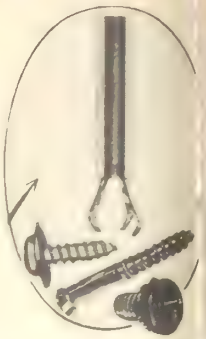
Once, just to explore the imaginative tastes of our staff, our publisher sent us all out into different stores with instructions to bring back our favorite ideas for "Tools." Much to everyone's surprise, five people purchased the same item—a juice squeezer. Need we say more? Well, we might add that nothing can compare to the aroma and taste of freshly squeezed citrus fruit except, maybe, a stroll through the orange groves of Valencia.

Here they are, by popular demand. The large Quart Juicer ($5.50) handles all sizes, from tiny limes to hefty grapefruits. After squeezing, the press is removed and the strainer top is used to strain the juice further or seal the cannister for storage. The Small Squeezer ($3) has a beautifully designed dome top armed with claws that hold the fruit firmly in place until the very last drop is extracted.

These squeezers are available in many gourmet shops or by mail from us.

CLAW QUIRK

John G. Schwartz, a reader from Shaker Heights, Ohio, has sent us his hearty testimonial



for the Flexible Claw. [illegible] Sure, a flexible one at t[illegible] quote Mr. Schwartz, [illegible] many times have read[illegible] valuable items in dra[illegible] other narrow places, or [illegible] to rescue something 'u[illegible] able' or indigestible fr[illegible] disposer, better known [illegible] electric pig?" The Flexib[illegible] Pick-up Tool ($1.95 fro[illegible] ware stores or from u[illegible] paid) is the answer.

"It is flexible, easy [illegible] and small enough in di[illegible] to allow one to rescue [illegible] from the drain (or the [illegible] ized swine under the sink [illegible] from deep inside carbu[illegible] and gunk out of lawn [illegible] gasoline tanks." The C[illegible] 23 inches in length, with [illegible] fective length of abo[illegible] inches, and ¼ inch in dia[illegible]

KICK, STEP, KICK, KICK, STEP

Lurking between the sta[illegible] many a library is a smal[illegible] that is constantly being [illegible] around and then stepped [illegible] No, it's not a librarian, [illegible] great tool that librarians [illegible] been using for years, the [illegible] Step. That is precisely wha[illegible] item is and describes wh[illegible] does. You can kick it so t[illegible] rolls smoothly and silent[illegible] the desired location. Inv[illegible] spring-mounted casters r[illegible] under the slightest pressu[illegible] allow the rubber grip rin[illegible] the base to "lock" onto[illegible] floor. No wobbles, no swa[illegible] and ribbed rubber tread[illegible] the upper and lower platf[illegible] prevent slipping.

The Kik-Step ($19 at o[illegible] supply stores or from us [illegible] paid) is not only a hel[illegible] would-be mountain goats, [illegible] also a very comfortable [illegible] for sitting, whether you [illegible] working on a potter's w[illegible] polishing shoes, painting [illegible] baseboards, rearranging t[illegible]

cabinets beneath the
or gardening. The hea-
steel frame comes in
er glo, white, yellow,
baked-enamel finish.
dering from us, please
hich color you prefer.

ATETIC RS

do you keep station-
writing materials? And
out those loose news
that flutter around the
om box to box until
mple beyond recogni-
ice the demise of the
le desk, most house-
ve suffered from the
nuisance of displaced



e found a solution to
s of mess," writes Cyn-
van, a reader who ne-
to include her return
'Stac-A-Drawers [$6.95
-supply stores or from
paid] provide a great
tore stationery and cor-
nce. The modules are
d of three smooth-slid-
ers (9¼ x 11¼ inches)
p stationery, personal
school supplies, and
phs safely stored and
find. Since the units
three different colors
gold, and orange—it is
to combine the drawers
number and any color
ion for a color-coded
f your own. The draw-
have niches for labels
e handles."
you order these high-
styrene drawer units
please be sure to in-
hich color you prefer.

THANG'S RIGHT

ig apart at the seams?
Rosser of Pacifica, Cal-
has discovered a tool
vs it all up." He wrote
it. "With an awl it's
to mend old leather



and repair even the most infuriating tears. I've used mine to stitch up my convertible's roof in inconvenient places without having to remove it from the car, and I've repaired shoes and even luggage."

Awls with strong waxed thread have always been essential to saddle shops and sailmakers, and can be profitably put to use on awnings, golf bags, canvas and plastic inflatables, upholstery, seat covers, sails, in fact, on almost anything that needs to be sewed.

We had a bit of trouble locating awls in this age of machines, but we've succeeded, and you may order them from us. An awl with two spools of waxed thread is $2.95.



THERE WAS A TAPE DISPENSER THAT LIVED IN A SHOE...

Sometimes trying to close the flap of a box over its bulging contents with one hand while trying to apply cellophane tape with the other hand and an elbow or chin has led to scenes worthy of a Buster Keaton film. Fumblers, rejoice! No longer will your tape double back on itself and you in suicidal sticky loops. Relief comes in the form of an applicator that can be operated by only one hand.

The Tape-Eze, pictured above, is grasped by one hand and pulled along the surface upon which the tape is to be applied, index finger activating the tape roller. The finger is lifted to cut the tape. *Voilà*! The Tape-Eze is housed in its own shoe, which can be fastened to the workbench, wall, or desk by its own adhesive backing to become a "regular" tape dispenser from which the tape can be pulled.

Tape-Eze is available in many stationery shops for $3 or from us postpaid.

IT'S SUPERLOCK

Lillian Zane, a reader from Brookline, Massachusetts, introduced us to a product that she feels "is unique and functional and actually does the job it was meant to do. It is the Kryptonite Bicycle Lock, and it makes a bicycle virtually theft-proof. I did not say *completely* theft-proof because the manufacturer refuses to make this statement. He insists that if a thief is willing to spend the time and effort to destroy this lock, he can succeed.

"The Kryptonite Lock is unusual in that it incorporates a padlock without leaving the bolt of the padlock accessible to bolt cutters. Whereas a chain can be readily cut (as I read in a Reader Response from a housewife in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in your April issue), the Kryptonite Lock does not lend itself to being cut with a bolt cutter or saw. Weighing about five lbs., it can be stored on the bicycle on a rack, in baskets, bags, or behind the seat of the bicycle through the seat springs.

"Used with its American padlock, the Kryptonite Lock becomes a formidable device for protecting the bike, in the city or on the campus. An individual with a 10-speed bike with a quick-release front wheel has enough room to lock the bike, both wheels, and the frame to a parking meter post.

"The people at a bicycle shop in New York City tried an interesting experiment last year, when the bike lock was introduced into the New York area. They left a bicycle with the Kryptonite lock in the East Village for two weeks. When they went back for the bike, they found that the locking device had over 20 bolt cutter marks on it."

The Kryptonite Lock with an American padlock is available in many bicycle shops or may be obtained from us through the mails for $20.



YOU GET THE IDEA

Since we can't do as much detective work as we'd like in digging out especially attractive products, we would welcome your help. If you are willing to stake your personal reputation on a product that has served you more than satisfactorily, send us a testimonial. We'll publish it if space permits and if the item is of general interest and availability. Write TOOLS, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

HOW TO ORDER

If you care to order these items from us, you may do so by sending a letter to Tools for Living, c/o Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Specify the item, quantity of each item, and color (if needed). Price is that indicated in the descriptions above. Add up the total for all items you order (N.Y. residents add appropriate sales tax). Enclose a check for the total amount payable to Harper's Magazine. If you prefer to charge your BankAmericard or Master Charge, indicate your card number and expiration date. You may also order the books that are discussed in Starting Points by following these same instructions.

READERS WRAPA

True Confessions

A while back, we asked our male readers to let us know whether the women's liberation movement had changed their lives in any way. We did not receive many responses, and we're still wondering why. Perhaps those men most affected are too busy chipping partially masticated pretzels from the bars of baby's crib, or running out to the dry cleaner's, to write us. If any of you can provide clues, we'd be grateful.

The logic of the issue was perfect. My wife worked, brought home half of our income, took care of our child, took care of our house, and took care of me. I worked, brought home the other half of our income, and watched my wife take care of our child, our house, and me. One day, in the fall of 1971, she laid this logic in front of me. And I, accepting the logic, agreed to enter into a contract dividing the labor of our life. We listed all the tasks necessary to care for child, house, and us. We both selected the tasks we did not mind doing and devised a system of rotating the tasks we both dislike doing. Now, after two and a half years of this life-style, I note several changes.

First, the two of us, the house, and the child have never been taken care of as well.

Second, I'm now an excellent cook, a well-organized housekeeper, a knowledgeable clothes washer, and a better child carer.

Third, we are freer. No longer does there exist the common dependency of wife on husband and husband on wife to perform their stereotypic roles. When our child is sick, I may stay home; when the chair leg breaks, my wife may repair it.

Finally, though the logic of such a division of labor is flawless, I had a difficult time accepting the emotional adjustments necessary to be at peace. I missed being waited on; I missed having my wife dependent on me; I missed being king of the house. And this emotional backlash had to be dealt with. Altogether, I'm a better person, a better human, a better father, a better husband, and my wife is much happier.

This system has worked so well for us that in January our daughter, now nine, asked to be included in the contract. So now we have a triad sharing the family's labor.

—Robert W. Fulton
Washington, Pa.

In the ten months that I have been married, my partner and I have been often confronted by the issue and specifics of liberation. It began with our drawing up a marriage contract.

One specific point stated that Joann would have the right to determine her own last name. While I agree with this intellectually, it wasn't easy for me to accept as a reality. Joann, as a newspaper reporter, perhaps needs her own byline. But how liberated is she by using her father's last name for personal purposes?

Several weeks ago, both of us joined consciousness-raising groups. Although we have gotten good feedback through the groups, I think the groups have done little to help either of us. Joann is the only member of her group who works full time. I am the only member of my group who has a wife like Joann. Further, I think rap groups make it too easy for me to avoid threatening topics by escaping into abstract discussions.

Now another major problem confronts us: I want to return to graduate school in another city, and Joann likes her job here in San Francisco.

We are both journalists and are beginning to fear that life will consist of us taking turns being employed in meaningful and creative positions.

I personally endorse women's liberation. I do an equal share of the cooking (which I really enjoy) and housework. In fact, in our present situation, Joann is the working person and I am the partner spending the most time at home, doing [illegible] writing.

But the problems in [illegible] making adjustments [illegible] things I read in th[illegible] about anti-liberationists [illegible] me to believe that tru[illegible] liberation is very far [illegible] coming a reality. Even [illegible] culturally radical frie[illegible] to be stuck in living [illegible] which are detrimental [illegible] selves and their female [illegible] parts. **—Michael A[illegible]**
San Francis[illegible]

What effect has the [illegible] movement had on the [illegible] of my daily life? Perh[illegible] little that is earthshak[illegible] ertheless, I am much m[illegible] ly nowadays to find [illegible] preparing lunch for [illegible] dren, taking my kind[illegible] age son along with me [illegible] in the afternoon (I te[illegible] lege), babysitting in [illegible] ning, or washing the [illegible] dishes. Not that I have [illegible] anywhere near the princ[illegible] of the housekeeping ar[illegible] caring load. But my wi[illegible] have established certai[illegible] that have resulted in an [illegible] ingly harmonious house[illegible]

Tenet number one: [illegible] work, generally, is no [illegible] neither of us can be exp[illegible] draw very much psycl[illegible] sustenance from it. Ter[illegible] ber two: in order to [illegible] good mental health o[illegible] have reasons for livi[illegible] within and without th[illegible]

In a situation such as [illegible] which pretty tradition[illegible] exist (I am the breadw[illegible] the outside world, and sh[illegible] as head of household [illegible] tenance), these tenets [illegible] mean that we exchan[illegible] with a fair degree of re[illegible] Thus, my increasing p[illegible] tion in so-called "wifely [illegible] while she teaches as a su[illegible] works on any number of [illegible] of Women Voters proj[illegible] just goes out to a bridg[illegible] The adjustment, then, [illegible] come out of an in[illegible] awareness of female [illegible] sion has made for a pr[illegible] tisfying relationship, an[illegible] really meant little sacri[illegible] my part. Taking care [illegible] children, I like; and eve[illegible] in a while I even take [illegible] pleasure in doing hou[illegible] despite tenet number o[illegible]

—David A[illegible]
Ashland [illegible]

IDEAS

Beneath the surface of the moon are nodes of extremely dense matter called mascons. Mascons, which are gravitationally detectable, have the power to deflect orbiting spacecraft from their plotted courses. Earth apparently has no mascons, but we are certainly affected by their psychic equivalent. There are places we remember long after we leave them, places that continually pull us back, places that give us a feeling of déjà vu, places we will do anything to avoid. If you can recall a place that does any of these things to you—or anything else, for that matter—let us know here at **WRAPAROUND**.

Just about everybody agrees that cities are rapidly becoming all but uninhabitable, their denizens assaulted daily by a thousand shocks and indignities. Most of us feel rather powerless when it comes to bringing about major changes in the cityscape; however, there must be dozens of little ways to fight back, to restore city life to a humane, even pleasurable, level. If you have any small-scale battle plans, send your thoughts to **WRAPAROUND**.

What do moonshiners, lacemakers, blacksmiths, coopers, fletchers, four-rail fencemakers, and stonewall masons have in common? They are all practitioners of crafts that are dying out or are already extinct. Can you remember having your shoes handmade, or cabinets lovingly constructed? What partitcular craft do you feel the loss of most keenly? We at **WRAPAROUND** would like to know.

Had any good adventures lately? Or are you past the heroic age? Have you already bored everyone with the splendid epic of how you, singlehandedly and valorously——? Well, we're ready to hear your story. Send an account of the most adventurous thing you've ever done to **WRAPAROUND**.

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l Commemorations

previous issue, we in-
aders who wished to
e passing of something
rom their surroundings
us. The responses we
taken together, tell an
y: the obliteration of
y technology. The only
ion, perhaps, for the
ecorded below, is that
gy can at least preserve
llection of them.

second-floor apartment
now reside I miss most
a splendid 50-year-old
ree that stood to the
us and gave shade and
nd solace to our house
one next door.
ree belonged to the old
in next door, and it
n his only shade, and
t by him in a fine state
ig care. It was killed,
the woman on the cor-
) said the leaves blew
n her lawn, thereby
her inconvenience and
As the wind is a will-
g, there is little doubt
leaves did blow over
/ generally, piling up in
iles along the sidewalk.
ie determination of a
iovel boring into a green
to clear it for a shop-
ter, the lady on the cor-
ed in upon the distressed
f the tree until he final-
ed to the barrage and
e fateful word to the
geons.
where there was once a
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nd thick—indeed very
eaves, now there is a
ire, painted green, over
mutilated stump of the
ree. Within the tire, in
t effort to restore some
o the scene and give a
omfort to those who
are four or five dwarf
l plants.
woman on the corner,
ught all this about, has
nto a proper house and
om the corner. She is
rrounded by deciduous
—**Mary Louise Anawalt**
Gettysburg, Pa.

last 12 months we have
d the destruction of
ange groves near the
ty of California at
e. Now, instead of orange blossoms, there are construction crews building quick-buck, ugly apartment buildings.

—**Ron Jeffries**
Riverside, Calif.

This past year the last individually owned restaurant with a personality of its own disappeared from our neighborhood—the building was actually hauled away—to be replaced by several of the ubiquitous uniform franchise establishments, where the same menu is available nationwide. We miss the opportunity to be greeted personally by the owner-operator and to enjoy the "specialty of the house."

—**Mrs. L. C. Merriam**
St. Paul, Minn.

Last summer a 90-year-old farmhouse nearby was demolished. It reigned in the rural age before this neighborhood was turned into city. With it went 15 glorious trees. Since the loss of this rural touch in the city, the squirrels who had provided a carefree life have also gone. The place is now a parking lot.

—**Stephen Sage**
Louisville, Ky.

What has disappeared from the landscape here is nothing to be seen but, rather, smelled. The pine trees and other unidentifiable scents of Boulder used to be quite distinct. I would know when spring was about to appear, not by the warmth of mornings, but by certain smells that permeated the air. Similar smell sensations went along with the coming of summer, fall, and winter. Now I smell exhaust fumes.

—**Felicia Diamond**
Boulder, Colo.

The field at the end of the street is gone. Small rabbits scrambled there, and sometimes we saw ducks and pheasants. Children skated on the pond, and in summer they built a tree house and played bold and splendid games. Now houses stand there, with smooth lawns and polished yews, and we are saddened and wonder where the pheasants went.

—**Beatrice Balter**
Oak Park, Mich.

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TTERS

battle between the sexes

nment on poor George Gilterate jitters ["The Suicide Sexes," July]? Really, the ful suggestion I can make is ead my book *Man's World, s Place*. He will find therein scussion of the myth of fewer, which is giving him the and its relation to the covof female weakness.

ay also stumble on some in- n on economics, sociology, story, cultural anthropology, hology, which I heartily rec- he investigate. It is true, as says, that a little learning gerous thing; but there are cumstances where bone ig- is worse.

ELIZABETH JANEWAY
New York, N.Y.

he family is all-important. rge Gilder misses the whole hat women are talking about desperation to move away pattern of superior and infeips, dominance and submisn, while playing their "civiole, are insecure, bent on bent on being dominant, ays afraid of failure. In such ratic atmosphere the family flict. Psychiatrists tell us that en people are equal do they noniously together, motivamutual desire to be useful. I ope we could all get help to ay from this stereotype of a ruggle between the sexes to v ways to have a union of le based on free choice and ect, so that the family could rved.

BLANCHE ROSLOFF
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

ilder's views diminish everyfinds men's sexuality "triv- "dispensable," and he finds ocial impulses "primitive" and "destructive," whereas women are falsely aggrandized as so very superior in their procreative function that man "must be given a way to make himself equal." Women know at all times, says Mr. Gilder, that they are the sole source of human and social continuity, whereas men *never* know, except during brief moments of sexual "action." Therefore the structure of society must define man's role; and therefore woman must be content with life confined to home, or with lower pay if she works. A man's earnings *must* be higher, as a bribe to him to be civilized. Without this factitious superiority he will become a primitive hunter, a despoiler of womankind. Mr. Gilder seems to believe that man's self-esteem can exist only at the expense of woman's rudimentary freedom to move around in the world and that woman's self-esteem can exist only in her function as the civilizer of her undisciplined runaway mate. Not even a raging feminist would so underrate the capacity of men to think and feel deeply, honestly, and responsibly!

FLORENCE BONIME
New York, N.Y.

At war against the "barren abstractions" of those who advocate greater freedom of choice for both sexes, George Gilder offers us a staggering one of his own. In his idealization of the status quo, sex is an ecstatic union of symbols rather than people: the man glorying in his possession of the woman's "futurity," the woman in the security of the man's "skillful control" of her. Only in this setting, he assures us, can there flourish long-term family relationships—in which women are expected to "love and respect" men who fear their "sexual power," envy their predetermined social role, and whose resentment of women will be pacified only by a monetary tribute to their maleness: a guarantee of more pay than women for the same work.

Faced with the prospect of a society which would deny men this automatic stud fee, Gilder reacts like a spoiled child: either play the game the way I want it or I'll take my toys and go home. Women, he says, give me social, economic, and psychological dominance over you—or I'll impregnate you all and leave you to bear your children alone. So there!

JAN CLIFFORD COSTELLO
Reston, Va.

Perhaps I have dwelt too long in the "open house of barren abstractions"; it is true that those of us who consider ourselves highly educated, fairly liberated, and essentially free are often guilty of over-intellectualizing. But mental gyration or no, Mr. Gilder's article has left me slack-jawed. I stand awed by his logic, his proof, his soundness of argument, but ultimately it is his abstractions (be they barren or fertile) which leave me emotionally bewildered.

What we seem to be left with after finishing his article is a recommendation for a social structure based on a theoretical past, a structure in which: women should be closely bound to children; men should be properly harnessed with the civilizing responsibilities of a family; it is right and desirable that women should, on principle, earn less than men for the same job; sexual freedom and exploration cause disintegration of the mind, body, and spirit, etc. Thus his theses, when extracted from their fascinating and compelling logic, read like a list from a dismal and encumbering past that many of us have been struggling to crawl out from under. It is like recommending a return to the pre-Civil War South so that Ashley and Melanie Wilkes will have their souls intact.

VALERIE ROWE
Los Angeles, Calif.

As someone who used to think well of the work of George Gilder, I was especially appalled at the compen-

dium of ridiculous arguments, mythical interpretations, and fake evidence presented in the selection from his book. Although George Gilder and his friends' sense of masculinity may depend on their ability to earn more money, get better jobs, and shirk more housework than the women around them, it is happily not the case for more and more men who realize well enough that one cannot derive a case for unjust privilege from a case against promiscuity. Fortunately, enough women are getting enough firsthand evidence that sex and all its aspects, from intercourse to maternal care to sublimated energy, gets better, not worse, under conditions of equality to make Gilder's argument seem like nothing more than a 1970s analogue to a white supremacist's last stand against history on the argument that friendship between blacks and whites depends on a white monopoly of the power to be benevolent.

VIRGINIA HELD
Associate Professor of Philosophy
Hunter College
New York, N.Y.

I was smugly able to mutter, "Up machismo!" after reading "The Suicide of the Sexes" on Father's Day this June. Us fellas have been right all along! The thinking goes: because women can make babies, men should make the money and the decisions, for the good of society. But —I wasn't able to find the word "share" in the article. That just might be an alternative to both subordinating women and (gulp) sexual suicide.

VAUGHN KENDRICK
Barrington, Ill.

GEORGE GILDER REPLIES:

Since I share Mrs. Janeway's high regard for her book (incomparably the most intelligent and sophisticated of all the feminist works)—and since I devote much respectful attention to it in my own forthcoming book, *Sexual Suicide*—her letter much distresses me. In any case, her theory that female power is a myth does not persuade me. I believe all human history testifies to the overwhelming reality of female power, which has transformed men from predatory hunters into dutiful fathers and providers, working long and arduous hours and decades to support their wives and children.

I am amazed that so many of my correspondents reject my image of the destructiveness of unsocialized males. Single men are the nation's leading social problem. Within the same age groups, they are fifteen times more likely than married men —and about twenty times more likely than single women—to be incarcerated in prisons or institutions for the criminally insane. They constitute the vast majority of violent criminals and suicides. They earn less money than single women, don't pay their bills, or observe speed limits when drunk. Even among active criminals, moreover, only a small proportion are actually caught and convicted. Many of the rest roam the streets or resort to the slow suicide of drugs and alcohol.

Although my correspondents charge me with dealing in empty abstractions, my depiction of males, when unsocialized by women, is far more accurate and universally demonstrable than the feminist notion that male aggressiveness is a product of conditioning and that masculinity is an elastic—or even optional—variable, adaptable to any feminist formula. The fact is that marriage and procreative sexuality are the only dependable ways of adapting masculinity to female needs in a free society.

My correspondents believe that the system of sexism discriminates against women. In fact, sexism discriminates in favor of the vast majority of adult women—those who are married or wish to be. Married women substantially outlive men, marginally outlive single women, and are probably correct in their belief, massively expressed to Gallup, that women live easier and more satisfying lives than men.

Since the man's earnings ordinarily have to support both himself and his wife and children, while the woman's earnings support only herself and her children, a sensible society will tend to pay men more. At present, every civilized society in the world is that sensible—political rhetoric to the contrary. Of course, male economic superiority is inevitable as long as most women are distracted by motherhood and as long as male aggressiveness is not actively discriminated against.

Deprived of the provider role—or some other source of power to counteract the woman's sexual superiority—men everywhere te leave their families. This phe non is just as pervasive in the munes of the counterculture a in the ghetto and in the notori fragile marriages of successfu reerist women.

It should be needless to say, ever, that I do not oppose caree women (let alone "women's mentary freedom to move arou the world"). I oppose an ideolo careerism, to be enforced by pressures, federal power, and care subsidies. Such a progra vors unmarried women over m ones—and careerist mothers housewives—and thus tends to vert the female role in the famil crucial institution of civilized ety. Nor do I oppose equality. show in my book, one of the re I reject the women's moveme that it would increase econom equality in America by allowin per-class couples to dominate th market and allowing business more easily exploit lower-class en in low-paying work. But I times despair of communicating people who implicitly maintain the differences between the sex no more important than the ences between the races, or wh compare the distresses of sub women with the outrages of sl

Finally, Mr. Kendrick pro "sharing" as a solution. I am a sharing. As the work week sho I hope men will spend more with their families. But there way men can share the pro sexual affirmations of pregn childbirth, breast feeding, an other primal intimacies of m hood. There is no way men ca specific sexual affirmation as from sharing in household acti Men everywhere in the world to achieve their manhood in ities in which women are su nate, just as women fulfill thei ual identities in experiences cluded to males. Women, ho can share in the violence, ver diseases, insecurities, and high tality rates of unsocialized m do not expect that they will c this course for long.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Additional letters on "The S cide of the Sexes" will appear our next issue.

E HARPER'S GAME

WATERGATE WOES by Elaine Stallworth, Willow Grove, Pa.

club comedians, record and game companies, n some U.S. Congressmen have jumped on the gon to come up with a song or memento of the te affair. Not to be left behind, we invite *Harper's* to immortalize this historical event for posterity ng a parody of a poem, a brief comic mono- r new words to an old tune. For example, to the "Daisy, Daisy":

hard Nixon, give us your answer, do.
're so curious 'bout all the things you knew.
've heard about Hunt and Liddy—
names, big sums make us giddy;
Will Watergate
Reveal your fate
While the world waits to hear from *you*?

Send your entries to "The Watergate Woes," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10016. Entries must be postmarked no later than September 7 and become the property of *Harper's Magazine*. Winning entries will be published in the November issue. Decision of the editors is final.

First Prize: An Aurora Fountain Pen.
Runners-up: *Drew Pearson: An Unauthorized Biography* by Oliver Pilat (Harper's Magazine Press).

rs of "Newspeak Double- ' the July game that asked to express a familiar expres- Newspeak, are:

'rize:

's Dictionary of Phrase and by E. Cobham Brewer (Har- Row):

', Scarlett, my attitude is one gn neglect.

ly, Scarlett, I don't give a

—John J. Coniglio
Brooklyn, N. Y.

rs-Up:

ber's denim tote bag:

sirability of the objectives is s to dictate the adoption of hnically feasible programs for chievement.

nds justify the means.)
—Robert W. Bennett
Denver, Colo.

d with all deliberate speed.

p!)

ate forward progress.

')
—Mrs. N. E. Blazer
Berkeley, Calif.

It is unnecessary to acquire knowledge of why the tocsin is struck. The instrument is engaged on your behalf.

(Never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee.)
—Guy Darst
Allston, Mass.

Terminate the umpire with extreme prejudice.

(Kill the umpire!)
—Wayne Douglass
Gainesville, Fla.

Let me make one thing perfectly clear.

(I'm gonna pull the wool over your eyes.)
—Karen Greenberg
Flushing, N. Y.

Visual observation of sub-surface vessel achieved; aforementioned relegated to maximum depth plateau.

(Sighted sub, sank same.)
—Dan Jenkins
Studio City, Calif.

Egress, damned extra-dermal plasma occurrence.

(Out, damned spot!)
—P. A. Kaufman
Oxon Hill, Md.

Effective potential of opposition detonation units is rejected. Continuation of present course at maximum acceleration is directed.

(Damn the torpedoes! Full speed ahead!)
—Herbert H. Kraushaar
Shawnee Mission, Kans.

Options for others are confidential, but in an unaffiliated sense, I would tilt toward an undirected environmental context or, alternatively, cessation of all biological functions.

(I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!)
—Hank Levinson
New York, N. Y.

Simon, a.k.a. Peter . . .

(Simon, called Peter . . .)
—Michael A. Pincus
Chico, Calif.

The relocation of a rural juvenile male is negatively correlative with his assimilation into an urban socio-economic life-style.

(You can take the boy out of the country, but you can't take the country out of the boy.)
—Richard L. Thomas
Minneapolis, Minn.

E GAMES: Readers are invited to submit their own suggestions for games.
ho invent games eventually published in the magazine will receive credit lines and prizes.

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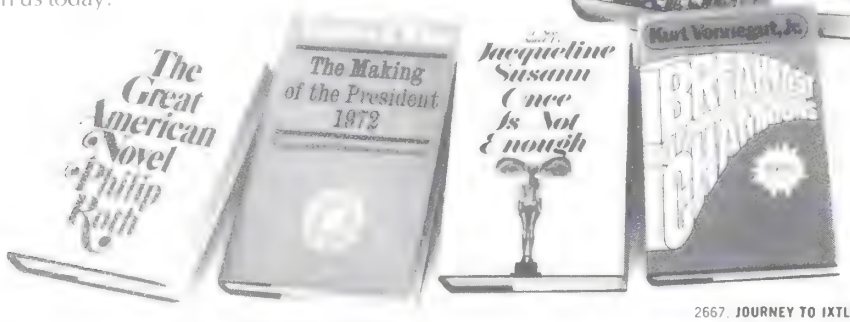
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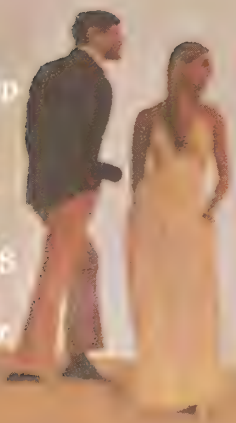


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HARPER'S MAGAZINE PRESS **EDITOR:** Lawrence S. Freundlich; **PUBLISHER:** Peter Mollman

Published monthly by Harper's Magazine Company, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Cass Canfield, Honorary Chairman; Russell Barnard, President; Executive Vice President; Lewis H. Lapham, Vice-President. Subscriptions $8.50 one year; $21.00 three years. Foreign except Canada and Pan Americ per year additional. Harper's Magazine Company is a division of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc. John Cowles, Jr., President; Otto A. Silha, E Vice President; Howard Mithun, Secretary; William R. Beattie, Treasurer.
For advertising information contact Harper-Atlantic Sales, 535 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Other offices in Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, Philadelph San Francisco.

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Printed in the U.S.A. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y., an tional mailing offices.
POSTMASTER: Please send Form 3579 to Harper's Magazine, 381 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302.
Reprints and Permissions: Lucy Mattimore, Harper's Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

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WRAPAROUND



The mandala, an instrument of contemplation in Oriental mysticism, can also symbolize the center of the self. As a cross or circle divided into four, it represents a pattern of order that, according to C. G. Jung, is superimposed "on the psychic chaos so that each content falls into place and the weltering confusion is held together by the protective circle." This mandala and those on the following pages are from Mandala, *by José and Miriam Argüelles.*

iH:
at's up there?

consciousness has the
a new frontier. It is
inquiry filled with un-
xpanses. It attracts a
of explorers, from the
reverent to those who
iselves as calculating
e most frontiers, it re-
certain hardiness, espe-
ability to withstand
ler of the unassimilated
stematized. In return it
the prospect of open-
territory not yet ruled
oks or surveyors' lines
mingly free for the
The spirit of the peo-
is generally hospitable.
ier pioneers, they are
of eccentricity, vigorous
enthusiasms, and pre-
toward eclecticism.
aps available along this
don't always agree with
ther—and in any case
the precision and re-
that a nation of turn-
velers has grown to
Yet there are certain to-
cal consistencies, fea-
iat are acknowledged
id again regardless of
maker's perspective. An
is the state of being
lthough it is variously
d, a person arriving
n almost always count
struck by a new sense
lf that comes from oc-
a singular kind of men-
e.

are confusing reports
ie specific characteristics
Some understand it as
leged vista that opens
ith and that is accessible
the path of an arduous discipline. Others understand it as the mental equivalent of a sigh, a relaxing into a fuller kind of being. Some are propelled there by their own body chemistry, a flood of emotion carrying them to a different level of awareness. Others arrive with the help of drugs that change normal functioning in exotic ways. Some highs involve taking leave of the senses and disappearing into trance. Other highs come from an immersion in sensory data, as in sports or sex. A high may be obviously rapturous or distinguishable only by such subtle clues as brain-wave patterns. Practically everyone, we are told, has sometime experienced a form of high, although it may be no closer at hand than a childhood memory of a summer afternoon when all of nature seemed balanced on a butterfly's wing. In all cases, the state of high can be regarded as independent of the means used to produce it.

The bewitching power of a high is that it affords an extraordinary sense of what it means to be alive. This special consciousness appears to have three basic components.

Transcendence: When you are high, you seem to rise above the distinctions and differences that mark off everyday life. Unity begins to prevail over division. Opposites combine in larger units, or are held together by the gravity of paradox. This feeling is frequently expressed as awakening to a new order of magnitude and discovering that the old filing system for facts and experiences needs a good deal of reshuffling.

Serenity: When you are high, the clamors and complexities of normal life seem to resolve into intelligible and reassuring patterns. Series of things connect in infinite progression. Under everything there is an order. Appropriateness extends in all directions. The feeling is as if the individual and the universe were harmonizing a cosmic tune.

Acuity: When you are high, reality seems more evident. There seems to be a greater clarity about things—perceptions are sharper, judgments clearer, imaginative leaps surer. Unexpected capacities come into play and the levels of communication with the world seem greatly enriched. The feeling can be thought of as bringing the lens of life into a finer focus.

Of course, highs, like most other things in life, come in degrees. At their most powerful they are like oceans crossing the mind. More commonly they are passing glimpses of an unfamiliar landscape, preserved only as the shadows of special moments and images that get indelibly impressed in memory.

According to the current view, highs are natural to seek, valuable to reach, and worth repeating. Some explorers of consciousness see highs as a form of evolutionary preview, hints of a possible order of being that man will someday fully achieve. Most simply assume that life—socially and individually—would be better if more people got high more often. Inner destinations, the logic goes, are essential in a culture that has allowed materialistic values to harness its attentions to the immediate, the tangible, the superficial, and the convenient.

There are certainly signs that a great many people are cultivating new levels of awareness. Meditation techniques are widely merchandized. Marijuana is tacitly legal in small quantities. Psychotropic drugs are still very much around. Innumerable experiments on altered states of consciousness are being conducted. Religious disciplines, especially esoteric ones, are enjoying resurgent growth.

Yet the frontier clearly exists, a boundary between different ways of thinking. On one side are those who can accord an inner event a force and reality equal to or greater than a physical event's. On the other are those who can't. For the former, interior journeys constitute an exciting and absorbing field of exploration. For the latter, such expeditions seem to sail heedlessly off cliffs of subjectivity.

This issue of **WRAPAROUND** offers a collection of individual views on being high. The assumption is that the way we think about aspects of human consciousness will help determine the direction in which the culture moves. We welcome other contributions—arguments, additions, personal reflections—so long as they honor a 500-word limitation. **—Tony Jones**

WRAPAROUND REPORT



SAUCED AGAIN

The following is a partial list of words denoting drunkenness now in common use in the United States. They have been arranged, as far as possible, in order of the degrees of intensity of the conditions which they represent, beginning with the mildest stages and progressing to the more disastrous.

lit		ossified
squiffy	high	out like a light
oiled	horseback	passed out cold
lubricated	liquored	embalmed
owled	pickled	buried
edged	[illegible]	blotto
jingled	shicker (Yiddish)	lit up like the sky
piffed	spifflicated	lit up like the Commonwealth
piped	primed	lit up like a Christmas tree
sloppy	organized	lit up like a store window
woozy	featured	lit up like a church
happy	pie-eyed	fried to the hat
half-screwed	cock-eyed	slopped to the ears
half-cocked	wall-eyed	stewed to the gills
half-shot	glassy-eyed	boiled as an owl
half seas over	bleary-eyed	to have a bun on
fried	hoary-eyed	to have a slant on
stewed	over the Bay	to have a skate on
boiled	four sheets in the wind	to have a snootful
zozzled		to have a skinful
sprung	crocked	to draw a blank
scrooched	loaded	to pull a shut-eye
jazzed	leaping	to pull a Daniel Boone
jagged	screeching	to have a rubber drink
canned	lathered	to have a hangover
corked	plastered	to have a head
corned	soused	to have the jumps
potted	bloated	to have the shakes
hooted	polluted	to have the zings
slopped	saturated	to have the heeby-jeebies
tanked	full as a tick	to have the screaming-meemies
stinko	loaded for bear	to have the whoops and jingles
blind	loaded to the muzzle	to burn with a low blue flame
stiff	loaded to the plimsoll mark	
under the table	wapsed down	
tight	paralyzed	
full		

—**Edmund Wilson**, 1927
The American Earthquake

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This Way to Infinity

I have always been fascinated by the concept of the infinite. As a child I marveled at the uncountable galaxy of stars in the cloudless night sky. I looked forward with anticipation to my monthly visits to the barber shop, for it was in the barber's chair that I could sit and look at my reflection in the mirror in front of me and see the reflection in the mirror in back of me of the mirror in front of me . . . ad infinitum.

Recently, I had the opportunity to travel into the infinite once more by way of Stanley Landesman's Infinity Room. This chamber was part of a fantastic show, called "The Magic Theatre," on view several years ago at the Architectural League in New York City.

As I entered the Infinity Room I was surrounded by transparent coated glass walls, with row after row of small light bulbs burning behind each wall. It was like walking into a small planetarium. Then I looked down and saw that the floor was a similar panel, with many more lights. I looked up and realized that I was surrounded by unending rows of amber bulbs.

I was finding it difficult to stay in touch with the fact that I was still standing in a room here on Earth. The boundary lines demarking floor from walls from ceiling ceased to be clear. As I gazed at the lights, extending outward in all directions, forever, I realized that I had arrived at a place where "the center is everywhere and the circumference is nowhere." Through an ingenious arrangement of mirrors, behind the wall panels, each row of bulbs reflected its image over and over, into infinity.

Standing in the center of the chamber I was no longer in a planetarium; I had stepped into a cosmos, a universe in miniature. There were no spatial landmarks, no boundaries: *I* was all places at once. I sat down and gazed around me. Not only was space unending, but time, too. In that moment, all of my everyday assumptions about the nature of reality were suspended as I sat, seemingly weightless, in a room of infinity.

Being in that room gave me a feeling of total suspension, total stoppage. My senses [illegible] space and time were left b[illegible] outside in another worl[illegible] nally, I left the room to[illegible] the other exhibits. As I w[illegible] out I was ill at ease being[illegible] in the real world, like an [illegible] naut just returned from a [illegible] walk. —**Edward Ros**[illegible]

Edward Ro[illegible] is the au[illegible] The Book of Highs: 250 W[illegible] Alter Consciousness Without [illegible] (*Quadrangle*) *and the edi[illegible]* REAL TIME 1 & 2: Catal[illegible] Ideas and Information (*Anchor Doubleday*).

Laugh

The most enjoyable h[illegible] know is a good, down-ar[illegible] laughing fit—the kind that [illegible] you gasping for breath o[illegible] floor, your face wet with [illegible] Of course, there is consid[illegible] social pressure against [illegible] self-control in such a fla[illegible] ant way, but most person[illegible] experience true fits of la[illegible] feel very good indeed whe[illegible] recover their composure.

I am not talking abou[illegible] faws or chuckles, which[illegible] simply learned vocaliza[illegible] but about uncontrollable s[illegible] of laughter—the kind tha[illegible] after several minutes to l[illegible] upright posture, paralysis [illegible] diaphragm (accounting fo[illegible] inability to speak or breath[illegible] for the pain in the abdo[illegible] and copious tears. These [illegible] iological changes all indic[illegible] major alteration in brain [illegible] tion.

For example, tearing is [illegible] trolled by a group of nerve[illegible] called the lacrimal nu[illegible] Nerve fibers originating i[illegible] nucleus carry impulses t[illegible] tear glands, making the[illegible] crete; these fibers are pa[illegible] the parasympathetic divisi[illegible] the autonomic or "involun[illegible] nervous system. Now, th[illegible] crimal nucleus is located i[illegible] brainstem, a group of m[illegible] structures connecting the [illegible] bral hemispheres to the s[illegible] cord. Many of the involu[illegible] functions of our bodies [illegible] their controlling centers i[illegible] brainstem, and many of [illegible] most important parasympa[illegible] nerves originate there. The b[illegible] stem is thus the locus of [illegible] of our unconscious menta[illegible] tivity, just as the cortex, or [illegible] layer, of the cerebral h[illegible] spheres is the seat of our [illegible] scious mental life.

Whenever our observing

DWRAPAROUNDWA

the way, open com
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conscious and un-
minds. In a fit of
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of messages flowing
forth in the brain.
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ly sets off a self-
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in the brainstem.
one manifestation of
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The diaphragmatic
e another. Mind and
laughing together.
f upright posture is
idence that the cere-
ex is not maintaining
old on brain function
f laughter. I say this
occurs in other con-
here it is clearly as-
ith suspension of cor-
vity. Grand mal epi-
alling sickness"—is an
When a laughing fit
to the point of drop-
e floor, there must be
than-normal ratio of
v. cortical activity:
cious v. conscious de-
on of experience.
rprisingly, the result is
because all highs
triggered by drugs,
, or whatever external
seem to share the
istic of unusual inter-
of conscious and un-
energies within the
laughing fit may re-
xhaustion, too, but it
haustion of a feat ac-
d, of work well done.
imagine that the effect
dy is anything but that
igorating, healing tonic.
am tempted to inves-
e feasibility of basing
e system of medical
on the induction of
fits in patients.
tuation encouraging so-
hibition favors the de-
t of laughing fits. Per-
best trigger of all is
of someone else doing
ughing, like yawning,
contagious. A really
gher in the right setting
a lot of other people
im. Done ritually and
, group laughing fits
rve as the basis of a
m of psychotherapy or
new religion. Wouldn't
ice? —Andrew Weil

Weil is the author of The
lind: A New Way of Look-
rugs & The Higher Con-
published last year by
Mifflin

The Upper Depths

A paper entitled "Hypnosis, Depth Perception, and Psychedelic Experience," published in 1965 by Bernard S. Aaronson, indicates that it may be possible to get stoned on depth perception.

Half of a group of hypnotic subjects were given the post-hypnotic suggestion that they would experience a diminution of depth perception. The other half were led to expect an enhancement of "the dimension of depth." The first group awoke to feelings of fatigue, loss of sensitivity to touch, diminishment of sensory input; they were observed to be bored, apathetic, hostile. The second group was . . . zonked, in a "euphoric, creative state," experiencing "many of the phenomena noted . . . under psychedelic drugs."

John C. Lilly, M.D., dolphin man, graduate of Oscar Ichazo's Arica Institute, new no-drug priest of highness, said in a recent interview: "I've been fond of mountains since I was very young. . . . I find it's a lot easier in the mountains to change my state of consciousness. It makes all these exercises—the very difficult exercises—much easier."

I haven't seen Arica, but it is 3,000 feet above sea level and only five miles inland, which would seem to indicate a certain element of relief in the landscape. There Lilly learned—to use the terminology of Carlos Castaneda and his mentor, don Juan—to "stop the world." Castaneda learned to do this in the mountains of Sonora, Mexico, and the American Southwest.

Most American Indian belief systems involve a good measure of stoned-out states of altered consciousness, but the heaviest of all—with or without the aid of peyote, datura, mushrooms, and other psychotropic substances—emanate from the Southern Rockies and the high-altitude desert country of the Four Corners area of Arizona and New Mexico.

Mystical experiences throughout recorded history have traditionally occurred in "the wilderness" (see Jesus, and others). Outdoors, the scale is larger. I'd like to know the scale of view from the spot where Saul of Tarsus was struck blind. Test pilots frequently wig out on high-altitude test flights. Almost any dramatically high or dramatically isolated mountain peak is a sacred mountain to some more-or-less primitive, more-or-less stone-age locals.

How's that for a cosmic giggle, narkos? Right there under our feet all this time, just so long as we plant those feet high enough on the mountainside to get the grand view. Reach the heights by seeing the depths, and all that, yin and yang; back off enough to get the long view; and zippo, stoned out. Looking off the edge is a rush. Mountains get you high.

—John Jerome

Author of The Death of the Automobile, *John Jerome writes frequently for whole Earth*

Point of Rapture

Ecstasy is derived from the Greek word which means *to make stand out:* the mind makes sensible things stand out because it is concentrated on particular emotions, and on the ideas associated with and springing from these emotions. We must not make the mistake of thinking that ecstasy has nothing to do with thought. On the contrary, it is too much occupied with thought. It in fact represents a form of monomania connected with a certain idea. It is a rapturous state in which the person is governed by preoccupation with a definite viewpoint. —Albert Mordell

The Literature of Ecstasy, 1921

"I revere the memory of Mr. F. as an estimable man and most indulgent husband, only necessary to mention Asparagus and it appeared or to hint at any little delicate thing to drink and it came like magic in a pint bottle it was not ecstasy but it was comfort."

Charles Dickens, *Little Dorrit* [*Flora Finching*], 1857

CROSSING BORDERS

Our normal waking consciousness, rational consciousness as we call it, is but one special type of consciousness, whilst all about it, parted from it by the filmiest of screens, there lie potential forms of consciousness entirely different. We may go through life without suspecting their existence; but apply the requisite stimulus, and at a touch they are there in all their completeness, definite types of mentality which probably somewhere have their field of application and adaptation. No account of the universe in its totality can be final which leaves these other forms of consciousness quite disregarded. How to regard them is the question—for they are so discontinuous with ordinary consciousness. Yet they may determine attitudes though they cannot furnish formulas, and open a region though they fail to give a map. At any rate, they forbid a premature closing of our accounts with reality. —**William James**

The Varieties of Religious Experience, 1902



A PARAROUND WRAPAR

How Fast Is High?

As a teen-ager hurtling along backcountry roads in the family station wagon, I had always imagined that racing would be the satori of pure speed. I was wrong. I discovered that my first time out on a racing motorcycle when I overshot every corner in my eagerness to go fast. I don't mean that racing isn't euphoric; it is, intensely so. But it is a high that comes from the total concentration needed to master a twisting track several miles long and not the thrill of speed. Indeed, the straightaway where speeds top 135 mph. is a time to relax, to check behind for other riders, to prepare for the corner ahead.

I look up and spot the crack I will use as a brake point without any difficulty even though I am traveling the length of a football field with every beat of my heart. As the front wheel brushes by it, I put on the brakes with my left hand and foot, pull in the clutch with the fingers of my right hand, work the throttle with the right palm, and downshift with my right toe. The machine shudders under the force of the brakes, and I am careful not to lock a wheel, which would send me careening off the track. My mind and body are working in automated unison as I shift down through the gears to scrub off 70 mph. in the confined space of 300 yards and several seconds. Slow down more and I will lose valuable time. Less and, with mathematical certainty, I will crash in the corner. Even then the mind is too preoccupied with balance to have time for fear.

But I'm not thinking about crashing now as I enter the corner, searching for the perfection of a thin line of stability that will satisfy the implacable laws of centrifugal force at the highest speed possible. I feel calm, even detached, as I aim the front wheel about six feet before the apex and lean over hard. My boot scrapes the pavement, a signal that the limit is close by. Through the seat of my pants I feel the rear wheel start the controlled slide that will carry through the turn. The motorcycle is bucking slightly, hobbyhorsing as the frame tubes flex under the tremendous strain. I grip the tank with my knees and watch a catercornered world roll by in what seems like slow motion, so quickly is the mind working under the stress of speed. I have time to catch the expression on the flagman's face and notice that there is a girl in a red shirt pressing against the fence.

And then I am through the turn. The throttle is screwed to the stops and the tachometer is winding up toward the redline as I dash for the next corner. There is no time now for satisfaction. That will come afterward, along with a sense of awe at the ability to control these violent forces with such precision that the hands of a stopwatch scarcely vary a tenth of a second lap after lap. It is the ecstasy of total concentration.

—Oliver S. Moore

Oliver Moore has given up motorcycle racing in favor of the rigors of writing.



Navaho Indians performing the Yeibichai dance, as painted by Harrison Begay. The Navaho religion strives to create beauty and happiness in man and nature through harmonious forms.

Begin With the Body

We have a good deal more scientific information about low, painful states than about ecstasy. Only a few yogis, master meditators, or high drug freaks have ever been thought worthy of study. Worthy or not, study is liable to bring high human beings down. And even when probes, electrodes, and other sensors are implanted in the bodies and brains of consenting people, little can be learned about the complex tides of brain chemistry or rhythms from changes recorded at one or two locations. But, perhaps because scalp electrodes don't hurt and because meditators sit still for long periods anyway, there have been a number of studies of brain waves during meditation.

The alpha rhythm, a designation for brain waves of about 8-13 pulsations per second and about 60 millionths of a volt, has been associated with pleasurable relaxation. In the early Sixties, when Dr. Joe Kamiya gave his volunteers a signal every time their brains gave off this rhythm, many people learned to sustain an "alpha state," and it was found that some Zen meditators produced a continuous alpha rhythm when meditating. Alpha rhythms signify a high state in some people, boredom in others, and do not necessarily mean a person is meditating. Some yogi meditators have shown very different brain waves—smaller, faster, and very much like the patterns of alert waking, or of dreaming sleep during periods of rapid eye movements. These swiftly changing patterns, with very low voltage, more nearly resemble those of people who are high on psychedelic drugs.

There are, of course, a great many varieties of highs—excited, mellow, drowsy, highly aware—and so there are many kinds of brain waves and physiological changes associated with these different states.

When one is not high, one's brain-wave patterns are generally out of phase with each other; for instance, the left and right sides of the brain do not ordinarily show patterns in exact synchrony. But it has recently been found that meditators in blissful quiet show a synchrony among the patterns from many regions of the head. And high-voltage synchronous discharges,

Sanskrit has 20 different ... for varying states of co... ness.

are often seen in epile... zures, which, as Dostoev... served about his own, ... terrifying, transcendent, ... luminating beyond eart... perience. In a few in... sexual orgasm or un... bliss has been evoked b... trical stimulation in the ... a brain region known ... "pleasure center" in a ... Dr. Robert Heath of ... University has stimulate... sure in people in the san...

The basic preconditi... becoming high is deep ... ation. Most of us rarely, ... achieve a truly relaxe... while awake. You can ... relaxation through metho... Edmund Jacobson's "p... sive relaxation"; by med... or by electromyographi... back, in which an inst... allows you to listen to ... from muscle contraction ... thereby learn to diminis... Deep relaxation change... physiology profoundly. F... ample, when you are r... your oxygen consumpti... creases, as does the amo... lactate in your blood, ... your skin shows an in... electrical resistance; in... peripheral blood flow n... felt as a warming of the ... and feet.

Deep relaxation is e... if one is to be totally a... to the present. Muscle t... even the ordinary tensio... most of us consider r... creates busywork for the ... a kind of noise that p... one from listening to on... ner self, or picking up the... delicate vibrations of th... vironment. To be tense is ... sarily to be crude in one ... ceptions, while with deep ... relaxation, one can be... still the ceaseless chatter ... back of one's head, to ca... array of feelings and i... Then, deep satisfaction ... come from all around y... the here and now. **—Ga...**

Gay Luce is the author of Bod...

The world stands out on ...
side
No wider than the heart is ...
Above the world is stretch...
sky,—
No higher than the soul is ...
—Edna St. Vincent ...
"Renascence,"

IDWRAPAROUNDW

ising Tao

ıic men probably got
y may have ingested
in edible plants, gazed
astounding heavens,
frightened themselves
or drifted in solitude.
somewhere near his
, man moved on that
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seems to mean going
h nature's way, fitting
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see something very
g. We see a map for
rer in the territory of
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s the *tao* in its pictorial

道

about a Chinese char-
had made a "free"
on of, Ezra Pound said,
people say I see too
n these characters,
A stylized drawing isn't
obvious. And it can't
e taken without knowl-
other drawings used in
contexts. A seer must
esponsibility for *read-*
the lines.
ng at the picture of the
see that the figure on
the right is the *human head*. It is usually drawn



and can be thought of as having a cap(acity) above for receiving from heaven (haven, within) and legs below, by which attention "walks."

In the *tao* the legs are cut off and the head is immersed in the "three-fold serpent" to the left, or the three-fold life processes (mental, emotional, and instinctual-physical). Here then is the *process*, the cutting off of the wandering attention and the immersion in the life processes.

What is received from heaven? Raindrops. In the imagery being drawn on in such pictures, rain is blessing and blessing is "clarifying orders" or "'reigning' principles."

The raindrops are being received not only by the head but by the life processes; the correct use of the revealed orders or divine principles is not only to collect them in the head, but to let them enliven the life processes: a reduction to practice.

From long before the beginnings of history, men have been drawn toward "getting high." Why? Very likely because some men, at least, have sensed that beyond the chaos of dreams lies a place of ordered revelation, a source of *knowing*. Each seeks to receive the raindrops, those tension-held integrities, the bearers of fertility, into *his* knowing and being.

Men have left pictures for men to discover, showing the way to that rain-greened place, the way to the proper acceptance once there, and the way back with the treasure in usable form. **—Gene Fowler**

Gene Fowler is a poet living in Berkeley, California.

Frenzy

People simplify "Apollonian" into "mild," and "calm," and "cool." But "Apollonian" and "Dionysian" are two sides of one coin—a nun kneeling in her cell, holding perfectly still, can be in ecstasy more frenzied than any priestess of Pan Priapus celebrating the vernal equinox. Ecstasy is in the skull, not the setting-up exercises.

—Robert A. Heinlein
Stranger in a Strange Land, 1961

EVERYTHING BEAUTIFUL IN ITS TIME

Every moment some form grows perfect in hand or face; some tone on the hills or the sea is choicer than the rest; some mood of passion or insight or intellectual excitement is irresistibly real and attractive to us—for that moment only. Not the fruit of experience, but experience itself, is the end. A counted number of pulses only is given to us of a variegated, dramatic life. How may we see in them all that is to be seen in them by the finest senses? How shall we pass most swiftly from point to point, and be present always at the focus where the greatest number of vital forces unite in their purest energy?

To burn always with this hard, gemlike flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life. **—Walter Pater**

Studies in the History of the Renaissance, 1873

Our Friend Alcohol

The rat stops gnawing in the wood, the walls withdraw, the weight is lifted, the specters fade. Nerve-ends that stuck through your skin like bristles when you blotted the last line on your manuscript or closed the office door behind you have withdrawn into their sheaths, your pulse slows, your heart lifts. The day was not so bad as it seemed, the season has not been so bad, maybe there is sense or even promise in going on.

Your friends are saying some good things, a pleasant pinkness is in Marjorie's cheeks, the fellowship of many years runs free. You say some good things yourself, the devious and tangled looks clearer, quiet has come upon you, time runs tranquilly, there is more richness than you had been remembering. Certainly I'll have another one, for our friend alcohol was given us of the gods to make us see for a while that we are more nearly men and women, more nearly kind and gentle and generous, pleasanter and stronger, than without its vision there is any evidence we are.

—Bernard DeVoto
Harper's Magazine, 1948

SEX

Probably the epitome of intimate encounter is sexual intercourse between a man and a woman who deeply love each other, who are mutually self-and-other respecting, and who are free to invest themselves fully in their coming together—free, that is, of fear, guilt, and of the need to act out other motives than those intrinsic to their own being together. In such an experience there is genuine transcendence possible. It can mean a transcending of the separateness which is usually part of being human, a transcending of the difference between giving and receiving, a transcending of the boundaries of time and daily concerns. Clearly, the fullest loving and sexual meeting is a psychedelic experience, the potential for which is in our very nature. **—James F. T. Bugental**

"The Humanistic Ethic—the Individual in Psychotherapy as a Societal Change Agent," 1967



"The body-mind movements of the Whirling Dervishes, coupled with the reed-pipe music to which they were performed, is the product of a special method designed to bring the Seeker into affinity with the mystical current, in order to be transformed by it." **—Idries Shah, The Sufis, 1964**

RAPAROUNDWRAPA



CREEK SYSTEM



FORKED LIGHTNING

Numinosum *is a term coined by Rudolf Otto (in his* Idea of Holy*) for "the inexpressible, mysterious, terrifying, directly experienced and pertaining only to the divinity." The pictures on this and the following page are from* Forms and Patterns in Nature *by Wolf Strache.*

According to a nationwide survey conducted by the National Commission on Marihuana and Drug Abuse, approximately 26 million Americans used marihuana in 1972.

THE SHORELESS OCEAN

The marvellous aspect of the condition lay in the sudden realization that, although linked to the body and surroundings, I had expanded in an indescribable manner into a titanic personality, conscious from within of an immediate and direct contact with an intensely conscious universe, a wonderful inexpressible immanence all around me. My body, the chair I was sitting on, the table in front of me, the room enclosed by walls, the lawn outside and the space beyond including the earth and sky appeared to be most amazingly mere phantoms in this real, interpenetrating and all-pervasive ocean of existence which, to explain the most incredible part of it as best I can, seemed to be simultaneously unbounded, stretching out immeasurably in all directions, and yet no bigger than an infinitely small point. From this marvellous point the entire existence, of which my body and its surroundings were a part, poured out like radiation, as if a reflection as vast as my conception of the cosmos were thrown out upon infinity by a projector no bigger than a pinpoint, the entire intensely active and gigantic world picture dependent on the beams issuing from it. The shoreless ocean of consciousness in which I was now immersed appeared infinitely large and infinitely small at the same time, large when considered in relation to the world picture floating in it and small when considered in itself, measureless, without form or size.

—Gopi Krishna

Kundalini: The Evolutionary Energy in Man, 1967

A Bummer

For the sake of argument I think it fair to distinguish between the private and the public high. The former condition approaches a state of mind tentatively alluded to by people as diverse as W. B. Yeats, Jimi Hendrix, and St. John of the Cross. The specific and interior quality of the experience makes it, by definition, impossible to translate, describe, analyze, expropriate, or sell.

This being so, and because only a relatively small number of people can imagine or sustain the excitement of a contemplative act, the public demands a synthetic product that can be sold cheaply in large volume. Until quite recently the market was dominated by the religious cartels. But the old ecstasies began to fall in price, and so the modern entrepreneurs divided the business into its component parts, each with its own system of marketing aspects of the same flute music. It has become available in a number of standard brands—alcohol, astrology, drugs, pornography, gambling, rock, revivalist frenzy, fast cars, and three-day tours to Paris—all of them expensively advertised and all of them, like so many cars on a funicular railway, guaranteed to transport the customers to Alpine heights.

I try to avoid people who say that they are high. Usually they make the announcement with an air of proud achievement, as if they expect to be congratulated for having arrived at an amorphous state of confused beatitude. They remind me of tourists staring at the view from the Eiffel Tower or disembarking from cruise ships in Caribbean banana ports. Back home in New York or Indiana they believed in the photographs offered by their travel agent, and so they arrive with expressions of white-faced rapture already fixed on the nearest object of local significance. I feel the same mistrust toward amiable drunks and Protestant clergymen. They have a benign smugness about them, a certainty that for the moment everything makes sense and that they have been vouchsafed an enlightenment comparable to that received by the Buddha while seated under the Bo Tree.

I do not like to remember the number of occasions I have listened to their of what passes for mir revelation. The low cost synthetic high necessar duces it to cliché. Thus t etition of phrases that re airport souvenirs—"like out, beautiful, out of sig

In the twelfth centu citizens of entire towns doned themselves to visi the risen Christ; in the tieth century 600,000 travel to Watkins Glen t to the singing of the G Dead. They buy the hig the price of the ticket. L tourists standing around Eiffel Tower they have promised altitude. Also i tourists on the Eiffel they will not be able to view (or, like, you kno the sounds together) in other than those alread vided by the managemer manufacturers of synthet also manufacture weapo tems, and while the s customers stumble arou the pre-packaged Dic haze (I think of peopl their heads in plastic bag management quietly goes its other business in W ton and Indochina.

—Lewis H. L

Lewis Lapham is Harper's *m editor.*

"It is through the cracks brains that ecstasy creeps

—Logan Pearsall

Afterthought

Horripilation

Experience has taugh when I am shaving of a ing, to keep watch ov thoughts, because, if a poetry strays into my m my skin bristles so that th ceases to act. This par symptom is accompanied shiver down the spine; t another which consists constriction of the throat precipitation of water eyes; and there is a third I can only describe by b ing a phrase from o Keats's last letters, whe says, speaking of Fanny B "everything that remind of her goes through me spear." The seat of this tion is the pit of the sto

—A. E. Ho

The Name and of Poetry

NDWRAPAROUNDW

for Joy

rol one's body must
greatest high. Imag-
nding one's muscles
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record-breaking pole
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of a male dancer so
Jacques d'Amboise,
'anseur of the New
Ballet. —*Pat Rotter*

'Amboise: The only
y boy takes dancing
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, Melissa Hayden and
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ook a run from way
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said, "Oh, you must
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ne so high. I not only
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it, but I had to run
dler or a high jumper,
yself in the air, pose
feet out ahead of me,
travel in the air and
wn on the ball of *one*
t's all. It was terrific!
the high of dancing,
by no means limited to jumping, has to do with discipline. There are times when I feel I'm in command of everything. I can command gravity. I can put myself around the stage at will. When you're dancing like that, you seem to be removed. You can enjoy yourself doing it and watch yourself doing it at the same time.

I'm 39 and I've been dancing since I was eight years old, 90 percent to the exclusion of everything else. If I have a role that I really care about, I start thinking and worrying and planning and training for it weeks or months before I actually perform it. My mind, my psyche, my whole body, everything gets wrapped up in how I feel and how my body is conditioned to dance—building toward the performance. Then, when I dance well, it's a fantastic triumph, a release, a beaming joy.

Over the Bent World

Once, when I was four, I was roller-skating past a fence covered with morning glory vines when I suddenly heard my name being called inside my head. Under the dry blue arc of the sky I was uttering myself, naming myself into being, and that day everything around me named itself, too. I remember roaming around touching things and thinking, "Okay, that's *bookcase* and that's *window*."

Twenty-four years later I still find the experience ineffable, and I am still trying to define it. My current notion is that on that particular day the flux held still and solidified into objects with names, into a sensible system, and a veil then separated the child with a name from the rest of the world. But the arbitrariness that preceded that state hovers like a shadow in my peripheral vision, and every now and then the world without names again thrusts itself before me and looks at itself through me. These random assertions seem pointless, rapturous, and at times quite frightening and absolutely beautiful; they suggest that my personal drama is only a tiny increment on the curve of a vast wave, an undulation of energy, and that my everyday distinction between "inside" and "outside" is no more substantial than a circle drawn in the air with a flaming wand.

Over the years I have read various religious teachings in the hope of gaining some sort of control over these spontaneous states, and I eventually discovered that the reason esoteric teachings are kept that way is because they are nothing less than prescriptions—with physiological bases—for acquiring power and awareness that are amoral and anarchic. It doesn't matter whether you behave properly or not—these states arise simply because you *are* behavior. They do not benefit society or the family, they are not survival-oriented, and they may in fact threaten every human agreement because they reveal the raw randomness weaving through us and they lure us away from names and into solitude in order that we might better immerse ourselves in that endless play.

The terror that often charges these glimpses into the flux is perhaps connected with the abrupt loss of all definition, and, therefore, of self, and the exhilaration that limns such states perhaps comes from the freedom that accompanies any loss. Now, when the flight is over (and here I think of the Paleolithic cave paintings of shamans in bird costumes; of the Holy Ghost appearing as a dove; of fairy-tale princesses who become swans; of the voice crackling over the entire earth to say, "The Eagle has landed"), you can pretend that it never happened, dismiss it as an aberration, and stay resolutely earthbound. I suspect that everyone has, at one time or another, soared through a rent in the veil of ordinary reality, but I also believe that the illogic of the experience—it just doesn't fit in anywhere—makes people forgetful.

The alternative is to pay attention and to remember, to obey the force that insists on widening consciousness. I would like, myself, to find as my habitation the interminable flowing of light, the passage that continually opens up before me just as the air parts around the beating wing, the eye, the aperture, the hole in the veil where things without names tremble and shimmer into being.

—Gwyneth Cravens

Gwyneth Cravens is a contributing editor of Harper's.

HOW HIGH THE MOON?

Try to imagine that you're on a beach one day and you look out across the water and suddenly that *given*, that immutable distance to the horizon, has been reduced by three-fourths —75 percent of that great lazy stretch of water is gone—and the horizon seems to be closing in on you. It has closed in to within 6500 feet, it's right . . . *here* . . . in front of you, and not only that, it bends down to the left and the right, falls off in curves. Well, that's the lunar horizon. For the first time in your life you actually experience the sensation of standing —*living!*—on top of a huge ball, and out beyond you is the earth, glowing, blue and green, and now unmistakably a ball, sailing in a black infinity full of glowing balls, not the nice homey fuzzy twinkly stars you see on earth but golden bowling balls humming around in the cosmic gyro—*the galactic flash*—well, this is a sensation that flashes through every electrical conduit in your body, through every dendrite, every synapse, and it *does* something to you . . . But what?

—Tom Wolfe
Rolling Stone, 1973

"I foresaw what I might become: I could see the world moving under me, as though I were borne aloft in the air."
—Napoleon Bonaparte
(1769-1821)



Decaying articulation of a prickly pear.

WRAPAROUND

Smoking Days

When smoked day after day, marijuana becomes a minor-league psychedelic and a familiar joy, and life comes to seem less serious. A few puffs and one loses a sense of time in a swirl, space becomes enormous; one is visually, emotionally, and intellectually relaxed. If you have an idea at this point, you feel inspired; realizations seem deep and true, but crazy, and you can succumb to fear and flattery more easily than in the serious world. You are at play, riding on energies that seem to *les sérieux* a mad frenzy. Rebelliousness is aroused, personal tastes assert their pride, and you can therefore bring fantasies into the conscious realm. You can dream awake. This much is the therapy of a noon smoke—the rest comes from getting stoned every afternoon of the week.

One slows down enough to stare—and trance states become possible. These joys breed an integrating rush that gives a glimpse of what gurus get by their discipline. In marijuana, and a yogic trance, the underside comes up and shares the screen with reality, and our usual topside visions (known as reasonable, sensible, or practical) fade. You step outside your ordinary self and your particular busy day, feeling yourself as a swoosh of energy. What does one do with it? One is it—at best, one is danced.

Making love, walking, tasting, listening, or thinking, marijuana is inspiring, but, as the Latin points out, inspiration comes from breathing in. Along with the soot one absorbs, there are eventually the sores, colds, and downs of smoking. Still, it's hard to give up smoking. The body goes on wanting the intoxication.

Most ex-addicts, I've noticed, are exercise fanatics. They develop many complex, physically demanding rituals, cleansing themselves, getting stoned on clean air. Perhaps after any repeated drug high, the body demands its daily thorough exhilaration. So these afternoons, I'm doing only my meditations and karate exercises to get high—that, and making love, and poems. Perhaps once you have found high you find there are many routes to it—in fact, any way that the serious world calls play.

—Jonathan Price

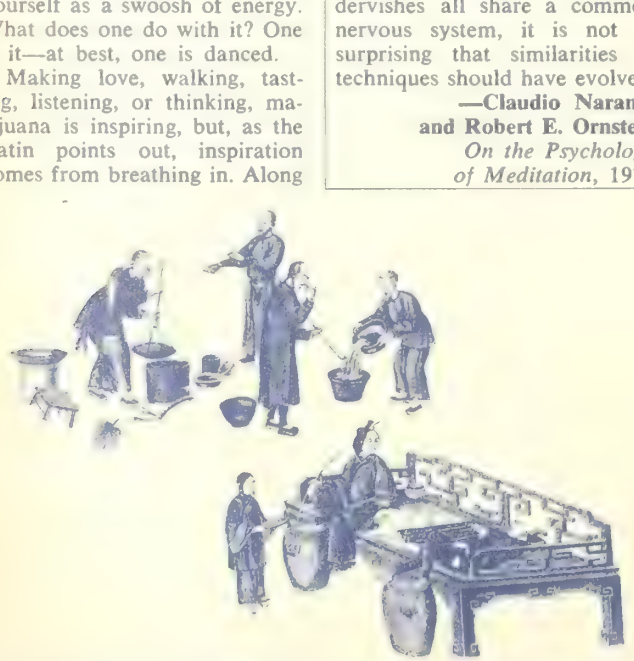
Jonathan Price is a poet and frequent contributor to this magazine.

"The fairest thing we can experience is the mysterious."
—Albert Einstein (1879-1955)

Shut out the world

It may be that men in different places at different times have noticed that by repeating an action or a phrase over and over again, or continuously focusing on breathing, the awareness of the external world can be shut out. Since we, the Bushmen, the Eskimos, the monks of Tibet, the Zen masters, the Yoga adepts, and the dervishes all share a common nervous system, it is not so surprising that similarities in techniques should have evolved.

—Claudio Naranjo and Robert E. Ornstein
On the Psychology of Meditation, 1971



"Thou hast the keys of Paradise, oh just, subtle, and mighty opium!"
—Thomas de Quincey, Confessions of an English Opium Eater, *1856*



THE LAST WORD
The Proctor/Bergman Report

We interrupt this **WRAPAROUND** to bring you an im message from the Precedent's All-Nite Drug Abuse Counc now, speaking on drugs, as usual, here's Pete 'n' Phil:

PHIL: High! And who isn't these days?
PETE: Whether it's your daddy at the top of a 50-story build
PHIL: Or his son in somebody's basement.
PETE: That's right, Phil. Getting high has almost become tional concession—I mean, obsession!
PHIL: Yes, indeed. As we orbit into the first stage of the age, it's obvious that men and women will go to any to abuse themselves—I mean, *amuse* themselves, it's through love, art, drugs, enlightenment, fast orgasm.
PETE: I think it has something to do with "getting off"— the planet—escaping from the gravity of the situatio
PHIL: For a long time, getting high was an underground p enon, but now people from all walks of life are around on platform heels and making fun of the pl of heels in high places.
PETE: Prices are rising, expectations are rising, and even th sians and the Americans are getting higher together i space!
PHIL: I don't want to bring you down, but don't you thin are good highs and bad highs?
PETE: Well, you know, my nephew Sherlock has an inte youthful view on that subject.
PHIL: He should. He's just a kid!
PETE: He's staying with us, and we were popping breakfa terday, and he reached into his space suit and out one of those government-grown Acapolka-Ol Straights, lit it up like this, and said, "Gee, Uncle you were to drag off just one of these boneroo j gage muggles every day for a hundred years, you'd be an old man."
PHIL: Could I see that ripper?—ah, reeber?—ah, reefer?
PETE: I didn't know you smoked, Phil.
PHIL: Oh, sure. I enjoy smoking grass, now that the gove has decided that it's no longer dangerous to my legal I smoke these little muckers right down to the tax on the filter. Hey, look at this! There's no tax sta this joint! And look—the filter's just a rolled-up book cover! It says, "Finish High School In Outer
PETE: Holy smoke! That's not a gov-reg joint—must be s Sherlock's home-grown; the stuff he raised on that s he launched from Morse Science High!
PHIL: Far-out weed . . .
PETE: You know, Phil, getting loaded on fine boo like this reminds me . . .
PHIL: . . . of what, Pete?
PETE: Huh?
PHIL: . . . reminds you of what?
PETE: I can't remember . . .
PHIL: Well, who cares! 'Til next time, subscribers, stay —ah, stay *tuned*.
PETE: And don't forget: "The grass is always greenest just you light it!"

—Philip Proctor & Peter Be

Philip Proctor and Peter Bergman are half the wits of the Firesign Their current record album is TV Or Not TV.

WRAPAROUND CONTINUES ON PAG

THIS COUNTRY HAS THE BIGGEST DRINKING PROBLEM IN THE WORLD.





A sobering thought from the car that gives you 25 miles to the gallon.*

Raoul Berger

THE GRAND INQUEST OF THE NATION

The President can no more create a constitutional power to withhold information than he can pull himself up by his own bootstraps

"Although remarks made by others in conversations with the President may arguably be part of a criminal plan on their part, the President's participation in these conversations was in accordance with his constitutional duty to see that the laws are faithfully executed. It is the President, not those who may be subject to indictment by this grand jury, who is claiming executive privilege. He is doing so, not to protect those others, but to protect the right of himself and his successors to preserve the confidentiality of discussions in which they participate in the course of their constitutional duties, and thus ultimately to protect the right of the American people to informed and vigorous leadership from their President of a sort for which confidentiality is an essential prerequisite. . . .

"The President has concluded that it would be detrimental to the public interest to make available to the special prosecutor and the grand jury the recordings sought as Item 1 of the subpoena. That decision by the President is in itself sufficient cause for this court to proceed no further to seek to compel production of those records."

—from a brief filed August 7, 1973 by attorneys for President Nixon in support of the President's refusal to obey a subpoena from Watergate special prosecutor Archibald Cox.

EXECUTIVE PRIVILEGE is the shorthand for the Presidential claim of constitutional authority to withhold information from Congress. Richard Nixon's deployment of this claim to protect his documents and aides against inquiry by Congress and the courts poses an issue that transcends a jurisdictional squabble among the branches of government —it goes to the heart of our democratic system. He who controls the flow of information controls our destinies.

The fact is that executive privilege —root and branch—is a myth, without constitutional basis, and the best evidence that can be mustered for it is a series of self-serving Presidential assertions of a power to withhold information. On this issue, in fact, we have the testimony of Mr. Nixon himself. When Congressman Nixon was riding to glory on the trail of "fellow travelers," the FBI, on instructions from President Truman, refused to deliver an FBI report to a Congressional investigating committee. On the House floor, Mr. Nixon rejected the proposition that "the Congress has no right to question the judgment of the President. I say that the proposition cannot stand from a constitutional standpoint, or on the basis of the merits." History demonstrates that Congressman Nixon was right and President Nixon is wrong.

Since the Supreme Court has traditionally looked to English history for the meaning of common-law terms and practices embodied in the Constitution, in particular for the inquisitorial function as an "inherent attribute" of the "legislative power" given to Congress, it is quite relevant to note that the power of parliamentary inquiry begins as an auxiliary not to the power to legislate, but to the power to impeach—on th- mon sense ground that one not first indict and then i whether there was just cause random sampling of parliam debates at different periods, s ing from 1621 to 1742, I four legislative oversight of admi tion had been exercised acro board: inquiries into corrupti basis for legislation, the cond war, execution of the laws, dis ment of appropriations—in into every aspect of executive duct. Foreign affairs, about American presidents have tra ally drawn a curtain of secrecy not excepted.

It is striking that no meml the Nixon and Eisenhower ad trations, when executive pri reached its most extravagant p tions, has advanced a single 1787 precedent in English histo executive refusal to turn over mation to the legislature. I none. Thus, whereas Congress's er of inquiry is solidly based o precedents of Parliament, there pre-Convention historical basi the claim that the power to wit information from the legislatur an attribute of the Executive. A ferences are to the contrary.

That the Founding Fathers aware of this inquisitorial attribu "legislative power" is demonst by four or five references in the stitutional Convention and the eral ratifying conventions to the tion of the House as the "gran quest of the nation." There is n slightest intimation that the F ing Fathers intended to curl functions of the grand inquest i way. We need to recall that Ma stated: "In a republican govern

Raoul Berger is Charles Warren Senior Fellow in American Legal History at Harvard Law School. This article is drawn from Executive Privilege: A Constitutional Myth, *to be published by the Harvard University Press in 1974.*

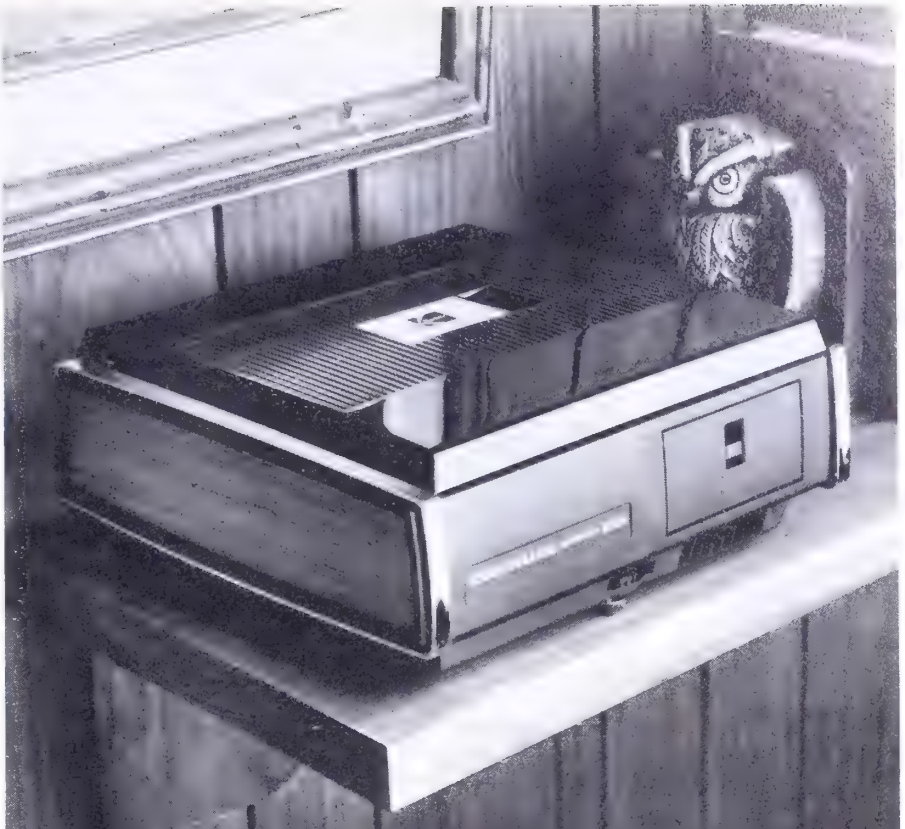
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no notice of this history,
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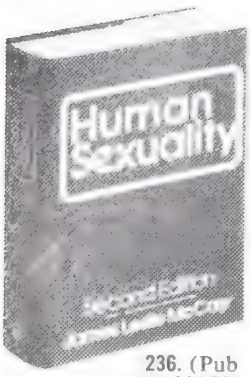
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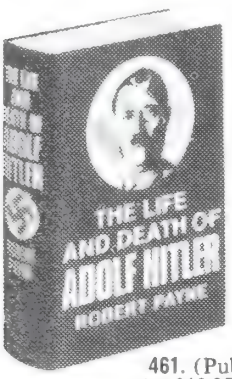


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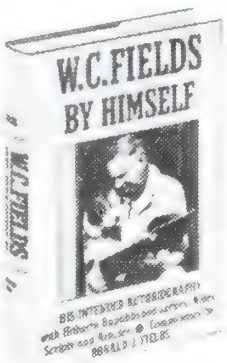
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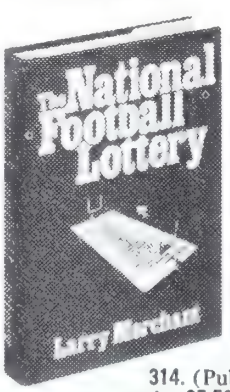
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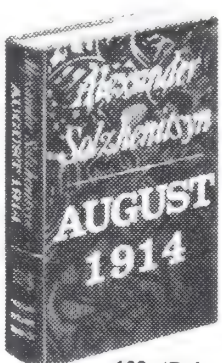
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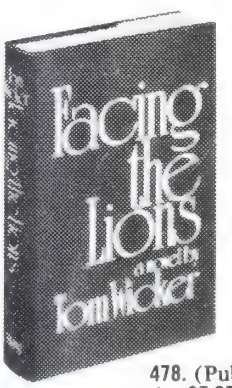
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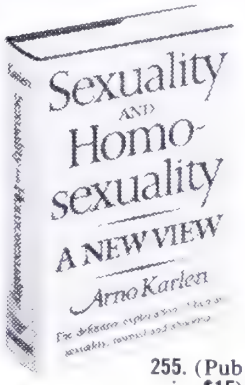
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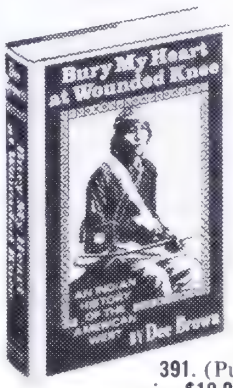
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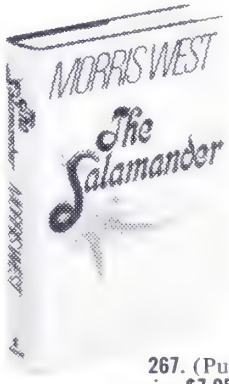


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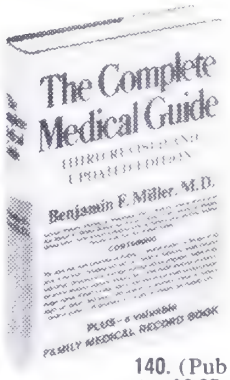
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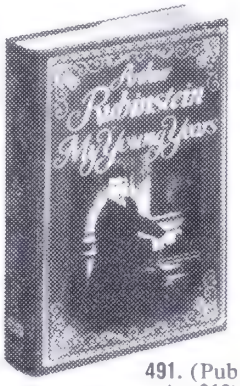
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AGE: 4½ YEARS

NATIVE PLACE: BELO HORIZONTE

ORDER OF BIRTH: LAST CHILD (LIVING)

HEALTH: FAIR, VITAMIN DEPRIVED WITH POSSIBLE DAMAGE TO HER EYESIGHT. CUTS AND BRUISES ON BACK & LEGS.

CHARACTERISTICS: CHEERFUL, BRIGHT, AFFECTIONATE, SPEAKS WITH SLIGHT LISP.

PARENTS CONDITION: FATHER: BLIND, ASKS ALMS ON THE STREETS.
MOTHER: DECEASED. DIED IN CHILDBIRTH (INFANT STILLBORN).

INVESTIGATION REPORT:
MARTA'S FATHER SUFFERED FROM AN ILLNESS SEVERAL YEARS AGO WHICH LEFT HIM BLIND. HE CAN GET ONLY A FEW PENNIES A DAY FROM BEGGING. HE CANNOT TAKE CARE OF, OR PROTECT HIS CHILDREN. HOME SITUATION BAD. THERE IS LIVING WITH THE FAMILY AN "UNCLE" WHO IS CRUEL AND IS SUSPECTED OF TAKING ADVANTAGE OF, AND BEATING THE BOYS (MARTA'S OLDER BROTHERS). SO FAR ONLY PUNISHES MARTA. FATHER PITIFUL IN HIS PLEA THAT WE HELP MARTA. HE IS TERRIFIED AT WHAT MAY BECOME OF HER. BEGS US TO HELP SO THEY CAN MOVE AWAY FROM UNCLE'S HOUSE. (HUT APPEARS TO BELONG TO THIS "UNCLE.")

HOME CONDITIONS:
HOUSE: TWO ROOM HUT OCCUPIED BY MARTA, HER TWO BROTHERS, HER FATHER AND A MAN THEY CALL UNCLE BUT WHOSE ACTUAL RELATIONSHIP TO THE FAMILY IS NOT CLEAR. THE "UNCLE" IS A BRUTAL MAN AND IT APPEARS LIKELY HIS "PUNISHMENTS" ACCOUNT FOR THE BRUISES & CUTS ON MARTA. FATHER FEARS THE UNCLE BUT BEING BLIND IS UNABLE TO DO ANYTHING. HOUSE IS DIRTY - NO SANITATION OR RUNNING WATER.

BROTHERS: ALIMIRO FELIX DA SYLVA - AGE 8 YEARS
ANTONIO ADRIANO DA SYLVA - AGE 7 YEARS

REMARKS: IN SPITE OF BAD HOME LIFE, MARTA IS A TRUSTING, SWEET CHILD. BUT SOON SHE MUST CHANGE IF HELP DOESN'T COME. FATHER IS EAGERLY WILLING TO COOPERATE IN ALL WAYS IF CCF CAN FIND SPONSOR FOR MARTA AND ENROLL HER IN FHP PROGRAM.

URGENT: RECOMMEND IMMEDIATE ACCEPTANCE INTO CCF SAO DOMINGOS FHP.

Every day our workers around the world receive reports like this one on Marta (her real name is not used to protect her future).

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the Convention, this Act can h
be deemed in violation of the
ration of powers. It constitutes
tally important legislative-exec
recognition that, under the Con
tion, the separation of powers ha
application to Congressional ino

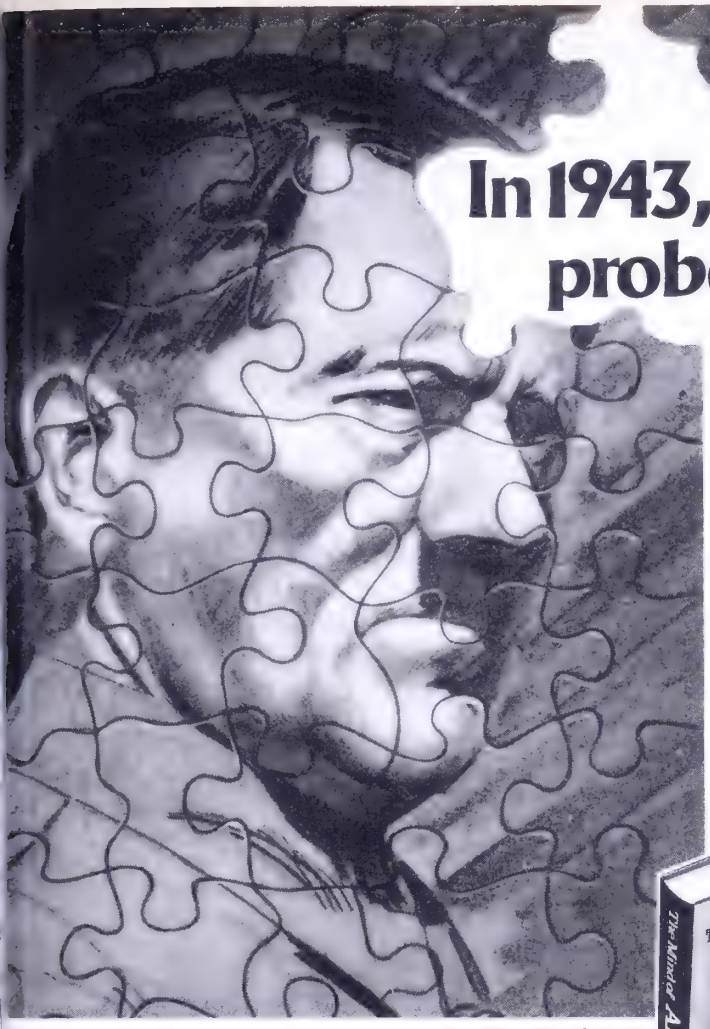
Let me now return to the righ
duty of Congressional inquiry
prelude to impeachment, beari
mind that the Constitution make
press provision for impeachme
"The President, Vice President
all civil officers." The Presiden
should remember, was not look
with awe in 1787 but with appr
sion. As if cognizant of parlia
tary history, Congressman L
stated in the House in 1796 tha
"power of impeachment . . . cert
implied the right to inspect
paper and transaction in any de
ment, otherwise the power of
peachment could never be exer
with any effect." And in 18
committee of the House stated:

> *The President himself, in t*
> *discharge of his most indepe*
> *dent functions, is subject to t*
> *exercise of this power—a pou*
> *which implies the right of*
> *quiry on the part of the House*
> *the fullest and most unlimit*
> *extent.*

Given that, historically, in
could precede impeachment, and
the Constitution expressly pro
for impeachment of the Presi
this statement seems to be inco
vertible. It was confirmed by P
dent Polk in 1846:

> *If the House of Represent*
> *tives, as the grand inquest of t*
> *nation, should at any time ha*
> *reason to believe that there h*
> *been malversation in office by*
> *improper use of application*
> *public money by a public offic*
> *and should think it proper to i*
> *stitute an inquiry into the matt*
> all the archives and papers *of t*
> *Executive Department, public*
> *private, would be subject to i*
> *spection and control of a co*
> *mittee of their body and eve*
> facility *in the power of the Exe*
> *utive be* afforded *to enable the*
> *to prosecute the investigati*
> [my emphases].

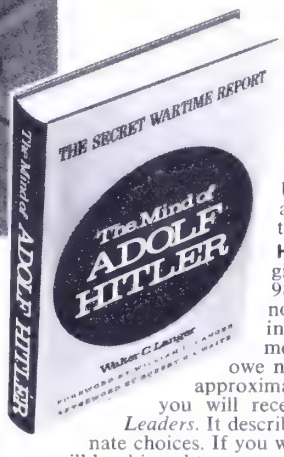
This corresponded to parliame
history and the incorporation of
history by the Founding Fat
Clearly, the claim of an implied
er to withhold information cann



In 1943, a psychoanalyst probed the mind of Adolf Hitler.

Here is his report...

- Two Hitlers "occupy the same body. The first weeps profusely at the death of his canary. The second can order the murder of his best friends."
- "It is probably true that he is impotent. His perversion has quite a different nature ..."
- "Secret fears and anxieties haunt him. He wakes up in the night shaking and screaming. He is afraid to go to sleep."
- "Throughout his life, he showed that he was haunted by the fear that he himself might have 'Jewish blood'."



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wage war was conferred. In the ratifying debates, the President was joined to the Senate; and discussion of the provision in the several Conventions shows that the Senate was meant to participate in the making of treaties in every stage. Withholding of information in these areas attests arrogant usurpation rather than constitutional authorization.

On this score, finally, there is a notable constitutional provision, the scope of which has not been sufficiently appreciated. The President was authorized to keep any publication and then by Congress, not the President, except "such part as may in their judgment require secrecy." The provision encountered rough going, being harshly criticized by Wilson, Patrick Henry, and also by Jefferson. To allay the fear of this secrecy provision, its proponents explained that it had very restricted scope. John [illegible] Convention that the debates "on the propriety of declaring war" and the like [illegible] secrecy is *only to be used* where it [illegible]

[illegible] not one arrive at *implied* grant of [illegible] sion for the President indicates an [illegible] Wilson might contemplate [illegible] withheld from the *public* by Congress had to be divulged by the President *to Congress* if the senior partner [illegible]

[illegible] lies at the root of the legislative power [illegible] the Framers entailed a compulsive power of inquiry, an anti-secrecy tradition, which leaves no room for an "uncontrolled" Presidential dis[illegible] Congress.

[illegible] of power to withhold inform[illegible] Congress was made by Jefferson in 1792. Jefferson refused requests by the Senate [illegible]

nvestigate frauds in the sale of lic lands, that he turn over the rges that had led to his removal ordon Fitz, his Surveyor General. acted on the ground that the in- y "would be applied in secret ion" and therefore deprive a citi- of a "basic right," that of a "pub- nvestigation." Measured against orical precedents, Jackson was nly wrong. The Supreme Court held in *Watkins* v. *United States* 57) that the "inherent power of gress to conduct investigations nprehends] probes into the de- ments of the Federal Government xpose corruption, inefficiency or e." It would be insufferable if President were able to shield ments revealing the corruption emoving the official.

ckson's strictures failed to sway successors. Buchanan and Polk. both expressly recognized the ary power of Congress to inves- e suspected executive miscon- Polk's unqualified recognition Congressional power that could etrate into the most secret re- s of the Executive Departments" far cry from President Nixon's ctity" of the FBI files, and from ttempt to immunize members is staff from an investigation their knowledge of a criminal piracy. It would be stale and ofitable to rehearse subsequent dential assertions of a right to old information from Con- , for the last assertion stands etter than the first—repetition not legitimate usurpation. In ords of the Supreme Court in 952 "Steel Seizure Case": "That nconstitutional action has been before surely does not render same action any less unconsti- al at a later date."

US FOCUS, RATHER, on that ranch of executive privilege , according to President Nixon, designed to protect communi- s within the executive branch" allegedly "rooted in the Con- on." What the President con- to be "rooted in the Constitu- was in fact first born in 1954. President Eisenhower sought d off Senator McCarthy's sav- saults on Army personnel by a ve that communications be- employees of the Executive must be withheld from Con-





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gress so that they may "be com ly candid in advising with other." Overnight, this "doc was expanded to shelter misma ment, conflicts of interest such the Supreme Court to set asid Dixon-Yates contract, the inex ble selection of high bidders, a forth.

It is novel doctrine that th knowledged power to probe "co tion, inefficiency or waste" doe extend to "candid communicat which are often at the core of misconduct. Had that doctrine vailed, many an investigation o ruption and maladministration— pot Dome, for example—would been stopped in its tracks. In this was precisely the objection by Congressman Nixon in critic President Truman's withholdi an FBI report: "That would that the President could have trarily issued an executive ord the . . . Teapot Dome case . . ing the Congress . . . informati needed to conduct an investig of the executive department." gress. declared the Supreme in *McGrain* v. *Daugherty* (19 may investigate "the administr of the Department of Justice . . particularly whether the Att General and his assistants were forming or neglecting their d . . ." To shield communication tween suspected malefactors v go far to abort investigation.

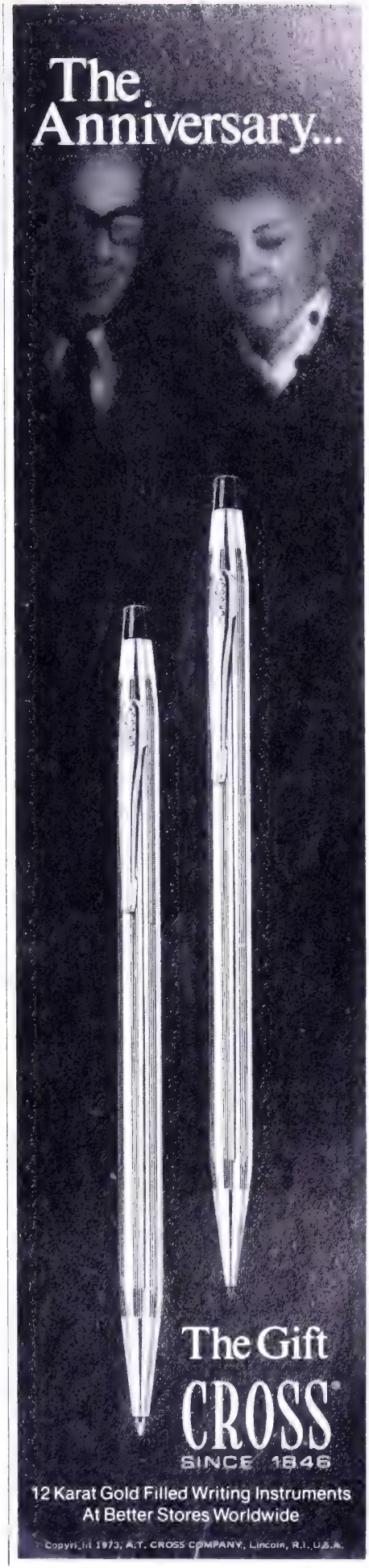
Eisenhower's claim that "ca interchange" among subordinat an indispensable precondition good government is an unprove sumption. Indeed, it is disprove the fact that government functi well enough from 1789 to 1954 out the benefit of this doctrine, by the further fact that Eisenho withholding (under the umbrel "candid interchange") of info tion respecting alleged malad istration of foreign aid in Peru immediately countermanded by l ident Kennedy, with the salutar sult that exposure lead to correc not to the toppling of administra In England, "candid interch was laughed out of court by House of Lords in *Conway* v. *mer* (1968). Against the deba assumption that fear of disclo may inhibit "candid interchan there is the proven fact that suc terchanges have time and served as a vehicle of corruption

sation—the latest example be-
"interchanges" about Water-
within the White House—so
borrow from Lord Morris, "a
measure of prejudice to the
interest would result from
ion-production."

n if there were an "estab-
' doctrine of executive privi-
t is hard to imagine a sorrier
on for its invocation than as a
for White House aides, files,
corded tapes of White House
sations from inquiry into the
gate affair. Here is a criminal
racy to corrupt the election
s that has already resulted in
nviction of two former White
aides, G. Gordon Liddy and
vard Hunt, and has ever-wid-
ramifications. Following the
n was a massive cover-up de-
to obstruct justice—in which
White House counsel John
confessedly participated and
testimony implicated his su-
. These charges have been de-
nd justice requires that the
ing testimony be resolved by
o documentary evidence con-
in the White House files or in
d conversations with the Pres-
The invocation of executive
e to shield these records
justice and feeds suspicion
e President himself is impli-

RE EXECUTIVE PRIVILEGE, even
ough without constitutional
eemed a necessity of govern-
should at most shield official
not unofficial acts of a candi-
npaigning for reelection, and
y not criminal acts. It is a
on of the separation of pow-
convert it into a shield for
that would subvert the Con-
. George Washington, upon
precedent Mr. Nixon heavily
ook a quite different view.
earing rumors of an inquiry
conduct of Alexander Ham-
s Secretary of the Treasury,
gton said, "No one . . . wish-
devoutly than I do that [the
ons] may be probed to the
be the result what it will."
uld have welcomed, not
public exposure of "execu-
oes and papers.
utive privilege won't kill
reassuringly states Roger
, recently Assistant Attorney
General. Those who insist that Congress needs more information, he says, labor under a "staggering misconception. The practical fact is that Congress gets most of the information that it wants from the executive branch. Except," says Cramton, "possibly in the foreign and military area, Congress is not hindered in making legislative judgments by the failure of the Executive to provide relevant information." That is a tremendous "except." The supply of information about imports of nuts and bolts does not compensate for the suppression of the Pentagon Papers, or the deliberate falsification of bombing raids over a neutral Cambodia. It does not make up for ten years of agonized escalation in Vietnam while Congress and the people were kept in the dark as to dismal expert evaluations and our shifting goals; for secret executive agreements with foreign powers for bases, troop commitments, and projected military aid running into the hundreds of millions. Nor does the supply of innocuous information in bulk balance the shrouding of evidence respecting White House participation in an unparalleled conspiracy. At the heart of "executive privilege" and the "candor" theory of immunity is the view that Congress and the people are the enemy, whereas the truth is that every officer is, or should be, more truly a servant of the people than of the President. Overriding loyalty to the President, as Watergate shows, produces its own chamber of horrors.

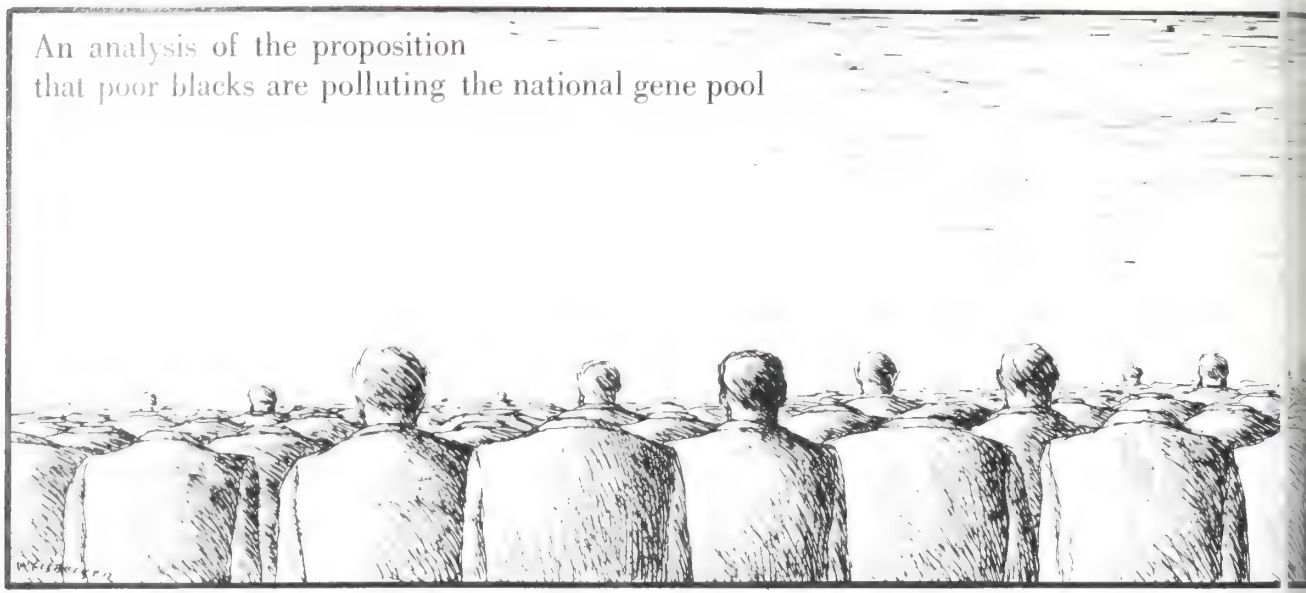
"Executive privilege" is not therefore "rooted in the Constitution," but owes its being to the reluctance of Congress to assert its right and duty, in no small part because the President, through patronage, withholding of fat defense contracts, and other means of retaliation exercises great leverage on Congress. Even though executive refusals of information have often met with stinging protests by Congress, more often that body has shrunk from confrontation. Nevertheless, if Congress was given a plenary power of inquiry—and it was—it cannot abdicate that power; it cannot divest itself of powers conferred upon it by the Constitution. If powers, said Justice Jackson, "are granted, they are not lost by being allowed to lie dormant." Congressional tolerance of Presidential infringement does not transform it into a constitutional right. □



Norman Dani

THE SMART WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

An analysis of the proposition that poor blacks are polluting the national gene pool



THE ANCIENT CONTROVERSY about nature v. nurture may seem like a dusty academic parlor game. It is nothing of the sort. When an obscure professor of education at Berkeley, named Arthur Jensen, published a study in 1969* that seemed to prove that up to 80 percent of our intelligence is determined by the genes we inherit and then related his findings to black children's poor performance in school, various influential magazines and newspapers were quick to sense a revolution in the way Americans should think about race, education, poverty, and crime.

For forty years, said *Fortune* magazine, "the established dogma in the social sciences has been that all people are born alike and it is environment that makes them behave differently." This environmentalist dogma underlay most of the reform programs of the Sixties. But, said *Fortune*, the elimination of environmental disadvantages through compensatory education and the war on poverty has clearly not done away with differences between blacks and whites in school success, employment rates, or income. Thus, environmentalism failed because it called for the impossible: the elimination of human differences that are rooted in genetic inheritance. There is, said *Fortune* somewhat triumphantly, a "basic intractability in human nature, a resistance to being guided and molded for improving society." *Fortune*'s sister, *Time*, argued similarly in a series called "Second Thoughts About Man," then wondered whether these second thoughts wouldn't lead to a "new quietism, a readiness to accept things as they are rather than to work for things as they might be."

The Atlantic, a magazine that usually takes its intellectual responsibilities seriously, set out to bring this revolutionary perspective to its readers by publishing Harvard Prof. Richard Herrnstein's skillful popularization of Jensen's argument.* Herrnstein argued that our "meritocratic" society selects people for "success in life"—school performance, income, job status—on the basis of largely inherited differences in intelligence that Jensen had apparently demonstrated.

The Jensen-Herrnstein "vanguard" position** rests squarely on the concept of IQ. It draws its eviden certain "life experiments," studies of twins and adopte dren, which supposedly meas precise contribution of genes vironment to our IQ and in t "success in life." Their "IQ ment," sometimes labelled ism," can be stated in four s

(1) IQ measures a gener intelligence.

(2) IQ is highly heritable 80 percent of observed IQ diff between individuals are ge origin.

(3) Genetic factors (up to cent of the whole) are implic average black-white and soci intelligence differences.

(4) Differences in success strongly correlate with a caused by differences in intell

The implications of this ar for social policy strike many as obvious and far-reaching. and Herrnstein, for exampl seem to favor more rigorous tional tracking systems ada inherited differences. "The f lief in human equality," Herrnstein, "leads to rigid, ible expectations, often doo frustration, thence to anger should be trying to mold our

* Jensen's paper in the *Harvard Educational Review* is reprinted with supplementary papers in *Genetics and Education* (Harper & Row, 1972). He develops his thesis on race differences in *Educability and Group Differences* (Harper & Row, 1973).

* Herrnstein's *Atlantic* article, "IQ" (September 1971), is the basis for his recent book, *IQ in the Meritocracy* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, 1973).

** As self-styled "revolutionaries" challenging an "egalitarian orthodoxy," the two professors signed an advertisement in *American Psychologist* comparing their unfriendly reception by academics and students to the attempts to suppress Galileo, Darwin, Einstein, and Mendel.

Norman Daniels is an assistant pro philosophy at Tufts University, teaches courses in the philosophy of He is the author of the forthcoming Reid's Inquiry, *to be published later*

around the inescapable limita-
nd varieties of human ability."
mplains of "withholding educa-
advantages from gifted peo-
ensen has appeared before var-
ongressional committees to de-
is message that money spent
mpensatory education programs
vish" and "extravagant" and
ongressman has inserted the
of his 1969 study into the
essional *Record*. In 1970 *Life*
Daniel Moynihan, then a White
adviser, as saying that "the
of Jensen were gusting through
ital at gale force." The 1973-
on budget proposes to demol-
at is left of compensatory edu-
programs and other programs
at creating educational equal-
re chilling is the call by some
ites for the exercise of "eu-
oresight" or that of the physi-
illiam Shockley for voluntary
ation programs for people
wer than normal IQs. Only this
ay, Jensen himself carried the
f his theories to a point just
a call for eugenic foresight.
ring the low birthrate of afflu-
nerefore successful, therefore
ent) whites with the high rate
or (therefore unsuccessful,
re unintelligent) blacks, Jen-
ncluded that "dysgenics [an
able change in the gene pool]
espect to the intelligence of
pulation is not just a possibil-
is *highly probable*" (his em-
. Herrnstein, in a recent *Sci-*
ticle, demurs only that "vol-
sterilization is not a politically
solution."

aps the most damaging effects
Q argument, however, will be
expectations of teachers, col-
ministrators, employers, and
vorkers who come to think of
and working class people as
ally less intelligent. Nobel
e Shockley, who has Jensen's
y blessings, seems to encour-
attitude: "Nature has color-
groups of individuals so that
ally reliable predictions of
aptability to intellectually re-
and effective lives can easily
e and profitably be used by
gmatic man in the street."

ABSOLUTELY CRUCIAL to Jen-
and Herrnstein's arguments
erson's score on an IQ test
fact indicate his intelligence.

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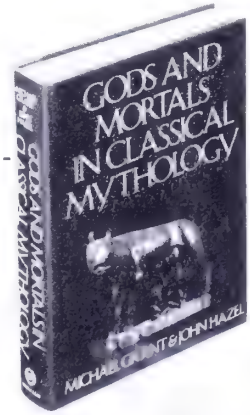
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But what is intelligence? Unfortunately, there is no generally accepted theory on the matter, an embarrassing point that our authors try to get around by asserting simply that intelligence *is* what IQ tests measure.

There are two things to be said about this stance. First, it's no way out. Scientists usually know what they are measuring and what their measuring instruments do. Second, having IQ tests doesn't obviate the need for a theory of intelligence. It assumes one. IQ tests give us, says Herrnstein, a "single number measuring a person's intellectual power." In this view, intelligence is a single, measurable, super-capacity underlying other skills; it is stable, "conferred" in the first fifteen years of life, and it sets a limit on what a person can learn or do. Are these assumptions warranted? I think not.

The fact that "intelligence" is a noun shouldn't delude us into believing that it names some single attribute we can attach a number to, like "height." In life, we face a variety of tasks and environments. Intelligence takes many forms: a machinist suggests a new production technique, a housewife manages in spite of inflation, a hustler helps build a huge conglomerate. Similarly, how intelligent a person's behavior is will vary with time. Why should we suppose that these changes are fluctuations from some fixed, basic level? Most important, what a person of almost any IQ can learn or do depends on what he wants to do and on what kind of education and training he is given. Jensen says high IQ is needed for high "educability," which he defines as "the ability to learn the traditional scholastic subjects under conditions of ordinary classroom instruction" . . . and thereby innocently opens a can of worms. *What* conditions of "ordinary classroom instruction"? Are social class or race biases in our schools included in these "conditions?"

Moreover, what reasons do we have to suppose that IQ tests measure "intellectual power," an underlying capacity, rather than just achievement? The test items themselves seem to tap specific bits of knowledge—as in the vocabulary test—or the acquisition of specific skills and values. On the Stanford-Binet picture test, for example, a child is marked "right" if he picks out as "pretty" a white, prim-looking woman, and he is marked "wrong" if he picks a woman with Negroid features and slightly unkempt hair.

Jensen and Herrnstein give two reasons. First, they claim that the more intelligent the child, the quicker he assimilates what's in his environment regardless of the values that might be in the test items. In other words, they take precocity as a measure of capacity. But this makes sense only if the children come out of virtually identical environments; otherwise, "precocity" will reflect only different training and exposure. And even if environments were identical—which we know they are not—we would still have the untested assumption that precocity in performance is a measure of capacity and not, say, motivation.

Jensen and Herrnstein's second reason for thinking IQ tests measure capacity is that IQ correlates moderately well with success in school and later job status, and these are assumed to be well correlated with intelligence. Unhappily, this argument doesn't help much either. There is little reason to assume that success in school or on the job is much related to intelligence. Other things, like class background, correlate even better with such achievement than IQ does. Anyway, even if IQ and intelligence were each fairly well correlated with school success, this doesn't by itself mean they are correlated well or at all with each other. Finally, of course, "correlation" does not mean "causation," as Herrnstein occasionally suggests.

Given the questionable assumptions behind IQ tests, it would be an incredible coincidence if IQ tests did indeed measure some common quality of intelligence. But I don't think it is any accident that IQ tests have been constructed with assumptions that are so politically useful. From the start, the developers and promoters of this test technique were all convinced of hereditary, race, and class differences in intelligence. Tests that failed to confirm those assumptions were treated as failing to measure intelligence. Thus, when Sir Francis Galton devised tests that failed to show intelligence was correlated with "preeminence" in society, he threw out his tests, not his thesis that "the average intellectual standard of the Negro is some two grades below our own."

It is no wonder that various American psychologists (Terman, Thorndike, Otis, Goddard, Yerkes) believed in race and class in gence differences were so h when Binet, a Frenchman, develo a handy instrument. Terman, wh 1916 developed the American sion of Binet's test, already beli that low intelligence "is very, common among Spanish, Indian Mexican families of the South and also many Negroes. Their ness seems to be racial, or at leas herent in the family stocks which they come." He sugge "Children of this group shoul segregated in special classes . . . is no possibility at present of vincing society that they should be allowed to reproduce." He ar for a major testing program: "W this is done there will be discov enormously significant racial d ences which cannot be wiped ou any scheme of mental culture." man's elitism was echoed by dard. Based on early IQ tests use Ellis Island, Goddard reported over 80 percent of all immigr were "feeble-minded." IQ tests used to justify deportations and e tually immigration quotas.

IF IQ DOES NOT MEASURE in gence, then Step (2) of the IQ gument, the claim that about 80 cent of IQ differences between viduals are genetically based, much of its significance. But look anyway at the experimental dence for the high "heritability" mate since it appears to be strongest step in the IQ argum

If scientists could raise geneti

* The high heritability estimate pears likely only if we ignore oppo evidence based on IQ boosting stu Programs that "improve" the child's vironment by subjecting the childre intensive tutoring, or by coaching mo on how to play with and read to children, produced dramatic 15- to point IQ gains which seem to be lasting. It is hard to see how coachi mother an hour or so a week even scr es the surface of the differences bet lower- and upper-class living and c rearing conditions. In my own view, low IQ is no sign of "stunted intellige I think programs geared to boostin rather than teaching children somet useful, are a waste of time. But by c ing that "environmentalism" is in a c in spite of all this pro-environment evidence, Jensen and Herrnstein see be attempting an unwarranted shi the burden of proof.


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unrelated people in identical, laboratory controlled environments, like rats, then they could estimate "heritability" directly: all variations in IQ would be due to genes. But people are not rats, and we cannot really determine when two environments are identical. To settle the "nature v. nurture" controversy, therefore, scientists are forced to turn to "life experiments" in place of lab experiments; in particular, to cases of genetically identical people (one-egg twins) raised separately. For, logically, any difference in the IQs of identical twins must be due to environment. If the difference is small, then the contribution of environment is small and that of genes high.

There have been four major studies of separated twins, and their results appear to give Jensen and Herrnstein considerable support. The IQs of the twins show far less variation than IQs in the population as a whole, indicating a small environmental contribution. In Sir Cyril Burt's study of fifty-three twin pairs, for example, IQs of twins raised separately showed rather high (.771) correlations, supporting Jensen's calculation of about 80 percent heritability. Jensen combines the data from all four studies since they agree in their basic results, and claim to use standard tests and procedures; furthermore, they have been reviewed by others with no serious challenge. Finally, Jensen supplements the evidence for high heritability from the twin studies with evidence from other "life experiments." For example, adopted children's IQs seem to correlate better with their natural mothers' IQs than with their adopting mothers'. And kinship studies comparing closeness of genetic relation to similarity in IQ are compatible with a high estimate of heritability. The data, as scientists would say, look pretty "hard."

That's what Professor Leon Kamin, chairman of the Princeton Experimental Psychology Department, may have thought before he began to scratch a little at this evidence. His study gives strong reason to think the data may not be so hard after all.

First, Kamin argues, it is important to see how well designed the existing "life experiments" are. If the life experiments on twins are to give an accurate estimate of the environmental contribution to IQ, it is essential that the separated twins randomly placed in the full rang environments that a society of Otherwise, there will be less IQ ation than there should be and it look as though genes contribute r than they do. Did the four stu Jensen and Herrnstein rely on r provide the full range of envi ments needed? It appears not.*

For one thing, the twins in all studies either went to adoptive h or else one member of a pair raised at home. Adoptive fam however, are generally well abov erage for their communities in nomic security, cultural and ed tional status; they are smaller average, and have older than ave parents. Besides, adoption age match children's characteristics those of the natural parents) to acteristics of the adopting family religion, sex, age, color and com ion, physique, medical history family background.

But there are even more sp problems with the studies. In half of Burt's cases, one of the stayed in the natural parent's h In general, these twins shared lar geographical regions, simila cial and religious customs; the ten played together and share same school system. Shields, th thor of another study, claim twins had different environment his report documents extensive larities. For example, Benjamin Ronald were "brought up in the fruit-growing village, Ben by th ents, Ron by the grandmother [and were] . . . in school toge Jessie and Winifred were "br up within a hundred yards of other . . . wanted to sit at the desk." Bertram and Christophe raised by paternal aunts "ami living next door to one anothe

* Kamin delivered a paper ana the existing data at a recent meet the Eastern Psychology Association ing most of the points I cite above rather sad that Herrnstein, who ha stantly complained of alleged in ments on his "academic freedom who charges his critics with fail consider his arguments, has resor a recent issue of *Science* to ch Kamin with being "blinded" by M (for which there seems to be dence). Presumably, Herrnstein h ter be prepared to charge the whol bership of the Eastern Psychology ciation since they voted by a two margin "to censure the use of in sive evidence concerning the herit of IQ."





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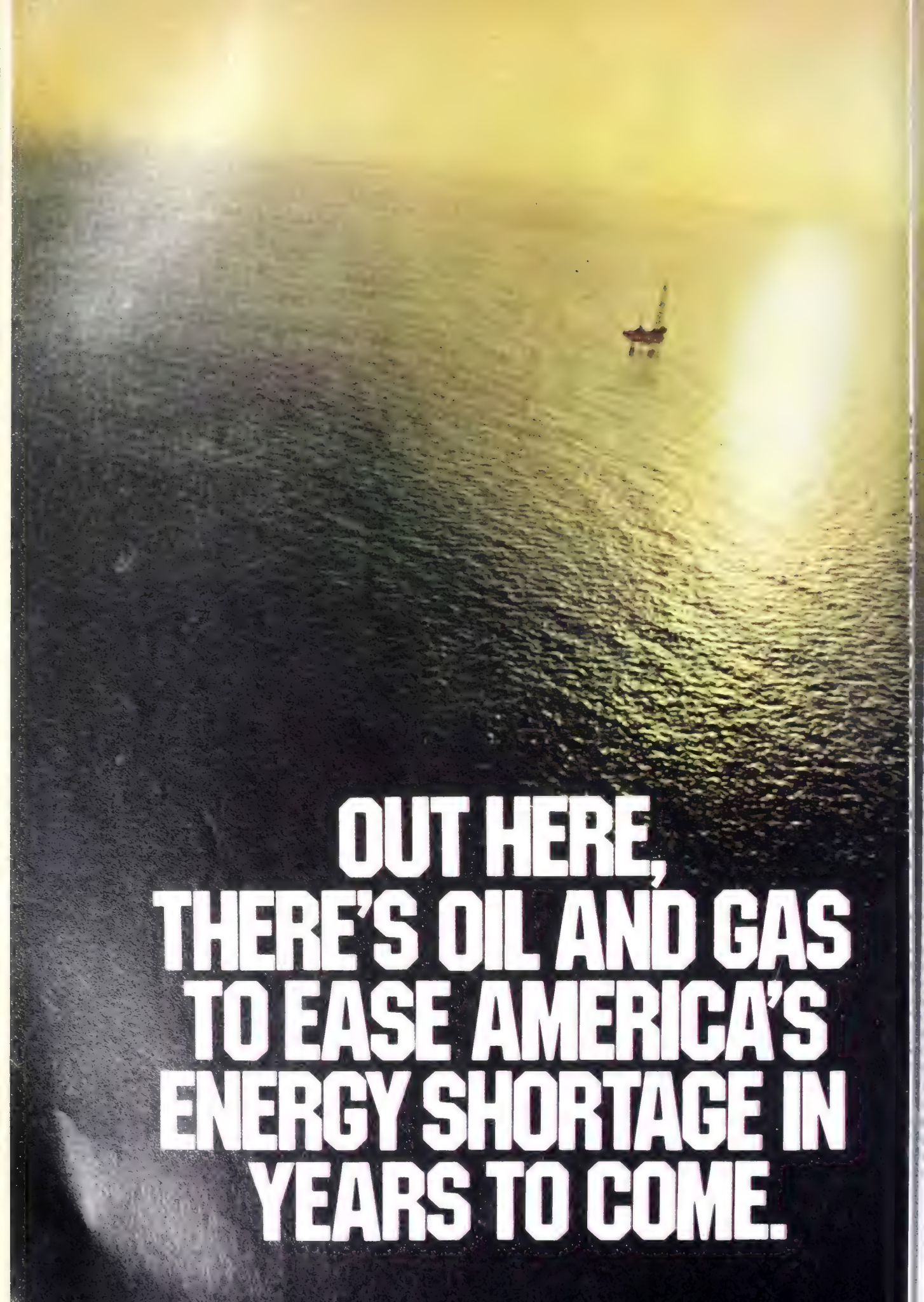
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THE SMART WHITE MAN'S BUR

Burt's is the only one of the studies that even attempts to that the twins went into home differing socio-economic status. according to Kamin, the data ir paper where he makes this clai not exactly match data on the twins published by his assistant in several places, fail to match that Burt sent to Jensen. Neve less, in spite of these devast problems, and in spite of the cc dental fact that Burt's original sheets have been conveniently stroyed, Jensen sticks to his gun.

Kamin has probed another feature of experimental design i twin studies. To carry out an esti fairly, it is necessary that the tests be standardized with rega sex and age. After all, one-egg t are the same age and sex as we being look-alikes, and it wouldn very scientific if the twins' IQs made to look more similar simpl cause they had the same age and Yet the IQ tests used for Jensen's mate were not standardized for and sex. Kamin has shown tha high correlations of twins' IQs i of the studies can be accounte almost entirely by the failure to dardize the tests for age alone.

Anyone who has taken a psy ogy course knows that one mu ways try to compensate for or out the bias of the person doin experiment. One needs uniform and testing procedures. One sh make sure, for example, that member of a twin pair was teste a different person. Knowing th sults of one twin's IQ test might to biasing, even unconscious bia of the result on the other twin. fortunately for Jensen, experim bias is evident in the twin stu In all but five of thirty-eight c Shields tested both members twin pair himself and found an age difference of 4.9 points, a difference pointing to a large ge contribution. In the five other c he tested one twin and his assi the other. Here they found a point average difference, about mal for the population as a w and compatible with a nearly estimate of heritability. Shield nores this discrepancy. Burt also parently tested almost all the t in his study himself so we hav way of knowing how much he have "unconsciously" biased th sults. This factor alone should



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us to throw out more than two-thirds of the data for the four combined studies.

In addition, there is some evidence that selective exclusion of data in the Shields study, as well as in Burt's procedure of "adjusted assessments" if scores seemed too far off, operated to increase similarities in twins' IQs. In fact, Burt didn't even administer standard tests in all cases. He admits in a footnote to giving "personal interviews" and "camouflaged IQ tests" and then later refers to them as "tests of the usual type."

Finally, there is an even more serious problem with the data. Burt, who may not even have used standard test procedures, nevertheless managed to find correlations that remain identical to the third decimal place in spite of sample size changes of over 100 percent—just about a mathematical impossibility. For instance, Burt's papers report the same .771 correlation for twins reared separately in three studies, one involving twenty-one twin pairs (1955), one involving "over thirty" pairs (1958), and finally fifty-three pairs (1966). Even a college chemistry student knows better than to report data like that in his lab reports—they'd be thrown out as "fudged." It might be noted that Burt, in 1909, before any IQ data were available, remarked that his smarter subjects tended to be "blond."

The "hard data" for Jensen's estimates has turned to mush. With regard to every crucial feature of experimental design, to say nothing of experimenter integrity, the famous twin studies fall apart. Yet these "life experiments" are the cornerstone of Jensen's estimate of heritability.

THE THIRD STEP IN THE IQ ARGUMENT asserts that the high 80-percent heritability of IQ for individuals can be used to explain the 15-point difference in the mean IQ of blacks and whites or the 30-point difference between the mean IQ of lower and upper classes. To go from individual to group differences is a big, in fact fatal, leap, since "heritability" is *defined* only for individual differences, and in *Genetics* Jensen himself warns against it. But later he leaped with abandon, as when he commented in the *New York Times*, "The number of intelligence genes seems lower overall in the black population than in the white."

In *Educability* (pages 155-156), Jensen again attempts the leap from individuals to groups, this time by bamboozling the reader with a mathematical argument. Basically, using mathematical equations, he says that if heritability is high (80 percent) and if IQ is well-correlated (.5) with success, then mathematics tells us genes must play some role in determining success. However, he neglects to tell the reader that the "some role" genes "must" play could be completely insignificant; it has to be only slightly more than zero. And he fails to warn the reader that his argument depends crucially on heritability being as high as he says it is. This argument hardly fools the reader familiar with mathematics and is completely unfair to the non-mathematical reader.

While making the same jensenian jump from individuals to groups (social classes), Herrnstein tries to back away from the delicate issue of black-white differences. "We do not know why blacks bunch toward the lower end of the social scale," he writes on page 14. Again on page 186, "The only proper conclusion is that we do not know whether . . . [racial differences in IQ are] . . . more genetic, less genetic, or precisely as genetic as might seem to be implied by a heritability of .8." But if "bunching" blacks into the poorest section of the working class is a mechanism that can "environmentally" lower black IQs, then why doesn't "bunching" most working-class people into working-class living conditions "environmentally" lower *their* IQs? Herrnstein cannot admit that working-class living conditions can significantly lower IQs; that would undermine his entire thesis that class differences in IQ are highly heritable. His only way out of the dilemma is to say that working-class environments depress black IQs but not white IQs, a difficult argument to defend.*

THE LAST STEP OF THE IQ ARGUMENT, the "meritocracy" thesis, claims that success in life is in large part determined by high IQ. Jensen uses this step to explain why blacks, with their lower average IQs, have low "educability" and therefor found disproportionately in the end of the working class. Does IQ," however, explain racist differentials or "last hired, first policies exercised by many c nies? In 1967, thousands of job given to blacks in the auto in following the Detroit riots. Wa higher level of "success" a res boosted IQ? Jensen, it seems, have us forget all we know economic, political, and social and believe instead that all some Invisible Hand has been ting people for subtle, inherite ferences in IQ, differences th time impose education, unem ment, and welfare burdens on ety. (page 16)*

But if Jensen, who thinks the population averages out gene superior to the black populati still in the grip of the White Burden, then Herrnstein, who cial concern for the implicati IQ in the meritocracy is seen cleansed of racial overtones, the grip of The Smart Man's B Herrnstein reveals the onus Smart Man's Burden in his fa "syllogism":

(1) If differences in menta ities are inherited, and

(2) If success requires thos ities, and

(3) If earnings and presti pend on success,

(4) Then social standing reflects earnings and prestige be based to some extent on inh differences among people.

Herrnstein reveals the a of the Burden in his *Atlantic* la "As the wealth and complex human society grow, there w precipitated out of the mass manity a low-capacity (intell and otherwise) residue that m unable to master the common pations, cannot compete for s and achievement, and are mos ly to be born to parents who similarly failed." A residue one gathers, will make huge de on the good will and tax mon its betters. It is a little perplexi

* Herrnstein could still say that things like "racist insults" are what depress black IQs. But does he think poor whites suffer no insults or discrimination?

* Jensen, showing an astonish norance of history, says: "It i likely—though speculative of c that Negroes brought here as slav selected for docility and strength than mental ability, and that thro lective mating [with slave owner mental qualities never had a cha flourish."



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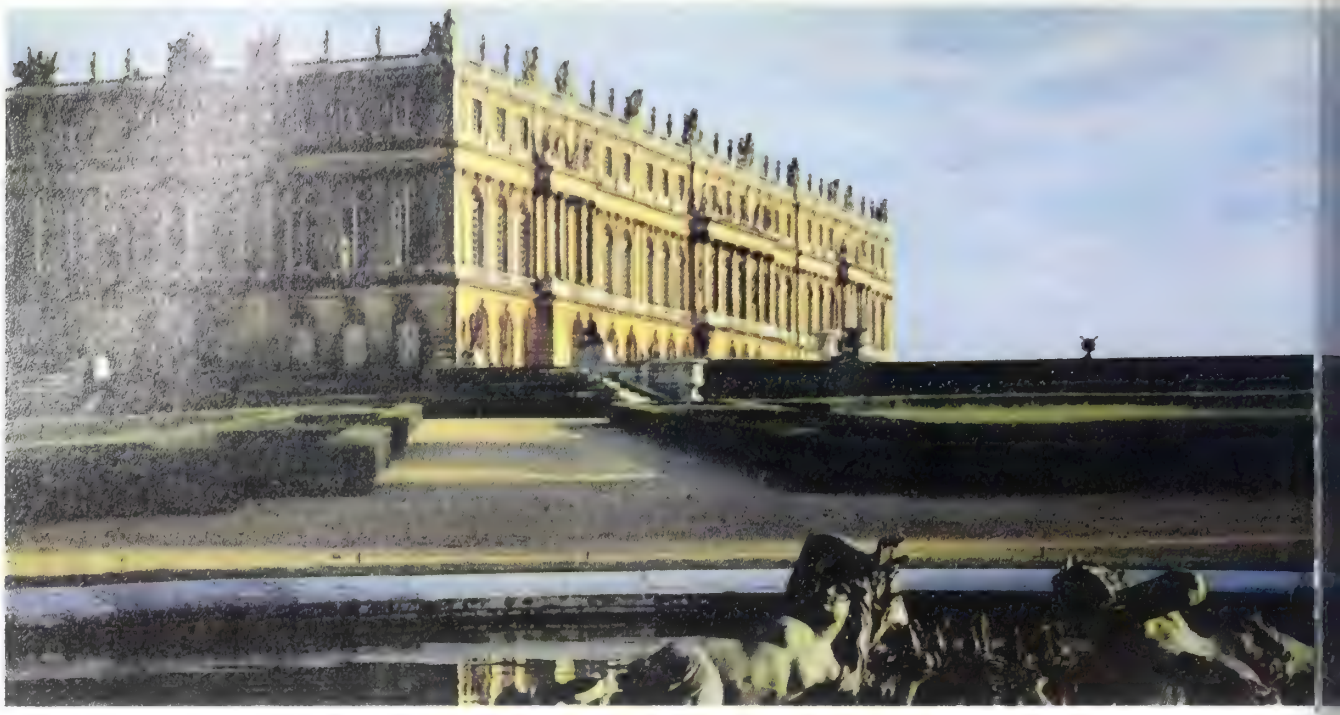
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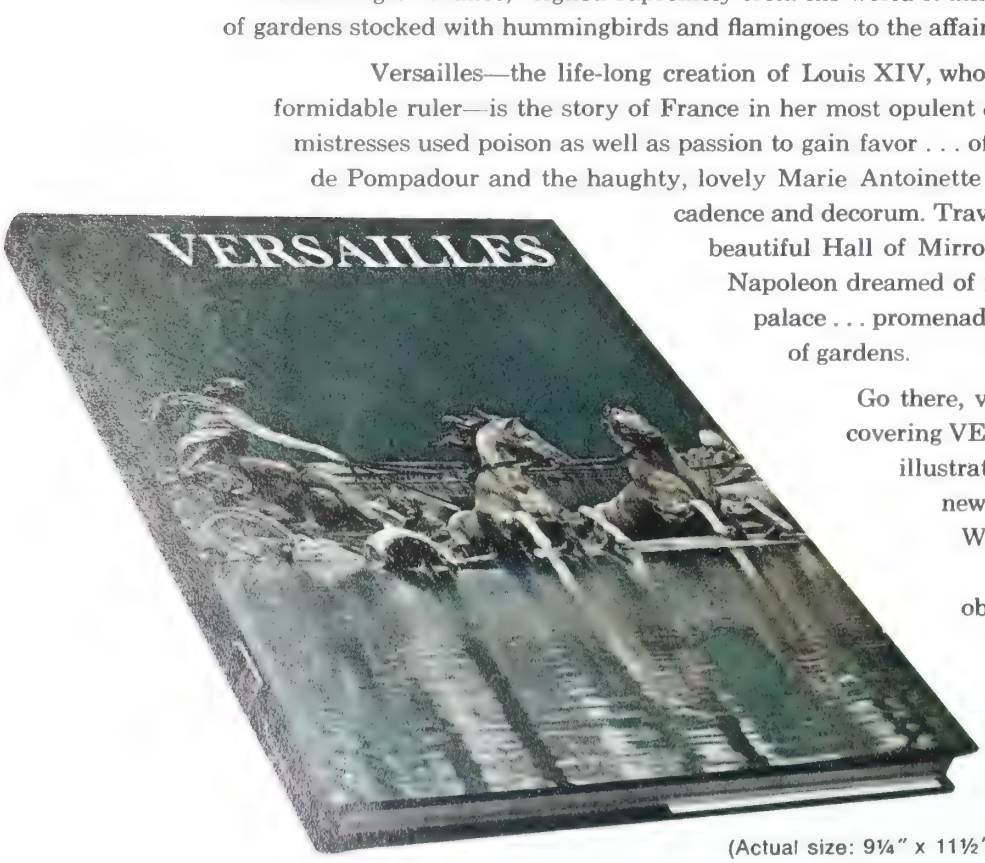
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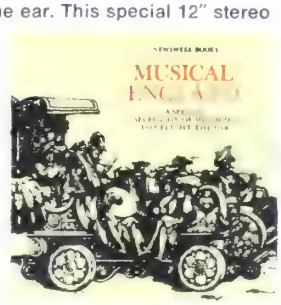
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Herrnstein's anguish is not geared toward concrete suggestions about how to ameliorate the "inevitable" situation through "effective compensatory education." Rather, it seems geared toward preparing the "residue" to accept its fate, for he goes no further than to suggest increased use of the IQ and other tests to make possible a "more humane and tolerant grasp of human differences," which is to say, a more rapid and rigid determination of just who the "residue" is.

Is there any reason to believe that high IQ is a prerequisite for success, or that there is a causal relation between IQ and "success in life"? Herrnstein's evidence is that IQ is a moderately good predictor of "success" and, further, that since people with high-status jobs tend to have higher average IQs, there is some reason to think high IQ is a prerequisite for performing the jobs. But other things statistically predict "success" even better than IQ, notably class background and number of school years completed. Independent of these other factors, IQ is no good at all as a predictor of "success in life." *

But isn't high IQ needed for performing high-status jobs? Probably not. People with high-status jobs may have high average IQs not because they have to be "smarter," but because these jobs require educational credentials and high IQ is correlated with getting these credentials even if it is not needed for them. Herrnstein here relies on equating high IQ with high "educability" or "trainability," but there is plenty of evidence that this equation is totally without basis. In fact, within job categories or types, performance on jobs or "success" at the job is notoriously *unrelated* to IQ.

Far more plausible than the thesis that getting ahead in America requires "intelligence," as measured by IQ, is the thesis that getting ahead requires other motivational and attitudinal traits. Competitiveness, [illegible]vility (in appropriate situation[illegible] and hopefulness are possible ca[illegible]dates, as is a considerable tolera[illegible] of boredom. Whether highly "[illegible]itable" or learned, such traits a[illegible] debatable measure of "merit," [illegible] do they necessarily represent the [illegible]vival of the "fittest."

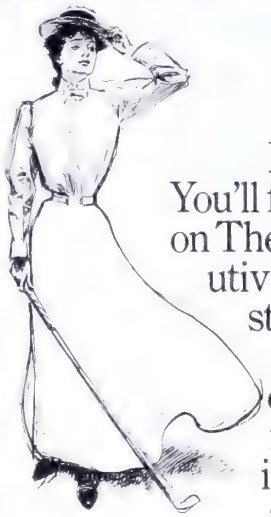
But even if one granted He[illegible]stein his "meritocracy" thesis, [illegible] conclusion doesn't follow. In his [illegible] logism, he subtly equates "high [illegible]itability" with "fixedness" or "r[illegible]tance to change in all circumstanc[illegible] Even if IQ is highly heritable in [illegible] society, it does not follow that be[illegible] education directed at the disad[illegible]taged would not significantly b[illegible] mean IQs for society and n[illegible] many more people "eligible" for [illegible] IQ jobs. Similarly, "high herit[illegible]ity" does not mean that new ed[illegible]tional techniques won't be found[illegible] tend to benefit lower IQs more [illegible] higher ones, with the result tha[illegible] differences are substantially redu[illegible] In such a new environment, IQ m[illegible] even lose its (supposed) high [illegible]itability. In other words, the c[illegible]tion of "meritocracy" aside, H[illegible]stein makes his syllogism seem[illegible] work by giving a misleading pic[illegible] of the implications of high he[illegible]bility.

There seems to be no reason, t[illegible] for accepting anything about H[illegible]stein's famous syllogism, eithe[illegible] premises or its conclusion. Nor[illegible] we inevitably have to groan u[illegible] the Smart Man's Burden.

Is anything left of the IQ [illegible]ment, that vanguard position o[illegible] new "revolution" in the social[illegible]ences? IQ does not measure i[illegible]ligence. High heritability estim[illegible] of IQ are based on useless st[illegible] and maybe even fudged data. [illegible] way, these estimates cannot be [illegible] to explain group differences. Fir[illegible] IQ seems to have nothing impo[illegible] to do with "success." This is all t[illegible] left of the IQ argument that *For[illegible] Time*, *Atlantic*, the *New York Ti[illegible]* and other prominent newspapers[illegible] magazines have made so fa[illegible] Will the scholarly refutations o[illegible] senism be made as famous? Wi[illegible] press now give as much attenti[illegible] showing what's wrong with je[illegible] ism as they have given to maki[illegible] nearly a household word in W[illegible] ington and a guide for the "prag[illegible] ic man in the street"? That ma[illegible] up to the reader.

* For evidence of this, see Samuel Bowles' and Herbert Gintis's recent study in *Social Policy*. One might try to save Herrnstein's claim by arguing that IQ is a factor needed for success in school and thus indirectly for success in life. But if class background is held constant, IQ still plays only a minimal role in predicting school success. And it is further arguable that it plays that role only because it measures values and attitudes and not because it measures intelligence.

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AND SYMBOL	YEARS PAID	DIV YIELD
dale Mills (AVD)	70	3.4
sh-Amer. Tob. Reg. (BQ)	68	3.0
rnia Portland Cmt. (CPO)	64	6.2
Raulds, Ltd. (COU)	60	3.0
dsman Chem. Coatings (GRV)	55	4.9
Oil Canada Ltd. (GOC)	64	2.0
nd (John H.) Co. (JH)	51	5
nger Mines Ltd. (HOL)	61	3.4
rial Group Ltd. (IMT)	70	4.6
rial Oil Ltd. (IMO)	83	1.5
s Lafayette Corp. (KLF)	83	4.8
ood Corporation (MAB)	72	6.7
a General Inc. Cl A (MEGA)	50	1.7
son Parchment Co. (PPP)	82	—
& Lambert, Inc. (PM)	68	7.8
dence Gas Co. (PVY)	124	7.2
Estate Inv. Trust (REI)	86	8.3
Baking Co. A (TBCA)	58	6.8
eim Corp. (TOK)	53	4.4
National Corp. (WNC)	83	1.8

5-49 Years

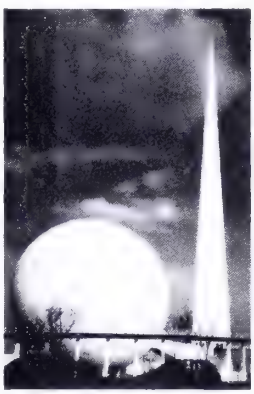
nsecutive dividend payers from 35 to 49 years.

AND SYMBOL	YEARS PAID	DIV YIELD
can Maize-Prod. Cl A (AZEA)	44	4.9
r Meter (BMI)	39	5.7
rin, D. H. (BDW)	38	2.4
n-Amer. Tob. (BQ)	46	2.4
tion Co. (CMK)	39	1.2
, A.M. & Co. (CAS)	39	5.0
co Ltd. (CLT)	49	3.3
unity Public Serv. (CMM)	37	6.5
Paint & Varnish (COK)	38	5.9
Petroleum Corp. (CRP)	38	13.2
ton Co. Inc. (CRC)	48	4.4
Labs. A (CLR A)	47	—
itors Corp. (DEP)	39	6.3
ey Corporation (DIV)	38	4.3
o Holdings Co. Ltd. (DLP)	40	3.3
ographic Corp. (EEG)	38	7.0
an, M.H. Co. (FSH)	39	5.7
Motor of Canada (FC)	40	4.2
lo Company (FRE)	40	2.4
n-Rupp Company (GRC)	38	4.9
Beck Co. (GWB)	40	8.4
I (Geo. A.) & Co. (HRL)	45	5.0
s Mfg. Co. (HSK)	39	6.2
ll, Harvey A (HUBA)	39	3.1
ll, Harvey B (HUBB)	39	3.1
al Chemical (IMP)	46	3.9
rs Royalty Co. (IRL)	37	1.9
ee Oil Co. (KOC)	36	3.8
Hotels Corp. (KNT)	37	—
lle Cement Co. (LCO)	39	4.8
eld Tire & Rub. (MSF)	37	8.2
F.W. & Co. (MNS)	45	9.0
t Rubber Reclaim (MW)	35	3.0
International Ltd. (NEO)	43	1.5
ocess Co. (NOZ)	42	4.4
Inc. (NEW)	36	6.0
ass Co. (OHS)	39	6.1
d Door (OHD)	37	2.5
emical Co. (PAK)	39	5.6
affic Co. (PNF)	39	4.7
s Moines Stl. (PDM)	38	4.9
evelopment (PLC)	40	2.8
tic Scale Corp. (PNU)	35	8.6
-Hall, Inc. (PTN)	40	4.4
on Arms Co. (REM)	37	7.9
y Corp. (RKY)	44	7.6
ift Greeting Card (RUS)	35	2.7
-Water Works (SJW)	41	5.4
SEL)	37	5.1
ed Royalty Co. (SRO)	47	2.1
stern Invest Co. (SWC)	37	2.1
Alliance (STD)	37	6.2
-Coosa-Thatcher (SNC)	43	6.2
ompany (STS)	41	1.3
hop Cos., Inc. (SHP)	37	6.0
rt Inc. A (TFTA)	42	.7
estment Company (UIV)	38	4.4
t. Ceramic Tile (UCT)	37	1.8
ro. (VOT)	39	6.0
Cable Corp. (WCB)	36	5.1
h. F.W. Ltd. (WT)	42	4.4

Look over the list on this page. You'll find some of the 266 companies on The Amex that have paid consecutive dividends on their common stock from 10 to 124 years.

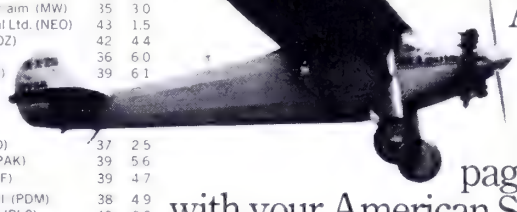
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The American Stock Exchange

25-34 Years

Consecutive dividend payers for from 25 to 34 years.

STOCK AND SYMBOL	YEARS PAID	DIV YIELD
Alan Wood Steel Co. (AW)	25	—
American Business Prod. (ABP)	32	1.2
American Petrofina A (APIA)	25	3.1
Automatic Switch Co. (ASV)	34	1.5
Big Bear Stores Cl. A (BB. A)	32	6.1
Binks Manufacturing Co. (BIN)	26	6.0
Binney & Smith (BYS)	33	5.2
Bowne & Co. Inc. (BNE)	32	2.4
Brown-Forman Dist. A (BFDA)	28	1.7
Brown-Forman Dist. B (BFDB)	28	1.8
Bundy Corp. (BNY)	28	6.3
Corroon & Black Corp. (CBL)	25	4.6
Daniel Industries (DAN)	25	1.7
Domtar Ltd. (DTC)	27	2.9
Duro-Test Corporation (DUR)	31	2.0
Eason Oil Co. (EAS)	33	1.9
Eastern Co. (EML)	33	8.2
Elec. Hose & Rubber Co. (EH)	34	5.7
Epko Shoes, Inc. (EKO)	27	7.3
Financial Gen. Bankshrs. (FGL)	25	2.3
Glen-Gery Corp. (GGB)	27	3.4
Glenmore Distilleries (GDSB)	32	
Glosser Brothers Inc. (GEE)	27	2.6
Goldblatt Brothers Inc. (GDB)	25	6.3
Gorin Stores Inc. (GRN)	32	—
Hanover Shoe Inc. (The) (HAN)	27	5.6
Hastings Mfg. (HMF)	32	6.8
Kollmorgen Corp. (KOL)	30	2.7
Kuhn's-Big K Stores Inc. (KBK)	27	1.3
Leath and Company (LH)	32	4.8
Maine Public Service (MAP)	29	7.9
Mount Vernon Mills (MVW)	27	6.3
MWA Company (MBR)	29	7.8
O'Okiep Copper Co. (OKP)	27	8.6
Pacific Holding Corp. (PHC)	29	4.5
Pato Cons. Gold Dredg. (PO)	34	1.2
Risdon Manufacturing Co. (ROS)	27	4.1
Sabine Royalty Corp. (SAB)	26	1.3
San Carlos Milling (SAN)	32	15.2
Sears Industries Inc. (SIU)	30	5.5
Simplex Industries Inc. (SPX)	27	
Thorofare Markets (TMI)	30	
Torin Corp. (TOR)	32	2.8
Turner Construction (TUR)	32	5.8
Union Gas Ltd. (UNG)	25	5.7
Utah Idaho Sugar Co. (UIS)	32	2.0
Vulcan Inc. (VX)	27	6.0
West Chemical Products (WCP)	33	5.8
Whiting Corp. (WTG)	33	7.3
Wood Industries Inc. (WNW)	25	

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Judith Trotsky

GENERATIONS OF SILENCE

Stagolee's song transforms the muteness of an age

THEY HAVE MANY NAMES for those of us who were the children of that war. They say we are "conformist as Army worms," "the safe generation," "the silent generation." With the survivors' strength of approaching middle age, we can look back over separated decades of death knowing that, once upon a time, the pejoratives applied to us were true.

They had killed us with their wars of liberty: childhood lost, maturity murdered *in utero*. If, in the Forties, we were threatened by the holocaust on other continents, in the Sixties it was our protective land over which the flames were spread. Seeking safety, we made ourselves invisible in the darkness of our inner caves while outside the ominous fires roared. By the end of the Sixties I no longer heard the howling wind. I no longer heard anything. Through the long decade I had listened as successive reels of film unwound themselves through my viewing machine. Protest dulled. There was too much of it. Too much hatred again, too many murders, too many deaths. And thus I wrapped film and track around myself like a celluloid winding sheet. Charred by the end of the decade, I watched and listened. But I did not see and hear.

What I did bored the life out of me. Film research is a painstaking, tedious job: plowing through thousands of feet of uncut, unused newsfilm, searching for an event, a phrase, a segment from someone else's tale. The producer will snip these out and insert them, like jagged pieces, into the jigsaw scenes of the documentary film. Everyone has something to say, and he says it. Endlessly. My hands work the manual rewinds automatically. I no longer have to listen to every word. All their whining sounds the same. Turn the reels a little faster: the voice of Donald Duck.

But, by the end of the decade, there were some consolations to my job. We were devoted to high purpose: filmmakers to the young; educators, really, using the most affecting tool of our technology. It is McLuhan's age, and television's children have learned to learn by seeing, young minds awash in imagery. Thus we plundered the massive archives of the Sherman Grinberg Film Libraries in New York, whose vaults contain much of the filmed history of twentieth-century man. The old Paramount newsreels were stored there, explosive nitrate stock fast disintegrating, history turning to dust. Stored there, too, was the current product of the ABC network, which poured thousands of feet of brilliant color into the library each week. Network news has time for only a brief scene here and there to keep its viewers interested; an indication, merely, of reality.

We appreciated the commercial possibilities of a series for black children, who would now study themselves as they did the people of Mexico and Japan. I was heartily sick of viewing such scenes. Still, it would sell. But what would the framework of such a series be? "Go out and see what you can find. Here is a list of names," said my employers. I was obedient and loyal. I took the list. I selected, listened, and made notes, searching for some theme, a cohesive direction upon which to build our success. Black, certainly. But black what?

THUS, IN VENAL INNOCENCE, were the muted chords exposed. At first, however, all of this was, simply, just another series, one among many I had done: *Churchill, Truman*, CBS's *20th Century*, NBC's *Project 20*, *Battleline*, *Survival*, *Protest*. Entering this other world there was only a slow—very slow—gathering of momentum, so gently was I prepared for the journey into the agonies of my self. Thus, like any a[ll] memory—and its relation to [we] currently taking place—is, merely recalled.

With amusement, then, Dick Gregory, becoming an a[ct] of one for his routine. His [t]i[me] is still superb. I am always a gourmet, and so I settle down sense of cultivated delectation ing a feast of back-country ta[les]

"Black folks in America g[ot] lus round their souls, and if tem don't back up, their sh[ow] going to be wore out."

Amos and Raggedy Andy flapping their soles on streets.

Skip to another routine, serious bit of business here. W hard, Gregory leans into th camera's eye.

"A free man is a man w[ho] fears, and when white folks marrying their daughter, ea their restaurants, going t[o] schools, living in their neighb[or] he is my slave by the law of whether he like it or not!"

There was always a line of Gregory's art. But the unpun rush of passion is too heavy- an assault. There is too much there for me. But though I fli continues to accuse, for I mus off this reel.

"America is the number on country on the face of this

Drop dead.

"We got a right—a right you the same forward way y[ou] us . . . We are tired of you liberal white kids coming South getting rid of your gui ging our Mississippi racist c[on] when you can't take a nigge[r] with you up North in the sub

Who the hell do you think talking to? My dialogue co with the figure on my scree will not use such words to me always proper, and have made a change in my lexico "Negro" to your insisted "bla

Judith Trotsky is a writer and film editor. This essay was drawn from her book Love Songs From the Boogeymen, *to be published this fall by Harper's Magazine Press.*

HE MILITANT MONTH CONTINUES.
I encounter Carmichael. Yet,
gh I can appreciate the blocks of
that form the foundations of his
ch, it is what he builds on them
d how—that I find a menace
rbing to me.
ught in the lights of Tougaloo
ge's stage, his reasoning leads to
same sort of twisted illogic he
with much justice, vehemently
sed in us.
f I said to you that Christopher
mbus discovered America in
you would say that's correct.
ow here comes this honky from
n. There are already nonwhite
le here and they're not existent
they come and discovered them.
that something?
in't that something!"
illfully, the rhythms of his
h rise and fall and rise again,
time to greater height, as he
his audience into waters boil-
into a dangerous tidal wave.
er of the technique, a mounting,
waving peroration that drenches
oth of his well-cut yellow shirt.
ally thundering black fury:
rica," he screams, "*cannot tell*
ruth about herself. If she did,
ould have to commit—suicide."
amatically, he pauses, allowing
rowd to quiet itself—seeming,
ne first time, to be suddenly
t by what he has just said.
softly, comes the curtain line.
smiles. "*That might not be*
a bad idea!"
sea of young black people
forward wildly. Agreed. They
Death to all whites! The lead-
aks.
tching, my terrible recall vom-
own images, for I have been
s to this scene before, in black
white: the haloed figure, im-
d in light, calls for death to all
es, eliminate the alien race.
led English was unnecessary.
erstood then and understand
gain. Should we let such sway-
atreds speak? In pre-World
I America, Leni Riefenstahl's
dinary film proclaiming *The*
ph of the Will was banned. Its
was too subtle and too over-
g for the ordinary mind.
l we ban again this mastery
t is used in such a cause? Are
onger now? I am not sure. But
myself terrified at Carmichael's
s comprehension of the tech-



Her father gave her away when she was three years old.

He had to. Her mother is dead. He is incurably ill and can no longer give Angelina food and shelter.

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I am excoriated by the world I see on this small screen. But now I must have the confrontation I have been trying to avoid. I must view the films of H. Rap Brown, on whose essential criminality I have long since passed judgment. I despise the man.

Sycophants ranged behind him, he is seated at a table, spewing a pathological hate.

"I say violence is necessary. Violence is a part of America's culture. It is as American as cherry pie. America taught black people to be violent. We learned well from America. So if we accept any of your culture at this point, it will be your violent nature. . . .

"Each time a black church is bombed or burnt, that is violence in our streets.

"Each time a black body is found in the swamps of Mississippi, that is violence in our land.

"Each time a police officer shoots and kills a black teenager, that is urban crime.

"You see, we recognize America for what it is: the Fourth Reich, and we tell America to be on notice, because if white folks is going to play Nazis, black folks ain't going to play Jews!"

Jews! Jews? He is saying that to *me*? Fury uncontrolled, I wish to smash the glass of that machine. What kind of Reich is it you are living in, Rap Brown, that turns its cameras on you and lets you defecate your hatreds in front of fifty million nightly viewers? Ask Jesse Owens what the Reich was really like. How would you fare in Hitlerland? I know how. I am America's child, alive because of it. And you are, too. I wish your assassin well. Your hatred makes me want to kill!

Calling the office, furiously I punch buttons on the phone. "I can't stand any more of the goddamned blacks!" I cannot answer a piece of film. It is un-American to hate like that.

"You're getting too involved," my employer says. "Take a few days off. We'll pay you for it."

I HAVE PAID MY DUES to the old year. Militant confrontations end a decade of viewing violence. I have done my duty. The Seventies will be—I will make them—more serene.

Serenity, then, is what I find in the finely pressed image of Sen. Edward Brooke. His modulated tivated voice betrays no reg origin as he propounds the Ame legend to a gathering of chi red and black and brown:

"I always believed that your on this earth is any place you w make it."

The children listen quietly, t ring at their desks.

"Perhaps you've seen a sta pool somewhere," he says. *"It' ally accompanied by a growth a it and an odor which is not pleasant."*

America in our time.

"Life was never intended to stagnant pool. I say to you, g into the stream, into the rapid it might be dangerous and you get some cuts along the way some bruises. But it will be exh ing, embracing . . ."

Pain is the word.

". . . and you'll be alive and be moving and you'll be livin you will get great reward for h made the swim . . ."

You'll drown.

Well, they told me that, too, I was young: the stream of fi achievement that made An great. I know better now, for I looked long at this scummy su Life *is* a stagnant pool in wh have since seen reflected the images of an American reality: dead and Bobby mourned. I watched it all. Do not thrash ar Lie still and do not get inv Resurrection is dangerous. It fused.

I have come to Sidney P and find a gaggle of newsmen tioning him. The film is dated It is the summer of riot. Behir cameras, reporters thrust for ions of Rap Brown. Being black tier is naturally an expert on Br effect. Repeatedly the offstage tions come, and politely they a swered; until Poitier, leanin ward, clenches his hands in fr him and asks a question of his He speaks slowly, each word e ated with a precision he car controls. The soft Caribbean s flicker warnings of a storm.

"Why is it you guys are hounds for bad news?"

I know why. There is excit in violence. We enjoin our from recognition of its aphro effects. But the news knows wh tremblingly deny about ours

m a relatively intelligent man.
: are many aspects to my person
you can explore, I think, very
ructively . . . But we gather here
y court to sensationalism. We
r here to pay court to negati-
. . . You sit here and ask me
imensional questions that fall
ually within the Negro-ness of
fe.
am an artist. Man. American.
mporary. I'm an awful lot of
s. So I wish you would pay me
spect due and not simply ask
out those things!"

nind the cameras, applause
out. Absently I make a note of
I am thinking of other things.
Contemporary. American. Art-
mple words, strong in their ef-
staring at the face magnified by
irrors of the machine, I see a
uman anger used to lance our
d sores.

n puzzled. Poitier's anger was
ved. Yet Rap Brown was angry
Why did he make me want to
s there a difference here? Is
a time when anger is allowed?
have a *right* to rage? Is hatred
of the human creed?

ier or Brown? The question
s with a terrible pertinence to
e. I have been the silent child,
and invisible. But I, too, have
deep inside. They pay court to
r doll on whose head is a six-
d star. "Remember your
' they say to me.

my life has not been a stag-
ool, dammed by a quicksand
. And, as I wind through the
ing reels, hidden currents be-
swirl. I am no longer what I
ie timid casualty of a war. I
own. I have become, and now
earning what I am. Emerging
ny niggerhood, I see my re-
growing clear, and the pic-
f myself I see are not how I've
escribed.

Woman. Contemporary. Per-
am an artist too. And my
g Poitier-pride is a defensive
hich cannot be breached. It is
own who is the helpless child,
ng in his own fragility. To
s life he must pull down even
ho'd rescue him.

I have joined Poitier now,
losing my fear of H. Rap
I can defend myself non-
y simply by being what I am.
myself the respect due me. I
come . . . American.



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GENERATIONS OF SILENCE

ONE DAY, INTERRUPTING my to research a film abou march on Washington, I stu across a man whose name, a time, I do not even bother to Later, going back, I find the eraman's report sheet with a bled note. It says, simply, "a Sharpe.") He is not one of the ers, and thus of no use in our " box." But there is something i voice that slows my hands whirling through the reel:

"They say we are apes, mo . . . less than human. But I kn am as great as any white man ever lived and ever will live. want to create like the white creates because we are a cre people.

"We just don't want to be the layer. We want to be the desi the architect. We just don't wa be the pilot of the plane. We wa be the designer of the plane. D understand what I'm trying to s

No. But I hear.

"These are the things that we These are the things that we we have to do . . . We have to e lish our identity. We have to re back our culture. We have to ge stolen heritage. These things been denied us too long as peopl We are hungry. We're star We're crying inside. And America refuses to hear."

I HEAR. I HEAR. But what do mean? I have been throug Long March of your people; a too, have mourned. But in this of freedom, what guilt is mine, w family history includes slavery i century?

But if I have not, truly, under your words, for having heard th gument too many times befo have now heard something el have heard your music: a faint ody, derivative perhaps, but sh by your recital of it into a fur ance of form, an extension of p ples long since become classic: pacted, molded, reshaped in pressure-cooked black mind un is no longer a verbal symphony sented, once removed, upon a where it can be viewed with sa I do not understand. But you somehow, involved me in the tra of your life. Black Everyman—S olee—had you, somewhere, h Shylock speak?

Uneducated, inarticulate people, u have, unnoticed, brought to this adened world a new age of ora- y. It is black.

ROM THE QUICKENING TRACK now comes the sound of another ce. The Rev. Ralph David Aber- hy preaching to his people in ir native tongue: a Passion in the ck Vernacular.

'Thanks be to God, the Eternal ng, who stepped out from nowhere o Somewhere and spoke in the dst of darkness. And there was ht. Oceans began to flow. Streams ne into being. Plants began to om. I'm talking about a God. Do know Him?"

Shoulders heaving, he tells us all: *'If you're burdened down, He's burden-bearer. If your heart is ng, He's a heart-fixer. If your d is disturbed, He's a mind-regu- r."*

gain he asks:

Do you know Him?"

he fervor of response fills the m. Free, joyous, shouting, unre- cted: a litany of faith responsive he combustible poetry of love. A sand miles away in space, and ths removed in time. I, too, want oin, shouting my belief. What be- I have been a relapsed every- g. Against the deadly gases long I masked myself. It is impossible eparate the fumes of hate and death and life. Or was. The old ms return: "The Lord is my herd: I shall not want. He mak- me to lie down in green pastures He restoreth my soul . . ."

Black," Adam Powell says to me, *not the color of your skin. Black e way you think."*

nd with a burble of all-male nter, Muhammad Ali concurs: *don't hate those of you who are . We just want to stay black. love our color. I just love my- '*

ve. Champ. I would love to that man. Love is a word I do se anymore. But now I wish to of love. And:

reams flow through the mists of ness. Plants bloom on rapids' . Do you *know* him?

lack is not the color of your Black is the way you think."

ck is the voice of silence gone. *just love myself."*

ynonym for black: is it love? □

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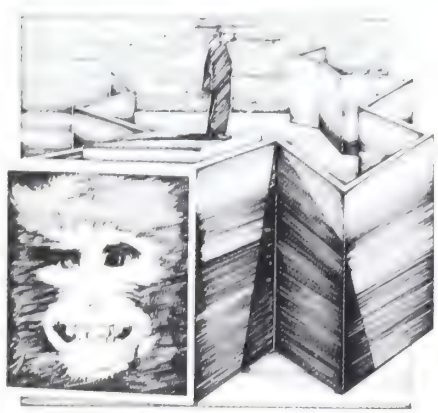
Willard Gaylin

SKINNER REDUX

The reductive attempt to engineer a better man

IT IS A PECULIARITY of behavior control research, compared to almost all other biological experimentation, that success is more likely to bring dejection than joy. Devices that save or extend life aggrandize both the discoverer and general man, with the suggestion that such control of death, while still not the immortality of gods, is a cut above the helplessness of the general animal host. Behavior manipulation, on the other hand, reasserts our kinship with the pigeon and the rat. The more technological the control devices, the more mechanical the method, the scarier it all seems.

The most blatant behavior modification procedures—and technologically the most sophisticated—involve direct physical or chemical intervention into central nervous system functions. We have drugs that are more than "ups" or "downs," more specialized, more exact, pinpointing the emotions to be inhibited or enhanced. The structure of the brain is becoming more understandable, allowing for either specific destructive psychosurgery or stimulating devices to modify behavior. Electrodes with receivers and transmitters the size of quarters can be inserted into the brain to pattern in or out "desirable" or "undesirable" behavior. This year's angst has centered on psychosurgery, and while people may not know the difference between a cingulectomy and a thalomotomy, they know enough to be frightened by both. If this were not enough, we also seem to be on the verge of being able to alter the genetic components of man. Amniocentesis—a procedure for ascertaining the presence of the nature of the fetus combined with free access to abortion already permits some selectivity in breeding, and the capacity for direct modification of genes may soon be available, if we wish, as a significant modifier of future man and his behavior.



Paul Spina

Compared with all of this, operant conditioning, last year's *dernier cri*, appears positively antique. Now that copies of *Beyond Freedom and Dignity* have been safely removed from thousands of coffee tables and tucked away on bookshelves unread, avuncular old Doc Skinner has slipped out of public consciousness. Today it passes almost unnoticed that there is a growing institutional interest in his theories for controlling man through manipulation of the environment. While conditioning is a less dramatic form of behavior modification than, for example, psychosurgery, it should concern us no less, especially when the federal government is preparing programs designed along Skinnerian lines. Inevitably these experiments are to be undertaken in the prisons, those unfailing institutions of failure, where each new indignity is traditionally presented as an act of grace.

At present, the government's investment in Skinnerism is limited, and not directed where most effective the early years. That conditioning in early life can modify future behavior is undeniable. That it will be so used in the future seems inesc able. How it should be used is other question. The more spec and limited the behavior to be m fied, the safer. But even relati modest proposals require caut The complexities of human deve ment and human behavior are s that optimism may be arroga and arrogance may be fatal. The c to one problem usually comes pa aged with the cause of another. we increase our readiness to man late, to control and maneuver m we must balance where we can profits gained thereby against corresponding losses in other ar Given the quiet acceptance that been accorded Skinner's ideas some quarters, and the programs are resulting from them, it se worthwhile to take an unhur stroll around Walden Two to re on the garden path down which are being led.

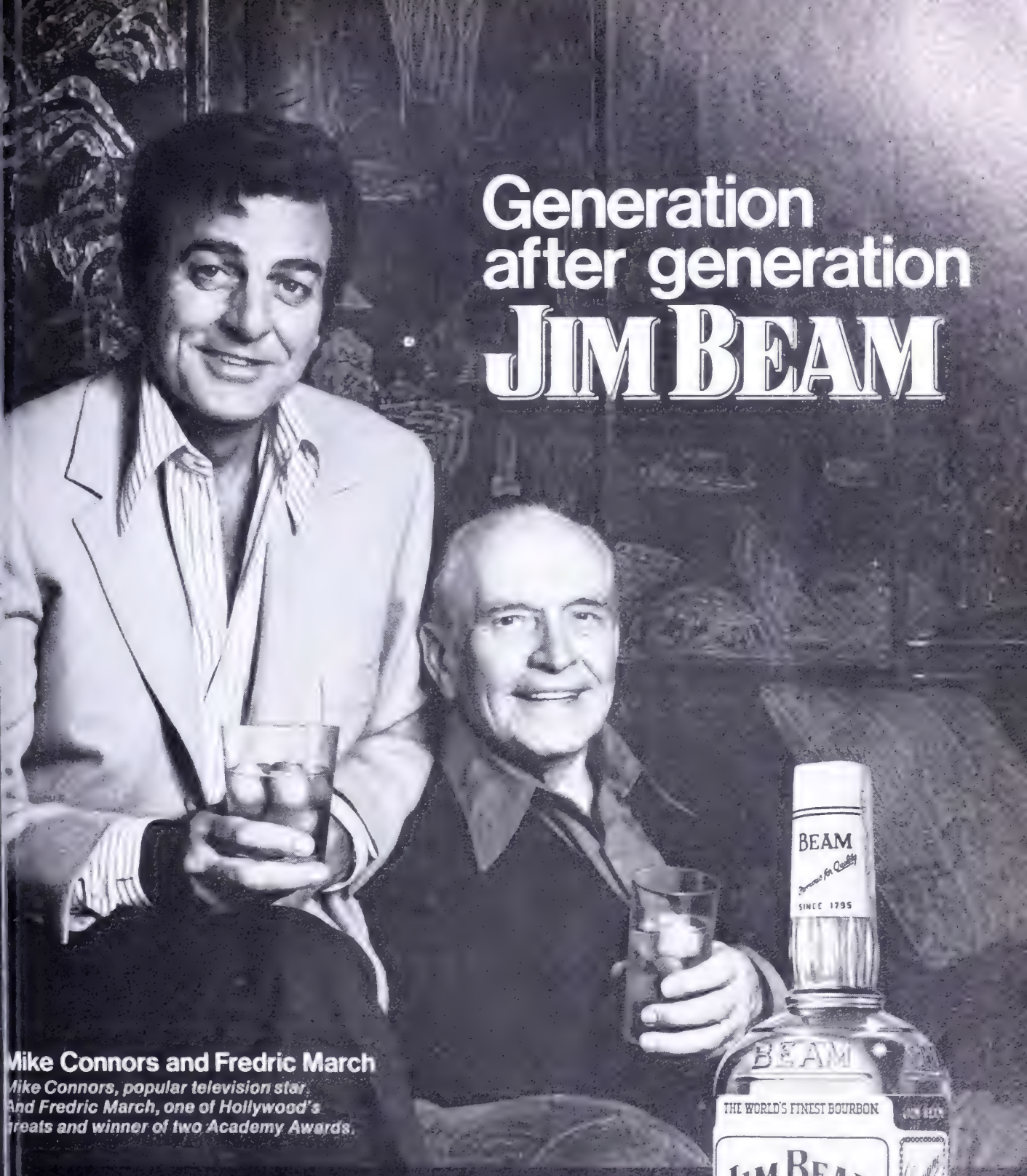
THE SWAP THAT DR. SKINNER us to make is freedom for se ity. Dr. Skinner attempts to eas pain by his reflections that this s is not only necessary, but a free We gain a great deal and we giv nothing, for freedom is only an sion.

He starts his argument with concerting assumptions that s generally to have been swallo whole. He says: "Were it not for unwarranted generalization that control is wrong, we should deal the social environment as simp we deal with the nonsocial." I k of no such generalization. Free and control are not a moral pol in anyone's philosophy. The e social structure is built on the and need of society to control deed, coerce, certain behavior the individual. Organized reli organized morality, codified et style and fashion, public educa

Dr. Willard Gaylin is president of the Institute of Society, Ethics, and the Life Sciences in Hastings, New York, and the author of In the Service of Their Country: War Resisters in Prison, *published by The Viking Press.*

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civil law, constitutional law, criminal procedures, all operate in one way or another within a whole range of explicit and implicit control mechanisms. Unrestricted personal liberty (I presume that is what Dr. Skinner means by freedom in this quotation) has rarely been offered as an ideal for social living by any intelligent thinker. From Plato to the last decisions of the Supreme Court one sees the deliberation of the private right versus the public interest. Think of the current ecology movement with the insistence on ever greater controls. Is there anyone left who in the name of freedom glorifies man's right to pollute his environment? If anything, I suspect the balance today is in the opposite direction. The dearly held aspirations are more likely to be peace, order, harmony, efficiency, and security, instead of such unfashionable and romantically tainted concepts as dignity, humanity, and freedom.

In the psychology market, particularly, freedom has few buyers. The two major influences here, behaviorism and psychoanalysis, may be antagonistic in every other way but they have traditionally joined in blissfully embracing determinism. In both theories the cause-and-effect model of physics has been applied to the behavior of man. Never mind that the psychoanalyst and behavior psychologist see each other as putting the cart before the horse. It really matters very little. They are both concerned with the same cart and the same horse and neither has had any doubt that the problem is a cart-horse one, or a horse-cart one, depending on the orientation. Both see behavior as a complex end point, a mathematical resultant of a number of forces and counter-forces, or experiences and conditioning, accumulated over the years, and patterning the individual in such a way as to produce one logical and inevitable result. The concept of psychic determinism allows no place for free choice or free action. Ironically, while rejecting free will in theory, in practice the psychoanalyst demands it. This somewhat illogical dualism has been the only way the analyst could function as both therapist and theorist. The compromise reached was that, while freedom of behavior may not exist for man, the illusion of freedom was essential to effect change.

This may be an effective device in individual therapy but it is not a useful concept for a society that aspires to justice. One need only consider the relationship of psychoanalysis and law to see the sterility of psychic determinism. It is an impotent tool because in theory it will not differentiate between grotesquely different qualities of behavior. When a judge in a court of law is forced to distinguish between a free and a compelled act, he is not helped by being told by either a psychoanalyst or a behaviorist that all acts are compelled. Civilized society seems to require that there be a distinction between a man who violates the law with a gun pointed at his head and a man who commits the same violation for greed.

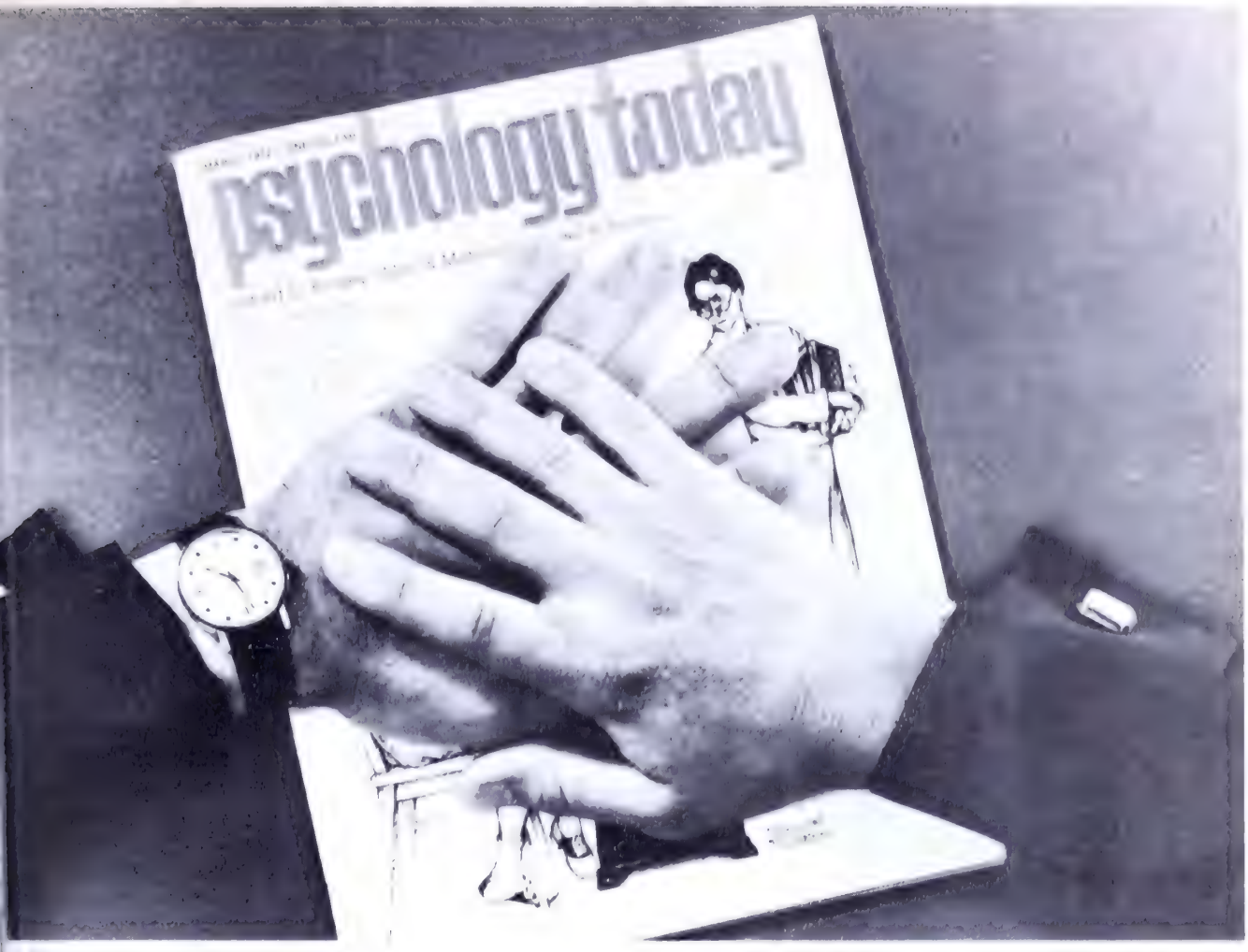
EVEN IF WE ACCEPT in principle the concept of psychic determinism, human behavior is not, and never will be, analyzable into all of its components, and therefore cannot be usefully considered to operate on the model of causality supplied by physical scientists. Despite Dr. Skinner's reassurance that "new evidences of the predictability of human behavior" are being discovered, most of man's actions, particularly in areas of volition and cognition, will involve so many variables as to make predictability almost impossible. Let me offer an example: A man is five pounds overweight and he has just decided that he will stop all snacks for the next month. It is the first night of this resolve. He is seated at a dinner meeting, listening to a rather dull lecture on freedom and determinism. The waiter places in front of him a bowl of peanuts, a particular weakness of our would-be dieter. Within ten seconds, the subject has an impulse to take a peanut. The question is simply to predict whether he will take the peanut or not at the time of that first impulse. Obviously, no one of the scientific mind would accept this test case and make a prediction. There are too many variables which are unknown to determine this particular piece of behavior. It is no different from being given a complex problem in physics with incomplete data. We simply could not know.

Now let us examine the next step. You are given the data that he does not follow his impulse. He does not take the peanut. Without ana the variables, you know that tire lifetime of complex inpu ward taking the peanut have placed on one side of the scal an entire lifetime of training conditioning to resist the pean added to the other side of the We are asked to believe that, that particular individual, tha ticular lifetime, and those par conditions, at that particular m of time, the refusal of the pean predetermined, in precisely the way as if balancing weights added to one side or the othe are then told that three second he has a second impulse. Yo have the great advantage of kn that an entire lifetime of inpu variables, whether knowable c have culminated in the first de to resist the impulse. Are yo prepared to predict the respo the second impulse?

You are not. Even thoug start with the resultant of th mense number of seconds befo first decision and all you ha balance against that is three ins cant seconds of time. And if I v give you the pattern of fifty im leading both to acceptance and tion, you would be no better o dicting the fifty-first even if the val were reduced to one-tenth second. For the number of va that could be introduced in tha tion of time are as incalcula those in that mass of time pre the first decision. The same true of weights and measure that is what makes predicti human behavior different fro diction of the behavior of ina things or of simple animal Whether that is truly a "free" or not, it is an incalculable and as such can pass for freed

Of course, we all know w condition a man to reject pe But my example has nothing with peanuts. It is concerne impulse and control, passio reason, appetite and know pleasure and safety, rationali and rationality, hunger and instinct and learning, motiv counter-motives, thought and —and the complexity of the mind, which in denying predi ity, defies programming.

This is not to say that it possible to modify human be I would not be a practicing p



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trist if I believed it were impossible. Nor am I saying that it is not possible and even desirable to modify environment so as to encourage certain traits and discourage others, but it is impossible to guarantee any given results in precisely those more complex areas which are ultimately the crucial aspects of human behavior to control. What *is* possible to control may not warrant the excessive price that might have to be paid for it.

IT SHOULD BE UNDERSTOOD, of course, that there are many ways of changing behavior besides modifying environment. Dr. Skinner tells us that "a person's behavior is determined by a genetic endowment traceable to the evolutionary history of the species and by the environmental circumstances to which as an individual he has been exposed." This is precisely the view expounded by Freud some fifty years ago in *A General Introduction to Psychoanalysis*. It is the kind of statement that we are all inclined to accept, as a generality. What else is there but nature and nurture? It is in the specific implications of the statement that the difficulty lies, because Dr. Skinner means "determined" not in the sense of "influenced by," but in a fixed sense. In addition, he tends to see environmental circumstances as accretions of a very specific kind of individualized experience. Given his specific meanings, he creates a model which seems to lead logically to only one conclusion. If something is caused by A and B, and if A is fixed, one must change B. Broad models often dictate narrow solutions. This one seems to indicate that only environmental manipulation works.

Let me offer another model, however. All human behavior, normal and neurotic, all action and emotion, all feeling and conduct, are mediated by physical-chemical reactions. This is another cliché which is obviously true. That does not, however, imply that the *only* way we can change behavior is through physical-chemical means, nor that the desired way to change behavior is through physical-chemical means. It certainly says nothing about which behavior is best changed by this means or which is unlikely ever to be changed this way. Even were we capable of finally solving chemical riddles of perception and action it is doubtful whether we would "unc stand" everything better in th terms or in that language. If we w capable of dissecting and analyz a symphony in terms of frequ cies, wave lengths, overtones, vib tions and all, we might add to knowledge of music and compo tion, but it is doubtful that we wo "understand" the symphony bet than by listening to it. Nor would find it easier to create an origi great symphony.

Man's experience is not quite specific as the sum of small learnin There are mechanisms whereby vironment can influence behav wholesale, without having specifi ly been experienced. I am referri here to such concepts as identifi tion, whereby the life experiences another individual can be absorb totally into our acting systems wi out having gone through our o personal experience. We may beha like our father, not because we perienced what our father did, l because we identify with him and that identification we begin to act we know he would, independent reward and punishment, pleasure pain. Whole modes of behavior v be instituted by that strange mech nism, halfway to love, that we c identification. Again, this is not say that the modification of speci environmental factors cannot mod certain behaviors, but it is hardly t only, or necessarily the best, way.

Whatever the methods of learni —or programming—the lessons the past will have a somber re vance. All that is predictable is mi in comparison with what is not p dictable. The history of scienti and institutional approaches to c trolling behavior gives us little co fort about the future of scienti behavior control. In many ways have been better served by happe stance than social design. One ne only look at the state of our design institutions today—our prisons, o mental institutions, and our scho —to question the wisdom of soci science in social engineering.

ANY ENGINEERED SOCIETY or en neered individual must based on some pattern of correctn or normalcy, and the attempts to d fine this have been conspicuous fa ures in psychology. Dr. Skinner su gests his criteria for a good societ

st: (1) provide for order and ty; (2) produce necessary ; (3) maintain a healthy en- nent; (4) provide for educa- All of these vague and general des can exist in a monstrous ll as a benevolent society— ding on who defines "healthy" ecessary," for example. But ne adds two more. He tells us good society must: "provide e pursuit and achievement of ness." What a blessed relief; a leavening that offers. But what of word is "happiness," issuing Dr. Skinner's scientific lips? kind of behavior is it? How e measure it? How can he rec- the contingencies for it? , he also reassures us that he a culture that will "encourage mbers to examine its practices o experiment with new ones." does one encourage experimen- with determined behavior? will be the limits of "experi- tion" to be encouraged? Will periment with violence? Will we ment with disobedience? How predetermined man experiment deviations from the particular especially if the whole purpose conditioning is to assure sub- ng to the code?

Skinner does give us some ic ideas of what problem areas id our attention. He is dis- l that "students no longer re- in traditional ways to educa- environments; they drop out nool, possibly for long periods ne, they take only courses which enjoy or which seem to have nce to their problems." So we rogram in proper respect for ng. He is distressed that "many people work as little as pos- and that is because "some- is wrong with the contingen- which induce men to work triously and carefully." We are told, "that a serious problem when young people refuse to in the armed forces and desert fect to other countries," and the on here should seem a little em- ssing even to Dr. Skinner, al- h he doggedly insists that t must be changed are the con- ncies which induce young peo- behave in given ways toward governments."

. Skinner is designing the world ne would like now, but he him- as said: "The problem is to de- sign a world which will be liked not by people as they now are but by those who live in it." How in this world is he planning to do that? The examples he uses are not even what people in his world like, only what people of his generation like, and that is a world that is being passed by. We live in a technological age, in which things move fast, and generational life is shortened. The average college student often doesn't recognize an identity with a high-school sibling. Technology speeds up change to a frightening degree. Yet we are asked to do conditioning, starting with the neonate, in order to guarantee the adult behavior in some unknown culture twenty to thirty years later that will not be inhabited by the designer. This time gap also discredits Dr. Skinner's reassurance that the democratic process will be maintained because "the principle of making the controller a member of the group he controls should apply to the designer of the culture." Since most of the control will be done on neonates, are we to have six-month-old designers?

It would be supremely difficult to find the guidelines that might indicate the most adaptive and ing values for a future wh ditions can only be partially anticipated. Dr. Skinner feels that it sh be possible to "turn to the sources of the things people call good." But it is difficult to understand precisely where he would find his definitions for the good behavior. He has previously specifically rejected "almost every theory" in "political science, law, religion, economics, anthropology, sociology, psychotherapy, philosophy, ethics, history, education, child care, linguistics, architecture, city planning, and family life" as a "tremendous weight of traditional 'knowledge' which must be corrected or displaced." He refers to "the ultimate sources as being found in the evolution of the species and the evolution of the culture." But how is he to find ultimate, final, conclusive answers from the culture that is not only in process but, according to him, evolving on false premises?

PERHAPS WHAT DR. SKINNER really is saying is not that we are entitled to condition man since he is not free at any rate, but that we

☆

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must condition man because he *is* free, and that freedom includes the freedom to be aggressive, the freedom to be immoral, the freedom to be destructive. I suppose if we come to the conclusion that the very survival of the species necessitates the abandonment of our concepts of freedom or, indeed, the abandonment of freedom itself, behavior conditioning would be necessary. The question is, are we at that point? At this stage of the world's development it is fashionable to think so and it is understandable. Given the horrors of the atomic age, it is not surprising that the most popular generalization about man in the last twenty years has been as hunter, killer, and aggressor.

But biologically we can make a better case for man as the loving animal. No species is helpless and dependent for so large a portion of its life-span as man. Incapable of either fight or flight, the two conventional mechanisms of survival, the defenseless and passive infant survives only in dependency. His very existence depends on the strength and support of the loving adult who will sacrifice himself, if need be, for the survival of the young. It is inconceivable that any species so designed could have survived if this were left to the chance institutions of education and culture. One must assume that built genetically into the organism is a protective response to the helpless member of the species.

Our whole biological view of man can be built starting with the enforced social structures that the prolonged dependency state dictate. In *Totem and Taboo*, one of the most criticized and, superficially, one of the most ingenuous of Freud's works, a hypothesis not unlike this is offered. True it is couched in the most naive genetic concepts, but it can be seen as a prophetic work transcending even the ignorance of genetics that Freud shared with his times. Stripped of the specifics which make it seem silly, Freud is saying that we cannot explain the survival of the group by the institutions of our society that facilitate social living, but rather the institutions are a product of a genetically fixed demand for them. He is saying, in essence, that it cannot be an accident of culture that we have survived; we are of necessity social animals with a genetic inheritance that must include certain taboos directed against crimes of violence within the group. The capacity for love, caring, empathy, and compassion are part of our natural endowment.

Theodosius Dobzhansky and others have pointed out that although culture is man's product, it also becomes his producer. *Whenever we alter our view of man and build it into our institutions, our altered view, independent of whether it is true or not, will become a determinant in the nature of the evolving man.* Dr. Skinner denies this when he concludes his book with the amazing statement: "No theory changes what it is a theory about; man remains what he has always been." This seems an incredible view from a psychologist. The attitude it expresses has usually been described as one of the crucial distinctions between psychological and physical definitions. It is true that if we define a solid as a gas it nonetheless retains its solidity; the atomic weight of an element is what it is despite our ignorant assumptions. But man is a product of his environment—which is what I had thought Dr. Skinner was saying—and he therefore becomes that which the environment makes him. Was Dr. Skinner not decrying such ideas as freedom which, by shaping the way that culture treats man, determines the nature of the man produced by that culture? In great part, that has seemed to me to be Dr. Skinner's thesis, and if he chooses to contradict himself at the end, it is only the final mystification.

The principle that our view of man will create a man in that image seems a reasonable assumption. Psychological and sociological theories do become self-fulfilling prophecies, and this must be a consideration in any attempts to engineer a new man. In attempting to improve man's condition we must not destroy that which is uniquely human. I do not agree with Dr. Skinner that man's strength is science and technology. They are only his products. I think the badger in *The Once and Future King* defined the uniqueness of the human condition best, and we would do well to keep that view in mind when confronted with Skinnerian plans for the future.

When God had manufactured all of the eggs out of which the fishes and the serpents and the birds and the mammals . . . wou eventually emerge, He called th embryos before him, and sa that they were good.

The embryos stood in front God, with their fetal hand clasped politely over their ston achs and their heavy heads han ing down respectfully, and Go addressed them. He said: "Nou you embryos, here you are, looking exactly the same, and W are going to give you the choi of what you want to be. Whe you grow up you will get bigg anyway, but we are pleased grant you another gift as we You may alter any parts of you selves into anything which yo think would be useful to you later life. Now then . . . , step u and choose your tools, but r member that what you choo you will grow into, and will ha to stick to."

At the very end of the sixt day they had got through all th little embryos except one. Th embryo was man.

"Please God," said the embry "I think that you made me into shape which I now have for re sons best known to Yourselve and that it would be rude change. If I am to have my choi I will stay as I am. I will not alt any of the parts which you ga me, for other and doubtless i ferior tools, and I will stay defenseless embryo all my lif doing my best to make myself few futile implements out of th wood, iron, and the other mate ials which you have seen fit put before me."

"Well done," exclaimed th Creator in delighted tones. "Hea all you embryos, come here wit your beaks and whatnots to loo upon Our first Man. He is th only one who has guessed Ou riddle, out of all of you, and W have great pleasure in conferrin upon him the Order of Dominio over the Fowls of the Air, an the Beasts of the Earth and th Fishes of the Sea. Now let th rest of you get along and lou and multiply, for it is time t knock off for the weekend. As fo you, Man, you will be a nake tool all your life, though a user o tools. You will look like an em bryo until they bury you, but a the others will be embryos befor your might. Eternally undeve oped, you will always remain p tential in Our Image, able to se some of Our sorrows and to fe some of Our joys. We are partl sorry for you, man, but partl hopeful."

If Jay and Bea drop in ...



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EFLECTIONS ON A COURSE IN ETHICS

Stuart Magruder and a question of slippage

1958, Jeb Stuart Magruder had, at Williams College, a course in Religion and Ethics. His teacher was the ain of the college, William Sloane Coffin, Jr. For sev- ears afterward, they carried on a correspondence. 1973, the student, while on the witness stand before the Committee, spoke of his teacher. It was a rare, impas- d moment, during what hitherto had been cool, though ly nervous, testimony. His teacher, he said, had, during ti-war demonstration, violated the law. In explaining vn fall, he equated his lawlessness with his teacher's. ffin replied in a New York Times *Op Ed piece. "I was shocked to hear Jeb lump all lawbreakers together. He should have known that many in the anti-war movement were protesting what they considered to be illegal laws, whose constitutionality could be tested only by a refusal to obey them. There is an enormous difference between trying to keep the nation under law and trying to keep it under Nixon, between being a loyal servant to the Constitution and being a loyal servant only to the man who hires you."*

We are in a Manhattan apartment: Jeb Stuart Magruder, William Sloane Coffin, Jr., and myself. There are sandwiches and beer. The conversation goes on for about four hours.

RUDER: Occasionally, people at me on the street as though to Your face is familiar. I've seen omewhere. Were you on sion? I'm getting better tables at irants now. I guess that's a est of American values (laughs). ey sometimes ask for your raph, particularly after the Senate ng. There's a lot of name nition when I sign in at hotels. 't watch the hearings myself. talk to people who seem fascinated, not with the content, but just with the drama of the hearings.

Today, on the shuttle coming up from Washington, a professor from the University of Michigan came up and asked me if I now understood the difference between civil disobedience and some of the things we may have engaged in. I said that I had gone through this before with Bill Coffin and had understood the difference all along, but I did think it was useful to say what I said at the Senate hearing. I thought it was important for people to understand how I felt. I've always thought civil disobedience was a perfectly acceptable part of our system, a good part. But the anti-war people, especially during Mayday, did violent things. They were oriented toward chaos. If we hadn't moved in and made mass arrests, there would have been a shutdown of the city by the demonstrators. There was a tremendous amount of violence.



COFFIN: What's a tremendous amount?

MAGRUDER: A lot of trashing. That's not serious violence. But there was harassment of citizens, throwing rocks, breaking car windows, turning cars over.

TERKEL: Do you think there might have been a provocateur or two in the crowd?

MAGRUDER: I do not know about that kind of activity.

COFFIN: Were you bothered by the violation of constitutional rights in the breakup on Sunday and the massive arrests on Monday?

MAGRUDER: It brings to mind the security measures that are occurring in Israel now. There may be an abuse of civil liberties because of the fear of terrorist attacks.

COFFIN: You really feel Washington was beseiged as Israel might be by Arab terrorists?

MAGRUDER: I don't think it was quite that serious. But there certainly was a feeling of fear.

COFFIN: You said I urged students to burn their draft cards. I didn't.

MAGRUDER: Didn't you? Well, I did give you name recognition (laughs).

TERKEL: Why did you take that course in Ethics?

MAGRUDER: I had some problems at the time. That's how I got to know Bill. Not as a teacher, as a counselor. That's why I took his Ethics course. I related very well to Bill. He seemed to understand.

COFFIN: We were good friends. About that course in Ethics—there was nothing on civil disobedience. I was just beginning to teach and I hadn't caught on yet to the depth of complacency that would later make civil disobedience a widespread necessity. But I remember my frustration. Students were agreeing their way through life. They went to college to get accredited. This was blasphemy to me. It was a nice place, but it wasn't a challenging place—in the beautiful Berkshires, far removed from urban problems.

MAGRUDER: You used to get upset because we weren't too excited about the key issues of the day. You gave a couple of strong sermons on the black issue. Didn't a guy empty a shotgun into your living room?

COFFIN: It was on account of what I said about fraternities.

MAGRUDER: Oh, yeah (laughs). I was a fraternity man, but by that time I didn't feel they were beneficial to the educational process. I wasn't upset by the sermon.

COFFIN: I found my old grade sheet. I gave you a C.

MAGRUDER: I finished college as a good B student, despite Bill's C.

TERKEL: Do you think grades are that important?

MAGRUDER: I don't think they ever were. But I was working to get through school. I was on a scholarship. I had to borrow money from a bank which I just finished paying off last year. I had to keep a good B average to keep my scholarship. I couldn't go to graduate school. I was broke. I didn't have any specialty. I couldn't become a chemist or anything like that. So business was the natural thing. I had a considerable amount of experience while I was at Williams. I ran a student laundry, sold Vick's Vapo Rub and Prince Matchabelli perfume. I just had to.

During my growing up, we were not particularly affluent. We were middle-income. My father had run a small printing shop, but was never as successful as he'd hoped to be. We lived a typical middle-class existence. Our values were hard work, get ahead, and do a good job. The professors in the school were interested in trying to get us on to other things. But the student body tended to be quite satisfied with life as it was.

You didn't have a broad choice went to law school, became a teacher, or entered business. I n thought of being a businessman But after finishing Williams, it w the natural thing.

I had majored in political sci Fred Schuman was my Honors professor. He was great. We ne agreed, but he and I got along very well. My thesis was on Com ideology. He was an expert on th Soviet Union. Fascinating man. had a great influence on me.

COFFIN: But he was a good dea to the left of you.

MAGRUDER: When you have a professor, you don't have to agr with his view. You're impressed his knowledge. Schuman, like a good teacher should, imparted knowledge that was broader than his own personal viewpoint. As result, I remember getting very specific as to the kind of governm we should have. I remember reading Henry Kissinger's book i senior year. It was one of the foremost books on nuclear weap

TERKEL: You were equally af by Coffin, Schuman, and Kissing What a parlay!

MAGRUDER: They were highlig all important. I had other courses that didn't affect me at all. I did of reading when I was younger. I was a fan of F. Scott Fitzgera In my high-school and early colle days, I read every one of his boo I enjoyed them tremendously. Gatsby was quite a guy. It's a sa story. I liked Daisy better than I liked Gatsby. She had a charm about her that struck me.

I read a lot of books on the Civil War. I could qualify as an amateur historian. Our family ca to Baltimore in 1659 and was on Southern side. An ancestor, John Bankhead Magruder, was a Confederate general. I was named after another general, Jeb Stuart.

As a child. I was active as a swi and played tennis. I wasn't the be athlete on the block. but I was a one. I did most of the things that do growing up. Nothing spectacul was popular in high school, made grades, was elected to class offices.

TERKEL: Did you ever do anyth



any time, that offended people authority?

GRUDER: I had some instincts ebel. I remember at Williams lege driving my car over the lawn a forbidden area. The dean got y upset.

RKEL: Did you ever have what ne might call dangerous thoughts?

GRUDER: I'm not really sure at dangerous thoughts are. I found t in the corporate life and in the ernment, it's best to do what your eriors want—as long as it's hin ethical and legal limits. I was y strong on that. I used to tell ple who worked for me at the nmittee to Re-elect: you've go to what the hierarchy wants, that's y you're here. In the corporate , you must conform or it can be very difficult.

There were a couple of occasions during my business career where I didn't follow the prescription. This hurt. I had a couple of setbacks that wouldn't have occurred if I had conformed.

I was at Jewel Tea in Chicago and doing very well. I had been advertising and then merchandising manager of one of their divisions. When a job offer came from California, I took it. It was a mistake and I decided to go back to Jewel. They agreed. I changed my mind again. Jewel was very upset with me, and correctly so. After that I made up my mind: I'd better toe the line for people employing me.

COFFIN: It must have been quite a shock to discover your team wasn't the team you thought it was—Haldeman or Ehrlichman, taping your conversations.

MAGRUDER: I must admit intellectually I was bothered by the fact that people I considered good friends were taping conversations without my knowledge. I was surprised. It wasn't an adversary relationship. There was no need to tape.

Other than that, I haven't been bothered by any of the accusations, charges and counter-charges. I understand the process by which individuals defend their position. I feel very comfortable. It doesn't bother me anymore what someone says, whether it's a columnist or a commentator or a . . . person.

COFFIN: Do you accept that as part of the game? Each one survives his own way, even though the guy may have been your buddy?

MAGRUDER: I don't like it, but I accept it. My philosophy is: if you can't do anything about it, don't worry about it. Internally it bothers me.

After I finished Williams, I gained certain perspectives. I made things happen. I was able to accomplish more than many of the people in my class. It's keeping me going now through this time of my greatest stress.

COFFIN: You developed a stronger internal drive than I remember at Williams.

MAGRUDER: I was just floating through Williams. Just taking things as they came, not getting too concerned. But afterward, I did. A lot of people that worked with me at the White House had a similar kind of aggressiveness, ambition. They were more interested in power than money, more interested in getting things done. Not just talking about them. I became one of these people when I finished Williams. I wanted to accomplish things, get things done. Not just for the sake of getting them done—but there was something in that, too.

I decided not to follow the path of my peers, to stay in business, move up the ladder and become the president of a company. The typical college graduate of the Fifties may now be running a small business in a large city or be the vice-president of a large corporation.

I found I had more energy than my business was using up. I got involved in politics and was off and running. I was a Nixon volunteer in '60. He wasn't a great favorite of

mine at the time, but he was the better choice. Kennedy was just too flamboyant. I thought I was above that. I wanted a more solid man. Most of my peers were upper-middle-class college graduates who felt as I did. They felt Kennedy was too young to be President. We were somewhat disturbed by his charm, by his good looks. That bothered us more than his politics did.

COFFIN: Were there no substantive issues?

MAGRUDER: There were basic principles: individual initiative, the work ethic, a strong foreign policy, decentralization of the federal government.

Politics was much more exciting than business. You're working for a man instead of a product. Money alone wasn't the secret of success. During my work at the White House, you had many well-to-do people coming to you asking for your guidance. Even though they had far more wealth than any of us. People would be catering to you. They were attracted to the power that the White House exuded.

COFFIN: This helps explain Watergate, too, doesn't it? You told me Watergate was inevitable. You were disturbed by widespread business practices, the way America operates.

MAGRUDER: I would never say the country caused Watergate. Specific individuals are to blame. But there are certain values, certain characteristics and habits in this country—a desire to get ahead, impatience. Our overwhelming legal structure creates in the average businessman, the average worker, a feeling that he has to do his share of shaving, whether it be on his income tax or on his expense account.

Sometimes you just go along. There were decisions the President made that I didn't agree with. But since he was President and I was an aide, it wasn't something I should do anything about. If you're very much against a policy, you should resign. Once it's made, you should go along.

I stuck my neck out on one occasion. Election eve of 1970 we were going to run a fifteen-minute tape of the President as a cross-country commercial. I indicated to Mr. Haldeman the tape was unacceptable. It was a very strident speech and there was a z-z-z-z going through the middle of the tape. I said it would be a disaster. And it was. Muskie followed, sitting by the fireside up in Maine.

It had a tremendous effect on our attitude toward the '72 election. We became very concerned. The President dropped in popularity and Muskie rose. The first six months of '71, we were running five to seven points behind Muskie in every Harris and Gallup poll. We didn't know at the time that China and Russia would work out perfectly for us.

COFFIN: Was there any question of the war being a factor?

MAGRUDER: That issue was in the hands of Henry Kissinger. The rest of the staff stayed out of it.

Magruder's Legal Status

In a familiar ritual of the U.S. criminal justice system, Magruder has "copped a plea" in the Watergate case. By volunteering to testify for the prosecution, he has been allowed to reduce his criminal liability. Thus, in Washington on August 16, Magruder pleaded guilty (and waived trial) to a one-count federal indictment charging him with conspiracy to obstruct justice, defraud the United States, and eavesdrop on the Democratic national headquarters at the Watergate. Possible sentence: five years in prison and a $10,000 fine.

Magruder's fate could have been much bleaker. During the August proceedings, he freely admitted his participation, with other unnamed co-conspirators, in the following alleged criminal acts:

- Plotting the break-in at the Democratic headquarters.
- Buying equipment and hiring agents for the break-in.
- Bugging the Democratic National Committee.
- Impeding the Justice Department investigation by concealing the scope of the unlawful activities, influencing witnesses to give false testimony, hiding evidence, and giving misleading testimony.
- Giving false testimony to the FBI.

That was a closed issue.

COFFIN: What was your reaction the invasion of Cambodia?

MAGRUDER: There were disagreeme within the staff. But we all felt since we're not in the decision-maki process, it was appropriate to follow policies the President set. You coul disagree privately, but not public

COFFIN: Did that trouble you at a

MAGRUDER: I subverted my perso feelings to what I felt was the President's desire. I think that's the root cause of Watergate. I rememb the case of Ernest Fitzgerald. He was the man at the Pentagon who had been cost conscious. Clark Mollenhoff and I were the only two the White House staff who were advocates of Mr. Fitzgerald's positi We were overruled. I didn't agree with the position but I accepted

COFFIN: Why was loyalty to the h so important?

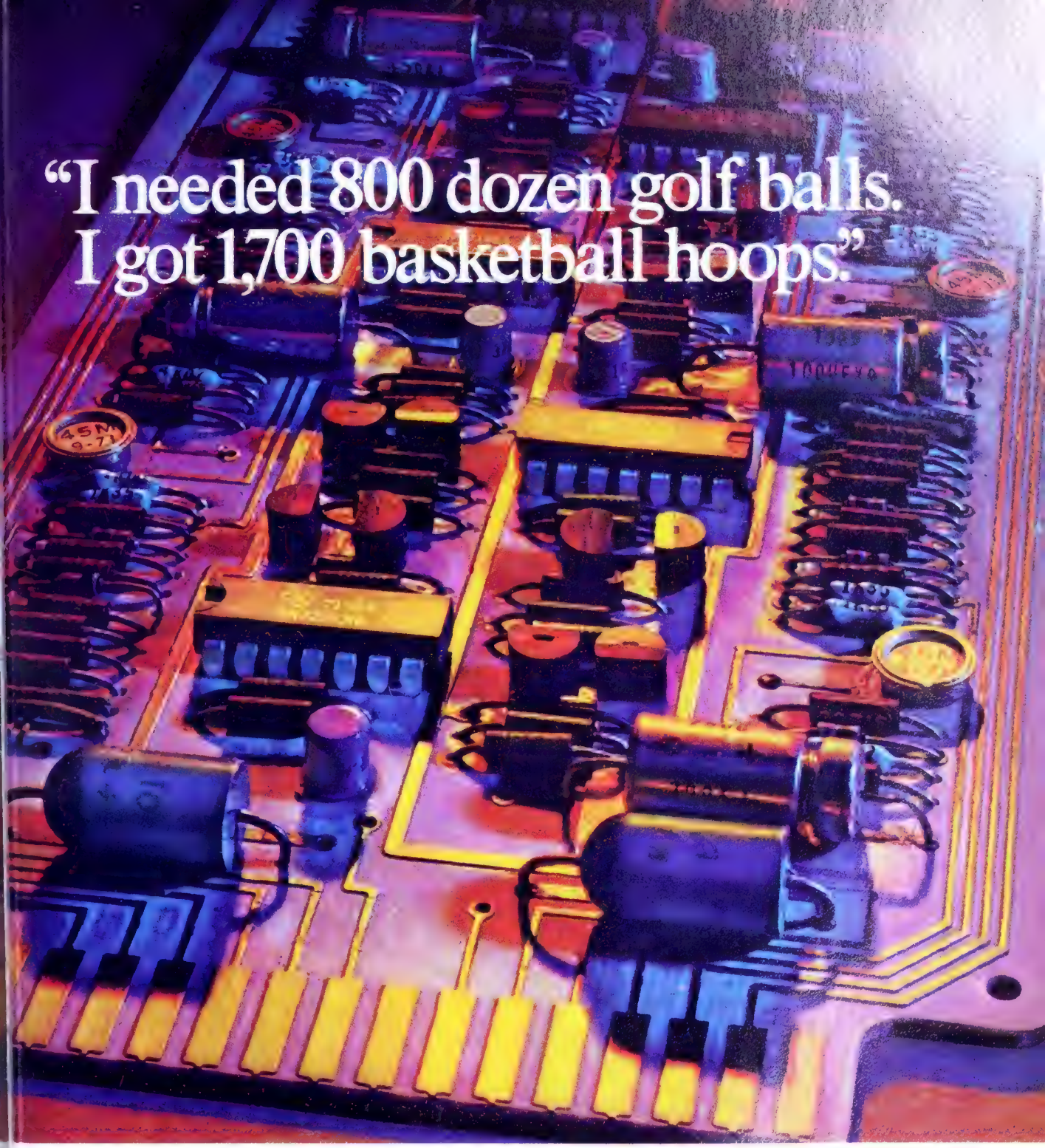
MAGRUDER: Kennedy's men had same sort of loyalty. Johnson's aide did. The Presidency more than a corporation or a university breeds a certain necessity for loyalty. Personal loyalty to the man as against the office.

At the university, you can sit and discuss alternatives. But if you're working at the White House, you enjoy your job, you've got four children, you're not rich—sure, you can leave and go somewhere else. But is it that important? So you subvert individual judgment over he to gain a more effective policy over there. It's the same thing in busine

COFFIN: When you subvert your opinion, you are in effect subverting yourself. Your identity is at the mercy of the person to whom you're loyal. Right?

MAGRUDER: That's true. You can't work in any *structured* situation without having this subversion going on on a daily basis. Most of the cases I can think of—with the exception of the war—were not grea moral issues. They were practical issu

There certainly would have been a revulsion on my part if I thought the President was going to escalate the war and was *not* serious about a settlement. He did what he felt he had to do, and I think he did it well I must admit I've been disturbed



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e activity in Cambodia.

IN: What has disturbed you in all these revelations?

UDER: The taping. I was g with the senior staff people at hite House in good faith and lisappointed me.

IN: What upset you was that acrificed a good deal of elf for loyalty. And the y you gave was not returned.

UDER: It wasn't that Haldeman trust me. It was that he was using hat disturbed me more than ng else. It's a personal feeling. ing of hurt.

IN: This affects you more than velation of the 3,000-some over Cambodia?

UDER: I'm disturbed by he lying and so on. It's sable. And the bombing of ilian population. But the is so personal. Most of us are d by what we can directly to. It's natural. If I were in a in Cambodia, I'd be more ned about the bombing. But . . .

N: Loyalty to a person can a larger loyalty. I had to the President in the name Presidency, oppose the ment in the name of the y. There's a larger loyalty personal loyalty to the boss.

EL: Your neighbor, Julian ie, says yours was an error in ent rather than a moral failure.

UDER: He's just trying to me. It was a moral wrong. is nothing I can say to the use of wiretaps in the ratic headquarters. At the time, n't important. The campaign portant. The reelection was evailing ethos at the camp.

N: More important than r?

UDER: Yes. Without the ion, the end of the war would me to pass.

EL: What do you think would ome to pass?

N: The end of the war would ome to pass.

MAGRUDER: Oh, it would have come to pass, but in a much less satisfactory manner.

COFFIN: So the campaign was *it.*

MAGRUDER: I'll go a step further. I was involved with the *guts* of it —the direct mail, the advertising, the telephone campaign, the marshaling of the troops. This adventure of Mr. Liddy's was very minor. I gave it little consideration. In retrospect, it was a terrible mistake. It just didn't seem important at the time.

There's a growing body of opinion in this country that believes wire tapping is quite typical and American. The government does it, private investigators do. A common, harmless practice. Now I understand someone's desire not to have his phone tapped. I know what it's like.

COFFIN: If you start giving away your right to say no, there's an erosion of self. If Watergate's inevitable, it's because life is consequential. One thing leads to another.

MAGRUDER: It's a question of slippage. I sort of slipped right into it. Each act you take leads you to the next act, and eventually you end up with a Watergate. It's very typical in large corporations. Someone else is influential. He has an idea and he gets the idea approved. You're the one who has to carry it out. You don't agree with it, but it's important to satisfy the group consensus: "It isn't that important and I might as well go along."

COFFIN: I am startled by the fact that there are so few political resignations in the country. George Ball said one thing and believed another. He justified himself by saying, "I'm just a hired hand." It sounds as if you're loyal because you're afraid of losing your position in the power structure.

MAGRUDER: It's very difficult to set your own standard and continue in the power structure. I always felt I could do more by staying in the system. Maybe that's just the way of satisfying my conscience. I wanted to stay with the government for the next four years, but I was determined to get out of the White House and into an agency where I'd have more independence. I followed instructions and did things I did not agree with because I thought it was important for my



personal success—and also for the good of the President.

COFFIN: Do you think this accounts for the enormous anger of the Administration toward Ellsberg? Here was a man who defected from power.

MAGRUDER: Correct. It applies to John Dean as well. They were much more vicious in their attacks on him than they may have been to an outsider who was attacking them. He was the insider who turned on them.

TERKEL: What do you think of Ellsberg?

MAGRUDER: I was not involved in that area. That was the plumbers' department. I was disturbed by the leaking of the Pentagon Papers. Not because of the moral issues involved. Simply because of the importance of confidentiality. If everything is going to be held up to public scrutiny, no government —and probably no business— would survive.

COFFIN: It's back to that loyalty issue again. Ellsberg thought that what should not remain confidential was the government's lying to the American people.

MAGRUDER: I don't agree. I'm simply saying it's become an unfortunate habit in Washington that nothing is confidential.

TERKEL: What do you *really* think of Ellsberg?

MAGRUDER: I don't like what he did. I have a difficult time relating to Ellsberg. He is not my heroic character. His motives do not



strike me as being legitimate.

TERKEL: Who are your heroes?

MAGRUDER: We're in a time when it's difficult to come up with heroes. We don't have the glorious war to create the Eisenhowers and MacArthurs. Usually in times of war, heroic characters come to life.

TERKEL: What do you think of George Allen?

MAGRUDER: He's doing a hell of a job with those Redskins.

TERKEL: Allen says when the Redskins lose, the dressing room is like a morgue, and it should be. And he doesn't rest until they win. Isn't this pretty much Nixon's feeling?

MAGRUDER: We've got to transfer sports analogies into the real world. The sports world is fantasy.

TERKEL: Game plan. Operation Linebacker . . .

MAGRUDER: Our Administration used those terms as more of a PR game. It had nothing to do with the facts. I was at the White House when these comparisons to football were made. I personally feel it was for public relations purposes. There's no question there was a desire to win. The McGovern people were as desirous of winning as we were. They felt as strongly as we did. We felt only Nixon could save the world. They felt only George McGovern could do it. In the last four elections, there was a feeling of impending disaster if the other side won. Very dangerous trend. If you start thinking, as Senator Humphrey said, that your opponent is the enemy instead of the adversary, you're in trouble. Bill, as an outsider, may have looked at these things as reality. I think they were used only for public relations purposes.

There's nothing wrong with winning and having a great team, as long as you do it within the bounds of propriety. There's nothing wrong with going to school, doing well, and progressing up the ladder. Winning.

TERKEL: And anything goes. John Mitchell, during his testimony, said that the reelection was paramount to all else. He implied the alternative was some sort of Armageddon. Thinking the unthinkable for a moment, what do *you* think would have happened to our country had Nixon lost?

MAGRUDER: We've survived Presidents of all stripes. I'm sure we'd have survived McGovern if he were elected. It would have bothered me because I worked for the other man. But it bothered me in '60 and we survived fine in '60. We shouldn't condemn a person's attempt to gain approval, whether it be the President or a teacher or a businessman. One of the ways you sell your policy is by appealing to the greatest number of people. The President, or his advisers, had to use certain means. They were legal in all the cases I know of—though one might question their appropriateness. It's like selling a product in corporate life. Or a favorite charity like the March of Dimes.

COFFIN: It's interesting how slippage occurs. It starts as a matter of public relations. You justify it in the name of national security. And what comes out is blatant lying. It starts as misrepresentation, by the way you package your product . . .

MAGRUDER: Truth has now be my best product. There's a wor difference today than before I to tell the truth. I feel comfortal

COFFIN: Sure. Lying to cover a reflex of insecurity. And publ relations is sometimes its hand

MAGRUDER: There are no mo where these techniques aren't u The anti-war movement was effe in PR. They did things well, to they got maximum media cove You have to be careful in impu one person's PR objectives, whe are using the same means.

COFFIN: The insecurity of the Administration produced its do really, didn't it? As Teddy Whit Watergate's like a millionaire kleptomaniac. He's got a million still has to have more (laughs).

MAGRUDER: Again, you've got back to '70. When planning start the campaign, these activities se important. By the time it wasn't important, it was too late to char Once plans get in motion, you ra stop them.

COFFIN: An individual could.

MAGRUDER: An individual cou That's a good point. I could hav stopped Liddy. But Liddy was m dedicated to achieving his ends t was concerned about what he wa doing. You're absolutely right. I other people interacted and thou was best for him to stay. Because wasn't that important to me, I di stand my ground. I should have.

COFFIN: Why wasn't it that imp to you?

MAGRUDER: Because it was just minor part of the campaign that not strike me as being relevant. I at the time over twenty-six divisi heads reporting to me. I was conc with the substance of the campaig spending $10 million in advertisi $6 million in direct mail, $3 milli our telephone program, and anot couple of million in our surrogat program.

TERKEL: You were doing what successful young corporate execut would do today.

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MAGRUDER: That's what a campaign is. It's not going over junk intelligence. But there was a desire for intelligence and I thought people wanted it. I could have stopped it by saying, "This is ridiculous."

I felt good when I watched myself on national television. I said what I had to say without trying to evade my responsibilities. I didn't say, "Poor little me." There was some of that in the other witnesses. I was thirty-eight and knew what I was doing.

TERKEL: Do I still sense that awe, that loyalty to those you consider your superiors?

MAGRUDER: It's not loyalty, it's fairness. I can't blame someone above me for getting me involved, if I was able to understand the nature of the act.

TERKEL: Where are the heroes of yesteryear? You say it's tough to find one today. What about John Mitchell?

MAGRUDER: He was a hero to me, no question about it. I still have a tremendous affection for him. He treated me well. I found him fair and above board in all his dealings. Unlike his public image. He's one of the finest people I've known. What's happened doesn't change that. If you discarded someone because he had disappointed you, you wouldn't be much of a friend.

In the year and a half I worked for him, I thought most of his decisions were excellent. He has an excellent mind. I didn't agree with all his activities as Attorney General. He certainly was not a civil libertarian. But on a personal note, he was a very fine person to work for. If you said, "My wife's not feeling well, I'd like to leave early," he'd say, "Jeb, leave right now." At the White House, that was not a typical response to personal problems. He was more of a father than a boss. He's a hero to me, as much as a person my age has heroes.

COFFIN: That's what bothers me, Jeb —the littleness of loyalties, at the expense of great loyalties. We're talking about an attorney general, a man sworn to uphold the Constitution of the United States, a man who came in with banners flying for law and order.

MAGRUDER: Well, as a human being, and hopefully as a Christian, I can't turn my back on a friend. You don't want me to turn my back on people. I'm no better or worse. We've all sinned at one time or another. I'm not going to throw stones.

COFFIN: I'm not asking you to throw stones or turn your back on people. One can have a great compassion for the sinner without condoning his sin. But I'm wondering whether you feel this whole experience was incredibly belittling. We're talking about a country, the most powerful in the world, and you're talking about loyalty to the boss. He was kind and let you take the afternoon off when your wife was sick. But he didn't hesitate to fool around with the Constitution when it suited his aims. What bothers me terribly are the consequences of this whole affair. It's one thing to say he doesn't beat his wife, he's a good fellow. But, if by his actions he belittles his country, that's something else. But perhaps in public as in private life we get what we deserve to a much larger degree than we want to admit.

TERKEL: Something tells me Bill Coffin, a clergyman, feels he wasn't successful as your teacher in Religion and Ethics.

MAGRUDER: I failed his course (laughs). And he doesn't like our White House church services either. They were High Presbyterian (laughs).

COFFIN: So am I. That's not why I don't like them. I was very much for George McGovern's election. But I used to say to him, "I'm looking forward to picketing you in the White House." A terrible sense of blasphemy is felt in segments of the religious community because Nixon brought clergymen in as house niggers: to pat him on the back and reassure him he's a great fellow. That's not what the Bible is about.

TERKEL: When you attended the services during the time of the cover-up, after your loss of innocence, after Eden, after the Fall, what were your feelings while seated there?

MAGRUDER: It was very pleasant. Maybe it wasn't a great religious experience, but I always enjoyed going to church service. It was a form of stroking. We used it to fulfill our obligations to a lot of people. Bill, you always confuse your values. You're trying to get everything down to ethical terms.

TERKEL: That's the difference between you and Bill. He takes things seriously. You say it's all a matter of PR, technique.

MAGRUDER: Bill has developed a technique of dealing with people in confrontation. He revels in those situations.

COFFIN: I do not. I'm forced in by a bunch of people like you, who so suave you can't confront things. "Slippage" is your word. When you slip all over the place, some kind of



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polemic is necessary to get them to confront themselves.

MAGRUDER: [illegible] disagreeing with you. You're very good at it. Much better than most people I know. You like it.

COFFIN: (Sighs) Maybe the truth is confrontational. It's the one thing we don't confront with breathtaking regularity.

MAGRUDER: I couldn't agree with you more. There was a good deal of deception going on within the Administration—if what we read is to be believed.

COFFIN: What concerns me pastorally is that I sense in you a great need to be honest. But your capacity for honesty has been eroded by this experience. In the same way, many people sense a need to love, but have lost their capacity to love. These things gradually erode human beings so that they're really not that deeply human anymore. What disturbs me most about Watergate is that the failure lay in being caught. It's not the truth that has set people free. They're still prisoners of their falsehood. It's only that they were caught. There still hasn't been a confrontation with the truth.

MAGRUDER: There has been for those who have decided to tell the truth.

COFFIN: Even here, one has a slight feeling that honesty *pays*.

MAGRUDER: You're trying to make a black-and-white issue. It would be dishonest of me to say my honesty was 100 percent for pure reasons, right? There are legal reasons. There's my family. There's the emotional problem of living a charade. The experience has in a way been beneficial. What the long-range effect will be is difficult to tell.

COFFIN: The thing I'm missing is what the nineteenth-century theologian Bushnell talked about: the expulsive power of a new affection. It's a power that drives out the old affection. It's the power of a new loyalty that drives out the old loyalty.

Like every human being in the world, you had a longing for your place in the universe. We all need that. You found it. Now you've lost it. But the new one hasn't been found yet. There's not a new loyalty in whose name Jeb Magruder can begin again.

MAGRUDER: It's taking some time. You can't switch from here to there immediately. You can't take four years of my life and say it was all wrong. China and Russia came through beautifully. It would be a mistake for me all of a sudden to flip-flop from one extreme to another. I've got to find out what I did right and continue to do that and realize what I did wrong and change that part of me.

COFFIN: What you say is interesting. What you don't say is even more interesting. You haven't said anything about the Administration and its concern—or lack of it—for the poor, for the blacks, for the dispossessed. You mention Russia and China coming through beautifully. Power sweethearting power. That can be a vicious thing. Increasingly, powerful nations are coming together to lord it over the powerless. If I were to impeach Nixon, it would be for Cambodia rather than Watergate.

Power can destroy an individual's capacity to think big, to think imaginatively, to feel deeply about others who are in desperate need. I think your experience eroded those qualities which you had while you were at Williams. You just had a bad experience, and it will take a long time to recover what it has cost you in terms of your humanity.

MAGRUDER: I'm going to try to change my life-style. I'll probably try to teach. I'd like to teach Government. I think it could be invaluable to the students because I was there and I knew what it was. Most people teaching Government are removed from it and are not aware what the government is really like.

I think it's impossible to change one's view without taking the time to examine what it really is. I haven't done that yet. The last twenty years all I've done is kept moving up the ladder, working very hard to make sure I was going up that ladder. Now I finally have some time to go inside me, to find out why I did certain things. But I can't erase twenty years of activity and conscious thought just like that. I think much of what the Administration did is beneficial. Some of our policies had purely political bases. We didn't spend time on the disadvantaged for the simple reason that there were no votes there. That's not a good reason. But, for the most part, our policies were based on deeply held beliefs. We tried to break down the bureaucracy as an overgrown instrument of totalitarianism. We don't have a democracy of the people now. We have a special-interest democracy. We have the auto lo the oil lobby. The individual has way of appealing to the governn

The true democracy is where individual is able to affect his o situation. That is not true in this country anymore. The big lobbie do it, but the individual can't. P feel they have no influence. So if don't feel you have any interest, don't worry about it. You just go a

TERKEL: When you're an old, man and finally die, your epitap might read: He was easy to get with.

MAGRUDER: (Laughs) That's t That's what Bill said about me.

TERKEL: I didn't mean that as perjorative phrase. There are possibilities . . .

COFFIN: It can be turned to the "He's easy to get along with" has your way of just sliding around. it can be a good way of communi because more people can relate to experience than they can, say, to Berrigan's. It may be easier for t to learn through you.

To be Jeb is terribly valuable a moment. His experience has been all-American one. His change co be an All-American one. We're n naturally profound. We usually h be forced down, forced by failur In my own life, I've learned far from my failures than I have fro successes. If Jeb can confront th failures with honesty, it will be h for many because his experience experience of almost all of us. Th slippage and sliding and shaving loyalties that are too small and th to be on the team—if all this gets examined and put before the Ame public, it can be terribly useful. greatest tragedy for Jeb would be have the experience and miss the meaning.

I've felt for years it would be extraordinary thing if some natio leader went on television and said, "My fellow Americans, we' made a great mistake." It's hard most Americans to think it's all ri to have made a mistake. The possibilities of Americans seeing themselves in the life and times Jeb Magruder could be very helpf

MAGRUDER: Well, I think it wo be a greater tragedy than the Watergate affair itself if people di learn from our experience.

ıie Dillard

EAVEN AND EARTH IN JEST

ıething pummels us, something barely sheathed

ED TO HAVE A CAT, an old fighting tom, who ould jump through the open window by my in the middle of the night and land on my .. I'd half-awaken. He'd stick his skull un- my nose and purr, stinking of urine and l. Some nights he kneaded my bare chest his front paws, powerfully, arching his , as if sharpening his claws or pummeling ther for milk. And some mornings I'd in daylight to find my body covered with prints in blood; I looked as though I'd been ed with roses.

was hot, so hot the mirror felt warm. I ed before the mirror in a daze, my twisted ner sleep still hung about me like sea kelp. t blood was this, and what roses? It could been the rose of mystic union, the blood urder, or the rose of beauty bare and the l of some unspeakable sacrifice or birth. sign on my body could have been a stain ı emblem, the keys to the kingdom or the of Cain. I never knew. I never knew as I ed and the blood streaked, faded, and final- sappeared, whether I'd purified myself or d the blood sign of the passover. We wake, ever wake at all, to mystery, rumors of , beauty, violence . . . "Seem like we're et down here," a woman said to me recent- and don't nobody know why."

ese are morning matters, pictures you n as the final wave heaves you up on the to the bright light and drying air. You re- ber pressure and a curved sleep you rested st, soft, like a scallop in its shell. But the ardens your skin; you stand; you leave the d shore to explore some dim headland, oon you're lost in the leafy interior, intent, nbering nothing.

Currents of mysteries

LL THINK OF THAT OLD TOMCAT, mornings, en I wake. Things are tamer now; I sleep the window shut. The cat and our rites are and my life is changed, but the memory ns of something powerful playing over . wake expectant, hoping to see a new If I'm lucky, I might be jogged awake strange birdcall. I dress in a hurry, imagining the yard flapping with auks or flamingos.

I live by a creek, Tinker Creek, in a valley in Virginia's Blue Ridge. An anchorite's hermitage is called an anchor-hold; some anchorholds were simple sheds clamped to the side of a church like a barnacle to a rock. I think of this house clamped to the side of Tinker Creek as an anchor-hold. It holds me at anchor to the rock bottom of the creek itself and it keeps me steadied in the current, as a sea anchor does, facing the stream of light pouring down. It's a good place to live; there's a lot to think about. The creeks—Tinker and Carvin's—are an active mystery, fresh every minute. Theirs is the mystery of the continuous creation and all that Providence implies: the uncertainty of vision, the horror of the fixed, the pressure of fecundity, the intricacy of beauty, and the dissolution of the present. The mountains—Tinker and Brushy, McAfee's Knob and Dead Man's—are



John Diele

Annie Dillard is the author of Tickets For a Prayer Wheel, *a book of poems to be published next spring by the University of Missouri Press. This essay is drawn from* Pilgrim at Tinker Creek, *which will be published in 1974 by Harper's Magazine Press.*

Annie Dillard

HEAVEN AND EARTH IN JEST

mystery, the oldest of all. Theirs is the one simple mystery of creation from nothing, of matter itself, anything at all, the given. Mountains, like seas, are intercessors. They're giant, restful, absorbent. You can throw your spirit into a mountain and the mountain will keep it, folded, and not throw it back as a creek will. The creeks are the world, with all its stimulus and beauty; I live there. But the mountains are home.

IF THE DAY IS FINE, any walk will do; it all looks good. Water in particular looks its best, reflecting blue sky in the flat, and chopping it into graveled shallows and white chute and foam in the riffles. On a dark day, or a hazy one, everything's washed-out and lackluster but the water. It carries its own lights. I set out for the railroad tracks, for the hill the flocks fly over, for the woods where the white mare lives. But I go to the water.

Today is one of those excellent November partly-cloudies in which light chooses an unexpected part of the landscape to trick out in gilt, and then shadow sweeps it away. You know you're alive. You take huge steps, trying to feel the planet's roundness arc between your feet. Kazantzakis says that when he was young he had a canary and a globe. When he freed the canary, it would perch on the globe and sing. All his life, wandering the earth, he felt as though he had a canary on top of his mind, singing.

West of the house, Tinker Creek makes a sharp loop, so that the creek is both in back of the house, south of me, and also on the other side of the road, north of me. I like to go north. There the afternoon sun hits the creek just right, deepening the reflected blue and lighting the sides of trees on the banks. Steers from the pasture across the creek come down to drink; I always flush a rabbit or two there; I sit on a fallen trunk in the shade and watch the squirrels in the sun. There are two wooden fences suspended from cables that cross the creek just upstream from my tree-trunk bench. They keep the steers from escaping up or down the creek when they come to drink. Squirrels, the neighborhood children, and I use the downstream fence as a swaying bridge across the creek. But the steers are there today.

I sit on the downed tree and watch the steers slip on the creek bottom. They are all bred beef: beef heart, beef hide, beef hocks. They're a human product like rayon. They're like a field of shoes. They have cast-iron shanks and tongues like foam insoles. You can't see through to their brains as you can with other animals; they have beef fat behind their eyes, beef stew. Fooey.

I cross the fence six feet above the water, walking my hands down the rusty cabl tightroping along the narrow edge of the p When I hit the other bank and terra some steers are bunched in a knot betwe and the barbed-wire fence I want to cross suddenly rush at them in an enthusiastic flailing my arms and hollering, "Ligh Copperhead! Little-bitty mice!" They fle in a knot, stumbling across the flat pa I stand with the wind on my face.

When I slide under a barbed-wire fence a field, and run over a fallen sycamore I'm on a little island shaped like a tear middle of Tinker Creek. On one side creek is a steep forested bank; the water i and deep on that side of the island. On the side is the level field I walked through n the steers' pasture; the water between th and the island is shallow and sluggish. In mer's low water, flags and bulrushes grow a series of shallow pools cooled by the laz rent. Water striders patrol the surface film fish hump along the silt bottom eating frogs shout and glare, and shiners and bream hide among roots from the sulky heron's eye. I come to this island every of the year. I walk around it, stopping an ing, or I straddle the sycamore log ov creek, curling my legs out of the water i ter, trying to read. Today I sit on dry g the end of the island by the slower side creek. I'm drawn to this spot. I come to i an oracle; I return to it as a man years will seek out the battlefield where he lost or an arm.

A monstrous

A COUPLE OF SUMMERS AGO I was w along the edge of the island to see could see in the water, and mainly to frogs. Frogs have an inelegant way of taki from invisible positions on the bank just of your feet, in dire panic, emitting a "Yike!" and splashing into the water. I ibly, this amused me, and, incredibly, it a me still. As I walked along the grassy e the island, I got better and better at seeing both in and out of the water. I learned to nize, slowing down, the difference in text the light reflected from mudbank, water, or frog. Frogs were flying all around me. end of the island I noticed a small green He was exactly half in and half out of the looking like a schematic diagram of an a bian, and he didn't jump.

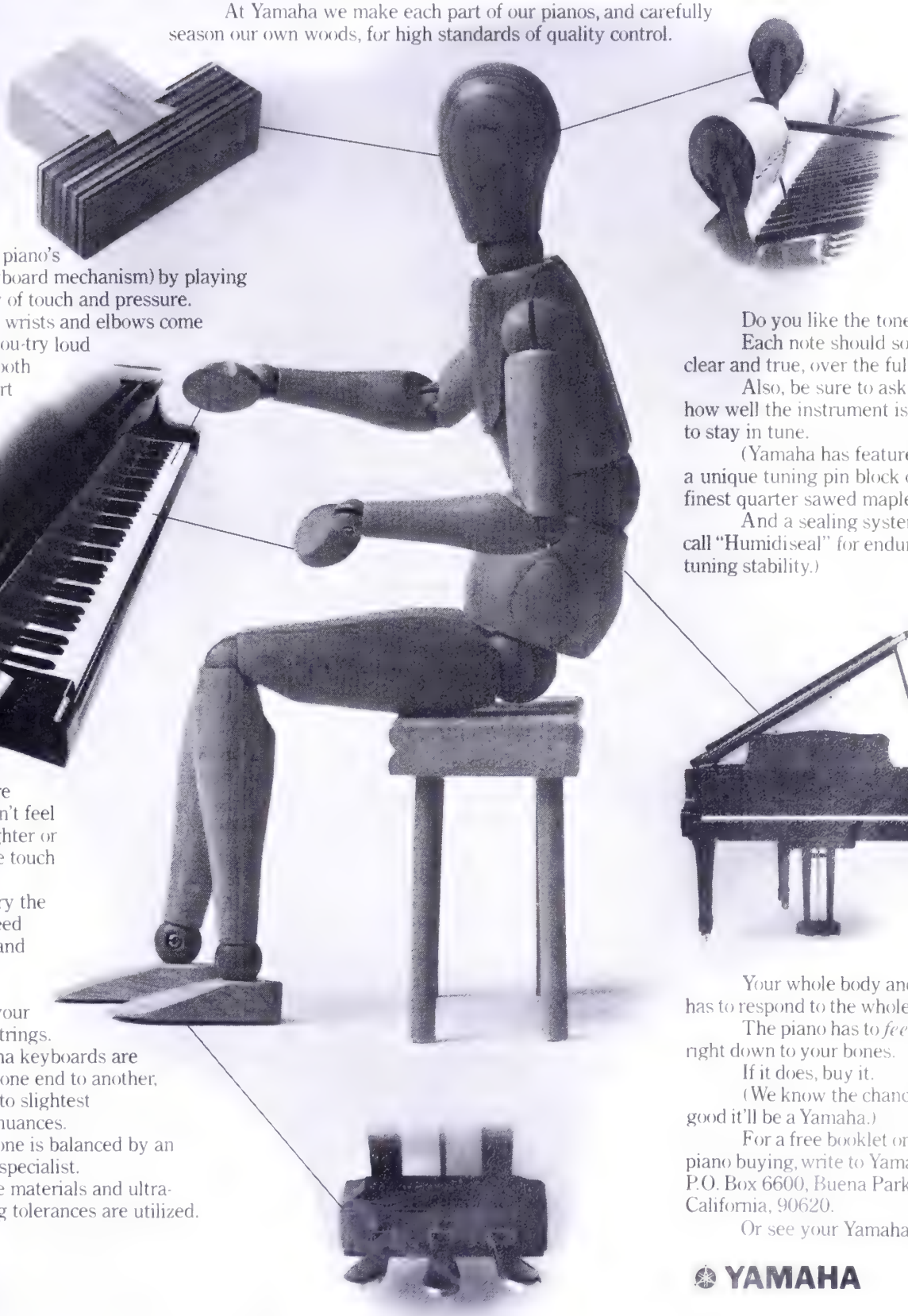
He didn't jump; I crept closer. He was small frog with wide, dull eyes. To my h just as I looked at him closely, he slowly pled and began to collapse. He seemed to before my eyes like a deflating football.

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of his skin, formless as a pricked balloon, n floating folds on the top of the water; it was a monstrous and terrifying thing. An oval shadow hung in the water behind the collapsed frog; then the shadow glided away. The frog skin started to sink.

I had read about the giant water bug, but never seen one. "Giant water bug" is really the name of the thing, which is a good-size beetle. It eats insects, tadpoles, fish, and frogs. Its grasping forelegs are mighty and hooked inward. It seizes a victim with these legs, hugs it tight, and paralyzes it with chemicals injected during a vicious bite. That one bite is the only bite it ever takes. Through it shoot the poisons that dissolve the victim's tissues, and through it the giant water bug sucks out the victim's body, reduced to a juice. They're quite common in warm fresh water. The frog I saw was being sucked by a giant water bug. I had been kneeling on the island grass; when the unrecognizable flap of frog skin settled on the creek bottom, swaying, I stood up and brushed the knees of my pants. I couldn't catch my breath.

A larger god

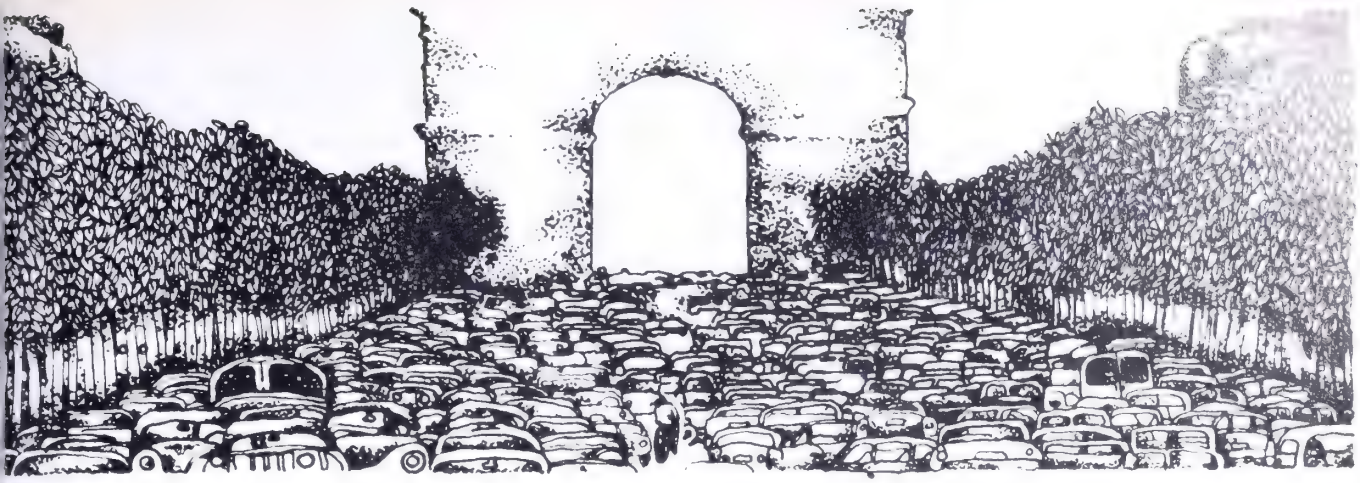
THAT IT'S ROUGH OUT THERE and chancy is no surprise. Every live thing is a survivor on a kind of extended emergency bivouac. But at the same time we are also created. In the Koran, Allah asks, "The heaven and the earth and all in between, thinkest thou I made them *in jest*?" It's a good question. What do we think of the created universe, spanning an unthinkable void with an unthinkable profusion of forms? Or what do we think of nothingness, those sickening reaches of time in either direction? If the giant water bug was not made in jest, was it then made in earnest? Pascal uses a nice term to describe the notion of the creator's, once having called forth the universe, turning his back to it: *Deus Absconditus*. Is this what we think happened? Was the sense of it there, and god absconded with it, ate it, like a wolf who disappears round the edge of the house with the Thanksgiving turkey? "God is subtle," Einstein said, "but not malicious." Again, Einstein said that "nature conceals her mystery by means of her essential grandeur, not by her cunning." It could be that god has not absconded but spread, as our vision and understanding of the universe have spread, to a fabric of spirit and sense so grand and subtle, so powerful in a new way, that we can only feel blindly of its hem. In making the thick darkness a swaddlingband for the sea, god "set bars and doors" and said, "hitherto halt thou come, but no further." But have we ome even that far? Have we rowed out to the ick darkness, or are we all playing pinochle in the bottom of the boat?

Cruelty is a mystery, and the waste of But if we describe a world to compass things, a world that is a long, brute game we bump against another mystery: the inr power and light, the canary that sings skull. Unless all ages and races of men been deluded by the same mass hyp (who?), there seems to be such a thing as ty, a grace wholly gratuitous. About five ago I saw a mockingbird make a vertical d from the roof gutter of a four-story build was an act as careless and spontaneous curl of a stem or the kindling of a star.

The mockingbird took a single step in air and dropped. His wings were still f against his sides as though he were singing a limb and not falling, accelerating thirt feet per second per second, through empt Just a breath before he would have been d to the ground, he unfurled his wings with deliberate care, revealing the broad ba white, spread his elegant, white-banded tai so floated onto the grass. I had just roun corner when his insouciant step caught my there was no one else in sight. The fact free fall was like the old philosophical drum of the tree that falls in the forest. Th swer must be, I think, that beauty and grac performed whether or not we will or sense The least we can do is try to be there.

Another time I saw another wonder: sl off the Atlantic coast of Florida. There is a a wave rises above the ocean horizon, a gular wedge against the sky. If you stand v the ocean breaks on a shallow beach, yo the raised water in a wave is translucent, with lights. One late afternoon at low ti hundred big sharks passed the beach nea mouth of a tidal river in a feeding frenzy each green wave rose from the churning w it illuminated within itself the six- or eight long bodies of twisting sharks. The sharks appeared as each wave rolled toward me; a new wave would swell above the horizon, taining in it, like scorpions in amber, sh that roiled and heaved. The sight held awes wonders: power and beauty, grace tangled rapture with violence.

We don't know what's going on here. If t tremendous events are random combinatio matter run amok, the yield of millions monkeys at millions of typewriters, then wh it in us, hammered out of those same t writers, that they ignite? We don't know. life is a faint tracing on the surface of mys like the idle, curved tunnels of leaf miners the face of a leaf. We must somehow tak wider view, look at the whole landscape, r see it, and describe what's going on here. T we can at least wail the right question into swaddlingband of darkness, or, if it come that, choir the proper praise.



THE BICYCLE IS A VEHICLE FOR REVOLUTION

an destroy the tyranny of the auto-
le as effectively as the printing press
ght down despots of flesh and blood.
revolution will be spontaneous, the
total of individual revolts like my
It may have already begun. It will not
rganized, the organizers have got us
Organizations, they are responsible for
ehavior that Gallup can predict."

* * *

rom time to time, this book is outra-
s, extravagant, and inconsistent, I will
be acknowledging the influence of the
huckster, whose claims pollute the
papers and magazines I read daily."

* * *

and I roll out to the forest of Fon-
bleu or Rambouillet. I stop the car,
ak out the bike, and I am off through
oods, a wheeled deer, the brakes jut-
ut like antler branches from the rac-
andlebars. The air bites, the oxygen gets into blood and brain, the wheels sing on the narrow strip of a tarred forest lane, an idea comes to mind.

* * *

"Unlike many parts of France, where farmers live in villages and go out to work in their fields, the Bretons build their houses on their land. The villages themselves appear small, they are dwarfed by their churches. Inhabitants are scattered all around the periphery on good single-lane roads that enable women to use bicycles the way American housewives use cars, thereby getting not only transportation but exercise and the beauty treatment of fresh air and clear rain."

* * *

"And that is how I have done this writing: I get on my bike and I get mad. This is written as much in passion as in reason. I am an old hand at science writing, I know how to check a fact to a frazzle and weasel my words to the satisfaction of the most worrisome source. But not this time, for once let the burden of proof be on the other side."

"Fear in cities is not just a police problem. Both the overcrowded American city and the undercrowded suburb are artificial communities, their cohesiveness destroyed to a large extent by the automobile."

* * *

These are samples of the alternating flights of scientific invective and idyllic celebrations of life learned and loved from bicycle-back by Daniel Behrman, the man who loves bicycles. The beautifully designed book is being published at $6.95 and is available at your bookstore. As a special offer, if you would send $5.00 to us at Harper's, we will immediately mail directly to your home this delightful guide to the auto-less joys of the earth. We know you will be pleased and we suspect that you will be on your own bike creating your own revolution in a matter of hours.

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Annie Dillard

HEAVEN AND EARTH IN JEST

At the time of Lewis and Clark, setting the prairies on fire was a well-known signal that meant, "Come down to the water." It was an extravagant gesture, but we can't do less. If the landscape reveals one certainty, it is that the extravagant gesture is the very stuff of creation. After the extravagant gesture of creation in the first place, the universe has continued to deal exclusively in extravagances, flinging intricacies and colossi down aeons of emptiness, heaping profusions on profligacies with ever-fresh vigor. The whole show has been on fire from the word go. I come down to the water to cool my eyes. But everywhere I look I see fire; that which isn't flint is tinder, and the whole world sparks and flames.

I HAD COME TO THE GRASSY ISLAND late in the day. The creek was up; icy water swept under the sycamore log bridge. The frog skin, of course, was utterly gone. I had stared at that one spot on the creek bottom for so long, focusing past the rush of water, that when I stood the opposite bank seemed to stretch before my eyes and flow grassily upstream. When the bank settled down I crossed the sycamore log and came again to the big plowed field next to the steers' pasture.

The wind was terrific out of the west; the sun came and went. I could see the shadow on the field before me deepen uniformly and spread like a plague. Everything seemed so dull I was amazed I could even distinguish objects. And suddenly the light ran like a comber, across the land and up the trees, and went again in a wink: I thought I'd gone blind or died. When it comes again, the light, you hold your breath, and if it stays you forget about it till it goes again.

It's the most beautiful day of the year. At four o'clock the eastern sky is a dead stratus black flecked with low white clouds. The sun in the west illuminates the ground, the mountains, and especially the bare branches of trees, so that everywhere silver trees cut into the black sky like a photographer's negative of a landscape. The air and the ground are dry; the mountains are going on and off like neon signs. Clouds slide east as if pulled from the horizon, like a tablecloth whipped off a table. The hemlocks by the barbed-wire fence are flinging themselves east as though their backs would break. Purple shadows are racing east; the wind makes me face east, and again I feel the dizzying, drawn sensation I felt when the creek bank reeled.

At four-thirty the sky in the east is clear; how could that big blackness be blown? Fifteen minutes later another darkness is coming overhead from the northwest; and it's here. Everything is drained of its light as if sucked. Only at the horizon do inky black mountains give way to distant, lighted mountains—lighted not by direct illumination but rather paled by glowing sheets of mist hung before them. Now the blackness is in the east; everything is half in shade, half in sun, every clod, tree, mountain, hedge. I can't see Tinker Mountain through the line of hemlock, till it comes on like a spotlight, ping, *ex nihilo*. Its sandstone cliffs glow and swell. Suddenly the light goes; the mountains recede as if pushed. The sun hits a clump of sycamores between me and the mountains; the sycamore arms light up, and *I can't see the cliffs*. They're gone. The pale network of sycamore arms, which a second ago was transparent as a screen, is suddenly opaque, glowing with light. Now the sycamore arms snuff out; the mountains come on, and there are the cliffs again.

I walk home. By five-thirty the show has pulled out. Nothing is left but an unreal blue and a few banked clouds low in the north. Some sort of carnival magician has been here, a fast-talking worker of wonders who has the sky backwards. "Something in this hand," he says, "something in this hand, something up my sleeve, something behind my back . . ." Then abracadabra, he snaps his fingers, and it's all gone. Only the bland, blank-faced magician remains, in his unruffled coat, barehanded, acknowledging a smattering of baffled applause. When you look again the whole show has packed its stakes and moved on down the road. It never stops. New shows roll in from over the mountains and the magician reappears unannounced from a fold in the curtain you never dreamed was an opening. Scarves of clouds, rabbits in plain view, disappear into the black hat forever. Presto chango. The audience, if there is an audience at all, is dizzy from head-turning, dazed.

LIKE THE BEAR WHO WENT OVER the mountain I went out to see what I could see. Also like the bear, all that I could see was the other side of the mountain: more of same. Sometimes pummels us, something barely sheathed. Power broods and lights. We're played on like a piano; our breath is not our own. James Houston describes two young Eskimo girls sitting cross-legged on the ground, mouth on mouth, breathing by turns each other's throat cords, making a low, unearthly music. When I cross above the bridge that is really the steers' fence, the wind has thinned to the delicate air of twilight; it crumples the water's skin. I watch the widening sheets of light raised on the creek's face. The sight has the appeal of the purely passive, like the racing of light under clouds in the field, the beautiful dream at the moment of being dreamed. The breeze is the merest puff, but I sail headlong and breathless under the force of the spirit.

Farrell

HE ELLSBERG MASK

ever it conceals, it always faces the camera

BE DOWN ON SOMEONE'S LIST as a tar- in the White House smear campaign t Daniel Ellsberg. I may be down as a eye. David Young's memo to John Ehr- n, dated July 24, 1971, and released at atergate hearings two years to the day promises that steps will be taken by the ers to undermine Ellsberg's image "among endly press." In no sense am I a member "friendly press." And yet odd things have ied in the past two years. And I do have ubts about Ellsberg.

LAST MAY 11, WHEN U.S. District Court udge William Matthew Byrne, Jr., de- a mistrial and dismissed all charges t Ellsberg and his co-defendant, Anthony Russo, Jr., the catalogue of government duct in the case was already appalling. uded selective and discriminatory prose- suppression of evidence, intimidation of ses, defiance of court orders, wiretapping east one defendant and his counsel, bur- assault, and attempted bribery of a fed- udge ("inferential bribery," let us call kind you recognize "in hindsight"). It vealed that the White House had hired of Cuban-American patriots from Miami Ellsberg up at a rally on the steps of the l, and that the CIA had provided the ers with false identity papers, disguises, s little toothless lower plates known as altering devices," two "safehouses" and file" telephone in Washington (permit- em to operate without being bugged or ed by rival spies from other government es), and a camera concealed inside a pouch, all to assist them in their raid files in Dr. Lewis Fielding's office in Hills, a first-degree felony that was un- en after the plumbers judged the CIA's y prepared psychological profile of Ells- o tame to enhance his "prosecutability." ys after the trial ended, President Nixon duced to confessing to an exorbitant in- not only in the "crucial national security significance" of the Pentagon Papers case, but also in Ellsberg's private life and personality, as implied in the order that led to the dispatch of the psychiatric burglary team: "I told Mr. Krogh that as a matter of first priority, the unit should find out all it could about Mr. Ellsberg's associates and his motives."

At a time when millionaires and movie stars are flattered to find themselves named on the White House "enemies" list, it is not hard to imagine what this unhealthy display of Presidential enmity did for Ellsberg. No longer would conscience permit too skeptical a view of this patient captive of the limelight, who up until that moment had been spoken of by reporters covering the trial as the Modest Martyr, or the Self-Effacing Megalomaniac. The burglars had made him the envy of every neurotic in the country, not to say the shame of every lover of the law. The season of Startling Disclosures and New Revelations was upon us, and there at the catalytic center of events was Ellsberg, violated, outraged, triumphant. One could only feel bad that Tony Russo's analyst had been ignored, but it was no great matter. For, now that he thought back on it, Russo was just about positive that someone had ransacked his apartment a year or so before.

ALTHOUGH THE DEFENSE FELT CONFIDENT of winning an acquittal—and rightly so, as a poll of the jurors established later on—the gift of bad news arrived in court in the nick of time. The trial was about to reach a modest conclusion, having shrunk back an awkward distance from its original promise of becoming a historic courtroom encounter on the two great issues of secrecy and the war, "the political trial of our time," as Ellsberg's chief counsel, Leonard Boudin, sometimes permitted himself to say.

Even though Ellsberg's release of the 7,000-page Top Secret study was unquestionably the most embarrassing departure from the scruples of the secrecy system ever suffered by the government, it was nevertheless an act legally indistinguishable from the routine practice of count-

Barry Farrell is Harper's *contributing editor for the West Coast. He was a columnist for* Life *magazine and is now a free-lance writer living in Los Angeles.*

Barry Farrell

less bureaucrats. It was a leak and nothing but a leak, no more than a serious "impropriety," as the FBI acknowledged early in 1970, when its agents first learned that Ellsberg was copying classified papers. By applying the weight of the espionage and theft statutes to *U.S.* v. *Russo, et al.* (as the mischievous prosecuter, David R. Nissen, had called the case on the assumption that Ellsberg would be wounded), the government was attempting an angry new reading of old laws that invited a cautious defense.

Accordingly, the portrait of Ellsberg to emerge at the trial was that of an ex-assistant-whiz kid of the uttermost probity, a scholar of such surpassing patriotism and loyalty that the keepers of the nation's significant secrets had seen fit to endow him over the years with twelve different clearances higher than Top Secret—clearances too secret to be named. Leslie Gelb and Morton Halperin, the two directors of the Defense Department Task Force that produced the study, had quite properly entrusted it to a man of Ellsberg's credentials and consuming "need-to-know"—and, apart from his celebrated indiscretions with the Xerox machine, Ellsberg had always been meticulous to ensure that the Pentagon Papers reposed in "appropriate Top Secret containers" at the RAND Corporation. Viewed on a suitably high plane, Ellsberg's release of the papers could be seen as a positive service to the overburdened secrecy system, as well as a valiant effort to stop the war.

But rage against the war and the makers of the war found only polite expression inside this prudent defense, and even the historic importance of the papers was sometimes left obscured by the argument that they contained nothing detrimental to the national defense. Disenchanted with the blandness and slow pace of the trial, the press had become increasingly perfunctory in its attentions to Ellsberg, and some reporters were displaying an unwelcome curiosity as to the numerous ambiguities left unresolved by anything said at the trial. Why hadn't the FBI stopped Ellsberg when it learned that he was copying documents almost a year and a half before the Pentagon Papers appeared in the *New York Times*? What other documents had he copied (for he had copied others), and why hadn't he been charged with them all? Who besides Russo had helped him?

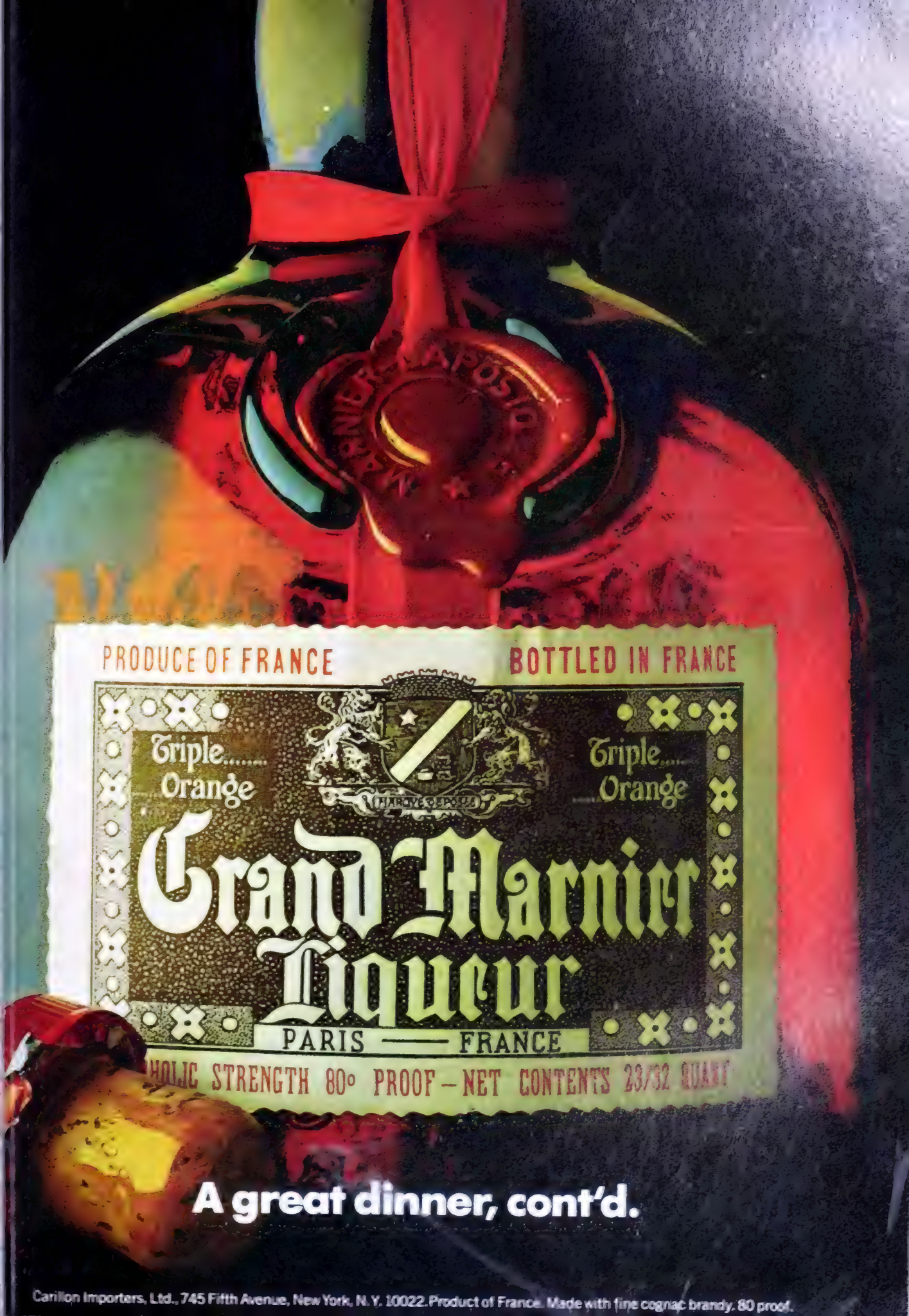
The Reichstag fire theory

ELLSBERG WAS NOT AN EASY PERSON to talk to: best just to listen and not risk an affront. [illegible]ntious, pedantic, forever infatuated with [illegible]— [illegible]s intellect, he could educate but seldom entertain. But his gift for analysis, for [illegible] a plausible scenario behind the illusion of chaotic events, made him a compelling ter of the monologue, and he could alway trusted to come up with an intriguing id the enemy's game plan. A month after the a half-dozen phone calls led to an afterno his apartment in downtown Los Angeles, w after brewing himself a cup of Constant ment, he had this to say about the case:

"I think what Nixon saw in my prosec was the Reichstag fire, an event which w give him the excuse he needed to put int tion police-state emergency measures, the gings and burglaries and assaults in his plan, which he had ready and waiting. I the release of the Pentagon Papers that c him to bring his secret intelligence oper into the White House. Nixon's lowest el popularity, the actual bottom, was cause Daniel Ellsberg and the Pentagon Pape you look at an actual chart of the Gallup you'll see a low for June of '71 and a lo June of '73, right after the trial ended.

"The stuff that's come out since the tri dicates that the President quite personally an interest in me. To Nixon I was Hiss. Th thing he told Egil Krogh when he put h charge of the plumbers was to read his ch on Hiss in *Six Crises*. He had made this nection between my case and his own pa most glorious hour—dueling with an E intellectual with marvelous Establishment nections, a member of the Council on F Relations, a Harvard man, believed at fi everyone to be a very saintly and incredib ure, unmasked by Richard Nixon, the d little prosecutor from the West. His enti reer was based on it and he wanted to again.

"What was at stake here was more tha winning an election. It was a basic char our political system. From then on, politic going to be run differently. Politics was to be a charade manipulated by the hold power in which the Secret Service, the CI the FBI were to be used interchangeably. question was: could the trial be used? A answer was yes, it could be used, but it good enough as it stood. I was too popu was getting awards all over the place. S had to doctor up the prosecution, rough r muss me up a little bit. This explains the in at the psychiatrist's, and also the ve culiar business of the assault on me, whic totally confusing at the time. Why wer singling me out to call a traitor, to make m violent by hitting me? They'd already in me, wasn't that enough? Why were they t ing to add injury to insult? And the answ that they wanted to link me with Musk make me as bad a guy, as unpopular a as unsavory a person as possible. Nixo shining me up to be his Reichstag fire."



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Barry Farrell

THE ELLSBERG MASK

RESPECT FOR RADICAL CHANGE, for the inner revolution, was essential to an appreciation of Ellsberg, or so it seemed to those who admired his act of protest too much to accept his past. But his life revealed such a constant polymorphous striving after the varieties of American experience that he was less a changed man than a fusion of all he had been, a total American, a Harvard Fellow who was also a once-and-always combat-ready marine lieutenant, an author, scholar, and swinger, a sensitive interpreter of Chopin who could also do amazing card tricks and swim eighty-seven laps in a fair-size pool, an eloquent spokesman against secrecy and war still in possession of war secrets nothing could bring him to divulge. The dense and marvelous complexity of his enthusiasms sometimes seemed to leave him apprehensive (as if the people he was with last night might be silly enough to show up this morning), but it also permitted him to browse without embarrassment through all the streets and alleys of an improbably active life. He would show visitors photographs of himself in Vietnam, handsome pictures of a younger but no less ardent Ellsberg dressed in combat gear or surrounded by children with hands outstretched for chewing gum, classics of the genre. Russo also had a couple of pictures of himself that could be dimly made out through the splintered yellow plastic on old ID cards from RAND and Vietnam. They showed an ominous stranger staring straight ahead through heavy glasses.

I MET ELLSBERG IN SAIGON in December 1965. His wife, Patricia, met him there a few months later. Both of us recall being bowled over by his dedication to the higher pursuits of the war and needing some time and distance to recapture our dim view of what he was doing. Ellsberg now says that in those days he considered it a good day's work if he could leave an anti-war visitor "confused." Oddly, my memory of how he was then is less confused than my impression of him now.

The symptom that led him to see Dr. Fielding, the Beverly Hills psychiatrist, was nothing to excite a plumber's attention. It was just that he was having trouble finishing his work. He would compose a study draft with apparent ease and facility, then find himself held in check by doubt, unable to let it go. Writer's block was decidedly not the problem. He could always write with unconscionable speed. His ability to summon the right words under pressure had been among his most conspicuous talents in the old days at the Pentagon. One of McNamara's aides would burst into the room and say, "The Chinese have shot down one of our drones and the press is asking about it. You've got fourteen minutes to give the Secretary ten alternative lies." Dan Ellsberg would get cracking and he'd wind up beating the deadline minutes and lies to spare.

THE PENTAGON PAPERS TRIAL, with lapses and false starts, ran exactly 5(from the defendants' first appearance in Byrne's courtroom to the day that th was dismissed. During this time, every ra public meeting, as well as each piece o raising literature put out by the defens sure to include at least one reminder tha and Tony face 150 years in prison for the Pentagon Papers to the American pe While it was clear from the outset that t alties the government was asking had no icance outside the annals of hysteria—11 for Ellsberg, thirty-five for Russo—it w true that the jury risked losing its way tangles of the fifteen-count indictment. dictment had all the elegance and logic accident on the freeway, with a dozen ov ered synonyms piling into the appearan calamity. But in fact it was a deviously instrument of injustice contrived to inv kind of compromise verdict which allows to feel it is striking a blow for sanity a tice in the course of sending two good prison for a token year or two.

Russo had already spent forty-seven d jail for refusing to testify in secret befo of the grand juries empaneled in the sum 1971 to investigate the leak of the pap was released when a federal judge orde government to comply with Russo's requ he be given a transcript of his testimon first of many court orders in the case t government preferred to ignore. It was g ly assumed that Russo's name had been to the indictment as a punishment beyo but because he was already evolving i all-fronts revolutionary and affable conve guerrilla one encountered at the trial, th ty-seven days were fondly cherished in r as a baptism and vindication, and he w experience as righteously as a suit of Cu tigues. But there was something about E a fastidiousness, a rectitudinous damp eye, something private and fragile tha the dimly perceived image of him whi for tea in the chow line at Terminal Isla ply too painful to contemplate. Perhaps reason alone, Ellsberg's fear of going to was not widely shared. It was as though one supposed that wrists like his were t for American handcuffs.

EARLY IN THE GAME, THE DEFENSE fell into the practice of objectifying other's politics so rigidly that debate h

ı was limited to the boundaries of their first
essions, and each wound up saddled with
ften unplayable role. Boudin, the veteran
nder of Dr. Spock and of Eqbal Ahmad at
Harrisburg conspiracy trial, was the genial
witty incarnation of the civilized Old Left,
gh in fact his attention to the meaning of
Constitution frequently led him to percep-
more radical than the younger lawyers
d. The Radical was Leonard Weinglass,
o's chief counsel, who came into court trail-
the smoke and fury of the Chicago Seven
but soon established an easy rapport with
e Byrne, being disarmingly alert, incisive,
spoken, and dignified. Charles Nesson, a
ıg and patrician Harvard Law School pro-
r, might have been present to represent the
bridge Establishment, but because Patricia
erg harbored a long-standing resentment
nst Boudin (whom she suspected of encour-
g Russo to get himself indicted and thus
ing in on Daniel's action). Nesson was of-
spoken of as Patricia's attorney, and he
e to play a very large role for a lawyer who
never been in court before. Relations be-
n Weinglass and Russo were even worse
between Ellsberg and Boudin, with Russo
uncing his lawyer as "politically malformed"
Weinglass despairing that his client was
ped out." Not much play came to the
remaining members of the courtroom staff,
ung Marxist and First Amendment scholar
ed H. Peter Young, and Delores Donovan,
CLU lawyer from San Francisco who had
nded GIs in military trials in Vietnam, and
grew so resentful over being assigned the role of Woman that she came to see the trial as a joust of male egos featuring two success-crazed forty-two-year-olds who both combed their hair into the deceit of youth: Ellsberg and Judge Byrne.

"The burglars had made Ellsberg the envy of every neurotic in the country, not to say the shame of every lover of the law."

ONE IS OBLIGED TO RECOGNIZE an element of greatness in Ellsberg. He is among the most efficacious persons in America today. His mojo is so strong that John Mitchell gets indicted the week that he goes free. Contemplating Ellsberg moves the President to ruinous excesses, but when he sets the CIA to the forbidden task of psychoanalizing his upstart nemesis, the spy-doctors can only report that the man is brilliant, patriotic, and possessed of a Nixon-like zeal for achievement. At last, Ehrlichman appears like a bad fate to tempt Judge Byrne, offering him the grim prize of the FBI. Naïveté, ambition, or mistaken goodwill leads Byrne to see Ehrlichman twice, strolling in the unwired sunshine the better to discuss the offer. The judge is given the President's hand, unaware that it will draw him toward the domain of elite males in exile, where Ellsberg already reigns supreme. It is as if Judge Byrne is being punished by his luck for imposing himself between Ellsberg and the high courts of history.

BUNKER HILL TOWERS IS A "living complex" not unlike Watergate in its ambitions. It has a shopping mall, tennis courts, a swimming pool, special security keys, uniformed guards, and a commanding location in downtown Los



Tim Page

Barry Farrell

THE ELLSBERG MASK

Angeles, not far from the courthouse. From the windows of the top-floor apartment where Tony Russo and his Lucy Stoner wife, Catherine Barkley, lived for the duration of the trial, you could look out into the spoiled sunshine and see acres of devastation. The Ellsbergs, four of the lawyers, at least a dozen members of the legal staff, and several reporters covering the trial also lived at Bunker Hill, but the Russo/Barkley apartment was unique, having been turned into a liberated zone by Catherine's art and Tony's clutter. After court, Tony would come home to it, put an environment-improving record of Pacific Ocean waves on the phonograph, roll up a joint, and sometimes talk about Dan:

"Dan Ellsberg is a cover story. He's so deep into the secrecy system that he can't reveal to himself who he is. It's classified. Secrecy has made him into the victim of dissonance you see before your eyes.

"When Dan came back to RAND in '67, he told this girl I knew that he wanted to meet some hippies. So she turned him on to me. People had warned me away from him, saying that he was a terrible climber and opportunist, cold, calculating, that whole rap. But he didn't strike me that way at first. He just hadn't been onto anything that was happening. He was kind of . . . *eager*, square, sort of sweet, actually, and I could dig a lot of what he was saying. He'd sit around his pad out in Malibu and get stoned and listen to Joan Baez on the record player and say far-out things like, 'Well, I guess I'll have to lead a life of poverty now.' He was very hung up on poverty. He must have thought he was going to have to drop out. I was thinking, wow, next thing I'll have Dan out in the streets, he'll really get loosened up and really get radical. And then Pat came along and—*ai-ai-ai!*—the screen fell. I mean *fell.* He wouldn't talk to me anymore. It was like he'd gotten himself a new security clearance. Very strange. I was totally left out.

"I haven't talked much to Dan since around September of '70. I haven't talked to him at *all* since then. His politics, his life, everything is bounded by Pat. He can become more radical in the sense that he might edge a little closer to the door. But he can only take one step before Pat realizes where he's headed and snatches him back to reality. He's found a mother, that's for sure. A real rectifier.

"Pat's screen still works today. I can call Dan up and Pat will answer. She'll say, 'And now, here is Daniel Ellsberg, who is tired and has laryngitis.' And then she'll hand him the phone and he'll say, 'Hi, I'm Dan Ellsberg. I'm tired and I have laryngitis. But, uh . . . what's happening?'"

Although the prosecution had Brig. Gen. Paul Gorman stashed away in the courthouse to coach witnesses on the grave dan done by the release of the Pentagon Pa the government's case lacked whatever r vigor might have derived from any indica that real harm had been done. The Pent officials and military officers who testified the great value of the papers to the "pote foreign analyst" upon whose hypothetical ing the government's espionage theory hi seemed completely unprepared for the de that nearly all the information the papers tained had already appeared in newspapers books. They seemed not to have read any in years that wasn't stamped Top Secret. in its earliest stages, the trial took on the qu of a dialogue of the deaf. The courtroom be a zone where irony was equal to anything, w the arch of an eyebrow conveyed an old quaintance with absurdity, a dreadful wo ness deep enough to withstand whatever ness the unfolding case entailed.

An ontological venereal dis

LAST FALL, DURING THE FOUR-MONTH h in the trial, I began experiencing symp of what Russo told me was a possibly incu case of ontological venereal disease, a c tion arising from prolonged exposure t secrecy system and characterized by a cons torial turn of mind. Perhaps I was just out from the mnemonic wrenchings one submit to in order to find continued inspir in the example of a war resister for whom was the year of decision. But, with the stu clarity that only sick or mean thoughts can sess, every interpretation of Ellsberg's ture" other than the one that was popular praiseworthy began to make powerful sen me.

My misgivings rose to a howl one night I attended "An Evening With Daniel Ellsb at the Aquarius Theater on Hollywood B vard, where two new films were to be sh In the first, *A Conversation With Daniel berg*, Dan had the usual trenchant thing say about the war and acts of resistance, couldn't free my mind to listen. His voice sounded so pious, as he walked solitary i woods, with everything back-lit, as in a s poo ad. In the other film, Ellsberg and F are shown accosting citizens on the sidew of Los Angeles, asking them for their tho about the war. Unlike the hundred or so ve men observed at the trial, these folks all stirring or poignant things to say, and even displayed that rarest of all America tainments, a working knowledge of the P gon Papers.

After the films, Ellsberg appeared onsta a standing ovation. He began by denying

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Barry Farrell

THE ELLSBERG MARK

rumors might be going around that sainthood was in the offing, then went on to urge his listeners to be willing to change their lives if they wanted to stop the war. It went without saying that Ellsberg had already done so. No longer was he the strategic analyst with the twelve security clearances too secret to be named. Now, having copied the papers and won the hand of Patricia Marx, he was America's favorite millionaire moralist.

I apologize now for these bitter thoughts, having since learned from Patricia's own lips that Dan means to earn a living after he spends a year or two "reading and thinking and going to beautiful places." In truth, I was never much attracted to the notion that Patricia's millions figured importantly in Dan's move to end the war. In moments when I found it difficult to maintain the simple confidence that he had acted out of an overwhelming sense of moral responsibility, I much preferred to imagine him returning from Vietnam in the summer of '67 (the summer of the flower children), turning on and tuning in until he was ready to drop out spectacularly by copying the papers—one month after Woodstock.

A face for the nation

ELLSBERG'S DEMEANOR AT THE TRIAL would have done credit to a defendant at an eighteenth-century court martial. His silent role was a frustration that left him afflicted with the feeling of being invisible, insubstantial, "as though my ectoplasm had faded." But in fact he was a magnet of attention. Some days he was resolutely ashen, with the formidable furrows of his brow italicizing his seriousness. At other times he would appear almost boyishly atwitter—you could draw a light bulb over his head and get Archie from the comics. His face seemed to be going through the process of Balkanization so commonly suffered by American celebrities, the Jackie Kennedy syndrome, where the eyes break off relations with the mouth and forehead, permitting a look of sadness or concern to go undisturbed by the hummingbird passage of a smile. The smile he reserved for Patricia, wafted across the walnut pews in court, could be so intensely loving that one blushed to observe it.

Patricia, a recent convert to the Arica movement, was in court each day, beautifully dressed and almost lotus-like in the perfection of her posture, with one hand resting on each knee, palms up and fingers arched as if to cradle invisible ostrich eggs. When recess came the Ellsbergs would stroll the corridor arm in arm, and at lunchtime they would hurry off together as soon as Dan had faced the nation from the courthouse steps.

The courthouse steps offered Ellsberg an important compensation for the silence endu inside. Almost every noontime, he could bury nose in a sweet bouquet of microphones minute he stepped out the door. His relat with newspaper reporters were icy and su cious, but, under the discipline of the se o'clock news, he became a cogent and effec voice against injustice and the war, honing thoughts into well-aimed arrows and letting in a tone so determinedly low that every sou man's volume-control needle would thrash ab wildly in the danger zone. Patricia would ways be with him, drawn close by interlock arms, head tilted at an impossible angle adoration as he spoke.

Patricia offered a novel explanation of Dan was so late turning against the war: ing been in Vietnam, he didn't get a chanc see the horror of the war on TV until the s mer of 1967.

JUROR #12, WILFRED BALTODANO, had a h time looking Ellsberg's way. The defe grew worried about him, since he was one ju they were counting on. At twenty-four, Ba dano was the youngest of the jurors as wel the only one to have served in Vietnam. came back 40 percent disabled, the lone vivor of an accident in which thirteen memb of his Marine platoon were killed. Once rec ered from his injuries, he became a bazoo flame-thrower, and recoilless-rifle instructo Camp Pendleton and spent a few evenings cr ing around Los Angeles in search of hippie protesters—"We duked a couple of 'em pr good," he recalled after the trial. By the t the Pentagon Papers were released in the pr Baltodano was out of the Marines and changed enough in his views to feel some miration for Ellsberg's courage. But it was ting through the trial that fired him with the dignation he feels today. "The underhand ness of our government!" he says. "And we got 'In God We Trust' stamped on our co I'd get this sick feeling at the trial. I'd h these things said and think that a lot of g men were gone. When I think about what I taught in the Marines, the indoctrination, that killing!"

The somber effect of these thoughts mad difficult for Baltodano to feel particular affl tion for the Cassandra-like defendants. He convinced of the truth of what they were sayi so much so that he resented any departure fr what he considered to be a mood of appropri solemnity. For these reasons, Baltodano thoroughly disgusted when he thought he Ellsberg wink at him. John Kenneth Galbra had just taken the stand, and to Baltodano (w had described himself during the *voir dire* as oil refinery worker who hoped to get an econo

he stuff he's lasting out of ould turn into a ickle jar overnight.



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Glass. It's a natural.

ics degree in night school), John Kenneth Galbraith is a god. "That man possesses so much in his mind that it was really a thrill when he walked past, only a couple of feet away. I guess Ellsberg must have noticed the admiration in my face, and darned if he doesn't wink at me. I didn't like that even a little. And then all that snickering in the crowd, like they knew something you didn't. You'd look out in the audience and there would be Patricia, sitting with a movie star and grinning like a cut cat. It got so I didn't feel like looking anywhere, so I wound up just staring into my lap."

"NO INTELLIGENCE SYSTEM can predict what a government will do if it doesn't know itself."—John Kenneth Galbraith, testifying for the defense at the Pentagon Papers trial

DANIEL ELLSBERG stoutly denies winking.

ALTHOUGH THE DEFENSE CASE lacked a coherent political center, it did present a reassuring spectrum of voices against the war, ranging all the way from Tom Hayden to McGeorge Bundy. The first phase of the defense was a rebuttal of the government's claim that the papers contained information vital to the national defense, an argument carried by a retired rear admiral, a number of diplomats, Rep. Paul McCloskey, and a parade of Camelot survivors who, apart from Bundy, gave the jury little more than some matchless lessons in self-assurance. Morton Halperin (on leave from the Brookings Institution and in court every day as a consultant to the defense) took the stand to sever every strand in the government's case, but he was no success with the jury. Having gone a little Hollywood, he was an image in transition, and the jurors were not yet ready to cope with the idea of an ex-Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs who wore sandals and a shoulder bag.

Midway through the defense case, it became clear that the educational value of the papers was being crushed by the stress on their insignificance to the national defense. Argument raged between the polarized factions, with Ellsberg's advisers wanting to leave well enough alone and Russo at his hottest wanting to call everyone from Lyndon Johnson to Angela Davis. It was Russo's side that eventually prevailed, and a list of anti-war witnesses was drawn up that began with the mild and humane Howard Zinn, author and professor; the premise here was that if the jury could handle the softly stated radical analysis of Zinn, the defense could then risk calling Hayden, Noam Chomsky, and others. As it turned out, Zinn, Chomsky, and Donald Luce, the free-lance writer who s years ago came up with the story of the cages" in which the political enemies of S were kept, were among the witnesses who impressed the jury, and they gave the tr only deeply felt encounters with the grave sons of the war. Russo was vindicated b turn the trial took, and while Zinn was o stand, he wrote him a poem that caugh spirit of the hour:

Fly face on.
Pan American wounds,
Wounded heart,
Wounded Knee,
Right the Arm of Lady
Liberty.

ELLSBERG WAS DISTRESSED AT REPORT he had opposed calling Zinn and Cho pointing out that they were "two of my friends." Russo, Halperin, and Harry R formerly the president of RAND, were also friends, but they were arrayed so differen the dynamics of the trial that I was led t Ellsberg how the release of the papers ha fected his friendships:

"I didn't call anybody for a year afte papers came out. I deliberately avoided it not to lead the FBI to anyone, not to emb anyone, so that everyone could tell the FB hadn't heard from me. All the people from from the DOD, from Vietnam, no one cal all. I never got a letter, never got a call. of the old friendships survived.

"There were a number of reasons for The fear of implication was sufficient for people who were holding a clearance, and ly everyone who had been my friend h clearance. Second, some of them probabl thought, 'I'll put it off for a while,' withou essarily being unfriendly. They preferred to be a hiatus of a couple of years in our fi ship. One or two said that—'I'll talk to when this is over.' I said, 'That may be tw five years.' But they were willing to take chances. And then a third group, not smal very angry at me because of what they th I had done to RAND. I had jeopardized r jeopardized their jobs. If I wanted to sen to someone who really knows me best, I' Harry Rowen, but such a person as Harry sees me through such a screen of anger th would not be motivated, let's say, to look a objectively. So it would be kind of hard to out about me from old friends. The people I'm on quite friendly terms with now known me only recently. Four years ago, I w have said there are a lot of people who r have the basis of a good interpretation of but now it would be hard to come by anyon Patricia."

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Barry Farrell

THE ELLSBERG MYSTIQUE

Pseudonyms

IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE TRIAL, Paul Krassner, the editor of *The Realist*, told me a sad story about Ellsberg. A friend of Krassner's who thought he had met Ellsberg at an orgy went to a rally where he was speaking to see if his hunch was right. Sure enough, when Ellsberg appeared onstage, it was obvious that the person he knew as Don Hunter was really Dan Ellsberg. When the rally ended, Krassner's friend pushed through the crowd to shake Ellsberg's hand and tell him how proud he was to have known him. Ellsberg was horror-stricken and asked Krassner's friend to forget about Don Hunter. Krassner's friend went home crestfallen, having believed that all forms of liberation were the same.

THE USE OF THE PSEUDONYM? Obvious reasons. Going to a nudist camp, working for RAND, having a security clearance. RAND wouldn't have been too pleased. I didn't know most of the people on those scenes, and I didn't know what they were into or what their backgrounds were, and I just didn't want my real name to be found in their address books. If they were to get in trouble one way or another, it seemed a prudent thing for me to do. I still would do it. A lot of those people were into group sex, and nobody was quite clear as to what the legal status of group sex was. They thought it was legal, but they weren't 100 percent sure.

'Don Hunter' was a name that had a genealogy related to a pseudonym that was used on the Harvard *Advocate*, 'Andrew Hunt.' Anybody who wanted to write an anonymous letter would sign it 'Andrew Hunt.' I used that name for awhile, in fact, but then I thought, well, I shouldn't appropriate it for these purposes, so I modified it to 'Don Hunter.'

"It was really a rather short period when I was into all that. The summer of '68, and it was not a period of very great liberation. I was a bachelor, and I'd always been very uninhibited about sex, but hadn't had a chance to express that during my marriage. I told my father early on, the first time I talked to him after the papers came out, that there would be a lot of stuff like this coming out. We were braced for it. We knew they were collecting it. But what does it come down to? So what? There's nothing extraordinary about it. You want to go to an orgy? Answer an ad in the *Free Press*. That's what I did. So how much could they do with it? It's tricky stuff for them. They don't go into it casually because it could backfire on them. You'll notice that they never brought out that kind of stuff against Jack Kennedy, or against Ted."

The day of the butterf

THE NOTION THAT THE PENTAGON PA trial was a Hollywood event has been gre overstated. While it is true that the Mod S marshals who sometimes stood watch at door, the occasional appearance of a Roma lanski or a Jane Fonda, and the unavoid fact of a fat lady in a decorated army jacket a green wig, front and center almost every all bespoke the flavors of Los Angeles, the out-and-out movie star to attend the trial any regularity was George Segal. It is true that the Ellsbergs dined at some of most fashionable tables of Beverly Hills Malibu, that one party alone raised $75 for their defense, that all the Beatles except once stood in line to get an autograph Dan. But the actual interplay between the bergs and the locomotives of Hollywood not all that it might have seemed, even to hostesses. One possible explanation for the rency of this myth is that Dan would usuall a tremendous amount of talking when dining touching with apparently equal fervor o parts of his crowded life and mind, often n ly assuming that some code of social *on* applied, that everyone had a clearance, were. The result was that one dinner with actual Ellsbergs was good for at least a half en others with the phantom Ellsbergs, w company everyone found delightful.

LATE IN THE TRIAL, Russo began bringi book to court every day. It was a thick in a bright red jacket, a book called *The S Team*. Russo would place it faceup on th fense table as though planning to introdu as an exhibit, pleasantly aware that three c down sat Daniel Ellsberg, who knew tha book named him as a CIA man.

The thesis of *The Secret Team*, argued some force by L. Fletcher Prouty, a retire Force colonel with a CIA background o own, is that most political events are mani ted by an invisible government of industria scientists, military officers, intellectuals, people from the intelligence community. such event, Prouty says, was the release o Pentagon Papers, which he describes as "a rewrite" of the war from which the activiti the covert side of American intelligence been carefully laundered out. The papers pu best possible face on the performance o CIA during the war, and by making them lic Ellsberg was doing an important servi his secret colleagues, while at the same time viding himself with the best of all possible stories. Russo said it was the only analys Ellsberg that made any sense to him.

sberg called Prouty after the book came
id talked to him for ninety minutes, Los
es to Washington. Ellsberg says that Prouty
l to take out any damaging references to
1 the book's next edition. Prouty says he
l only to delete one direct statement that
rg was a former employee of the CIA, but
is argument as to his connections with the
y remains intact. Ellsberg says he would
prised to learn that the special intelligence
he was part of in Vietnam was a CIA
but then "who could be amazed at this
" Prouty says that Ellsberg is significant-
zy on the details of who paid his ex-
s while he was in Vietnam. Ellsberg says
ou used to be able to get a weapon from
IA armory, but that was about it.

Gaps and chasms

HEN GEN. ALEXANDER HAIG showed up late
n the trial to offer rebuttal testimony so
table and harmless that one could only
e that it was the glory of his medals and
ie of his eye with which the government
to impress the jury, Ellsberg shook his
ind recalled to reporters that he had dined
Haig at San Clemente in December 1968.
meanwhile, raced after Haig's departing
waving a copy of a radical digest of the
gon Papers and shouting, "Hey, general!
idal warrior! Don't you want to learn
the credibility gap?" Observing Russo
past an unsmiling Ellsberg in his effort to
up with Haig, someone hit upon a title
book about the trial: *Abbott and Costello
he Wolfman.*

HEN AT LAST THE TRIAL was caught in the
ndertow of Watergate, those who had the
inate privilege of being in court found it
lt to keep each day's fresh outrage from
ig their impression of all that had gone
. The defense was beset with luxurious
ms, for now with the case just days away
ie jury, the prospect of a dismissal began
inevitable. Once again the defense attor-
ound themselves beleaguered by the two
ants as well as by an uninhibited and
vocal staff of law researchers and office
s, whose steady attention to the politics
case had given them an undeniable voice.
Ellsberg's side was inclined to go for the
sal (the collaborationist position), Russo
l on taking the case through to the jury
wer to the people). But now Russo found
isolated, with Ellsberg seizing the moral
age attendant upon the 115 years. Wein-
would tell his client, "We're just the tail
dog"; then, escalating the pressure, he would invoke the powerful image of the Vietnamese: "Tony, if the Vietnamese were offered a dismissal, they'd take it."

Russo writhed with anger: "Whenever we get down to cases, Ellsberg says, 'Have you thought what this could do to me?' I refuse to be cast in the role of the one who decides Dan Ellsberg's future. I'm just trying to get my own shit together. It's the courts, the Establishment, that Dan has to deal with. It ain't me. I know that things are difficult during a trial, but I would have been perfectly within my rights had I never said anything to Dan, just gotten myself a movement lawyer and told him at the beginning, 'Look, this guy Ellsberg's weird, he's hard to deal with, hard to talk to, so fuck him.' Instead, I did my utmost to be cooperative. I tried not to freak Dan out. And if things didn't go right, let's look at the relationships between people, the dichotomies between fan clubs and factions, and that way you can figure it out. I would say that there's a yawning chasm separating the two sides, and I would say that the chasm came about because of the ruling class split. It was analogous to an earthquake, and one of the faults ran right down the hall of the RAND Corporation. I managed to escape it and hang onto one side, whereas Dan fell into the hole. He could emerge. Let me know when he emerges. But to tell you the truth, I really don't want to ever see him again."

A SHORT TIME AFTER THE TRIAL, fifteen of the jurors met to discuss the case in a day-long seminar at UCLA, which was recorded on videotape. All present felt sorely deprived of a chance to express themselves in the jury room, and they were at some odds with a system of justice that would lead them such a long way into the depths of war and injustice, only to expel them with thanks but no regrets, as though their opinions hadn't mattered. At the end of the day, they voted as they would have had the case not been dismissed. Applying the prosecution's suggested instructions (which were preposterous), they voted 15-0 to acquit on the conspiracy and espionage charges, and 8-7 to convict on theft. With the defense instructions, it was 15-0 to acquit on all charges.

The Ellsbergs attended a screening of the tape a month or so later and were enthralled with what the jurors had to say about the government and the war. Several jurors expressed some uncertainty in their estimate of Ellsberg, but none was as dubious as Baltodano, who observed that Ellsberg had drawn "an awful lot of light on himself" and that "only time will tell us what kind of man he really is." Riding home afterwards, Ellsberg was disturbed by just one thing—Baltodano's failure to acknowledge him as a fellow Marine. □

"Dan [illegible] a cover story. He's so deep into the secrecy system that he can't reveal to himself who he is. It's classified."

VERSE: SYMPATHY FOR THE MONSTER

SOME BLOODY LINES FOR BELA LUGOSI
by Sanford Pinsker

At one time you flapped through all my nightmares
With an accent heavy as pancake makeup
And teeth that could not know about decay.
We stuck to our seats like chewing gum,
Wondering if Transylvania was near *our* town.
One by one you chewed up the opposition.
Only the cross and silver stake did you in.
At the end, morning stretched out forever
And the nightly threat of Dracula was over.
After that you played at self-parody:
Meeting Abbott and Costello in slapstick,
Occasionally spooking the Dead End Kids.
But sinking your teeth into life was tougher.
Supermarkets invited you for openings.
Kids giggled at the ballooning cape
And asked their mothers who you were.
The age no longer believed in magic.
Even when you wrapped a vampire's mantle
Around yourself and settled into sleep—
Dreaming of veins as yet untapped
And the horrors that await when you awake.

KONG LIVES
by Ralph Hunt

Not first to learn you can't monkey around
With Property or be larger than life
But all is not lost. A hoary doctor
Recent of grotesque experiment fame
Tractors the carcass from a city dump
And wiring it to neon-burped machines
Performs what Is Best Left Unknown to Man
And Kong stirs, and is reconstituted
Quickly to man size to avoid trouble
Bleached white, taught conjunctions and rightly clothed
[illegible] lives, suburban with the blond woman
[illegible], and now the subway picks *him* up
[illegible]ing beneath the Empire State
[illegible] block staring upward, something
[illegible]is recently dimmed brain something is
Missing.

FRANKENSTEIN
by Leonard Wolf

Nothing ever happens in Karlstadt
Except the doctor in the frock coat
Taking advantage of a summer
Storm.

He wheels the trolley out
On which there lie
The lumps and squares of meat
He's stitched

Together with a cripple's help
Into the Monster
Which, this Saturday,
We see.

The dimwit creature, meat,
Made man by lightning moves
Along the trail of its
Own innocence

To bruise among brutalities
The doctor did not mean
To sew into the patterns
Of its brain.

Mistake upon mistake, until
The end, before a mob
That hates ambition
With a fire

Whose blossoming the Monster
Meets with courtesy as if
That was the hot bright thing
To learn.

snowbird



Snowbird just keeps getting more and
ore famous. And the skiing just keeps getting
etter and better.
Great color articles appeared in national mag-
ines. Jaded ski writers came, were amazed at the
onderfulness, and then wrote rave reviews.
But that was last year. Last year Snowbird was hot.
his year it's magic. New lodges have sprung up, new
aces to go, new shops, new runs, and the slopes are
eing manicured so that no matter how well you ski,
ou can ski Snowbird.
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James Cameron

JOURNAL OF A TRIP TO LIMBO

Simple faith and English blood





THEY CELEBRATED MY THREESCORE YEARS (giving me a decade's edge on the prophet's allotted span) by sawing through my breastbone, spreading out my carcass in somewhat the manner of a smoked fish, sealing off my vital functions, and doing rather a super-Watergate job on the chambers of my heart—in short, causing me technically and temporarily to die so that (as they say on war memorials) others could live. The others, to be sure, included myself, because I do not consider the individual who emerged in the evening gasping and blubbering from this odd experience as quite the same one who was wheeled upstairs that morning and who, as seems evident, did live.

This was in fact a matter of some surprise to all concerned. Major open-heart surgery on middle-aged and slightly shopworn journalists is unusual even in these days, and the operating staff had very reasonably and intelligently suggested that the chances were about three-to-one against. This was curiously reassuring, insofar as I needed reassurance; by this time I had few emotions about it one way or the other.

James Cameron is a longtime journalist and foreign correspondent. He has written several books, including his autobiographical Point of Departure. The accident described here took place during the Bengali troubles that resulted in the birth of Bangladesh.

Seven million and one

HOW MUCH OF THE HEART EMERGENCY was brought about by the Jeep-smash in India was never exactly determined. The accident is a necessary flashback: a small drama in the midst of a big one.

By the time I got up to the East Bengal b (it was not yet Bangladesh, though very ne the stream of refugees had already beco river, a flood. Six or seven million had alr crossed over, and still they came, about se thousand a day, an endless, beaten, ragged, niless, plodding column, drained of everyt but the flagging compulsion to move, to stay the herd.

It seemed to me I had been so often before, twenty-five years of it—India, Paki France, Germany, Poland, Palestine, alway refugees, and now India again; it was li film on a long lifeless loop.

This was by far the worst of all. The soon had broken, the rain fell solid and pit the trail over the unmarked border w swamp; here and there a baby lay dro and abandoned in a puddle.

"This bloody Bengal monsoon," said the onel, "When it fails, they starve. When it co they drown. Peculiar system."

When the head of the column reached makeshift reception center it shuffled in thr the quagmire without comment; fatigue long overcome relief. Desperate and emba Indian clerks wrestled with registrations, r cards; weary medical orderlies needled in vaccine. No registration and no inocul meant no food; those who had not eaten three days might well wait another two. All I was to see again and again in my dru dreams.

how I had to get back to Calcutta, and transport was twenty miles away in the cted zone. The colonel obligingly offered t in the Army Jeep; we raced off through ıge past the still-advancing column of d Bengali refugees.

alked in a desultory way about the im- ity of the situation. Where were these o go? How were they to be sustained? as the nature of the outrage that had hem to panic and to flight? "The prob- clearly insoluble," the colonel was say- he truck appeared ahead driving towards ew even then that at our silly speed on ıid mud there was no hope of avoiding ıut driving through the refugees. We hit g head-on.

the explosion I sat quietly in the broken the wreck as though I had been sitting rever. In any case, I could not move the weight of the soldiers on either side The driver on my left was clearly dead; nel on my other side seemed nearly so; re big men and they lolled against me, blood into my lap. The colonel's face ask of fantasy; he had been scalped, and as his wound soaked him scarlet the ashed over him; the broken Jeep stood pool that turned pink and drained away mud.

a while I dragged myself from between nel and the *subahdar*, but I could not ıd was obliged to sit against the wheel udge. The refugees trudged around me, d and abstracted, carrying on their ıeir very old and their very young, an- ed by exhaustion and despair. Some of anced without expression or wonder at ris, but they did not pause nor question small personal disaster was of no con- e to them now. Some of the passengers e stranded truck had climbed out and ouped around the wreck with the mute s Indian stare, doing nothing.

ıd by a police car came by and took us shnanagar, and from there another lift- ıe ninety miles back to Calcutta. It was road and the pain was very bad. I had ken legs and a chipped spine and some ɔn my chest wall had cracked the ribs ıe side. At least, that was all I thought

y something had to be done, but it an unpropitious time, to say the least, nother burden, however trifling, on the health services, by now wrestling with eal cholera threat. Moreover, I loathe ıd Calcutta at any time and for twenty- s have had a horror of being ill there. I elf splinted up in a do-it-yourself, sticky- y, to see if I could make it back to Lon- my own.

Just as the flight of the bumblebee is said to be aerodynamically impossible, so was this long, blundering hobble to the airport later described as orthopedically preposterous. However, it came to pass, evidently; how else could I have found myself next night being borne by ambulance in passing good spirits to Fulham Hospital, where the bones were disposed in more professional and orderly casts? I was home and happy; that was the prologue.

Some time later my heart began to fire on three cylinders, then two, then one. It was an eerie sensation, like drowning in a dream. Events slid out of my control.

THE DOCTORS WERE PEEVISH ABOUT IT amongst themselves; as they dripped isoprenaline into me they debated whether this now-obvious aortic stenosis of mine had anything to do with the accident and the wallop on the rib cage. It seemed unlikely; more probably the trauma had merely revealed a cardiac defect many years old of which I had been ignorant, or unwilling to accept because of the erratic and rather obsessive nature of my life. In any event the question seemed a bit academic by now, since the indications were immediate surgery with an aortic valve replacement and the implantation of an electric pacemaker, and what did I think about that?

What I thought about it was a pretty automatic response: over my dead body would they slice me up. They replied impatiently that slicing up over dead bodies was a notorious waste of time—however, said they, if you argue much longer that is just what will happen, so we will ask your wife.

It is easy to be facetious in retrospect. My feelings were so complex, yet my perceptions so blurred, that I gladly surrendered all initiative, lying there with electrodes wired to the cardiac monitor bleeping gently away with its jumpy little graph on the screen, every peak marking off another three-quarters of a second of available life. Whenever I winced, the machine responded; it was like having one's own television show.

Somehow the scene changed to Heart Hospital. Someone came along and pulled out every one of my teeth.

The shock of this penetrated my woozy sedation; this I had not expected. I protested through a mouthful of stitches like a wire fence.

"I'm sorry, but it's a long and difficult operation; you are a man of a certain age; possible infection of the dental roots . . . The teeth were lousy anyhow."

It seemed petulant to complain, with the big act closing in. Ordinarily I would have been frightened to death. Indeed I imagine I *was* frightened to death—and yet that is the wrong

"How can a heart be full of love? The heart is a simple pump, shoving round two thousand gallons of blood a day. Mine is a broken and contrite pump."

Jame[illegible]
Cameron
JOURNAL
OF
THE
TWO
WORLDS

[illegible]s, too. I think I could honestly say that I [illegible]ad never been afraid of death; the consolation [illegible]f the unbeliever is that he cannot be intimidated by oblivion. But dying, now—that was a different matter. I was somewhat scared of dying, because I am marginally a coward and always distrust myself in a situation of pain. I was uneasy about the indignities of dying, having seen it happen to so many people abruptly and clumsily, the humiliation that is the really dirty trick of death. However, I didn't see that presenting much of a personal problem after I left the ward.

My wife—through those baffling drugged days whenever I surfaced into reality she seemed to be there, like some glowing exotic intrusion into all that white and chromium. (My wife is Indian, and her saris grew more iridescent every day.) Then came the minor fantasy of the blood. The operation, it seemed, required copious fresh blood for transfusion, and my group appears to be uncommon—except, oddly, among Asians. They tested my wife, and hers matched. In my bemused sentimental state this moved me greatly; it seemed of ritual importance—one pint out of twenty; I urged them to keep my wife's pint till the last so that I would have it at the end, going round forever in my heart.

"Really, you overdo this romantic symbolism, Mr. Cameron. The heart is a hollow muscle, a pump . . ."

But of course, doctor; we must abandon these concepts. People do not love one another with all their hearts. Their hearts are neither warm nor cold. The thing is no more central to our physiology than the bum or the bladder. How can a heart be full of love? The heart is a hollow muscle of remarkable strength, a simple pump, shoving round two thousand gallons of blood a day. Mine is a broken and a contrite pump; allow me to wear my pump upon my sleeve, doctor. Blessed are the pure in pump: for they shall see God. But they won't see Surgeon Gomez.

Nor the catheter. Two holes in the ankles, two holes in the elbows, and into them the long sinuous enquiring rubber lines, worming their way through the blood vessels while the surgical table rocks from side to side, imperceptibly until—ah! ah!—they reach the chambers of the heart. The flexible spies, the scouts, prospecting the battlefield for the knife to come. That cannot be worse than this.

A feeling of idleness, complicity, fatalism, fear. It is happening to someone else; it always [illegible]ns to someone else. Presumably I *am* [illegible]neone else. This morning, imagine, there was [illegible]ent pious patient across the ward; a priest [illegible] in and set up his bed table with a couple [illegible] and a book and heard his confes- [illegible]d there myself, in the middle of all this, [illegible]o piss into my bottle. I meant no offence, but the diuretic pills don't give yo chance; when you've got to go you've go go, even in the middle of a Hail Mary. Nob noticed anyway.

FROM THEN ON THE DREAMS BEGAN. We mc into paradox. I think that on the last a noon we talked it over with the surgical shots—amicably, frankly, even humorously wrote some letters, incomprehensibly. N became morning. The day dissolved. One n little shot of needle, one among many. I denly thought, I am 20,000 words behind sc ule on my book, and slid into limbo.

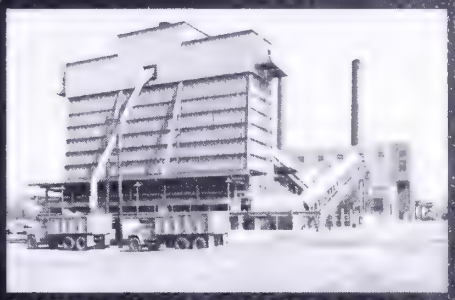
I had not expected to see my father u that place—or, rather, hear him; it was har determine where he was. He had always an elusive man, even when he was alive, he had meant a great deal to me, and it see important to tell him that, if I could just suade him that he had died thirty years ago had always been so kind to me; it seemed s how inconsiderate. He seemed perplexe knowing that I was now some five years than he. Was I then also dead? he reasc but I could not be sure; the cold was so int and penetrating, which was hard to reco with the steaming downpour of the Be monsoon rain and the endless tramp of the ugees. My father's querulous demands momentarily lost in the monotonous cou of some Indian official: Six million three dred and ninety-one thousand four hundre one, six million three hundred and ninet thousand four hundred and two . . .

My father was mildly insistent; he had before the days of refugees. Also befor days of miracles. Father, they are doing ordinary things to me; they are sawing th my breastbone and bending me open clamps so that . . . My dear boy, what de ology is this? Father, the idea is they ar ing my life. Kind hearts are more than co ries. But I am too cold to talk, to think, t Listen to the surgeon. . . .

". . . from now the cardiac and respir functions are arrested, circulation and brea now assumed by the heart-lung machine. is to say, the heart and the lungs are byp and their operations taken over, as you by the apparatus through which compa colder blood is circulated. I remind you heart-exchange system is now markedly ing body temperature, since the colder t sues become the less oxygen is requir maintain the life of a cell—and, of cours life of a patient. We are, in effect, refrige him. The patient is technically in a fo suspended animation while we proceed w mechanical surgery of the implantation might call this the critical part. . . ."



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*St. Louis Solid Waste Demonstration Project is funded and operated by U.S. Environmental Protection Agency, City of St. Louis, Union Electric Company, and American Iron and Steel Institute.

James Cameron

JOURNAL OF A TRIP TO LIMBO

Six million three hundred and ninety-one thousand four hundred and twelve, six million three hundred and ninety-one thousand four hundred and thirteen . . . Inoculations on the right, ration cards later. . . . Nobody will ever believe me. That seven millionth statistic will be an anonymous dead baby drifting down the canal. But of course, sir. When has it not been? —What then am I? Six million three hundred and ninety-one thousand five hundred and ten . . .

Many thanks for the lift, colonel. Not at all, sir. Most welcome. These are difficult times. What a terrible road in this rain, like a skidpan —should we be going so fast? Wouldn't want to be handling that truck coming at us. No, driver! We'll never make it. . . .

The shock of the collision—still repeated almost nightly in my dreams—sent my father spinning back to limbo, and me late that night blundering back to life in the recovery room fighting the beat of the respirator with its ruthless rhythm: in, gasp, out, gasp. But *cogito, ergo sum*—I think, therefore I am; that is something. A great butterfly appeared for a moment at the edge of my field of vision—my wife: I had no means of communication when of all times I wanted it most. She vanished, everybody vanished, and the monsoon rain went on and on.

The business of living

AND THAT, I SUPPOSE, WAS THAT. I was in the hospital a long time. They opened me up, they spread me out, they put in my artificial plastic valve and my electric pacemaker, they closed me up with steel pins and silver wires. I am like a Japanese toy, held together by rivets and activated by a battery. To begin with, it was very strange.

Anyone who has had his sternum sawed open and his vascular system re-bored will not have to be told that it is not fun. For the first weeks I reflected that I was alive, and every day when my wife came by I knew the nature of the resurrection. It cannot be denied, however, that for a while it hurt worse than hell, and I wept with self-pity quite a lot when alone because, old as I was, I was unused to captivity, and this was a singularly penetrating pain. I did not really understand then how much more desolating this sort of thing is for one's family than for oneself. When I did, I gave up howling; this was very therapeutic.

There was the parenthetic complication of my legs. To appreciate the odd demarcation lines of doctors one should have cardiac surgery halfway through orthopedic treatment. Heart surgeons are skilled and gentle people, but when it comes to anything below the navel they become testy and vague. I became diff at mentioning that my bones were busted. In the end my legs seem to have got bett their own, having given up the competitio sympathy.

Today I am a mended man. For a brie ment I went through the valley of the sha as many a better man has done, and at th of the tunnel I found everything there muc same as before. I am a bit lame, but that is ly my legs being resentful. I do not gamb stairs. The pacemaker attends to its bu and provides proof of its usefulness some s ty-odd times a minute; only at moments c patience do I feel that I am slightly pre with a can of soup. The plastic valve (a witty surgeon points out) is the youngest of my body and quite the most durable curious ticking noise it makes in the ni furthermore a kind of moral guarantee, anyone unfamiliar with this ticking is liab spring from the bed crying: "For God's what's that noise?" "It's the IRA! We'v four minutes before you go off!" Such jokes are the measure of recovery.

I am working now as hard as ever. No is an exaggeration, but nearly as hard. I writer by trade, and most of my life I foreign journalist, spending years in cea travel about the planet, usually at the tim its more spectacular tribulations. This longer do. I was intending in any case to around less, and now I have a foolproof e I am uncommonly fortunate in being a earn a living sitting on my backside—no haps as ample a living, but more easily. a wife who gave me not only her life's but my life's hope.

I regularly attend an Anti-Coagulation where one makes friends rather as one the old London wartime fish queues: strangers with a common purpose. I eat day some six or seven milligrams of War which is poison to rats but good for me this I must remember to do for the rest life. Instead of smoking eighty cigarettes I now smoke none. (This has been an or discipline, I am obliged to admit, and I about it immoderately.)

I continue to drink whisky, as I am al to, though markedly less than before, and time, too. I take shameless advantage of n cumstances by letting my family and frien things for me that I could perfectly well myself.

I have never met my father since. Not refugees.

I have learned that the human frame most infinitely resilient, even at its mos nerable. And—the most thundering clic have learned the really priceless value of and that was the greatest discovery of all

VERSE

THIS
by Peter Cooley

Summer is over. It puts its face
to the window, saying touch me
touch me not, then running
into the morning, a first frost
grass is praying out like beads.

All day it wanders in false skirts,
priests like women are clouds
we lower our eyes to, their whites
making all our gestures a haze.

Over. A rain at the window,
its sharp breath knocking or silver
ringing where it is faceless,
a prayer wheel turning the night
which lifts up a cup of the stars.

My mouth comes down on this hard,
black wafer, the first black snow.

A RECOGNITION
by Mark Rudman

There is no end
to being
delivered

midwife
to the self
we play the other

calmly we watch
the dock
sinking

not noticing
who is sitting
on it

and as our nostrils
fill with water
we think

Damn
I should have
known

who else
could it
have been

DARK
by Philip Booth

This is the pure time.
Nobody but me is awake.
Not in this house. Nobody
anywhere that I know.

But everyone I imagine:
A nurse in mid-shift, over coffee,
telling her probie to keep
a good eye on 514.

A hundred miles due north
of this house, a switchman
shoveling freight yard drifts,
his torch waiting for trains.
The gulls on Jake's Wharf,
still folded in sleep, dreaming
as far as gulls dream: of
the new town dump. One old squaw,
a black duck with both eyes open,
already woken in the back cove.

I've only begun to see how
I feel, to believe who I am,
to trust what I know.

It's time.

Exactly six months from now,
to the moment, the sun will just
have come up through this window.



John Diele

COMMENTARY

On lead poisoning, invasion of privacy, and progress in the Green Forest

THE HIDDEN POISON

It has been estimated that there are about 400,000 lead poisonings a year, 200 of which are fatal. Most of these poisonings are said to occur in children who eat flakes of old paint there is evidence that even a small single dose of lead could dramatically increase the severity of a mild infection in a small child or infant—but all of us are accumulating higher levels of lead in our bodies from a combination of sources. Lead from car exhausts is a principal source, particularly for those who live, work, or play in an area of heavy traffic. It is even more of a hazard for people living in cities with lead-related industries. Another source is from lead residues found in meat and on certain fruits and vegetables. Finally, a rather uncommon source, but one with which I am all too familiar, is improperly glazed pottery.

In 1966 I bought a highly glazed, earthenware casserole dish in a Mexican border town for $.75. As a result of using this bowl occasionally during the next four years, my husband and I suffered severe lead poisoning in the fall of 1970. In November of that year my husband happened to bring home from the University of Nebraska a Health Services Newsletter that contained a warning issued by the Food and Drug Administration. It stated that continued use of some Mexican pottery or earthenware for food purposes could result in severe illness through lead poisoning. Unless the pottery is fired long enough, at sufficiently high temperatures, and unless it is compounded properly, the glaze fails to seal and under certain circumstances lead can be leached into the food.

After reading the warning I talked to a member of the Division of Environmental Health at the University Health Services. I told him how long we had been using the casserole dish and that about two weeks before we had used it for lasagna one evening, refrigerated the leftover lasagna in the bowl that night, and reheated it the next day. I asked him if the headaches, stomach cramps, and fatigue that I had experienced following those meals could be symptoms of lead poisoning. He assured me that they could and arranged to have the dish tested for lead content by the State Health Office.

The Director of Laboratories for the State Department of Health reported the next day that the bowl contained a very high concentration of lead and that lasagna and other acidic foods would have drawn the lead out of the glaze and into our food. I was pregnant at this time, so I immediately called my obstetrician, who set up an appointment for me with a hematologist. After lead was found in my blood, samples were sent out to establish just how high the lead level was.

The following week we learned that my lead level was dangerously high and that damage to the fetus was certain. Doctors familiar with the case and with lead poisoning agreed that the pregnancy should be terminated. I had severe anemia and did not feel I had the physical strength to carry the baby, let [illegible] the emotional strength to face [illegible] ing a defective child. After the [illegible] tion I was given a series of [illegible] venous treatments to draw ou[illegible] lead.

After I returned home fron[illegible] hospital, my husband and I [illegible] shocked to learn that his lead [illegible] was also critically high. He wa[illegible] mediately admitted to the hospi[illegible] receive two four-day intrave[illegible] treatments. Once our levels were[illegible] low the danger point, we bega[illegible] resume our normal activities.

We felt very lucky that we had[illegible] covered the poisoning in time. [illegible] had ignored the warning I [illegible] there could have been perma[illegible] damage to our organs and to [illegible] central nervous systems and it w[illegible] not have been possible to term[illegible] a pregnancy that could only have[illegible] a tragic result. The experience [illegible] tered some of my illusions abou[illegible] safety of our environment and a[illegible] ened me to the tragedy of lead[illegible] soned children. There is a si[illegible] system for detecting lead poiso[illegible] that is being used in some [illegible] cities for children exposed to [illegible] It should, I think, be used e[illegible] where both to prevent poisoning[illegible] to alert us to the amount of lead[illegible] we are absorbing from va[illegible] sources.

—Linda [illegible]
Lincoln, [illegible]

Linda Yost is a Phi Beta Kappa English graduate of Washington State University and the mother of two sons. Dr. Wallace L. Mealiea, Jr. is director of the Student Counselling and Psychological Services Center at Dalhousie University. Robert F. Baum is a newspaperman and high-school English teacher.

Harper's *welcomes brief contributions from all of its readers who find themselves inspired to passionate statement. Please send entries, including stamped, self-addressed envelope, to "Comm[illegible]ary."*

PANDORA'S ATTACHÉ CASE

Watergate, wiretapping, inva[illegible] of privacy—what do they mea[illegible] the average person? Recently, w[illegible] waiting to have my baggage ins[illegible] ed before a flight to Boston, I ga[illegible] some insight into the personal si[illegible] intrusion. I became aware of a g[illegible] of persons whose privacy is b[illegible]

ed in such a way that their ioning, their very worth as in- uals, may suffer irreparable . I'm speaking of the traveling essman, executive, government l, salesman. A distinct group, much in dress or appearance ecause they carry attaché cases, mbol of status, power, and im- nce.

wonder, with awe, what secrets te or multi-national companies arried within the secure con- of those simulated-alligator vinyl-covered cases that are securely in hand. I found my- coming curious and voyeuristic ese cases were opened for in- on by disdaining, callous . The indecency of it! There, l to see, lie thirty-seven pieces dividually wrapped soap and a y of ashtrays and hotel towels; of pajamas with an audacious n of red hearts and cupids; a orn copy of *Playboy* whose are curled and crinkled from nt fondling; bicarbonate of Excedrin, and various and y nostrums for the pains and c difficulties men of such status endure. And deep within the omeration of underwear and pa- , among the non-wrinkle, per- nt-press shirts and double-knit lies a brief business report, a of an office memo, an itinerary stomers to visit.

e sudden realization that these ificent cases are used for such and mundane artifacts makes and back and look at these men a sense of embarrassment and thy. They are ordinary folk who in the morning and stand in attempting to get along like the f us. Something is lost in this ion—in the self-confidence of taché-case carriers; and also in lookers who observe such vio- s and are confronted with their vulnerability.

—Wallace L. Mealiea, Jr.
Halifax, Nova Scotia

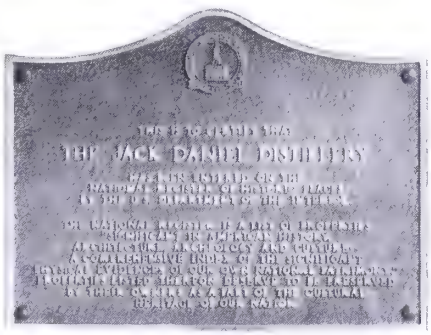
PORT ON THE ILING POOL SET

le browsing through a book- a few weeks ago, I was startled d several little volumes promi- displayed— the *Bedtime Sto-* f Thornton W. Burgess.



WHEN the Federal Government named Jack Daniel's Distillery a National Historic Place, we knew right where to put the plaque.

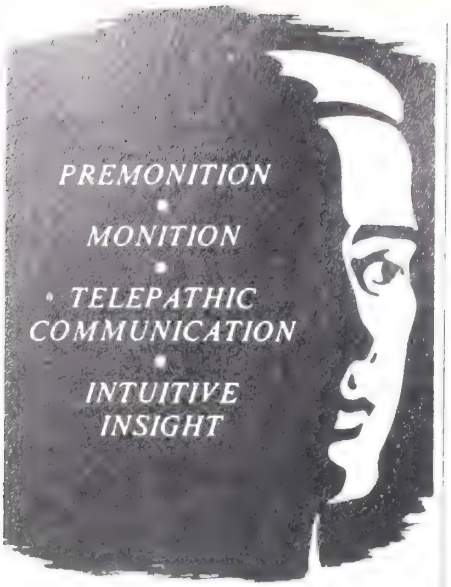
Mr. Jack Daniel would have been awfully proud to hear his Distillery called a "significant place in American history and culture." (You see, he died long before his whiskey achieved much national recognition.) So we put this official plaque on the old office he built in 1866 and worked in till his death. Now, we know the government intended the citation for Jack Daniel's *distillery*. But as far as we're concerned, the credit still goes to Mr. Jack.





CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee
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Do you remember them? And if you don't, how did you ever miss them? From 1910 to 1960, the *Bedtime Stories* appeared syndicated in newspapers, in magazines, and in a series of best-selling children's books. By the time Mr. Burgess retired Peter Rabbit and Reddy Fox in 1960, he had written 15,000 short stories on the doings of animal folk in the Green Forest, the Green Meadows, the Old Pasture, and the Smiling Pool.

Ah! Now you remember! Who could forget Peter and Reddy and, for that matter, Jimmy Skunk, Jerry Muskrat, Bobby Coon, and Happy Jack Squirrel. They lived in a world of sylvan beauty, frisking under round Old Mr. Sun, letting the Merry Little Breezes sent by Old Mother West Wind cool them. The predators among them, Reddy Fox and Old Man Coyote, never quite got to devour Peter Rabbit; but children—half a century's worth—devoured the books.

"So, the stories are still going strong," I thought to myself. Of course, I realized that Mr. Burgess had died in 1965 at the age of ninety-one and that the books were all reruns. In fact, since Burgess had stopped writing years before his death, the world has had no new word on the Green Forest folk for a dozen years or so. I wondered if . . .

With zeal I rushed home to pack my bags. I would make the trek to the Green Forest, the Green Meadows, the Smiling Pool, and bring back news of Mother Nature's favorites!

It wasn't easy! How the place has changed! After three weeks of searching, I was about to admit failure. Then, as I was walking down a lane of what was once the Green Forest, out of the corner of my eye, I saw someone run liperty-liperty-lip!

Now, no one in fiction, life, or the fifth dimension runs "liperty-liperty-lip" except—my heart skipped a beat! The little creature by-passed a barbecue pit, circled an above-ground swimming pool, and disappeared into a small clump of chokeberry and witch hazel bushes. I followed, crying, "Peter! Peter Rabbit! Wait a minute!"

His eyes are going bad. It took some time for him to recognize me. But when I told him my errand, his old eyes twinkled. "Ho, ho, ho" he said merrily, "that is very funny. Ho, ho, ho. You want me to tell yo story! Don't you know that I an ways the one who asks for a st Ho, ho, ho!"

Then he sighed.

He himself was doing very Peter assured me with a slightly low heartiness. He was, as I c see, residing at the rear of a qua acre lot, along with his family. S ing the lot were four Big Peop ranch-style People home, a s ming pool, a barbecue pit, a set, a revolving clothesline, an sandbox.

Peter said that the Green Fo was now made up of hundred these quarter-acre lots, each very ilar to his own. "It is very nice I I am very happy," said Peter, voice breaking.

He added that the Green Fo was now called Moose Hill Est although Peter said he had n seen a Moose there, even in the forest days. Still, Peter expresse contentment. Here and there, thro oversight or sloth, the developer left a tree or two standing. Man the Big People grew small patche lettuce and tomatoes. It was nic

Others, though, were not as lu and some had left for Green Past in the sky.

Grandfather Frog, the master ryteller who said "Chug-a-rum!" gobbled up Foolish Fat Flies, the first to go. This, Peter intima was not surprising considering age. He added, however, that he Grandfather Frog died "bro hearted." For, following an in wetlands preservation act hear the Smiling Pool was filled in construction of 315 condomin units by Gerald Bilt, Inc. of Ski apolis, New York. While there w as many Foolish Fat Flies around condominiums as there were aro the pool, Frogs do not live by alone, and Grandfather soon expi

Jimmy Skunk, Peter told me, also among the departed. Jim while attempting to cross Inters 57, was flattened by a truck ca ing disposable diapers to Provide Rhode Island.

Danny Meadow Mouse met a rible fate. Danny was trapped u a steamroller that was laying the crete for Joe's Discount Fill 'em Gasoline Station. Danny's family caped to another part of the G Meadows. Recently, for unknown sons, Joe has abandoned the stat

ROBERT J MYERS

the tragedy of RICHARD II



trageous fabrication of the of the Rose Garden. My ys, along with those of Shakespeare, will see you rt.

r Gold, *Former Press Secretary to Vice President Agnew*

hing had to come out of gate that I could enjoy and Tragedy of Richard II"

Osborne, *Noted Nixon Watcher*

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and Danny's descendants—Dora and Dick with their eldest son David and the twins, Dirk and Donna—have tentatively moved back. They are not sure when Joe will return, but meanwhile chickweed and tansy have begun to grow in cracks in the cement, and the station has become very cozy.

And it's fortunate they returned when they did, for the rest of the Green Meadows has just become the Barcelona Arms, one and two-bedroom apartments, with air conditioning, swimming pools, and security guard. Other former residents of the Meadows fled and found shelter where they could. (Johnny Chuck, for example, lives in the shadow of a large "Keep America Beautiful—Don't Litter!" billboard across from the apartments.)

Reddy Fox, Peter's old enemy, no longer pursues Peter. He now, Peter says, skulks around a Henry's Hot Hamburger franchise. He earns a comfortable living begging for hamburger scraps. According to Reddy, it's amazing how many people these days take him for a small dog. However, he frequently complains of intestinal pains.

Bobby Coon also survives, but Peter said his character has turned bad. He has taken to overturning garbage cans in search of apple cores, banana peels, and the like. Once he finds food he no longer washes it carefully in a nearby pond, as he once did. Bobby claims that washing food in the local water only makes it dirtier; but Peter say this is a paltry excuse designed to hide widening character flaws.

Mother Nature, at first appalled by the changes, grew accustomed to them. She left for Hollywood, where she made a name for herself doing margarine commercials. Rumor says she's under contract for a movie. Peter wrote to her and received an eight-by-ten glossy photograph signed "Yvonne Nature." Although Yvonne refuses to discuss her former ecologist days, her business agent grins broadly; "She realizes that Progress comes first," he tells inquirers.

—Robert F. Baum
Stoughton, Mass.

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SOME DISORDERS OF SELF-ASSERTION

by George P. Elliott

Marilyn. by Norman Mailer. Grosset & Dunlap. $19.95.

THE WAYS OF THE SELF are inexhaustibly various. Therefore, storytelling is here to stay. The ways of the powerful self fascinate us all. Therefore, storytelling is drawn to saints, heroes, and monsters. The modern world, and especially America, snarls the powerful self in ways never known before. Perhaps, therefore, much of our best story material turns into case history, anti-fiction, or trash.

Case history, along with psychohistory and the like, would plug the gaps in us with psychology one-two-three, would explain the dark depths and mysterious turns of the soul; but these are of the essence of story, and without them story solidifies into blank information. Anti-fiction is about people who are ill-connected with or disconnected from each other and the world, and indeed there are many such people; but they are also ill-connected with or disconnected from the reader, which is a problem. Why read about people you can't get near enough to care about one way or another? Stories are about connections, are themselves a connecting of sorts. Since anti-fiction won't connect you with its characters, whom does it connect you with? The storyteller. Hence the highjinks, parody, erudite razzle-dazzle you get from Barth, Barthelme, Pynchon, and Co. Meanwhile, all around us there are narrative marvels and monsters going to waste—or, almost worse, being turned into trash, like Norman Mailer's *Marilyn*.

Trash is what *The Brothers Karamazov* turned into when Hollywood made a movie of it, though the novel suffered no harm because it was already *there* in the world, intact; it still reads as well as it ever did. But maybe a story itself involved with trash, as Marilyn Monroe's was, can be damaged beyond repair if a teller as powerful as Mailer mangles it before it has been told well. That would be a pity, for the story of a gifted, ambitious nobody who became famous by turning herself into gaudy trash at will and who thereby destroyed herself would tell something important about the United States these days. Every good story, like any story which becomes part of popular consciousness, must have a fairy-tale spine. To be potentially great, a story must be exemplary, too, as hers is; she suffered in extreme form that most contemporary of maladies, disorder of self-assertion. And what writer would seem to know more about that than Mailer? Yet, though he tries, he does not transmute her story with understanding. Instead of mastering that disorder in his book, he succumbs to it. Self-knowledge, not more self-consciousness, is what the story might have given and what we need. The sadness would be if Mailer is a sort of anti-alchemist debasing the gold of Marilyn Monroe's story forever.

Obviously a storyteller cannot handle a main character who is utterly alien to him, whose dominant trait he not only lacks in himself but resists. Imagine Jane Austen with Heathcliff on her hands or Hemingway with Charlus on his; Tolstoy admitted he could not imagine the life of an ordinary workingman, and it is not hard to understand why Dostoevsky never got around to writing that novel of a saint he was always promising. The gods gave Marilyn Monroe a self of considerable value: she trashed it. How she trashed it is her story. Can it be done justice to by a writer unless he knows the world of superstars so intimately, is himself so drawn to false fame, that he is deceived by it? Is celebrity a disorder which it is possible to imagine with impunity? Can a writer who has himself contracted it recover sufficiently to give a felt underst of it to us who only wished we it or even to those—there n some—who never wanted it

George P. Elliott is the author of Among the Dangs *and the editor of several poetry and fiction anthologies.*

FOR AN ACTRESS, it's in th cles. For a writer, it's in the

Cosmetics are put on from t side. Maquillage is a skilled and Marilyn Monroe was ex it. But the art of acting is to Other so enter your muscles th stance, your gestures, the expr on your face, your motions, flections of your voice, the ve you breathe, are not just yo so much the Other's too t Other stirs, however faintly, spectator's muscles as well. The whom Marilyn Monroe allowe ter her muscles was that da of self-abuse, the all-America up girl. According to some wh in a position to know—fellow ers, the Strasbergs of the Acto dio, Arthur Miller—she had ent, and it is obvious to anyo has seen some of her movies t had the presence and the energ essary for a true actress to be superb. ("Great" is the c word, but, as Mailer's book strates, it is dangerous to use in the same sentence with "M Monroe," or even in the sam graph.) But by the time she se tried to train that talent, it wa Cleopatra that got into her n but always the blonde gentlem fer. What loves moved her muscles? Whose muscles kille Those questions her story, we cannot answer—rather, they n answered only with your pr pity.

The words available for telli story well are terribly slippery ler knows this, sometimes, and vents a new word, "factoid," is useful and may stick arou lack of a better one. A facto lie or half-truth which is ma tured to get publicity and whic

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licity then turns into an item in the mass consciousness. Marilyn Monroe invented many of them. Publicitously, she scorned underclothes; actually, that the dream girl's breasts might not sag, the sleeping woman wore a bra. Mailer knows a thing or two about literary factoids, plastic ideas, pseudo-events. The grand wizard at pushing the buttons of literary publicity is Truman Capote, and surely his subtitle to *In Cold Blood* was worth a cool million: "A Non-Fiction Novel." That was in 1966; in 1968, Mailer subtitled *The Armies of the Night* "History as a Novel—The Novel as History." A new art form! The New Journalism! Wow!

Now, a writer must watch his words with absolute vigilance. He must always know when he is using them spuriously, else he may fall into believing his own lies. The photographers who worked with Marilyn Monroe—not true artists like Edward Weston, Cartier-Bresson, or Dorothea Lange, but the Avedons whose false images swell this book—said that she was the ultimate model; one of them said she made love to the camera. There are no comparable words with which to make vivid what a writer is doing when he messes his self up with verbal factoids; whatever it is called, Mailer does it here. Instead of using "non-fiction fiction" as a sales gimmick, he builds it into this book. He speculates at length on fictionalizing biography, treating the actual person much as a novelist treats an imagined one. What this amounts to in *Marilyn* is authorial intrusion with lots of psychologizing, borrowing from other writers rather than doing an honest reporter's legwork, and juggling facts, guesses, and factoids as suits his fancy, with the result that he loses authority as both biographer and novelist.

The ending of the book is not typical. No one passage could be. For he employs several varieties of trashy prose in *Marilyn*, and he even occasionally throws in a sentence or two to remind you of what ample prose and true insight he has been capable and may, with luck, be capable of again. Only the whole book can illustrate fully what he has done to himself. The last sentences are not the worst, only the gaudiest. (The initial reference here is to Norman Rosten's newly issued book, with the most accurate of subtitles, *Marilyn -An Untold Story.*)

Once, across the years, she se Rosten a postcard with a col photograph of an American Ai lines jet in the sky, and on t back, in the space for messag she put down, "Guess where am? Love, Marilyn."

Rosten wrote: "I have my ou idea but am keeping quiet abo it." Let us not hope for heav so quickly. Let her be rather one place and not scattered pieces across the firmament; l us hope her mighty soul and t mouse of her little one are bo recovering their proportions some fair and gracious home, ar she will soon return to us fro retirement. It is the devil of h humor and the curse of our la that she will come back speaki Chinese. Goodbye Norma Jea Au revoir Marilyn. When y happen on Bobby and Jack [Ke nedy, whom Mailer has been d ing the gossip-column bit to g her in bed with], give the win And if there's a wish, pay yo visit to Mr. Dickens. For he, li many another literary man, bound to adore you, fatherle child.

It is instructive to think of Dic here. Dickens might well have f Marilyn Monroe a tempting sul for a story; he might well have timentalized both her childhood her sad end; and he, too, knew a and was afflicted with celebrity. the nineteenth-century strain of licity was not so virulent as the t tieth. Had he contracted our l kind, could even he, master th he was, have recovered from it ficiently to tell the tale?

GREAT MOMENTS IN HISTORY those in which people wh capable of excellence are not encouraged to excel but are g some of the true rewards for they have done, praise or powe riches or reverence, for such re strengthens the self to do yet bet They will be envied, too, of co but envy need distort only the s the envious. If the envied one re

* The core of what follows I ada good part from W. D. Snodgrass. In his first book of poems was publi and as a consequence he was pr prized, and Pulitzerized into the sc ing meemies. He discusses somethi this in an interview printed in the magazine *Salmagundi*, in the issu Spring-Summer 1973.

lice in envy and accepts only mage, his self need not be l by it.
erica tells its children: Every- n succeed; you must strive to d; but succeed at your peril, men are equal. Obviously the course for us is mediocrity; stick your neck out. Surely who choose mediocrity—and y choose it as are born to it—suffer a dull contempt for lves for not even trying to Hence the general passion for great athletes among us are l to excel without distorting elves for having done so. It larilyn Monroe's story to per- that the man who loved her o the end and wept at her fu- as Joe DiMaggio.
e refuse success when it comes ar: Eugene McCarthy. Some v it by withdrawal: J.D. Sa- At the moment, the most il- is American success is Ri- Nixon. If he ever spoke sin- in public, it was in the speech hich he accepted the nomina- 1968. He had, he said, lived erican dream of success and was coming true. He had done himself. He had made some- f himself. Good enough. But, whole world now knows, he o faithful to the unmentioned, ionable part of the American He did not refuse success, he run from it, but he did suc- such a way as secretly to in- failure far greater than the . The power and station he e real, but the success of get- em turned false. It was not ans, men experienced in the an ways of political power, surrounded himself with as decessors had done, but cor- n men and admen, those whose se it is to manipulate reality, icate a pseudo-reality. They giously did not do political our way that we have de-suc- hem. (The circus of bringing own is a super-success of pub- What it is as a moral-political ot so clear. It will have been r-failure of American history duces such a collapse of Pres- power, Congress having al- brogated a good deal of its that the power vacuum is over by the military or rushed the revolutionaries or, God , both at once.)

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by Peter Quennell

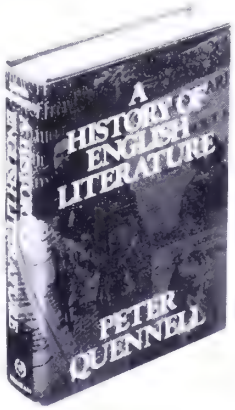
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John and Robert Kennedy seemed to manipulate the manipulators without getting lost in the labyrinth of manipulation as Nixon has done: their success was highly visible; they openly relished it; they were shot. Nixon is safe from assassination, for the ignominy would rub off. Only a nobody is impelled to assassinate a man for being a great success among us, and a nobody's trouble is that he is so ignominious already. For a little while Lee Harvey Oswald was somebody, as was Sirhan Sirhan. And James Earl Ray: for Martin Luther King dared embody in his own self the high, sane dream he spoke of. He knew that in each other's eyes we are unequal, but he believed that in God's eyes all men are equal. Because he *really* believed it, he dared allow his self honestly to be grand, secure in the knowledge that not much of that grandness was his. But it looked like his to nobody, who shot him. What glory would rub off on a man for shooting Nixon?

Classy manipulators like Marilyn Monroe and some of those under her immediate influence are fascinating to watch, as are any good prestidigitators. There can even be a sordid fascination in watching (once) someone like Twiggy being turned into a celebrity without the slightest taint of excellence to her, not in body, not in face, not in accomplishment: the nobody as celebrity. For so far—and how much farther is there left to go in this direction?—the most reliable way we have evolved to pervert success is to manipulate fame into celebrity and then to make celebrity itself the goal: not striving to perform superbly, hoping for fame as a just reward for this striving and performance, but performing celebritously, like Gay Talese, in order to become a celebrity.

Marilyn Monroe turned as much of her self into a celebrity as she could, and once that heroin got in her muscles she couldn't do without it; but there was enough of her self left to suspect what her celebrity was worth, though not enough left to undo what she had done.

A thousand years from now, when scholars are trying to understand how we did it so wrong, they will need fables in order to hold us steadily in mind. *Marilyn* aspires to be such a one, but instead it trashes its material in such a way as to raise the suspicion that maybe this s fable can only be done wron it's more likely that the right teller hasn't dared assert hims This story must be told in way that a stranger can kn celebrities in it as persons a appreciate how both they a masses have been contaminat cause they were joined by the connections, the organs of pu Whoever the author is, the st serves to be grand. We rea amazing.

THE PUBLICATION OF MARI worth a footnote.

In 1970, with the National Award and half a Pulitzer, was certified as *the* celebrity American writers, *the* interpr this age. Some notion of what cost him to make himself int lebrity may be got from look his journalistic writings. The boastful self of *Advertisemen Myself* had written a couple novels several years earlier "Mailer" of *The Armies of the* by far his best journalism, reporter-participant seen with distance. (Along here came ple of non-books labeled n Then came "Aquarius," "he," a cancer of passives, and "one. is a passage from page 20 of *M*

> *It satisfied his fundamental that acquisition of knowledge a literary man was best achi in those imaginative acts of propriation picked up by the ciplined exercise of one's s Let us hasten, then, to the s of her life. Magic is worked the working.*

What happened to "I," to the the most primitive assertion "I am"? Surely a symptom o disintegration is compulsively t apart the letters of your nam reassemble them for arcane sages; Rust Hills put this ga seriocomic use in his recent *H Retire at 41* and does so very tively. But what is Mailer's int in this passage taken from th graph just preceding the one q How ironic is this play at con identities?

> *For a man with a cabalistic t of mind, it was fair and engra coincidence that the letters Marilyn Monroe (if the "a" w*

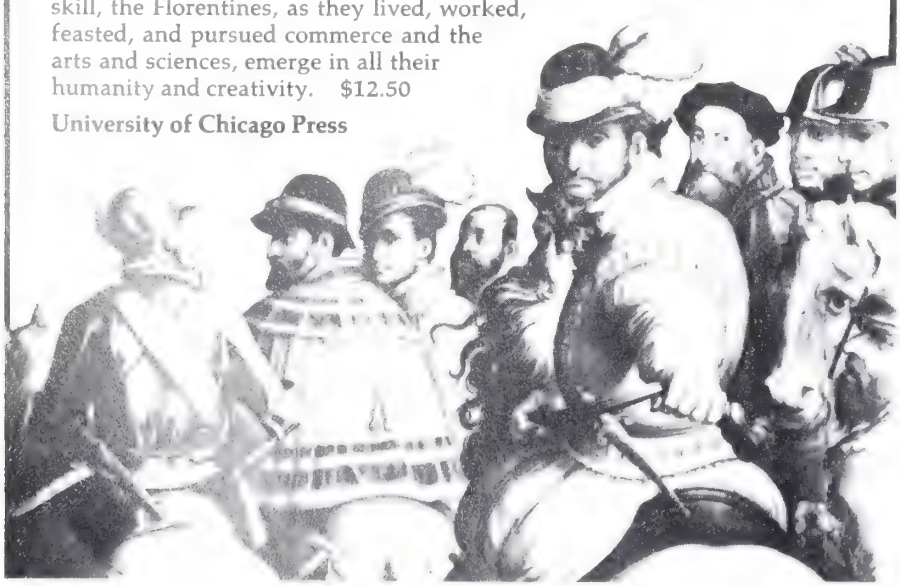
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d twice and the "o" but once) ild spell his own name leaving y the "y" for excess, a trifling crepancy, no more calculated pset the heavens than the most uscule diffractions of the red t.

the metaphor is stellar, and the · you look at it the unfunnier .

y well. Mailer, having been ished as the wisest celebrity, t in *Marilyn* to tell the inside of the dreamiest celebrity: h for a pseudo-event in itself. ook-of-the-Month Club, selec- n journals varyingly connected elebrity-making, a two-part re- n the daily *New York Times* e first three pages (Wow!) in nday *Times Book Review*. But ne public accusation that a good f the book was plagiarized, its ation became a super-pseudo- a big spread in *Time*, news and lots of publicitous talk, Major Intellectual Problem. superstar plagiarize? Are not words taken by an intellectual tar alchemized by his very ap- ation into literature or at least aluable insight? The laws that to ordinary writers should be ded for Norman Mailer. Ap- ly, in the eyes of one dazzled own celebrity, and in the eyes lazzled admirers, superstardom man above the law, whether or President.

appropriate that this incident lace in Manhattan, where most ty is manufactured now that ood has declined. But that is there is to Manhattan.

most natural assertion of rich werful selves is institutional icence, and nearly all the mag- t monuments of the world were ed to be such assertions: Kyo- Petersburg, Venice, Angkor ne Forbidden City, Paris, Te- lan, Baghdad, Byzantium. The States is the richest and most ul of all nations; yet we have rdered our ways of asserting ves, have so twisted the very of our selves, that, when we strive for magnificence, what ne up with is something on the f San Simeon, Mt. Rushmore, n Center, or the St. Louis arch. er, when we weren't noticing e were doing, we made Man- one of the magnificences of rld. Seen from a certain distance, best from a low plane at twilight, Manhattan is worth going halfway around the world to look at; it deserves to be the most visited city alive. The story of our superstardom should be set there rather than in Hollywood, for only in Manhattan is our magnificence strong enough to balance our monstrousness.

JUST AS ANY UNDERSTANDING of Mexico's America has to begin with or get back to the coming together of Montezuma and Cortés, so any understanding of our America has to take into account the coming together of the Bill of Rights and Calvin's *Institutes of the Christian Religion*: "I am free and equal," and "No matter what I accomplish I'm saved or damned for absolutely other reasons." We are resolved to live both these at once: we *will be* predetermined free; we *will be* black/white, man/woman, rich/poor, young/old, equal. We are totally responsible total victims. Additionally, Walt Whitman, the prophet of the limitless self, and Henry Ford, the success who engineered equality, must be brought in on all this. No wonder, charged as we are with such t we have exploded over all the v and may blow it up.

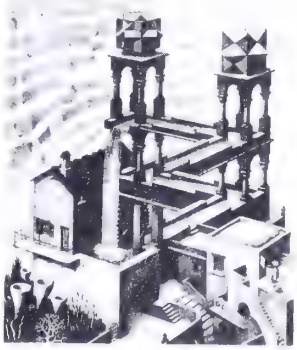
The story of Cortés and Montezuma almost tells itself; it needs little more than a chronicler. But ours ("Else a great prince in prison lies") needs a master strategist of a teller, one who, having learned in his own life how we made it wrong to assert yourself right, would then dare put the story of it together. Actually our story, like Russia's in the nineteenth century, is too various to be encompassable by a single teller. Perhaps we will have to settle for one, as Spain of the golden age did with Cervantes; perhaps we will be given two or three. Either way, it is important for us to keep in mind now that, whenever one does dare manifest himself, we must try to shield him with implacable, just honor. Of course, this shield will itself start the cameras shooting, if they haven't started already, and neither we nor the teller of our story can be sure whether honor, even if he uses it well, will afford him protection enough against celebrity for his self to survive uncontaminated. But what better can we do? □

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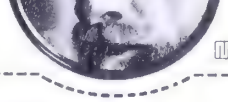
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LETTERS

The battle of the sexes continues

Were the male so ephemeral a butterfly as George Gilder ["The Suicide of the Sexes," July] would have us believe, dependent for his justification upon such transient accomplishments as the wars he is able to win, the cathedrals he builds, or the paychecks he earns, I submit he would have lost the battle of the sexes long since, and humankind would have gone the way of the dinosaur. Despite recessions, defeat in war, and other occupational disasters, the male, like the female, has shown a distinct enthusiasm for perpetuating the race and seems likely to continue so, throughout numberless political theories and social systems to come. Does Mr. Gilder seriously expect us to believe we will finally commit sexual suicide for the Playboy Philosophy or the New Feminism? He is having a nightmare and should be wakened at once.

To see the father's connection with the family as merely the result of female socialization is to overlook both the man's desire to immortalize himself through his offspring, and also the strong emotional bonds that develop between fathers and growing children. There is surely a deeper and more fundamental role the father plays in the family drama.

Excluded from the birth experience, looking on in bewilderment and even hostility at the charmed circle of mother and infant, the father will begin, as the child matures a little, to feel the pull of his awakening paternity. The puzzling question: "What strange creature is that and where do I fit in?" changes to the growing certainty: "This is my child."

JOAN HANSON
Greenwich, Conn.

Mr. Gilder describes an undeniably serious dilemma, but his proposed solution is absurd. It is equivalent to saying that because the Emancipation Proclamation brought social problems, the South should have returned to the slavery system.

The overpopulation problem is not a myth made up by feminists. It is recognized by scholars and politicians alike, many of them male. I do not deny that I may have a maternal instinct, but, like Mr. Gilder's aggressive instinct, it can and must be suppressed if humankind is to survive. The idea that all but "a minority of women" should spend their seventy years on earth raising unneeded children, "socializing men," and working at society's duller jobs for lower pay, could only be seriously suggested by—oink, oink—Mr. Gilder.

CYNTHIA A. HILDEBRAND
Kalamazoo, Mich.

[George Gilder's] entire thesis rests on one erroneous assumption. This assumption is explicitly stated as the lead sentence of the last paragraph of the article: "The differences between the sexes are the single most important fact of human society."

This may be true for the lower animals, but the single most important fact of human society is *homo sapiens*' high level of intelligence—shared equally by men and women.

The only way Gilder's plea to go back to complete male dominance will work is if women are lobotomized at birth.

ROBERT E. HOFFMAN
Venice, Calif.

Like every revolution before it, the sexual revolution has had its casualties. However, retreating into the past is not a viable solution.

Given the implications of W
gate, I suppose Mr. Gilder woul
vocate returning the United Sta
England.

SANDY THOM
Brooklyn,

Only one question need be
to blow Mr. Gilder's entire argu
Why do these men have to id
(sexually) with their jobs and
money? Why can't they take u
fiddle or raise delphiniums
means of developing their indiv
ity? Why must women be subj
to economic discrimination to b
the weak egos of men? If socie
quires such sacrifice, then we a
deed on our way down!

KATHLEEN F
Belle Mead,

During the past few year
American public has been sur
with dogmatic rhetoric on beh
"sexual liberation" and "femin
Now George Gilder, in one bri
ticle, has put the entire literatu
perspective. His essay is the fi
my knowledge, to treat the d
social implications of sex—of s
a basis (or as he says, *the* basi
human relations. It could all be
Freudian except for the imp
fact that Mr. Gilder's concern is
social rather than personal we
This is the first essay in yea
mean *years*—from which I have
able to learn something abou
self, at least my male self.

While Mr. Gilder did not s
(and he may not agree), it is
sible from what he writes to p
a growing male homosexual p
tion as American women increa
make it difficult for men to p
their traditional social roles an
chological self-concept. In fa
think I am seeing that happen

nately, it is just this kind of
ı which will create official
ism toward feminism or any
nt which aims at re-evalua-
nale and female "roles."

HOWARD BECKMAN
Oakland, Calif.

not resist writing to tell you
hink George Gilder's "The
of the Sexes" is the most sen-
e most profoundly true, and
important article on sexual-
I have read, and I have read
much-touted new ones as well
andard classics.
e as a wife, mother, grand-
and career woman (I have
editor of children's books
University Society for years)
eply feel as Mr. Gilder does,
ety had better heed his ad-
uman disaster will result.
licitations to Mr. Gilder for
ntly expressed views and to
ors of *Harper's* for publish-
.

CORINNA MARSH
New York, N.Y.

GILDER REPLIES:
of my correspondents ig-
argument for real equality
to attack instead some ludi-
ictionary belief in "complete
nination"—all the while fill-
norizon with glowing ideals
rations which the feminist
would not bring one scin-
r to fulfillment.
al suicide," as I suggested in
le and detail for some 300
my forthcoming book by
, is an intractable and un-
reality of our lives. It de-
sexual differences on which
family are based, and it pro-
olence, drugs, and crime.
en, by every index, are our
ial problem. This problem
orsened by making women
s the most stable group in
ty—the chief beneficiaries
rograms. Our primary goal
e to strengthen familial in-
and supports.
ı admire Joan Hanson's fine
rticularly her description of
role in the family. Like me,
avily under the influence of
pendous lady, Margaret
ut this male role does not
ntil a marriage has been
and the woman has agreed
a child: male socialization

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—LOUIS UNTERMEYER

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Robert Anderson

author of *Tea and Sympathy* and *I Never Sang for My Father*

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The Other Declaration of Independence.

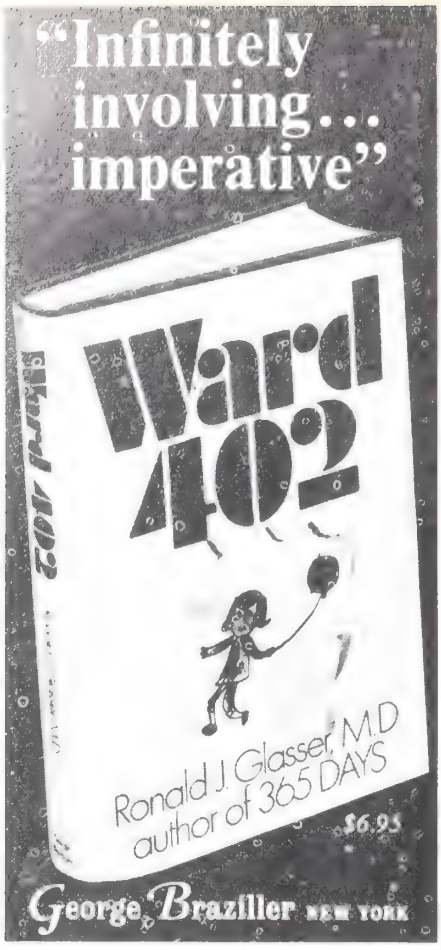
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thus usually depends on the female maternal instinct and civilizing role.

In addition, the socialized male role cannot usually be sustained unless the male is confident of his place in the familial order. This usually requires a role as provider. Fiddles and delphiniums rarely suffice. High levels of intelligence, moreover, are indeed shared by men and woman alike. That is why *sexual* identity cannot be derived from the exercise of intellect alone; it must usually be achieved by men in differential relation to their women: love and family, hopefully, but in many societies, physical control and loveless copulation, the lowest forms of male sexuality.

The problem of overpopulation does not reduce the importance of raising and socializing the next generation and creating a fabric of families and communities in which love and individuality can flourish. In this task, monogamy is not indispensable, but it certainly helps.

Some of the confusion about my position might be dispelled if the distinction between female careers and feminist careerism were understood. For many women, job gratifications are obviously great and must be fulfilled. Considering the current complaints of careerist women, however, I do not believe it is desirable to increase greatly their numbers and intensity of participation. Their excessive protests about "discrimination," their demands for national celebrations and subsidies, and, above all, their continual attacks on the inevitably "competitive" nature of the market for "meaningful" jobs—all the feminist anguish suggests to me an innate reluctance to fight for advancement against men, as most men do all their lives. This is understandable and desirable, since, unlike men, the vast majority of women have a deeply civilizing alternative to the career struggle. They are sexually and morally superior, and civilized society depends on their superiority.

Because of the overwhelming number of letters we received regarding "The Suicide of the Sexes," we are offering readers a further selection. If you would like a copy, send 25¢ to Ronni Fiedler, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10016.

The public and th

I feel compelled to cong you for that superb article b H. Lapham on freedom of t ["The Press as Sacred Co gust]. It is the sanest, the s quite simply the best discus the subject that I have seen country's present feverish phere, it took considerable courage to publish it—or, matter, to write it.

Of course, doing that sort is precisely what justifies *L* existence. Again, my congrat to you both.

THOMAS F
Westbrook

I quite agree with Lewis that we would do poorly to legal sacred cow of the press, of the considerable services t has done the nation during decade. There is nothing inh the press that assures that it ways act brilliantly, or even sibly, just as there is nothin ent in the Presidency, the C the judiciary, the military, b ness, big labor, or acade makes them infallible. Just Presidency has been held by great as Lincoln and by me adequate as Grant, so the p served us with men like Mencken and Edward R. and has afflicted us with m William R. Hearst and We Pegler. How much more might our "yellow" journali done had they had a "shiel had they felt no compunction for example, purloining secre jury testimony; had they b garded as virtually infallible nation! The essence of our system, as we learn in high should be "checks and bal we would be asking for it if mitted the power of the press unchecked and unbalanced.

PAUL BEC
Spring Valle

Lewis Lapham's article splendid discourse on the p the First Amendment.

Lapham has the passion o and the icon-busting, dea aim of Mencken.

DR. SANFORD B
Alexand

STARTING POINTS

Mantra, Meditate

ved up at a former man- Cambridge, Massachu- a Saturday morning, g a check for $45 and with a bemused air, fruit, and a white hand- , which I traded for an into transcendental on. That is, I was fitted own Sanskrit mantra, llable word so top-secret annot share it with you. got my white handker- ck.

the previous few days, tended lectures by four rather beatific "initia- me of what they said ie as unconvincing over- uld they really claim, allowing a smile to ir beatitude, that teach- is "the most rewarding u can do in the entire Did they really have to at all mental difficul- n cigarette smoking to liction to deep traumas, e effortlessly relieved y repeating your man- eyes shut for twenty twice a day? The initia- promised that, if you meditated, you would state of "cosmic con- ss" in a minimum of rs. But even after I ief guru Maharishi Ma- gi explain (on a color cassette) that cosmic consciousness was nothing more and nothing less than "pure awareness," I was still in a state of pure perplexity.

Nevertheless, I was persuaded that TM is a useful tension-relieving, anxiety-fighting technique that sees you through the late-afternoon blues, and works more effectively than a cocktail. Since initiation, I have been meditating regularly, letting my mantra "float" through my mind. Sometimes I am restless and think about breakfast or dinner, income tax, and the nature of boredom. But my initiator had assured me that if other things glided through my mind, that was all right, too. Sometimes, especially when I am frazzled or struggling to think something through, I have opened my eyes after 20 minutes, feeling refreshed and surprisingly reposed.

TM is a form of Eastern mysticism stripped down for mass consumption in the West. It is a movement that demands only the slightest of conversions. You don't have to travel in the retinue of a prepubescent perfect master, or sign over your bank account. You don't have to change your lifestyle. You don't even have to have a lifestyle. You can go right on being a governor of the American Stock Exchange or a Pentagon general—the quarter million Americans practicing TM include at least one of each.

SCENDENTAL MEDITATION FACT SHEET

ners in the U.S.	250,000
of World Plan Centers in the U.S.	205
f meditations	15-20 minutes
y of meditations	Twice a day
nitiation	$75 adults $45 students
tions	Students International Meditation Society Maharishi International University
v's real name	Brahmananda Saraswati Shankaracharya of Jyotir Math
i Mahesh Yogi's age	"A monk does not reflect on his own life."
in oxygen consumption during tion	20 percent
time of non-meditators	.5 seconds
time of meditators after TM	.3 seconds
in cardiac output during TM	30 percent
number of minutes of meditation ry to reach cosmic consciousness	73,500

The Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, who burst into the headlines briefly in 1967 as guru to the Beatles, brought TM to this country. A former physics student, he studied for 13 years with one Guru Dev, now departed, whom the Maharishi credits with having revived an aspect of an ancient Vedic tradition in which the mantra figures largely. In India, it would be called a form of yoga; here, the Maharishi's followers resolutely insist on a distinction. With 4,000 teachers in Europe and the U.S., backed up by a theoretical "science of creative intelligence," TM has become a major enterprise in the West. The Maharishi, who has already met with the state legislatures of Iowa, Illinois, and Michigan to discuss "the alleviation of human suffering," hopes eventually to bring transcendental meditation to the entire population of the world.

—Daniel Yergin

A free-lance writer, Daniel Yergin is now at work on a book about the cold war.

High-Mindedness

Height is not one of the metaphors favored by our moral imagery. It may be associated with the glories of this world ("Royal Highness") or with various ecstasies not conducive to the generation of taxable income, but our most solid praise is associated with words of a downward trend: "weighty", "heavy" (counter-cultural), and words deriving from the Indo-European "g$\frac{u}{n}$er" root—grave (adj.), guru, gravity. Clearly to be a *luftmensch* is not to be upwardly mobile: "He rose by his gravity," said Sydney Smith of his brother, "while I sank by my levity." The very word "lighthearted" started with the implication of overbearingness, uncurbed pride; only later did it take on a positive meaning.

For the high-minded have a disquieting way of oscillating between genteel clean-handedness and genteel ruthlessness in times of prosperity, buttressed in hard times by appeals to the purity of their intentions. Henry Stimson as Secretary of State abolished the decoding section of the State Department because "gentlemen don't read each other's mail"—which nicely begged the question as to whether the U. S. was dealing with gentlemen, or whether the undoubted and long-established gentlemen of Japan and Germany had the same code as the gentlemen of Andover and Yale. Henry Stimson as Secretary of War helped plan Hiroshima. Principle is one thing: detachment from this world is quite another. The worst tyrants are the incorruptible ones.

"A cathedral, a wave in a storm, a dancer's leap never turn out to be as high as we had hoped."
—Marcel Proust (1871-1922)

But there is a most engaging side to high-mindedness—a sort of ruinous charm, compelling not because of its own beauty but because of its just estimate of success or fulfillment.

The Maori warriors who felt such an obligation to fight properly even in their most desperate defense of their country that they would shout to their beloved enemies of the British 65th Regiment to get down before they fired; Admiral Persano, having crippled the Austrian battleship *Kaiser*, was, out of chivalry, unable to finish her off, and thus ended his career; Marshal Gérard carefully agreed with the garrison of Antwerp as to which sides he would besiege the city from in order to minimize civilian suffering. Throughout the Crimean War, the Russian government scrupulously paid its French and British bondholders, and the Hungarian authorities did their best to do the same in 1915; Tilden in 1877 and Nixon in 1960 refused, for the country's sake, to reopen possibly stolen elections; and, perhaps most memorably, Earl Warren, while still a prosecutor, dropped the case against the drifter who had almost certainly murdered Warren's father, because he considered the police interrogation unfair.

Neville Chamberlain on his deathbed reread *Middlemarch* for the last time and marked the great passage beginning "What I call proper pride." And this lies at the heart of the question: to what principles do we attach ourselves that make us more part of the world we would aid, rather than move us into worlds of our own?

—Timothy Dickinson

Timothy Dickinson is a contributing editor of Harper's.

OUND CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

WRAPAROUND REA

MATRICES

We haven't run across any books that claim they can get you high by the simple act of reading, but there are several good sources for understanding what various highs are all about:

On the Psychology of Meditation, by Claudio Naranjo and Robert Ornstein (Viking Press, $7.95), presents two long essays, Naranjo on the spirit and techniques of meditation, Ornstein on the techniques of meditation and their implications for modern psychology. There is relatively little duplication in the essays, and both are supplied with examples, illustrations, and stories from a wide range of meditative traditions. The Sufi stories, in particular, are at once charming, pointed, and misleadingly simple. The book is important in its bringing together of Eastern/spiritual and Western/psychological modes of thought. As the jacket copy grandiosely but accurately declares, "With Naranjo's demonstration of the unity of meditation beyond its forms, and Ornstein's translations of the metaphors of esoteric traditions into those of modern psychology, this book proves a keystone work in the study of experimental, psychological, and physiological aspects of the total phenomenon of meditation."

The Varieties of Psychedelic Experience, by R.E.L. Masters and Jean Houston (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $7.95), is widely regarded as the best analytical guide to psychedelic drug experiences, primarily those resulting from peyote and LSD. In addition to providing "case histories" and first-hand descriptions of trips, the book maps out some of the changes that characterize the drug state, including such unusual episodes as apparent telepathy between drug subjects.

Altered States of Awareness, a collection of readings from *Scientific American* with introductions by Timothy J. Teyler (W. H. Freeman, $6.00), is prefaced by the observation that "persons interested in the biology of behavior are acutely alert to the fact that our awareness of the world about us is not constant—rather, we constantly fluctuate from one state of awareness to another." The physical bases for these fluctuations are explored in terms of internal control (e.g., "Patterns of Dreaming," "The Pathology of Boredom"), external control ("Marihuana"; "Experiments with Goggles"), and the physiology of the brain. One comes away from these readings, which are wonderfully lucid, feeling that every so-called subjective state has a physiological correlative, and that the sense of an underlying unity of spirit and matter that mystics so often report may become a laboratory commonplace.

Mandala, by José and Miriam Argüelles (Shambala, $5.95), is a beautiful, complicated book with an underlying unity all its own. In Sanskrit, mandala means circle and center, and various mandala symbols are widely used in Oriental art as schematized representations of the cosmos. The authors unveil one kind of mandala after another, ranging from a photograph of a whirlpool galaxy to one of the human eye, and from an illustration of a rose window in Chartres Cathedral to Navaho and Tibetan designs. In Tibetan Buddhism, meditators are taught to focus on the mandala in an effort to attain mystic exaltation, but, the authors tell us, "The earth is a living Mandala—a structural matrix through which flow a succession of changes, elemental forms, and primal surges, each surpassing the other in an infinite variety of organic structures and impulses, crowned by the attribute of reflective consciousness."

How to Tell When You're High

You could be walking around high and not even know it. What a dreadful state of affairs! Some people get confused when they get high and can be heard asking, "Am I high yet?" Others claim to be high on Jesus, or Mount Rushmore, but these highs are often considered dubious by true dopers or drinkers. Well, we at *Harper's* are dedicated to clearing up every uncertainty, and that includes any ambiguities concerning ecstasy. We therefore took it upon ourselves to ask the staff members when they knew that they were high. The results of the survey follow.

1. "When I start talking about my family, or making lecherous advances."
2. "When I start jumping up and down and sneezing a lot."
3. "When I'm running and I move from the sixth mile into the seventh, and I lose all sense of effort and gravity and I just float along with my head full of oxygen."
4. "When my head leaves my body and starts bouncing like a sing-along ball."
5. "When my face gets numb. On other occasions, I feel I've moved 18 inches to the left and eight inches up, and thinking becomes like skiing."
6. "When my body becomes more, uh . . ."
7. "When I say 'r-i-g-h-t' no matter what anybody says to me."
8. "When my feet recede into the distance."
9. "When I can still think about how much it's costing me, I know I'm not high."
10. "When I throw up on my shoes."

Being There By Right

Cosmic consciousness . . . is a special phenomenological state in which the person somehow perceives the whole cosmos or at least the unity and integration of it and of everything in it, including his Self. He then feels as if he belongs by right in the cosmos. He becomes one of the family rather than an orphan. He comes inside rather than being outside looking in. He feels simultaneously small because of the vastness of the universe, but also an important being because he is there in it by absolute right. He is part of the universe rather than a stranger to it or an intruder in it. The sense of belongingness can be very strongly reported here, as contrasting with the sense of ostracism, isolation, aloneness, of rejection, of not having any roots, of belonging no place in particular. After such a perception, apparently one can feel permanently this sense of belonging, of having a place, of being there by right.

—A. H. Maslow
The Farther Reaches of Human Nature, 1971

OUT OF THE ORDINARY

I think true ecstasy ente
of our lives in a differen
Each of us has that one
thing which places us in
er-never land of optim
light every time we exp
it.

I have a friend who ge
you might call a "men
gasm" every time he go
ing. He'll paddle out, c
wave, and shoot throu
foam yelling at the top
lungs. Looking at hi
through a set of bin
once, I realized what
about. Surfing to him
one special thing. For
brief moments up on a w
is oblivious to pain, hi
tingles with joy, and,
admit, I'm envious.

I used to date a girl w
hers eating. She'd sit d
a meal and all of a sud
body would come to lif
could talk to her b
wouldn't hear. Her mind
be off somewhere in tha
crevice of the brain whe
pleasure exists. Every ti
took a bite, she would m
little "oohs" and "aahs"
could have been nothi
expressions of pure ecsta

The person who sti
mind best was a small, w
beaten fisherman I met c
konos, a Greek island,
covered him one evening
walking down the narro
ridors of the village the
the end of one of these co
was a small bar, barely
able except for the mu
side that was spilling ou
the streets. As I stopped
door, I saw him in the
of the room, dancing.

His dance was in that p
lar style known to all of G
the one which became
miliar to us in *Zorba the*
It electrified the room.

I stood at the door m
ized by his movements. A
moment, I saw in his ey
same thing I had seen
eyes of the surfer, only
dred times more pronou
Dancing had put him
where in the fifth dimensi
a place where problems
exist.

What is *my* thing? I h
found it yet. But I'm lo

—Mark
Los Angeles,

RS WRAPAROUNDW

the realm of ecstasy
the realm of terror.
st and most vivid ex-
of a unique state of
ess occurred at the
ght. I was staring at
n the bathtub, think-
eternity and the vast-
he universe ("world
nd"). This sense of
ess overwhelmed me
myself leave my body
, up, above all. For
moment I felt as if I
d with everything, and
understood the sim-
answer to all prob-
ish that answer was
but it had to do with
ty). Suddenly, I feared
uldn't be able to get
d to repeat my name
ss in order to regain
d return to mundane
In the next year or
few repetitions of the
atic/terrifying experi-
gered by the same
ttern.

nnifer Von Pritschyns
Butfalo Grove, Ill.

ober some of the old-
eastern Oregon swore
er seen a "purdyer"
s visiting my parents
300-acre ranch. The
particularly crisp but

l under the bright sun
pump house and
mother and father
y stood by the gar-
deeply connected to
al change and the ripe
ples and onions from
house lingered with

ood listening to my
er, a sudden sense of
overcame me. I felt
and for a moment
ected or concerned
ast, present, or future.
emoved it was as if I

t day I drove to town
apple and grinned all
me. My behavior for
ays could probably
described as absent-
o engulfed was I
serenely assured con-
Having given up
the "whys" of my
let myself flow with
ous high.

—Caroline S. Field
Portland, Ore.

The day my second child was born, I sat in my hospital room looking out the window at the blue mountains in the distance and breathing rhythmically to help ease the contractions. I was sitting in the half-lotus position, which triggered all my yogic training and allowed me to sink into my depths between contractions. My husband called off the seconds during contractions, at first using the wave metaphor they teach you in natural childbirth classes. But I'm a poor swimmer, and I felt like I was drowning. Instead, I used flying—flying high, higher in the air, over the meadows sloping up to the mountains, three-quarters of the way up to the crest, soaring over the edge of the dried inland sea like some Zoroaster. My husband was beside me, flying too. Each inhalation/exhalation was a mighty heave of wings to keep this elevation (in both senses of the word). Flying in this clean blue sky with crisp air in my nostrils, I felt incredibly alive.

After I felt my cervix pull open and the doctor checked me, he asked "How are we doing?" I was between contractions, resting, relaxing, and could only smile, feeling intense beatitude. I was in a state of grace.

Eventually it was time to push like hell, but I had to stop when the head came. Suddenly the whole baby was there, the cord, and me a red anemone. It was a boy. He cried immediately, and opened his eyes.

—Mary Ellen Parnall
Los Lunas, N. Mex.



Love, levitation, the sudden lift of a wave are all captured in Bernini's sculpture of the Ecstasy of St. Theresa.

I will tell you of the high that made me into an Edna St. Vincent Millay, "O World, I cannot hold thee close enough!"-type person:

My grandpa had a farm in Ohio. He was a great, wise, wonderful man. One down-the-hill-came-April day when I was about three (and knew not of the ordinary workaday) he took me to the swamp. It was a glorious, unreal place. My child will never see the like. There were tall grasses so green they glowed. There was a heron standing very still, and rare, brightly colored birds that shimmered as they flew. The trees stood very still and I stood very still as if in the presence of God. Looking back on that place, that suspension in time, I truly believe we were indeed on holy ground. **—Kathie Okal**
Hagerstown, Md.

One day when I chanced to look out of a window, I saw sunshine on a rooftop and a tree, a perfectly usual scene. But it was infused with the beauty of the world, and I was immediately "at one with the universe."

I have had an education in scientific method, and am ordinarily of a skeptical mind. At the same time, having been born under the sign of Gemini, I can hold two opposite opinions in harmony. The experience described above, and others, produce such a complete awareness of the existence of God, that one simply *knows*, and believes, and can never forget. I think this is similar to the experience of mystics and prophets down through the ages, and that there is something in the brain which is responsive to a mysterious Being, which may be a hallucination. The mind is almost *terra incognita* as yet, but studies have shown that there are areas which, when activated by electrodes, or drugs, produce memorable scenes, odors, or sounds, and other areas whose activation produces instant pleasure. I am convinced that there is an area which corresponds to the mystic or psychic, and I hope research will discover it.

—Betty K. Sachs
Baltimore, Md.

Rain waterfalled. Sunset permeated the air with a golden translucence. There was no blue anywhere: grass the brightest green, bougainvillea red, jacarandas mauve. Laughing in disbelief of my eyes, I braved the cascades for a closer look. As I neared, the bougainvillea turned purple, the jacarandas lavender. It was an unforgettable experience. **—Sylvia Conrad**
New York, N.Y.

My experience of ecstasy was a vision of the entire life-span of mankind upon this earth, from primitive man to future man. It was a view of man as an individual transcending all political and nationalistic ideologies; of man as a species, innocent and basic, surviving all religions and disciplines he is taught. Man is a creature born into life ignorant of politics and religions. It is men who teach the babies about borders and where they come from and where they think they will go when they die.

The vision was a series of scene changes, much like the pages of an illustrated history book turning from start to finish. The flashes lasted only a few moments, but the insight has stayed with me and given me courage to survive Nixon, television commercials, national hysteria and prejudices, and any future garbage that is going to be distributed during my lifetime. **—Danley E. DeLaney**
Hope, Maine

An encounter with red-shouldered hawks that happened many years ago has remained with me as one of the most vivid and moving experiences in a pretty average life.

On a day that beckoned, I walked under a hot sun in a clear sky through fields of brilliant verdancy. Higher than the sun, hawks called. As I walked, they came to hover just above me, repeating their calls again and again. I asked time to cease and let me become one with the day. **—Douglas McNitt**
Okemos, Mich.

TOOLS FOR LIVI

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

As products proliferate it's getting harder and harder to separate the true items of value—those that do what they promise for a useful period of time at a reasonable cost—from the general chaff. Tools for Living is simply an attempt to make information available on those goods and services worth knowing about. Furthermore, since everyone we know gets busier and busier, we felt it made sense to extend the information service to its logical conclusion: you can buy most of these products through us if that's the easiest way for you to get them.

"Tools for Living" is not a product testing service. If we feature something here, it's because we like it. There are no best buys, no check-rated items, no guarantees or warranties. Our items are not selected by an organized process; somewhere along the line one of you or one of us has run across that particular product, used it, and found it to be functional and worth its price.

If you decide to order any of these items through *Harper's,* just follow the instructions on the next page. Postage and handling charges are on us.

FLY FOR LESS

A. B., a friend in the travel industry (who asked to remain anonymous for obvious reasons) tells us the *Air Travel and Charter Flight Handbook* by Jens Jurgen is a must for anyone considering international travel.

"Jurgen knows what he's talking about. His explanations of fare structures and of the options available are very easy for the layman to use. Airlines ticket agents just don't have time to go into great detail about the intricacies of routing. Besides, the more expensive a ticket they sell the better for them (though not for you).

"With this book it is possible to make two trips to Europe for less than one might cost you. The methods discussed are perfectly legal and easy to follow. With a little patience and planning plus a few hours of calling and figuring, a family can save a substantial amount on air fares."

The book is $4.95 through us; it's also available at bookshops.

POCKET PACKING

A rucksack that becomes a pocket you can hang from your belt? We hadn't seen anything like that since the Vacuum Cleaner-Nosed Sucker from the *Yellow Submarine* sucked himself into oblivion. But David Rosenduft, a mountain-climbing reader from Brooklyn, New York, told us about it.



"I was climbing near Jackson Hole, Wyoming, and I needed something to carry my photography equipment in when I discovered the pocket pack. This looks like a small zippered tobacco pouch with belt loops, but a full-size nylon backpack with adjustable straps unfolds from it like a butterfly emerging from its chrysalis.

"You can put a great deal of stuff into this pack. I use it to carry all my cameras, lenses, and film, and I also regularly fill the pack with reference and textbooks to read while I'm commuting to classes. The best feature of this pocket pack is that it can be worn all folded up on your belt until you need it and then unfolded into a rucksack to carry anything from groceries to field specimens. It also makes a great overnight bag."

The pocket pack is available in two sizes—small (18"x 11"x6½") for $5 or large (24"x13"x6½") for $6.25—and in the following colors: yellow, orange, brown, or green. You can find it in camping stores, or you can order it from us.

GREATER THAN GREATEST

The populace is aroused again, this time because we called the Rasper/Grater the Greatest Grater in our August issue. Suggestions for greater graters have been pouring in. One, from Molly Schepens of Montreal, Quebec, particularly impressed us. Her nominee was the Twisty Grater.

"Pieces of cheese are placed in the top and are grated right onto your plate when you twist the grater. You can have fresh grated cheese that really tastes like cheese, instead of that prepackaged pale substance that solidifies in lumps in its jar and tastes like sawdust. Also, I've found the Twisty Grater very handy for making crumbs for toppings. You can use broken cookies, crackers, or dry bread in it. The unit cleans, without a great fuss."

Quite nice, Molly, especially since the working parts are stainless-steel teeth. Twisty Graters may be found in gourmet shops or ordered from us postpaid. They're $2.50 apiece.



BE PREPARED

Several members WRAPAROUND sta have carried and use First Aid Camp Packs suggested that they ma Tools. The Camp Pa sturdy, flexible case with 50 first aid packed in zippered, cle inner compartments s easy to see. When t arises you can flip the to the emergency aid y Besides a generous arra hesive bandages, antisep sterile pads, the kit co triangular bandage an pins for slings, burn c scissors, tweezers, and instructions.

Perhaps the most out item included is the Snake Bite Kit which designated official by Scouts of America. Sinc bite can be an extrem ous emergency, a reme absolute necessity for venturing into "snake c The Cutter kit holds e you need to treat snake soft, self-contained pa unit.

You can get the Cutt Pack at camping and goods stores, or throug $10 postpaid.

SHOO DURT SHUFFLE, OR HOW TO RID YOURSELF OF DIRT ON YOUR SHOES WIT TRANSFERRING IT TO YOUR HANDS



You been rootin' all day,
And still can't find a truffle?
You been sloggin' thru the swamp
Till your boots are just god-awful?
You been rushin' thru the muck,
Bustin' up an urban scuffle?
Now here's the filthy news:
You got the Shoe Dirt Blues!
But you still got time to choose
To brush your blues away
With the Shoo Durt Shuffle.

You can brush away the mud,
You can brush away the grime,
You can brush away the snow,
the sand, the grit, the tar, the slime.
When you do, doo-dah-doo, the Shoo Durt Shuffle!

You can brush to the left!
You can brush to the right!
Send us $5.25 and
You can brush all night!



'E OFF RIP-OFFS

the rip-off artists got- ou yet? If they haven't f with your outboard ameras, TV, stereo, or you'd better mark all luables with a Scriber ites Bob Heth, a read- Louisville, Kentucky. olice departments ad- y citizen to mark his gs with his Social Se- mber and to register a rked items at the police Then, if anything is can be traced. Commu- ere prime rip-off tar- e been marked have decrease in thefts." g with the Tungsten Scriber suggested by is as easy as using a The fine point is so t identifying marks can y drawn on metals, jewelry. You can also mark skates and other equipment, gardening gage, and anything else e to lose. The Scriber, oint reverses for safety t in use, has, as an traction, a permanent nagnet affixed to its l.

riber is $2.25 in most stores or by mail from id.

ABLE PORTER

ng luggage used to be of my travels," said dwin, a soprano friend ay to Europe for a sea- eras. "You can never orter in Europe, so I rs and tears kicking and ny bags down platforms gh streets, until I dis- the Kart-a-Bag." This age carrier that assem- econds from only two lf durable cast alu- t can carry up to 60 of luggage, yet the base, with its strong rd and telescopic rod, into a handy shoe- bag. Zipped up, the eighs only four pounds. seful not only for suit- also for moving heavy things around at home—hi-fi equipment, TV sets, books, musical instruments.

The Kart-a-Bag is available in many luggage shops or from us postpaid ($21.95).

OASIS WITH HOSE AND HANDLE

A portable shower has been recommended to us by Franta Herman, a boating enthusiast from New York City. It's called the Aqua-Jet and it consists of a patented rubberized membrane that holds a generous three gallons of water (warm or cold). The Aqua-Jet's unique design keeps the water under constant pressure, so that you get a substantial spray whenever you need it. Franta tested its capacity and "found it will supply water for 11 minutes, though it helps, toward the end, to place the rubber sphere higher, to help with what I call gravity feed."

To fill the Aqua-Jet, you simply connect its 6-foot hose to any standard water tap. Filled, it is much easier to carry than a bucket of the same capacity. The unit is equipped with a regulating valve and two interchangeable nozzles, one for a direct stream and one for a shower. When not in use it collapses to 10½"x2" for easy storage.

The **WRAPAROUND** staff likes the Aqua-Jet for showering sand off after a swim, for supplying drinking water when we're out boating or camping, for washing mud off boots, for watering every plant in the house without making innumerable trips back to the faucet with a watering can. And it's wonderful for water fights!

Each Aqua-Jet is factory tested and guaranteed for 90 days from the time of purchase. Should anything ever happen to the rubber membrane, the manufacturer will replace it quickly and inexpensively. As the Aqua-Jet is new, it may be difficult to find in even the best of sporting goods stores. You may order it from us for $19.95 postpaid.





DRYING OUT

Need to pump out your basement? Change the oil in your car? Drain a defrosting deep-freeze unit? Don Brown uses the Drill Motor Pump not only for all these purposes, but also —and most originally—to empty his water bed, fast. "I had decided to move my water bed," he wrote, "but I didn't want to leave a hose stretching from the bed to the bath tub all day while the water drained out because that would have provided too much temptation for my four-year-old son. So I used my Drill Motor Pump, which attaches to any electric drill for its power source. As it pumps up to 200 gallons per hour the bed was drained in record time, before my son even noticed what was happening."

The Drill Motor Pump comes complete with a three-foot hose to which you can attach a garden hose of any length. It also comes with an oil changing kit. Just chuck the pump into your power drill to empty bilges or aquariums, drain pool covers, and unclog washing machines. You can get the Drill Motor Pump at hardware stores, or through us for $6.95.

BULB BIBLE

A bumper crop of gardening books has appeared recently, but it was not until the eminent British authority Roy Genders wrote *Bulbs: A Complete Handbook*, 598 pp., ($19.95) that we had a veritable encyclopedia on these plants. When handled properly, bulbs and corms provide an almost endless variety of magnificent displays which, once planted, require almost no attention. They flower and flourish for years and produce more and more of their own kind.

With remarkable lucidity, Genders details how to plant bulbs and corms to ensure flowering throughout the year and in all kinds of climates and soil conditions. He covers every aspect of the subject, from Achimenes to Zigadenus, and does so in a manner most useful to the average gardener.

Bulbs, lavishly illustrated in color and black and white, sets each bulb out in detail. Genders carefully and clearly explains the history and culture of each bulb, discusses its propagation and flowering dates, and notes which diseases and pests are most likely to prey upon it. The only thing this volume lacks is the fragrance of a bouquet of hyacinths.

Bulbs: A Complete Handbook is available in bookstores or through us postpaid.

YOU GET THE IDEA

Since we can't do as much detective work as we'd like in digging out especially attractive products, we would welcome your help. If you are willing to stake your personal reputation on a product that has served you more than satisfactorily, send us a testimonial. We'll publish it if space permits and if the item is of general interest and availability. Write TOOLS,, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

HOW TO ORDER

If you care to order these items from us, you may do so by sending a letter to Tools for Living, c/o Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Specify the item, quantity of each item, and color (if needed). Price is that indicated in the descriptions above. Add up the total for all items you order (N.Y. residents add appropriate sales tax). Enclose a check for the total amount payable to Harper's Magazine. If you prefer to charge your BankAmericard or Master Charge, indicate your card number and expiration date. You may also order the books that are discussed in Starting Points by following these same instructions.

READERS WRAPA

Live and Let Live

When we began receiving mail in response to our June 1973 **WRAPAROUND** on longevity, we were struck by the powerful emotions that topic apparently touched off in many of our readers. Some letters seemed to indicate that, at least in our society, old age has too often been robbed of grace; others suggested methods and models for preserving youth; and still others revealed an impatience with old people—or with our treatment of them—that verged on hostility. Below is a selection of letters. We would like to hear from more of you.

Reading the WRAPAROUND feature on aging, I thought about our tendency to categorize, to stereotype—and about our very human delight at finding anything or anyone who can in no way be assigned to any category.

I thought about how delighted we are at finding, at knowing, old people who are unusual in some way. How many times does television feature the hip grandmother who rides a motorcycle and is the goddess and oracle of the hairiest, most strung-out group of freaks the costumers can dream up? Aged freaks are perhaps the hottest thing around.

And I thought about the thousands of times I have told about my grandmother, who at 84 puts in a huge vegetable garden every year, who surrounds her white frame house with hollyhocks, roses, and tiger lilies, who loves nothing so much as visitors to cook and clean for, who would be shocked to learn that in the east the quilts she gives away to the Ladies Aid to be sold for $12 would go for $75 and up, who has the most incredible memory I have ever encountered.

And I thought about my feelings about growing old. It's easy to be philosophical about aging at times. Other times the more primitive fears assert themselves as I realize how quickly time is going.

—Sheri Anderson
Aurora, N.Y.

Why, in the face of so many recent cutbacks, are we still willing to spend over $50 billion easing the miseries of the elderly? Are the purposes behind all the money really what they seem? Or could it be that much of the feverish, federally funded activity in gerontology research is aimed at herding together the swelling, unsteady numbers of old and unconforming people, at removing these distasteful souvenirs of our future to a pleasantly blurred distance, at producing a tidy, predictable enemy that will "act its age"—as dictated by us?

At the huge new Andrus Gerontology Center at the University of Southern California, the main concern of the research and training programs is to establish a set of norms, or "behavioral expectancies" for the aged. A fresh look at gerontological theories and data clearly indicates that establishing such a special set of norms is not only unnecessary but also destructive in most cases. Could it be that the big push for special norms is geared more closely to the needs of gerontologists than to those of the aged? Intriguing hypotheses do point to that possibility: (1) Gerontologists, reflecting their "other-directed," norm-oriented generation, are more dependent on socialization than their parents. (2) Guilty consciences are eased by making things clearer (if more regimented). (3) Uniting the enemy makes him an easier target. (4) Defining the "old man's" role smacks of "slaying the father," an assertion of power, a slick and ultimate maneuver in the lifelong generation conflict. (5) Pinning down one of the two loose ends of life, a *free* end, is a last-ditch effort to stave off the looming normlessness of death. Perhaps death is the only norm exclusive to the aged.

Let's at least question present perspectives and motivations and not rush our last years headlong (ah, but federally financed!) into a little box.

—R. Zehra
Manhattan Beach, Calif.

As a nation, we eagerly take up a cause and hunt around for an instant solution. We become enthusiastic, start the publicity rolling, and act as if we have an immediate answer. If only we can get enough money and a big enough organization, we will have the problem solved.

Today one of our problems is THEM—the aged, anyone retired or (like me) over sixty-five. But in spite of all the talk about improving the lot of THEM, one very important thing is being overlooked: the aged are not wanted. In this era, which is geared to youth, anything old is not wanted—cars, houses, clothes, refrigerators, furniture.

Though they have discarded the older people, young people do not know how to get THEM out of sight; they continue to hang around as blemishes on the landscape. Suppose we could find some kind, humane way to get rid of THEM? Wouldn't that be wonderful? Then we would not need to have any more conferences on aging, any more pensions, any more Social Security or Medicare. We could eliminate special housing for the elderly, senior-citizen centers, nursing homes. We could stop worrying about whether the aged are underfed or poorly housed, or ill, or lonesome.

And there are advantages for the aged themselves, who would not have to spend years outside the mainstream of life in depressing developments catering to old people, where everyone wearies of shuffleboard, bingo, TV, and other useless activities. They would not need to live in fear that their money will not cover their needs, that they will not know what to do in case of long illness.

You say this is all very true. We do want to get rid of THEM. And the aged themselves are very unhappy. But what can we do?

The answer is very simple and entirely honorable. I marvel that our leaders have not suggested it.

Let our wars be fought by THEM! Why should it be the young whose lives are disrupted or who are maimed or killed in war? Let the old go to war. Give them the honor and the glory of dying for their country. That way old people would have something to look forward to, some new interest in their lives. Perhaps governmen provide R and R at the ning of military service sure many oldsters wo preciate a trip to Austr Hong Kong or Japan waii. All probably wo prove physically after weeks of boot camp; m derly people need exerci would feel better if requ walk and stretch and be

In present wars the who are actually in the lines is small, so places f port could be found fo lions of men and women would enjoy getting awa home and doing somethi ferent. They would have I am sure we could alwa some country needing the

—Doris E. G
Medway

I don't want to live long to receive congratulation the White House. I want before I become dep (preferably painlessly, sir a yellow-bellied coward comes to pain), and I w die before my daughte she must make room home for me because I sh be left alone. Children honor their parents, the teaches us that, but do pect too much of them. owe us respect (if we d it) but nothing else.

People can live too lon you realize that?

—Billie Foste
Birmingham

I refuse to accept
the careless theorem that
age is only dying time,
and postulate instead
that blandishments of yo
are but a hiatus of milk
and spurted juices of
grapes new-plucked
from a growing vine,
worth but the thankless
picayune of any adolesce
awkward goat-leap.
Age, valued, sparkling
clear is a treasured
bottle of fine wine.

—Mary R.
Jeffersonville,

NDWRAP INFORMA

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plies a wistful smile
trift of fine old lace!

ll wear a curled red

things I never should,
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ting on more wood!

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of deteriorating!
from a family that lives long and well, never becomes senile, and dies without making a mess through lingering illness. None of them has been a peasant, or a sex nut, or a victim of the physicians. All had excellent educational advantages and contributed a great deal to the land in which our ancestors were born, from Colonial times right down to my grandchildren. They had this in common: they bathed; they kept their hair, and kept it shining (not a baldy in the bunch); they all lived with elegance and elan; (Did I remember to say all of these people had plenty of lovely, beautiful *money*?)

They were all intensely mental, and stayed "with it"—never saying, "In my day." Every day was the day! **—Irene F. Won**
Pittsburg, Calif.

DEAS

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Games People Play,
Be Not Proud, or *The*
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APAROUND.

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ig of time, either on
or on a philosophical level. There's sidereal time, geological time, Greenwich mean time, half time, overtime, time on your hands, time on your side, telling time, and two-timing. In short, time is always on our backs. We would like to know how you experience time, how you save it, how you get outside it. Take a minute or two to jot down your thoughts and send them to **WRAPAROUND**.

☞ Nearly 500 of you have now requested and received copies of the "Starting Fresh Handbook," which we put together in connection with the February '73 **WRAPAROUND.** With your help, the Handbook can become a serviceable tool for mastering the art of changing your life. If you've tried starting fresh, we hope you'll let us know how you went about it and what advice you'd offer others striking out in new directions, so that they'll be able to avoid your mistakes and profit from your discoveries. Any information you can pass along will be welcome at **WRAPAROUND**, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

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ggerate.
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worm):

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ht! —Frances B. Apfel
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se looks a mess.
use looks cluttered.
e looks lived in.
—Cecilia Ann Cunningham
New Rochelle, N.Y.

prejudices.
e opinions.
rinciples.
—Catharine V. Ewing
Enid, Okla.

She cheats on her husband.
You are a swinger.
I have an "Open Marriage."

He is a peeping tom.
You are curious about people.
I am a behavioral researcher.
—Pamela B. Dunn
East Lansing, Mich.

He is broke.
You are in debt.
I am temporarily overextended.
—Doris S. Galt
Portland, Ore.

She is an old maid.
You never met the right man.
I was one of the original Liberated Women. —Russell C. Heeschen
S. Daytona, Fla.

He is getting old.
You are middle-aged.
I am in my prime.

He yells.
You speak loudly.
I emphasize words.

He is a lousy tipper.
You never give more than 10 percent.
I pay only for the service I get.
—Eleanor A. Jones
Plainfield, N.J.

He is losing his hair.
You have a receding hairline.
I look like Yul Brynner.
—Barbara D. Levie
Chicago, Ill.

He procrastinates.
You dawdle.
I think before I act.

She nags.
You urge.
I suggest . . . and suggest . . . and suggest. —Rae M. Levis
Wyandotte, Mich.

He is a plagiarist.
You are a copycat.
I am a camera. —Patricia Linden
Boston, Mass.

She is an interfering busybody.
You proffer advice.
I give the benefit of my experience.
—Jeanette Musliner
Rochester, N.Y.

He is childish.
You are immature.
I am young at heart.
—Stephanie Rouse
Columbus, Neb.

He is tactless.
You are outspoken.
I am forthright. —JoAnne Shirley
Washington, D.C.

He is in a rut.
You are a creature of habit.
I am consistent.
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He is narrow-minded.
You are parochial.
I display singleness of purpose.
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NOVEMBER 1973 FOUNDED IN 1850/VOL. 247, NO. 1482

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Cover photographed by Jerry Sarapochiello. Needlepoint pillow from Chodoff, N.Y.C.

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PUBLISHER: Russell Barnard; **CONTROLLER:** Louis A. Isidora; **CIRCULATION MANAGER:** Elizabeth Jacobsen; **PRODUCTION MANAGER:** Louis S **PUBLIC RELATIONS:** Ronni Fiedler

HARPER'S MAGAZINE PRESS **EDITOR:** Lawrence S. Freundlich; **PUBLISHER:** Peter Mollman

Published monthly by Harper's Magazine Company, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Cass Canfield, Honorary Chairman; Russell Barnard, President; nayerson, Executive Vice-President; Lewis H. Lapham, Vice-President. Subscriptions $8.50 one year; $21.00 three years. Foreign except Canada and Pan America additional. Harper's Magazine Company is a division of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc. John Cowles, Jr., President; Otto A. Silha, Ex Howard Mithun, Secretary; William R. Beattie, Treasurer.

ing information contact Harper-Atlantic Sales, 535 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Other offices in Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, Philadelphi San Francisco.

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Printed in the U.S.A. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and tional mailing offices.

POSTM Send Form 3579 to Harper's Magazine, 381 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302.

Reprints and Permissions: Lucy Mattimore, Harper's Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

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"Points of View", 1958

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The Curious Legend of La Dame Blanch

Long, long ago, in the Bordeaux region of France, there lived a handsome young Count.

The estate on which he lived had a truly remarkable vineyard, from which came one of the finest wines in all of France. This wine was treasured throughout the land and was a source of great pride to the young aristocrat.

The people all loved him, for he was very good to them, and the fine wine he produced brought prosperity to them all.

However, they were concerned about one thing.

He had not yet found a wife.

One day, the Count decided to take a holiday, and he journeyed to Morocco. There he met a beautiful Moorish princess with dark mysterious eyes and black silken hair.

And skin the color of dark topaz.

She was, he thought, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and he fell hopelessly in love with her. And she with him. And so they were married.

When the news of the beloved Count's marriage to a dark-skinned woman reached the people, they were dismayed. And when he brought her home, they turned their backs on her. Why couldn't he have married one of his own kind?

Despite this, the pair lived happily together until the Count died. Then, his loving wife did something that shocked everyone.

She came to the funeral dressed in white... the color of mourning of her native land.

No one in France had ever worn anything but black for mourning. Oh, she had strange ways, this dark foreign woman.

The bereaved Countess wore nothing but white for the rest of her life, for she had loved her husband very much. So much so that, in his tradition, she continued caring for the vineyard. Which, in turn, continued to produce the superb wine.

She was really a very kind woman, and, like her husband, treated the people well. Slowly, they began to accept her. And they learned to love her as much as they had the Count.

Later, when she died, they all came to her funeral to honor her.

And they came dressed in white.

Now, here is the curious part of t story.

Ever since the death of the Counte on certain mornings at dawn, a stran white mist drifts across the meadc and surrounds the Chateau.

And the people seeing this phenomenc say, "La Dame Blanche has returnec So when the white mist appears, t people are happy to be reminded th La Dame Blanche remembers them.

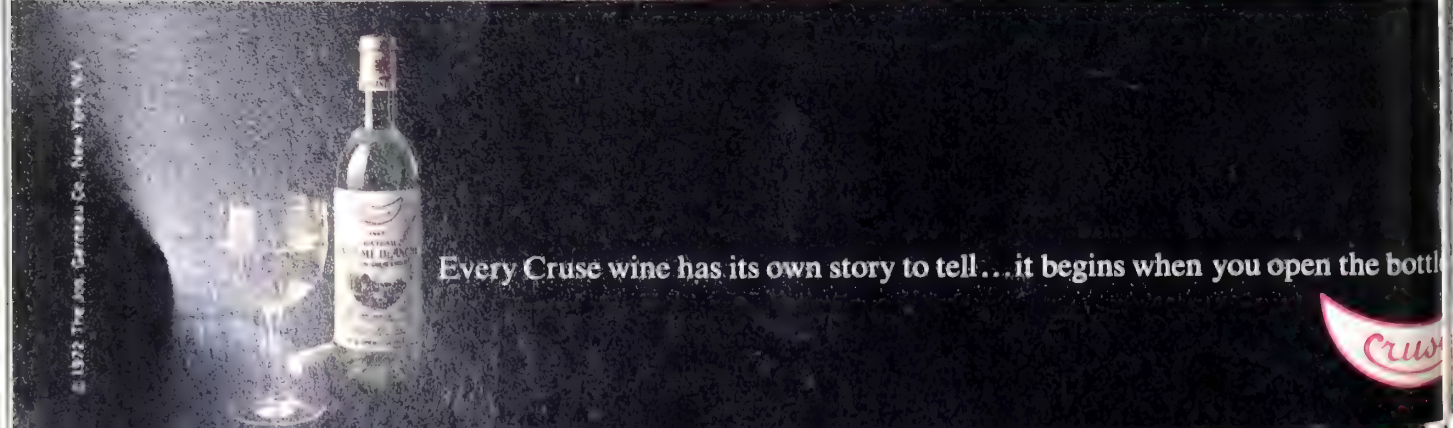
Today, the famous Cruse family occ pies the Chateau. And their wine, nc called Chateau La Dame Blanche, still among the finest in all of Franc As is every wine that bears the Cru crescent. Each with its own speci story to tell.

Happily, the spirit of La Dame Blanch still prevails.

At the Chateau near Bordeaux.

And on some of the finest tables in th world.





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Every Cruse wine has its own story to tell... it begins when you open the bottl

Cruse

WRAPAROUND



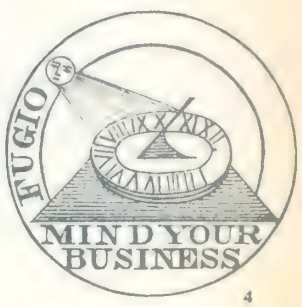
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2



3



4

ental money" was issued by the American colonies after the Revolution began. Some of the Latin mottos on the bills offered their bearers tic counsel: (1) "Though pressed down it rises again"; (2) "The end is in doubt"; (3) "It will clear up"; and one bill, representing one-sixth of r, said (4) "I fly" (Fugio), adding, "Mind your business."

ONEY, MONEY, MONEY

veryday activity of mon- nslates one kind of work nother kind of work. It a means of carrying out mplicated business of civ- n. The system's enormity ggering, as we can see ver money draws a con- n between otherwise in- rable things: a pint of and a plaster of Paris go lawn ornament both out $30; the money spent ew weapons system would ough jars of peanut but- reach from here to the

But the fundamental le is simple and straight- d—money is a language nmon value that allows work out the equivalence n your apples and my s.

there is also something l in the way money op- Its power, like that of ge, is the power of sub- n by which something exchanged for something lic. The legerdemain of transaction can still stir nitive awe and leave us ring at how thoroughly can define the world. In rce of this enchantment, loses its sober market- ook and glitters with the e of providing a com- ccounting with life.

he space between the mun- nd the magical, cultural of money fill a confused ape. These images, almost in their proportions, embody our received attitudes about money and its functions. They explain our behavior at the same time that they guide it. Here are a few tableaux

The foreground image concerns the fun of handling money. There is the childish delight of Uncle Scrooge McDuck plunging into swimming pools full of cash. Here money is like a genie of joy—there is no place it cannot take you, no wish it cannot grant, no unhappiness it cannot distract you from. It unlocks the world of television commercials and travel advertisements. It purchases a thousand small freedoms. It encourages the most varied kinds of self-expression by inviting you to fashion the world to fit your own desire. Best of all, the genie's powers are boundless. The more you have, the more satisfactions to choose among. With money, it hardly ever rains, the children never cry, and a new fascination always awaits exploration. Money is, above all, a measure of happiness.

In the middle distance other images reflect the seriousness of money. The atmosphere is as solemn as a company boardroom or a bank vault. Here money is regarded as a demonstration of competence in the world. It is a balance sheet for success. It earns you respect and admiration. With money to count, you need never agonize over the exact dimensions of your personal worth. Instead you puzzle over the game of having versus spending. You exercise your rationality—planning, concern for the future—and avoid sales pitches that might uncover vagrant whims, suppressed desires, or inexpressible longings. Money is, above all, proof of maturity and responsibility.

In the background swarm dim suggestions that handling money is dangerous. Here lurks the political presumption that people carry their principles in their wallets. All thoughts appear difficult to purge of gold, all judgments hard to pry loose from a cost-benefit accounting. Since the slide into convenience has created a credit economy, there is a new fear that the invisibility of money will allow it to creep into more aspects of our lives, where it will become an unconscious yardstick for our behavior. Or, more practically, since we don't in any physical sense have the money we spend, we will be doomed to go on spending more than we have. With money, according to these images, man is separated from nature to the extent that he can substitute dollar signs for pleasure and pain. Money is, above all, an alienation from reality.

Traditionally the way to escape the snares represented by the images of money has been to take vows of poverty. In the midst of affluence, however, that step seems a little extreme, and relatively few people choose the rigors of bare subsistence.

Even so, people are experimenting with the role of money in their lives. Much of the choice among alternative lifestyles comes down to selecting a new mode of relationship to money—by going on unemployment, for instance, or deciding to live without a regular, predictable income. And with a different flow of money in your life, your perspective on the world modulates accordingly. The assumption behind such alterations in living standards is that our attitudes toward money are so deeply embedded that they can be discovered and changed only with the help of bifocal vision: the parallax that comes from consciously altering your relationship to money. The convenience available today, clearly, is that such changes can be had short of the bother of extreme privation. We need not be quite as much at the mercy of money, but we needn't do without it either.

This issue of **WRAPAROUND** offers some of the ways that people think about money. We hope it will provoke you to think some about money in your own life and the way its images color your reality. Should you be moved to make some experiments on the way you live with money, we would be delighted to hear about them.

—Tony Jones

WRAPAROUND REPORT



'He that plays his money ought not to value it." —George Herbert

PRECIOUS

He who makes a colossal fortune in the hosiery trade, and by his energy has succeeded in reducing the price of woolen goods by the thousandth part of a penny in the pound—this man is worth ten professional philanthropists. So strongly are the Erewhonians impressed with this, that if a man has made a fortune of over £20,000 a year they exempt him from all taxation, considering him as a work of art, and too precious to be meddled with; they say, "How very much he must have done for society before society could have been prevailed upon to give him so much money"; so magnificent an organization overawes them; they regard it as a thing dropped from heaven.

"Money," they say, "is the symbol of duty, it is the sacrament of having done for mankind that which mankind wanted. Mankind may not be a very good judge, but there is no better."

—Samuel Butler
Erewhon, 1872





ASSAULT ON THE DOLLAR

MARSHALL: The issue between the generations is what is known as value. The value of the dollar. What it means to your generation is blood, sweat and tears . . . what you had to do to make a buck.

When a group of young people burnt money at the stock exchange and threw the bills down from the balcony, it caused pandemonium. There was a scramble for the dollar bills on the floor of the exchange. They were trying to say something about the value of money. A Vietnamese person can be burned with napalm. Animals are slaughtered. But a dollar is sacred. A dollar is not to be burned. In fact, it's a federal crime. This worship of the dollar is inherently an alienated idea. The people who killed themselves in 1929 were victims of it.

STEVE: Our quality of life, character and tone since the Thirties has been determined by the Depression: the buck is almighty. Which side are you on? Most people—and that includes the young—would choose the buck.

—Studs Terkel
Hard Times, 1970

The Standard Goat, and Other Forms of Money

Upon the overthrow of Sheik Shakhbut of Abu Dhabi four years ago, it was discovered that the antique oil princeling, unable to decide what to do with his cash, had stored it under the bed and in the closet. The rats had got at least $2,000,000 —the price of half a dozen hospitals or a perfectly good jet bomber. Money has always been a difficult commodity.

Our word "money" derives from the Roman state's having kept its mint in the temple of Juno Moneta, the goddess who reminded and warned. Her attributes capture two essentials for a medium of exchange: that it retain its value and be be treated with respect. There remained a third—that it be easily exchangeable.

Every society must choose its own way of satisfying these criteria. The word "*pecus*" (from which our "peculiar" and "pecuniary" derive) and its Germanic cognates (which are the ancestors of "fee") both meant "cattle," a highly mobile and transferable medium employed as currency throughout the world at various times. Unfortunately, cattle are bulky, perishable, and variable (Keynes describes a colonial official's labors to check a hypothetical standard goat against th thing). Moreover, they a ject to the abuse whose commemorates Daniel success as beef dealer an Street operator alike—" stock." In the pre-coloni Hebrides pigs were u money, but that meant outbreak of swine fever lead to a severe de (Pigs imported by Eur were used as sacrifice therefore did not expa monetary supply. This only known case of a br God being effective aga flation.) Cultures like which employ paper, c confident that, so long a grow, our government-cor central banks will keep t plied with what passes fo ey.

It is, of course, true th currencies of some North ican colonies became u ageable when adulterate paper. By a process whi actually explained by C cus (and not, as is po believed, Sir Thomas Gre precious metals and oth erally trustworthy cur tend to be displaced fro culation by less dependat dia of exchange. In the some American colonie

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bark cloth
beads
beef
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bells
benzoin cakes
birds
blankets
boar's tusks
bottles
brass
bread
brick dust
buffalo
buffalo hides
caldrons
camels
camphor
canned food
cannons
cardboard
cattle
cedar bark
cheese
chickens
china
cigarettes
clay
cloth
cloves
coal
coca leaves
cocoa
coconuts
coffee
copper
copper spelter
copra
cosmetics
cowries
cotton
curcuma root
dagga cakes
dates
disks (throwing)
dog's teeth
donkeys
drugs
drums
earthenware pots
eggs
elephants
feathers
fiber armlets
fish
fishhooks
flags
flour
furs
gambling counters
gin
ginger
glass jars
goats
gold
gold (debased)
gold dust
gold nuggets
gongs
grain
gunpowder
guns
hatchets
hemp
hoes
horses
indigo
iron
ivory
jam
knives
kola nuts
lacquer
lead
leather
manilas
mats
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Supposing someone finds
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), bed (shells), or grave-
(skulls) of the damned
-the value of your money
respondingly reduced.
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below (which I have taken
Paul Einzig's *Primitive*
), various of our prede-
s must have gone to sleep
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stones
straw
sugar
swords
syrup
tamarind seeds
tar
taro
tea
timber
tin
tires
tobacco
tripods
utensils
wax
weapons
whale's teeth
wheels
white metal
wine
women
woodpecker scalps
wool

—Timothy Dickinson

Dickinson is a contributing
Harper's.

OF HUMAN BONDAGE

In some of the jungles of Africa and New Guinea, the relatives of a young man buy him a bride at an enormous price, putting him in their debt for years to come. Here the same custom prevails, at least in the more civilized sections of the country, except that the bride price becomes a house price, and if there is no stake from the relatives, this role is taken on by the bank.

Thus the young man in New Guinea with an old wrist watch dangling from his ear to ensure success, and the young man in America with a new wrist watch wrapped around his arm to ensure success, both feel that they have a "purpose" in life. The big celebration, the wedding or housewarming, takes place not when the debt is discharged, but when it is undertaken. What is emphasized on TV, for example, is not the middle-aged man who has finally paid off his mortgage, but the young man who moves into his new home with his family, proudly waving the papers he has just signed and which will bind him for most of his productive years. After he has paid his debts—the mortgage, the college expenses for his children and his insurance—he is regarded as a problem, a "senior citizen" for whom society must provide not only material comforts but a new "purpose." As in New Guinea, if he is very shrewd, he may become a big creditor instead of a big debtor, but this happens relatively rarely.

—Eric Berne
Games People Play, 1964

How Much Do You Make?

It used to be true that neither sex lives nor salaries were discussed in polite company. Clearly, sex is no longer a secret and sacred subject. In an attempt to see whether money matters have been desanctified too, I've been asking friends and acquaintances how much they earn. For instance, at a party, I heard a corporation lawyer complaining about his job. I clicked my tongue in sympathy. "Oh, that's terrible," I said. "How much do they pay you for that?" Silence. The question hangs in the air. I wait. "Not enough," he says.

These are the rest of my findings.

Women: Women tell. They tell another woman, anyway. My samples are a city administrator, a magazine editor, and a university assistant professor. And my theory is not that women care less about money, but that they automatically assume they are undervalued and underpaid by society, so that salary is no reflection on their talents.

Artists: They tell for the same reason women do. A sculptor sat down with pencil and paper and figured out that his last year's income from his work was $1,500. A painter happily told me he made $3,000. Both apparently felt pleasure at how little they managed to live on.

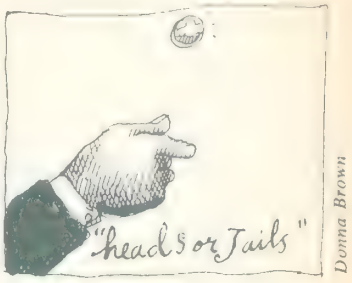
Hippies: Hippies love to tell how they beat the system. The less money they make, or get, the readier they are to talk about it.

Men Over Forty: Men over forty who are not artists don't tell. (They also don't tell a woman about their sex lives.) A doctor, a writer, and an advertising executive—all of whom obviously made a lot of money—met the question in various ways, from a hostile "What do you want to know for?" to "Enough, my dear, enough," to an embarrassed grunt from the writer who, I'm sure, made less than his sense of *machismo* was comfortable with.

Exceptions: A paranoid acquaintance who suspected I was gathering information for the IRS, a 28-year-old ambitious theater director who felt demeaned at working as a bartender, and an actor wouldn't tell.

On the basis of these interviews, I now formulate a new law: People tend to freely admit the amount of money they earn in inverse proportion to the degree of self-esteem they derive from their earnings. Why men who obviously make a lot of money, which must enhance their self-esteem, don't tell, I don't know. But I think it would be fruitful ground for an economist and a sexologist to explore. **—Dorothy Gallagher**

Dorothy Gallagher is a free-lance writer.



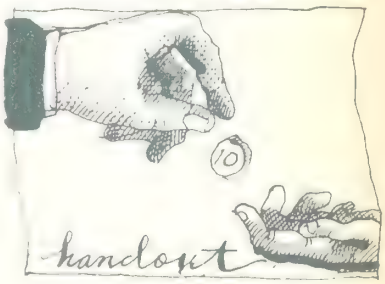
Donna Brown

For a Rainy Day

I smiled to myself at the sight of this money. "O drug!" said I aloud, "What art thou good for? Thou art not worth to me—no, not the taking off the ground: one of those knives is worth all this heap: I have no manner of use for thee; e'en remain where thou art and go to the bottom, as a creature whose life is not worth saving."

However, upon second thoughts, I took it away; and wrapping it all in a piece of canvas, I began to think of making another raft . . .

—Daniel Defoe
Robinson Crusoe, 1719



"It's a kind of spiritual snobbery that makes people think they can be happy without money." —Albert Camus
Notebooks, 1935-1942

Not Just Plain Bills

A one-dollar bill has a humble and homely look. A five-dollar bill has a few meek pretensions. A ten is vigorous and forthright and honest, like a scout leader. A twenty, held to the ear like a seashell, emits the far-off sound of nightclub music. A fifty wears the faint sneer of race track. It has a portly look, needs a shave, wears a yellow diamond on the little finger. And a hundred is very haughty indeed.

—John D. MacDonald
Soft Touch, 1958

APAROUNDWRAPAR



Spooky Tender

In Western civilization the idea of money exercises a great fascination—it is the fascination of an actual thing which has attained a metaphysical ideality or of a metaphysical reality which has attained actual existence in the realm of spirits. Spirits and ghosts are beings in such a middling state of existence: unreal, real, real money is both real and not real. We invented money and, like a spook it, yet we cannot either control it or we use stand its laws or control its operations. It has a life of its own, a which it properly should not have.

—Lionel Trilling
The Liberal Imagination, 1950

Uh-oh, I'm Rich

It is a fine thing, reader, to be lifted in a moment from indigence to wealth—a very fine thing: but not a matter one can comprehend, or consequently enjoy all at once. And then there are other chances in life far more thrilling and rapture giving: *this* is solid, an affair of the actual world, nothing ideal about it: all its associations are solid and sober, and its manifestations are the same. One does not jump, and spring, and shout hurrah! at hearing one has got a fortune, one begins to consider responsibilities, and to ponder business; on a base of steady satisfaction rise certain grave cares—and we contain ourselves, and brood over our bliss with a solemn brow.

—Charlotte Brontë
Jane Eyre, 1847

"Money is like a sixth sense—and you can't make use of the other five without it."

—Somerset Maugham
The New York Times Magazine, 1958

Misery

I belong to one of the world's oldest and most distinguished oppressed minorities: thrifty persons.

I use the term "thrifty persons" rather than such culturally approved epithets as "tightwads," "skinflints," or "pinchpennies" in order to make it clear right at the outset that we misers will no longer tolerate mindless discrimination.

Thrifty persons have been ridiculed and misrepresented for centuries, and their tormentors universally acclaimed by self-styled "progressive societies" as paragons of wisdom and erudition. We find blatant examples as early as the Homeric age. King Midas, for instance, was a wise and temperate ruler whose concern for his city's dwindling gold reserves was distorted by a hostile press into an utterly meretricious fable, a fable which is employed to this very day to poison the minds of our children against fiscal sobriety.

William Shakespeare carried on the tradition with his egregiously biased portrait of the that he [illegible] small businessman, adjust the[illegible], whose only sin was agreement swas decent enough to could more c[illegible] terms of a credit him what he o[illegible] that a customer

In the Victor[illegible] conveniently repay Dickens put the wed[illegible] proval on the prac[illegible]an era, Charles [illegible]ng persons of th[illegible] stamp of ap[illegible] cause their life-sty[illegible]ice of harass[illegible]garded as unfulfillis[illegible]it just be[illegible] still chuckle contem[illegible]les are re[illegible] the story of Ebenezer[illegible]g. People glow as his home [illegible]edly over without a warrant by[illegible] Scrooge, and applaud as his mo[illegible] entered recollections are trotte[illegible] "spirits," the service of his h[illegible] private and eventual forced co[illegible]d out in

Finally, there is the [illegible]miliation and insidious influence[illegible]version. mund Freud, a man w[illegible]rvasive himself competent to sti[illegible]of Sig- an entire class of people[illegible]o felt basis of a few intervie[illegible]matize some neurotic Viennese[illegible] on the ladies. Under the guise[illegible]s with tific inquiry, he embark[illegible]aning campaign of slander [illegible]scien- misers were characteri[illegible]l on a tle children playing w[illegible] which ment—as *sick* people[illegible] as lit words, and not simply excre- nately sick, but disgusti[illegible] other fortu- y sick.

"It is a stock remark that Americans love the dollar. The saying, like most stock sayings, misses the point; the real point is, not that Americans love money more than other people, but that they love comparatively few things besides money."

—*Harper's Magazine*
November 1880

I am a miser—and I am proud of it. I look back on these millennia of calumny and realize in my heart that people must be made to understand that the thrifty life is a meaningful and respectable mode of existence. We misers do not seek converts. We do not ask that you share with us those little electric thrills we get when buying a pair of men's shoes through the mail for $6.95. We don't ask that you keep a record of every cent you spend so that you can look up and relive your most memorable bargain purchases as the years go by. We don't even ask that you keep your money arranged neatly and in ascending denominations in your wallet so that you can look at it and count it when all else is darkness. All we ask—we *demand*—is the right to live our lives the way we want to, with no vituperation or persecution. From those of you who would like to help us in our struggle for human dignity, all contributions will be gratefully accepted. **—Robert H. Pilpel**

Robert Pilpel is at work on a book called Making Woodstock.

Breaking the Banco

The word "bankruptcy" has a nasty ring. It is derived from a practice in Italy in the Middle Ages. Back in those days, if an artisan was unable to pay for his leather or copper or silver or whatever it was he used in his craft, the creditors would break his workbench. He then became a man with a ruptured *banco*, or a bankrupt.

Today, bankruptcy is more civilized. If an artisan were to go bankrupt in the United States he would in all probability be permitted to keep his workbench intact, as well as the other tools of his trade. However, he would have to turn over his money, securities, or other property of value to the court. The Italian creditors of the Middle Ages were [illegible] revenge against deadbe[illegible] sans, but the thrust of [illegible] ministration of bankrupt[illegible] is more toward rehabi[illegible] Bankruptcy today makes [illegible] sible for people whose de[illegible] overwhelming to wipe th[illegible] and start over.

For example, take this [illegible] case of personal ban[illegible] (cases of corporate ban[illegible] are handled somewhat di[illegible] ly):

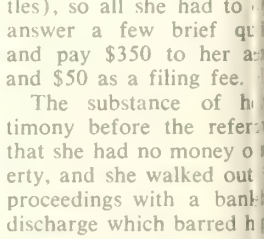
A young secretary [illegible] $7,000 a year opened [illegible] accounts at various stor[illegible] venient for lunch-hour [illegible] ping. Though her bill[illegible] mounting, she took out [illegible] loan to pay for her s[illegible] vacation. Then, when h[illegible] owed mother died, she [illegible] get a loan from a financ[illegible] pany to pay for the f[illegible] After several sleepless [illegible] she finally admitted to [illegible] that she'd never in this [illegible] be able to pay everybod[illegible] —and she filed for bank[illegible]

There was one hearing [illegible] a bankruptcy referee. N[illegible] her creditors showed up [illegible] taining a fund for bad c[illegible] less expensive for them [illegible] getting involved in cou[illegible] tles), so all she had to [illegible] answer a few brief qu[illegible] and pay $350 to her a[illegible] and $50 as a filing fee.

The substance of h[illegible] timony before the refer[illegible] that she had no money o[illegible] erty, and she walked out [illegible] proceedings with a bank[illegible] discharge which barred h[illegible] bankruptcy creditors from [illegible] ly enforcing their claims [illegible] her.

No doubt the experien[illegible] emotionally unpleasant. ([illegible] of us would gladly ad[illegible] public that we couldn't [illegible] ends meet?) But last yea[illegible] ly 200,000 Americans see[illegible] have figured that it beat[illegible] ing the bills. **—Sidney R[illegible]**

Sidney Rutberg is the author [illegible] Cents on the Dollar or The[illegible] ruptcy Game.



DWRAPAROUNDW

ious Money

:n-age girl I know in- ıe that her friends are erested in money these not for its own sake," ires me, "but for what uy." To me, this is like ill the artichoke leaves owing away the lovely eart.

icans, it seems, have al- en extremely moralistic ioney, trying to confine ual power within man- limits. The flamboyant an who wishes to show empt for money uses a ight his cigar. The bou- opper can buy a roll of aper on which every printed to look like a ill. And there are all nctimonious people who ıe sight of money em- in Lucite paperweights oubt the same people e their butterflies nice d.

e my money nice and ery two weeks I cash check and walk the two o my bank with a bulg- let, feeling sexy, accom- and invulnerable. Some- take it in $100 bills, e happy day I walked ance with a single, ele- 00 bill. I felt like a com- ı of Mae West, Consue- ıderbilt, and Calamity wanted to tuck the $500 my waistband, like a chief. I wanted to se- traffic cop. I wanted to a drugstore and buy a of gum.

money, in thick, green, ıs clumps, confers un- e sensual attraction on on who owns it. Lorelei Lee knew this, and so did Santayana. When that eminent man was asked to name the best book of philosophy written by an American, he replied, "*Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.*"

Most of us, however, are shy about admitting to what seems like such a dry and cheerless lust. So That *Cosmopolitan* Girl goes on smearing hot fudge on her erogenous zones and ignoring other, tidier, sensual experiences. Lovers of money for its own sake are usually imagined as wizened little men, unwashed and dressed in ill-fitting suits of bombazine.

In this unpromising erotic climate, I am happy to report on a friend of mine, an author of one of the rare grand gestures. My friend decided to present his mistress with a condominium (I think it was her birthday) and arrived at her apartment with the purchase price of $65,000 in bills of small denominations. Finding the lady in bed, as he expected, he flung the bills upon her—and himself after them.

Still you say "crass," "unromantic," "cold"? You want to retire from this mercenary world and read poetry to your one and only? Well, don't forget the poet who called money "the sinews of love." And, if you've always admired the *Rubáiyát*, you might look past verse twelve—right, the one about book of verses, bread, wine, etc. In the first line of verse thirteen, that ultra romantic Persian poet exults: "Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go!" **—Rhoda Koenig**

Rhoda Koenig is Harper's *copy editor.*

G UP

American who starts to work at 18 and who must live with ercent per annum inflation will see prices double before he And he will see prices doubled for the third time in his fe before his 57th birthday. If a healthy constitution and medicine keep him going he will see prices doubled for rth time before he is 70. When he reaches 70 he will have 16 times as much for whatever he buys as he did when he out. His dollar will have shrunk to $.06-¼, or by 93.75 . If he lives in a city like New York, prices will have dour times before his retirement age of 65 and five times as hes his 76th birthday. At 76 he will have to pay 32 times h in dollars and cents as he did when he took his first job, dollar will be worth a mere $.03-⅛. He would have to 60 for a pack of chewing gum and $4.80 for a cup of coffee.

—Robert Hendrickson

The Future of Money, 1970

TRANSLATION

"Money talks" because money is a metaphor, a transfer, and a bridge. Like words and language, money is a storehouse of communally achieved work, skill, and experience. Money, however, is also a specialist technology like writing; and as writing intensifies the visual aspect of speech and order, and as the clock visually separates time from space, so money separates work from the other social functions. Even today money is a language for translating the work of the farmer into the work of the barber, doctor, engineer, or plumber. As a vast social metaphor, bridge, or translator, money—like writing—speeds up exchange and tightens the bonds of interdependence in any community. It gives great spatial extension and control to political organizations, just as writing does, or the calendar. It is action at a distance, both in space and in time. In a highly literate, fragmented society, "Time is money," and money is the store of other people's time and effort.

—Marshall McLuhan

Understanding Media, 1964

WIN SOME, LOSE SOME

You ask how anybody who was travelling with the one he loved could gamble away everything. My dear Misha, in Wiesbaden I invented a system, used it in actual play, and immediately won 10,000 francs. The next morning I got excited, abandoned the system and immediately lost. In the evening I returned to the system, observed it strictly, and quickly and without difficulty won back 3,000 francs. Tell me, after that how could I help being tempted, how could I fail to believe that I had only to follow my system strictly and luck would be with me? And I need the money, for myself, for you, for my wife, for writing my novel. Here tens of thousands are won in jest. Yes, I went with the idea of helping all of you and extricating myself from disaster. I believed in my system, too. Besides, when I arrived in Baden I went to the tables and in *a quarter of an hour* won 600 francs. This goaded me on. Suddenly I began to lose, could no longer keep my head and lost every farthing. After I had sent you my letter from Baden I took my last money and went to play; with four napoléons I won thirty-five in half an hour. This extraordinary luck tempted me, I risked the thirty-five and lost them all. After paying the landlady we were left with six napoléons d'or for the journey. In Geneva I pawned my watch.

—Fyodor Dostoevsky

Letter to his brother, 1863



Voracity, Usury, and Simony represented as allegorical figures. "The love of money overcomes us all." —Aristophanes, 388 B.C.

Confessions of a Money-Grabbing Direct-Response Copywriter, or Maybe a Stick-up Is Easier

Somewhere just north of New York's Grand Central Station, where the pavement narrows and gets thick with people, an ill-clad man in dark glasses is sitting on a camp stool with a small metal cup in his hand. Around his neck hangs a carefully lettered sign: "Do You Thank God That You Can See? Please Help Me Buy A Seeing-Eye Dog."

Now, this gentleman and I have quite a bit in common. We both make our living by convincing people we cannot see to part with their money. And through a combination of gut feeling and learned experience, we have both come to know that people spend money because of emotional drives that are merely surprinted with logic. People want to be richer, sexier, brighter, prettier, happier, more popular, more envied, more revered, and they want to feel less guilty. To these ends they will spend untold amounts of money. If your product or cause can bring them closer to fulfilling any of these desires, or if you can convincingly interpret it in that light, or if you can promise to crumble any barriers standing between them and their dreams, you're halfway home.

But only halfway. Your big advantage is that people are anxious to believe your promises. Your big drawback is that they know better. Your task, then, is not just to make a promise, but to erase all the built-in doubts a person has about himself and you and the world of dog-eat-dog in general.

"If u kn rd ts mssg, u kn gt a gd jb w hi pa!"

The above ad is for a secretarial school. Its aim is to get inquiries about enrollments. The amount that will eventually be demanded of students is no dime in a tin cup. Yet thousands upon thousands continue to respond to this ad and pay up. Would they have responded to an ad that read "Enroll in our school and get a good job with high pay"? Probably not. Well, why not? Because, though the offer is the same, the words are much the same, and the promise is the same, the proof of the promise is lacking.

But—"If u kn rd ts mssg . . ." —*if* u kn. There's exclusivity in that. (Not everyone can.) There's sense in that. (Not everyone has the brains to get a good job with high pay.) And, by George, there's proof in that. Because it's a message that *u kn rd*!

There is another element of equal importance to dreams and promises and proofs in getting people to spend money. That's the personal touch. Since the advent of the computer, we no longer have to write to Dear Friend. We can write to Dear Mr. Fillin. (Mr. Fillin, well known in direct-response circles, also goes by the handles Mr. Anyone, Mr. Anyname, and Mr. Namehere.)

Dear Mr Fillin:
You are one of the few persons in the Fillin area who will be receiving this offer at this time.
This offer could change your life, Mr. Fillin. And also the lives of your son, Fillin, your daughter, Fillin, your wife Fillin, your little dog Fillin, in fact anyone who lives with you at 000 Any Street. . . .

If you secretly think yourself too sophisticated for this approach, consider a computer letter that went out a few years ago. Part of it was visible through a window in the envelope. If you had received one, you would have read, right underneath your address:

Dear Mr. Doe:
This letter concerns your son John who we understand will . . .

In direct-response advertising, of course, we have an unimpeachable measure of our success or failure in getting people to part with their money. It's the return coupon. It either comes back or it doesn't. That one came back.

—Emily F. Soell

Emily Soell has worked on direct-response campaigns for a number of years.

"Most men fear that their sex organs are too small. A woman's reassurance seldom helps to allay these fears, but business success sometimes helps."
—Dr. Theodore I. Rubin
Ladies' Home Journal, 1973

Hey, Big Spender

Think of the fun you can have when you buy a car, a painting, a piece of jewelry, two weeks on a Caribbean island, dinner for two at a great restaurant, skis, snorkels, a 10-speed bike. Now think how much more fun you'd have if, possessed of virtually unlimited funds, you could buy yourself and your loved ones all the treats and toys you wanted.

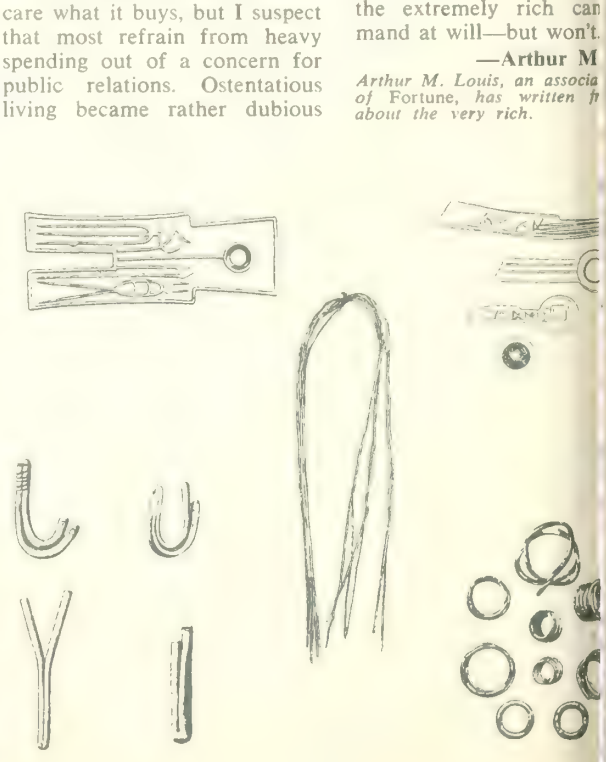
The catch is that you probably wouldn't do it. Very few of the extremely rich indulge to anywhere near their full potential in buying sprees or other costly revelries. Indeed, among the 200 or so Americans with fortunes of at least $100 million, only two *bona fide* revelers come readily to mind: the late Marjorie Merriweather Post, the General Foods heiress, and Roy J. Carver, 63, the newly rich head of Bandag, Inc., a manufacturer of tire-retreading equipment, who seems unabashedly thrilled with vast accumulations of autos, yachts, aircraft, dwellings, and other tokens of the good life.

Some of the extremely rich are easily sated, some consider money an end in itself and don't care what it buys, but I suspect that most refrain from heavy spending out of a concern for public relations. Ostentatious living became rather dubious during the Depression, wl contrast between the r richest and poorest took on politically ex significance. Despite the decades of widespread aff the taboo has never full off. The extremely rich that they are regarde envy by many and with ment by some, and they than anxious to call atten themselves. Ostentation c attract parasites and cran while someone with $1(lion can afford a secret screen out favor-seekers, bit more difficult to wa kidnappers and mad bc If the extremely rich heavily at all, it is apt for art, an extravagan can be countenanced bec is both private and edif

The society pages a course, filled with acco costume parties and othe spectacles that cost the petrators a great deal of But, as the extremely rich selves are quick to poi these events tend to be by people who are only ately rich and scrambli the recognition and stat the extremely rich can mand at will—but won't.

—Arthur M

Arthur M. Louis, an associa of Fortune, *has written fr about the very rich.*



Portable forms of money caught on early in human history. Above: hoe money, Chinese knife money, fishhook money, wire money, My gold rings.

INDWRAPAROUNDV

Master Plan
d
ational Debt

ıy money is the least un- d and most important ıic concept since gold company store. It con- f rubber dollars, credit Billie Sol Estes schemes t money created out of debts, and other modern of legal carpentry. The ectacular example of fun- ıey is the national debt, has grown up to enjoy ology with more wrinkles edieval scholasticism.

debt has now cracked illion. If you have a bond, you own a piece national debt; when you our bond in, someone ll buy one to take its The debt is like Truman —it keeps circulating, never goes away.

forty years, the liberals ushed the line that the irrelevant because, as ogan says, we owe it to es. What difference does if we owe $470 billion, $470 trillion, as long as internal transaction? It's right-pocket-left-pocket that is familiar to ac- ıts but not to the typical American, who required f education and war to light. Why, he used to vely, do we not wipe this ebtedness off both sides edger?

s were done, and all out- g government securities d, we would witness the of funny money at work. ollective financial con- would be soothed. The rs would no longer have h up $27 billion a year t interest payments to ves. We would thus :e the ethical humilia- having an absurd self- t as our third-largest na- rogram.

Republicans, however, ıot like it, because they l funny money to win il War and they don't) see the end of their creation. They know ‹s of the game. For ex- :hey know that we don't owe the debt to ourselves, but that some of us owe it to others. In gross terms, most of us owe it to the Republicans. They run the banks and corporations that own the lucrative slices of the debt.

In national debt transactions, the Republicans and the government massage each other in secret accounting rooms on Wall Street. The government soaks up loose Republican change, paying dearly for money that would otherwise be idle. This keeps capital working and interest rates high. Financing the national debt takes more than a quarter of all the money used in credit (the generic term for funny money) every year. If there were no debt, interest rates would fall far below respectability.

In order to sell the debt package, the Republicans had to engage in some of the finest psychological artistry in history. First, they said they *hated* the debt and deficit spending. The Democrats quickly fell for this ruse, and their official position is that they love the national debt.

Every year, the Democrats try to increase the debt, and the Republicans laugh up their sleeves at the handiwork of the master plan. A new program is enacted and paid for by selling new government bonds to the Republicans. The government takes the money and gives it to grateful bureaucrats and their allies, the future backbone of the Republican majority. Then the Democratic taxpayers have to make the interest payments to the bankers who own the debt, and they get so mad at Democratic leaders that they vote for Republicans.

This scheme is vulnerable to exposure, however, and the Republicans have taken some precautions. They created savings bonds, the low-yield dribblings of the national debt, to trick the average grunt taxpayer into thinking he has a vested interest in deficit financing. Republican corporation presidents ram savings bonds ruthlessly down the throats of their employees in government-sponsored public-service programs. This is done so deftly that the normal rube citizen—who hates deficit fi nancing, the U.N., and government programs in general—feels downright patriotic about buying a share in this year's deficit. The Republicans know that the masses will protect their measly $50 bonds by fiercely resisting any serious campaign against the debt.

As a second precaution, the Republicans made alliances with foreigners. The Nixon Administration, shrewdly recognizing that foreign countries would soon have a strong voice in our economic affairs, started a massive drive to sell the debt abroad. President Nixon has spent much of his time peddling Treasury notes to foreign emissaries, and he has been successful beyond his wildest dreams. Foreigners held only $14 billion of the American debt when he took office, and they recently galloped past $60 billion. Today, the international capitals are firmly wedded to the debt scheme.

The master plan is now solidly entrenched and the finest hour of funny money, as always, lies ahead.

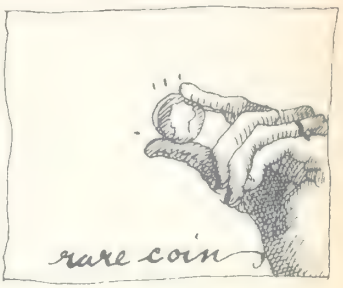
—Taylor Branch

This revelation came to Taylor Branch, Harper's *Washington editor, in a fiscal dream.*

narrieth for love with- ney hath good nights ry days." —John Ray *English Proverbs,* 1670

"In its famous paradox, the equation of money and excrement, psychoanalysis becomes the first science to state what common sense and the poets have long known—that the essence of money is its absolute worthlessness."

—Norman O. Brown
Life Against Death, 1959



The Sound of Solvency

"She's got an indiscreet voice," I remarked. "It's full of—" I hesitated.

"Her voice is full of money," he said suddenly.

That was it. I'd never understood before. It was full of money—that was the inexhaustible charm that rose and fell in it, the jingle of it, the cymbals' song of it.... High in a white palace the king's daughter, the golden girl....

—F. Scott Fitzgerald
The Great Gatsby, 1925



IF YOU WANT TO MAKE A MILLION...

It has been my fate to know people who have made considerable amounts of money, sometimes millions, in the market. One is Harry, who made it and blew it and made it again. Harry really wanted to make a million dollars, and he did. I think Mr. Linheart Stearns had a very good point when he said the end object of investment ought to be serenity. Now if you think making a million dollars will give you serenity, there are two things you can do. One is to find a good head doctor and see if you can discover why you think a million dollars will give you this serenity. This will involve lying on a couch, remembering dreams, talking about your mother, and paying forty dollars an hour. If your course is successful, you will realize that you do not want a million dollars but something else which the million dollars represents to you, such as love, potency, mother, or what have you. Released, you can go off about your business and not worry any more, and you will be poorer only by the number of hours you spent in accomplishing this times forty dollars.

The other thing you can do is to go ahead and make the million dollars and be serene. Then you will have both a million dollars *and* serenity, and you do not have to deduct the number of hours times forty dollars unless you feel guilty about making it.

—"Adam Smith"
The Money Game, 1968

WRAPAROUND

Will Power

Editor's Note: The following document was sent along to us by a reader, Mr. Protagones Bruce of San Francisco and Fire Island. His covering letter suggested that our **WRAPAROUND** *would be less than complete if we omitted mention of "that wonderful tool by which the rich among us transform the helplessness of old age into power undreamt of in youth, and in the process convert mere dross into immortality." Mr. Bruce refers, of course, to wills, testaments, legacies, bequests—the whole legal arsenal employed by the propertied classes to beguile their last years in this world with the promise that they shall be as gods in the next one.*

Dear Mark, Linda, Jeremy, and Cheryl,

Being of sound mind, and under the influence of nothing but the principles of strict reason and personal satisfaction that have always guided my behavior, it pleases me to offer you, my children, some small (but I hope persuasive) explanation of this, my last will and testament.

Let it not be taken as an apology. I have always been allergic to the sense of guilt. My activities—the very ones that amassed the fortune I now dispose of—deeply involved me in swamps of moral ambiguity. I sought them out, however, since each encounter with evil served only as a vaccination against my allergy. The consequence, as you know, is that my name is held in high esteem and my honor is unblemished. These two, name and honor, are all that I bequeath you.

Over the years, we have discussed together, and each in his own way demonstrated, the discontinuity in values, conduct, and perception between your generation and mine. The generation gap, as we so lightly called it, amused and saddened me by turns. For you it was a fact of life. For me, at first, it had as much reality as your whining allegations that "none of the other kids wear them," when your mother forced galoshes on your feet on slushy school days. But you believed in the generation gap, your half-formed intellects seizing this pathetic sociological concept to validate your indulgences.

What you forgot, of course, or chose to ignore, is that your mother and I brought you into this world (none of you was an accident!) to be members of a *family*—not of the Pepsi generation, or some such collection of coincidental appetites. But your addiction to contemporaneity, to "Nowness," to being "with it," has frustrated our purpose and made meaningless the wealth I created to be the instrument of that purpose after I am gone. "Nowness," moreover, proved catching. In common with many of my aging contemporaries, I have spent my retirement in gratifying a few indulgences of my own. The tobacco plantation in Barbados proved disastrous financially, but the house I built there continues to offer shelter and delight in the winter months. In like manner, many of my other recent investments and expenditures have been a considerable drain on the estate, though hardly to the extent of ruin that many other aged parents have achieved.

My holdings, alas, remain enormous. I would have enjoyed leaving them to my children and, through them, to my descendants for some time to come. But as you have defined yourselves by your generation, so I find it fitting and proper to bequeath my estate, not to you, but in your name to certain selected avatars of your time.

In the name of Mark Slats, I give and bequeath the sum of $20 million to the Students International Meditation Society, Maharishi International University, for research into the varieties of nonrational discourse.

In the name of Linda Slats Artemis, I give and bequeath the sum of $17 million to *Ms. Magazine*, to make possible its Arabic-language edition.

In the name of Jeremy Slats, I give and bequeath all my real property on Barbados to the government of that island, to be used, as they requested, for the foundation and support of a National War College, the better to prosecute its ongoing struggle with the imperialist forces of U.S. tourism.

In the name of Cheryl Slats Arbor, I give and bequeath my collection of Victorian chamber pots to the Society for the Propagation of Organic Gardening.

The remainder of my real and liquid assets I give and bequeath outright to my nephew Protagones Bruce, about whom I know precisely nothing except the promising resonance of his name.

Signed: Wilbur Slats

Wilbur Slats

Green Energy

In dealing with money, we are constantly involved in a kind of chaos. This results from a break in the relationship between the earth and oneself. Relating to the earth means knowing when to act practically and directly, actually feeling a kinship with whatever work is being done. We rarely have this feeling when it comes to money matters.

Money is basically a very simple thing. But our attitude toward it is overloaded, full of preconceived ideas that stem from the development of the self-aggrandizing ego and its manipulative processes. The mere fact of handling money—just pieces of paper—is viewed as a very serious game.

Somehow it is almost like a child building a sand castle and then selling tickets for ... sion to it. The differen... tween playing as a chil... playing as an adult is that ... adult's game, money ... volved. A child doesn't ... about money, whereas ... would like to charge peo... mission to this solemn co... tion.

We might, then, try to ... money as insignificant, as ... ly a credential, a token ... creative capacity or our ... cality, but at the same ti... cause money is connected ... the energy arising from o... conceptions, it takes on ... significance. We may eve... embarrassment about it—... somewhat too close t... heart. We try to call ... something else—"bread" ... "bucks"—to relieve that fe... Or, we choose to think of ... ey as our lifeline, a sour... security, its abstract ... representing some unspe... aspect of our personali... have gone bankrupt an... heart"; "I'm a solid citize... a steady bank accoun... have so much money that ... is no room for simplicity ... life."

This energy money tak... makes a tremendous diff... in the process of comm... tion and relationships. ... friend suddenly refuses t... his check at a restaura... automatic feeling of resen... or separation from him ... If one buys a friend a c... tea, it is just a cup, hot ... and tea, but somehow th... tor of meaningfulness gets ... ed.

It seems to me to be ... while to work with the ne... aspects of money in ord... gain some understanding ... ourselves. We must try t... cover how to view this e... rassing and potent comm... as a part of ourselves whic... cannot ignore. When we ... to money properly, it is ... merely a token of exchan... of our abstract energy; it ... becomes a discipline. No l... hooked by it as a medicine ... has become a drug, we can ... with it in a practical, e... way, as a master deals wit... tools.

—Chögyam Trungpa, Rinp

Chögyam Trungpa, Rinpoche, f... ly the head of a Tibetan mon... is the director of Buddhist medi... centers throughout the U.S. and ... ada.

IN THIS WE TRUST?

In reality, money is a symbol of the emotional relations between an individual and the other members of his group. It is the record of a complex system comprised of rights and correlative promises arising out of human actions in the past and human faith in the future. Much in our society is based on these promises; the word "credit" means "faith." To a great extent, money has become a record of interpersonal promises. This is even more understandable when we realize that most of our transactions are carried on by checks, or even phone calls, and that a large part of the money in existence, such as savings accounts, bonds, and insurance policies, exists merely in the form of records in the office of business concerns. Thus the symbol of money, regardless of its form, is a seal of good faith, marking society's indebtedness to an individual for his services to the community. **—James A. Knight**

For the Love of Money, 1968

WRAPAROUND CONTINUES ON PAG...

he book club for people
who don't like book clubs.



1 offers its own complete, hardbound editions, altered
fit special presses and save members even more.

The Literary Guild is for people who like to read but don't like to pay book store prices... who don't like being told <u>when</u> they must buy the books they read.

Join the Literary Guild now, choose any 4 for just $1... choose 4 more whenever <u>you</u> want to and save 30% or more on practically every book you buy.

Here's how the Literary Guild plan works:

Pick four books (or sets) and send in the coupon. You pay $1 (plus shipping and handling) when your application is accepted. If, after ten days, you decide you don't want your books, just send them back and we'll cancel your membership.

About every four weeks (14 times a year) you'll receive the Literary Guild magazine. You choose the books you want from the dozens of best-sellers in each issue... practically every book with a discount of 30% or more.

To order the Selection, do nothing: it's shipped to you automatically. If you want an alternate, or no book at all, fill in your choice on the order form. There's a charge for shipping and handling. You have 10 days to decide, but return the order form so we receive it no later than the date specified. If you don't have ten days to answer, and receive an unwanted selection, return it *at our expense*.

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J. Taylor DeWeese

GIVING THE COMPUTER A CONSCIENCE

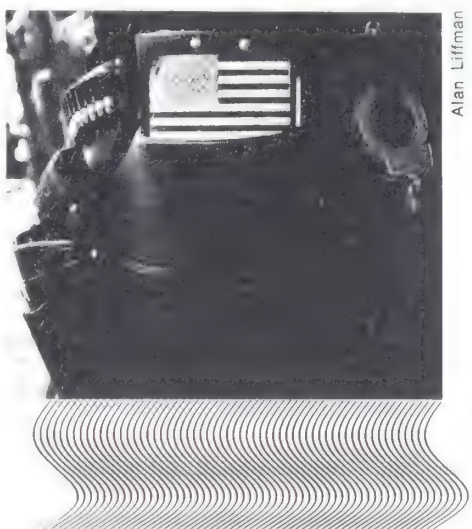
How to protect fifty million people in the FBI's new crime file

TWO OF EVERY FIVE American males will be arrested on a non-traffic charge at some time in their lives. For urban residents, it's three out of five; for blacks, four out of five. A Presidential Commission on Law Enforcement estimates that at this rate some 50 million Americans will have criminal arrest records by the end of the decade.

When they are arrested, their names will be sent to a local data center, then forwarded to the FBI computer at the National Crime Information Center (NCIC) in Washington. There, the record will be encoded on magnetic tape and fed into a data bank that can be instantaneously accessible to employers, police, courts, and credit bureaus at the push of a button on any of some 40,000 remote-access terminals scattered across the country. A "criminal" record for each person remains in the system forever—even if the charges are dismissed, or the matter is referred to the juvenile courts, or the convicted offender is fully rehabilitated.

The Federal Law Enforcement Assistance Administration has spent nearly $90 million to create more than one hundred local data banks. The FBI began feeding criminal histories into its computer last year, and hopes to have the entire national network of local data centers operational by 1975.

The mushrooming data banks that will store law-enforcement information on over 50 million Americans pose an obvious threat to civil liberties. For, despite the presumption of innocence written into the Constitution and the Judeo-Christian doctrine of redemption, a person once accused of a crime is permanently relegated to second-class citizenship. His chances of gaining lawful employment, credit, insurance, education, and community acceptance are greatly diminished. For the person once convicted, these opportunities are often extinguished altogether.



Alan Liffman

The potential for injury is magnified by the very real possibility that a person's record will be inaccurate or misleading. One-third of the FBI's records are incomplete because local courts and police agencies have failed to submit the final disposition of the charge. Why the FBI continues to broadcast records it knows are inaccurate remains a mystery.

Even more disturbing, many people who have never been associated with a crime will find their names on record. The local crime computer in Kansas City, Missouri, for example, contains the following questionable categories of information: local and national intelligence subjects, college students known to have participated in disturbances, persons with a history of mental illness, persons suspected of shoplifting, persons who have confronted or opposed government officials. Thus, an individual who has merely sought medical treatment or appeared "suspicious" may find himself in files labeled "criminal justice information." The slipshod standards in Kansas City are especially disturbing, because th tem was built up during the t of police chief Clarence M. Ke who is now director of the FBI.

In the past, the inefficienci traditional record-keeping gav dividuals at least some hope caping their past and starting a life. Records scattered across the graphic landscape were lost, b or simply inaccessible. A perso a second chance—if only by de

Today, the growing networ computer record repositories gu tees the immortality of past cha offenses, and suspicions. The banks will become a kind of p —a "record prison"—as the co ter with its indefatigable me and its instantaneous recall many into their status as cri offenders and walls them off fro rest of society. For the record oner there is no possibility of p or time off for good behavior, a hope of release.

TO AVOID THIS SCENARIO, we not and need not pull the pl the computers. Ironically, the technology that magnifies the p tial for abuse offers some oppor ties to safeguard individual ri Computers can be programme forget as well as to remember. plex schemes for expunging r that would have taken hundre clerks thousands of man-hours t complish can easily be progra into the computer and perfo automatically in a matter of sec Codes and passwords can be into modern data systems to pre unauthorized access. The compu memory can be compartmental so that users with the right pass can get certain information but other portions of the data. In s the National Crime Information ter can be programmed to polic self.

Effective controls on the puter must address the thre

J. Taylor DeWeese, an attorney, is a member of the Federal Advisory Committee on Data Banks and associate editor of the University of Pennsylvania Law Review.

eople either ask for Beefeater,
or they ask for gin.





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ons and is acquitted of the charge, the arrest record be sealed to *all* users after a onary period of two years. If vidual is convicted of a new during the probation period. vious arrest would become a ent part of his record for law- ment use. However, only the on portion of his record be disseminated to outsiders. wise, if the individual had a s conviction, the record of st would be permanently re- for law-enforcement use, but nconviction portion of his l history would be sealed to 's.

ort, all arrests not resulting in on would be sealed to em- licensing agencies, and other s. If an individual had no s convictions and had a clean for two years following his his arrest record would be o all users. If his record was r four years, the arrest rec- uld be expunged altogether. sponse to such schemes, law- ment officials may contend retention of an arrest record he legitimate needs of law en- nt even when the individual previous conviction. There is pport for this contention. Ar- means only that the defendant proven guilty beyond a rea- doubt. It can result from the a single witness or the illegal of evidence. With this in he drafters of remedial legis- should consider including a n allowing the police to make ken to a federal court for r authorizing the continued ence of an arrest record for rement purposes. This relief e exceptional and should be only in those cases in which ken has substantially shown stence of special circum- (In the case of the individual e never been convicted of a he possibility that arrest data ked to outsiders warrants ing and ultimate destruction nviction records in the ab- l exceptional circumstances t records are only one dimen- e problem. Programs should designed for expunging the of convicted first offenders fenders with multiple con- , although the probationary should be much longer.

THE THOUGHTFUL APPLICATION of computer technology will also help preserve distinctions between authorized and unauthorized use. Manual record-keeping often made efforts to regulate use meaningless. Files marked "sealed" or "for official use only" afford the individual little real protection. Computers offer new safeguards. Think of the data bank of a computer's memory as a tree with data leaves on its various branches. Data of varying sensitivities can be stored in different leaves. As a user passes through the hierarchy of memory, the computer can run an automatic check on the user's security clearance to determine if he is authorized to proceed into that area of the memory bank. For instance, the computer could be programmed to grant outsiders access to conviction data while denying them arrest information.

To help ensure observance of the insider-outsider distinction, all criminal data systems should be under the control of a disinterested agency that is neither an inside nor an outside user of criminal records.

The FBI is definitely not a disinterested agency, and its [illegible] inate data collection has received much detailed criticism that [illegible] come part of the National Crime Information Center. This decision cost Massachusetts dearly in lost federal funds, but state officials nevertheless resolved not to participate in a system with such a loose regard for individual rights. They recognized a principle that should apply to all computer crime networks—that unproven accusations, ancient transgressions long since expiated by responsible conduct, and inaccurate and misleading information should not be indiscriminately [illegible] under governmental auspices.

The reality of the modern computer closely resembles the heartless nature of Omar Khayyám's Moving Finger which, "having writ, Moves on: nor all thy Piety nor Wit Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line. Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it." Like the Moving Finger, computers lack the inherent ability to forget, to forgive, to understand.

By giving the computer a conscience, we can give many more Americans a chance for a fresh start and a new life. —

Hidden in Africa, a 4,000-year-old culture called Ethiopia.

[illegible] Ethiopia

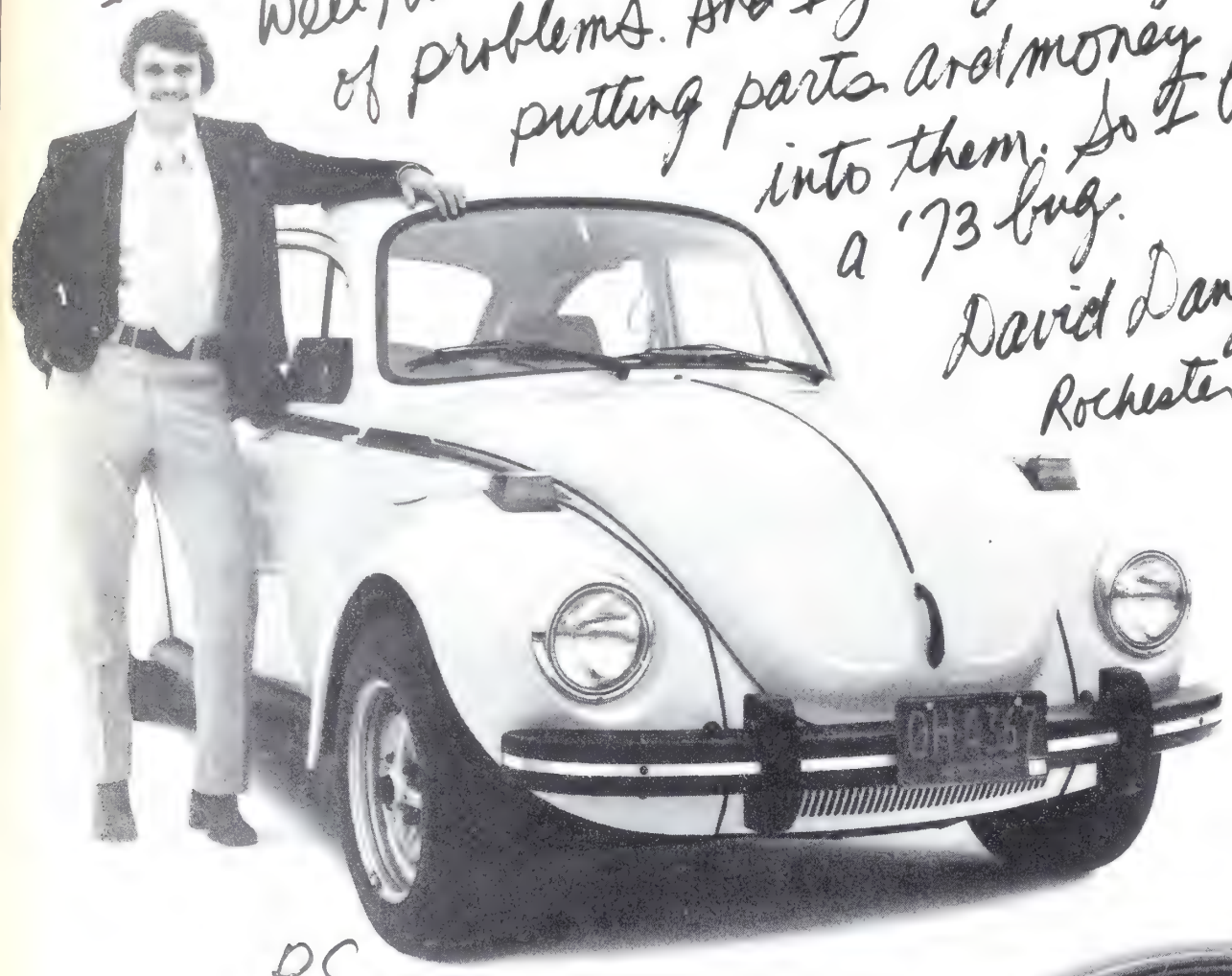
ETHIOPIAN AIRLINES



They got the

In '68 I sold my VW.
Well, with American cars I had a lot of problems. And I just got disgusted putting parts and money into them. So I bought a '73 bug.

David Danzig
Rochester, NY



P.S.
My girl's getting one, too.



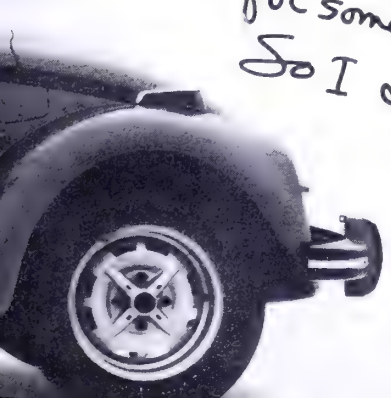
...ug again.



I left basically for looks. About all it had was looks. I was stranded about four times in the first month or two. So I went back to Volkswagen. (Even if I had another three or four thousand to spend, I wouldn't have bought another car.)

Kathy Dieber,
Mt. View, Calif.

I started making money so I figured I'd try something a ...e flashier than my bug. Well, every time I turned around I had ...ould it in for something. It nickeled and dimed me to death. So I decided to get another Volkswagen.

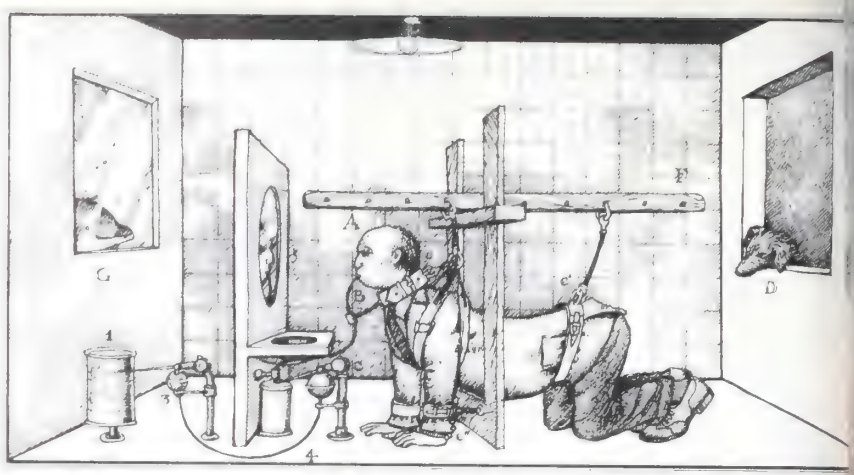


William D. Allright
Phila. Pa.

BOTH SIDES OF THE NECESSARY PARADOX

Meditations on Gregory Bateson and the death of the Bread-and-Butterfly

by Stewart Brand



CYBERNETICS IS THE SCIENCE of communication and control. It has little to do with machines unless you want to pursue that special case. It has mostly to do with life, with maintaining circuit.

I came into cybernetics from preoccupation with biology, world saving, and mysticism. What I found missing was any clear conceptual bonding of cybernetic whole-systems thinking with religious whole-systems thinking. Three years of scanning innumerable books for *The Whole Earth Catalog* didn't turn it up. Neither did considerable perusing of the two literatures and taking thought. All I did was increase my conviction that intellectual clarity and moral clarity must reconvene, mingle some notion of what the hell consciousness is and is for, and evoke a shareable self-enhancing ethic of what is sacred, what is right for life.

Tall order. In the summer of '72 a book began to fill it for me: *Steps to an Ecology of Mind*, by Gregory Bateson (Ballantine Books, 1972, 517 pp., $1.95).

After reading it I couldn't understand why Gregory Bateson was famous only for conceiving the Double Bind theory of schizophrenia in the [illegible] and conceiving a daughter [illegible] co-anthropologist Margaret [illegible] in the Thirties. Here was high-[illegible] application of cybernetics, biology, linguistics, psychology, and formal logic to fieldwork with New Guinean and Balinese natives, porpoises, [illegible] schizophrenics, beetles, and national histories. Here were statements such as: "No organism can afford to be conscious of matters with which it could deal at unconscious levels." "Mere purposive rationality unaided by such phenomena as art, religion, dreams, and the like, is necessarily pathogenic and destructive of life; its virulence springs specifically from the circumstance that life depends upon interlocking *circuits* of contingency, while consciousness can only see such short arcs as human purpose may direct." "The social scene is nowadays characterized by the existence of a large number of self-maximizing entities which, in law, have something like the status of 'persons'—trusts, companies, political parties, unions, commercial and financial agencies, nations, and the like. In biological fact, these entities are precisely *not* persons and are not even aggregates of whole persons. They are aggregates of *parts* of persons." "If Lake Erie is driven insane, its insanity is incorporated in the larger system of *your* thought and experience." "They say that power corrupts; but this, I suspect, is nonsense. What is true is that the *idea of power* corrupts."

So goes one thread in the book, a rigorous scientific refutation of the notion that rational science is adequate to save us. Not bad for a fifth-generation atheist. ("My father, the geneticist William Bateson, used to read us passages of the Bible at breakfast—lest we grow up to be *empty-headed* atheists.")

Apparently Bateson's unusual work with the pathologies of individual insanity and alcohol addiction was yielding powerful insights into our social pathologies. Steps to the Mind of Ecology. I wanted more. There were radically different habits of thought going on in Bateson th[illegible] wanted to replace some of my ha[illegible] with. I knew that young ques[illegible] were trekking to his door with [illegible] same private fervor one used to [illegible] sociate with prepopularity Mars[illegible] McLuhan or Buckminster Fuller [illegible] that half a dozen disciplines be[illegible] guered him with the errands a[illegible] dant on heavyweight status. I [illegible] to find some way to hang out [illegible] him without trespassing excessiv[illegible] Researching this article was the [illegible] lution.

"The Biology of Culture and C[illegible] sciousness" is the modest title [illegible] Bateson's course at the University [illegible] California's new Santa Cruz cam[illegible] I took my tape recorder to two m[illegible] ings of the class, then to his half-[illegible] ished house in Big Sur for sev[illegible] hours' talk about matters not in [illegible] book or the class. It was so dam[illegible] nice—the upper-Bohemian splen[illegible] on the mountain there with his fan[illegible] —five-year-old golden-haired dau[illegible] ter Nora, twenty-one-year-old [illegible] John, and current broad Lois (sh[illegible] weary of always being reported [illegible] "third wife Lois" and suggested t[illegible] variation). I kept coming back [illegible] wound up with too much mater[illegible] too divergent and too Socratic [illegible] makes *you* say it) for easy reporti[illegible] His discourse is the opposite o[illegible] tidy closed system; it persisten[illegible] veers down primrose paths, off i[illegible] galaxies of human ignorance, ba[illegible] on itself mirrored, and out of [illegible] reach of language.

START ANYWHERE. Paralinguisti[illegible] Gregory was investigating th[illegible] when I first met him briefly in 19[illegible] at the VA Hospital in Palo Al[illegible]

Stewart Brand was the editor of The Whole Earth Catalog, *whose last edition won the National Book Award in 1972.*

'his is a oft drink bottle efore it's born nd after it dies.



About 73% of glass is sand—the most common tance in the earth's crust. It's this natural composition appeals to the nation's homemakers. They like what s shows them about the products they buy. They like urity of glass and its re-sealability. They like the fact glass protects the flavor of food and beverages.

Equally important, it's this natural composition that es a glass container an ideal environmental package. n be returned to the earth in virtually its original form.

Of course, not all glass goes back to the earth. But use glass is recyclable, more and more is going back e industry for making new glass bottles and jars.

The glass industry is also continuing to develop uses for used glass such as road paving material, truction panels, bricks, insulation, terrazzo and ctive paints.

When you add it all up, it's easy to see why umer preference for glass containers continues to . In terms of its attributes, its utility ecyclability, glass is a natural.

copy of "The glass container story," : Glass Container Manufacturers tute, Dept. B, 1800 K Street, N.W., ington. D.C. 20006.



ass. It's a natural.

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BEEF BRACIOLA (Serves 6)

12 thin slices top round, about ¼ inch thick
¼ pound Italian salami, minced
½ pound veal, ground
½ cup grated Parmesan cheese
2 tablespoons butter, softened
1 cup soft white breadcrumbs
½ cup milk
2 tablespoons minced parsley
1 egg, beaten
Salt and pepper to taste
12 very thin slices prosciutto
2 tablespoons olive oil
2 tablespoons butter
1 large clove garlic
1 large onion, chopped
2 carrots, chopped
1 bay leaf
½ cup dry white wine
1 can (about 2 pounds) plum tomatoes, sieved

Flatten beef slices as thinly as possible.

Mix ground meats, cheese, butter, breadcrumbs soaked in milk and squeezed dry, parsley and egg. Taste mixture and season with salt and pepper.

Place a slice of prosciutto on each piece of beef, spread with stuffing. Roll slices tightly and tie with string.

Heat oil, butter together in large skillet. Add garlic, onion, carrots and bay leaf, saute few minutes. Add beef rolls and brown well on all sides.

Stir in wine and cook over moderate heat until most of the liquid has evaporated.

Add tomatoes and bring to a boil.

Reduce heat to low and simmer for an hour, or until the beef is fork tender.

Remove beef to a warm platter. Strain pan liquid, return to skillet and cook for a few minutes until thickened to taste. Pour over beef rolls and serve hot.



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When Italians get together

California. Paralinguistics is a communication that goes on b talk—all the pauses, grunts, facial and body movements t turns out, always convey e what you're really at and are a received and (at least unconscio understood. "What about lyin asked. "Lying is impossible. slip is always showing. Some fellow psychotherapists are not happy about that. You preten and-so, and the patient preten believe you."

So we proceed to the celeb Double Bind and the cybernetic tion of hierarchical levels. Pa guistics functions as a context er; it makes metastatements su "I'm joking," "This is importan "Listen carefully, I'm implying I routinely present you with ments and metastatements contradict each other—saying you and conveying I dismiss yo example—and you care, *and I ish you either way you take it* can count on going nuts, becaus force you to believe that my c diction is in *your* mind. Such a ble Bind can be so exquisite an quisitely engrossing that you pear into another communic mode of your own devising, consistent and apart: schizoph

Gregory (his British accent irony intact after sixteen yea U.S. citizenship): "The Double theory was always stated with a tradiction in it—that it's not when the superperson or the p or the god or something pen the other fellow for having foll the leads and metacues previ given. In *Mary Poppins*, a m says, 'Did my daughters giv other children any gingerbread And one daughter hesitates an other says, 'Not yet, mother.' the mother says, 'Who gave you mission to give away my gi bread?'"

The classic Bind: "Tell me love me." "I love you." "Wh you only say that when I ask y

Gregory: "Then there is the more subtle case in which the not switched. Shall we say a lo action is insisted upon by the ient. The case in which A a spontaneous affectionate mov ward B, and B grabs it, whic markably quickly destroys th lationship. Because the messa delivered in the frame in whi

he Lazy Man's Way to Riches

'Most People Are Too Busy Earning a Living to Make Any Money'

ed to work hard. The 18-
ays. The 7-day weeks.
I didn't start making big
until I did less—a *lot* less.
example, this ad took about
s to write. With a little luck,
ld earn me 50, maybe a hun-
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it's more, I'm going to ask
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"office," about a mile and a
om my home, is right on the
My view is so breathtaking
ost people comment that
on't see how I get any work
But I do enough. About 6
a day, 8 or 9 months a year.
rest of the time we spend at our mountain "cabin." I paid $30,000 for it—cash.

I have 2 boats and a Cadillac. All paid for.

We have stocks, bonds, investments, cash in the bank. But the most important thing I have is priceless: time with my family.

And I'll show you just how I did it—the Lazy Man's Way—a secret I've shared with just a few friends 'til now.

It doesn't require "education." I'm a high school graduate.

It doesn't require "capital." When I started out, I was so deep in debt that a lawyer friend advised bankruptcy as the only way out. He was wrong. We paid off our debts and, outside of the mortgage, don't owe a cent to any man.

It doesn't require "luck." I've had more than my share, but I'm not promising you that you'll make as much money as I have. And you may do better; I personally know one man who used these principles, worked hard, and made 11 million dollars in 8 years. But money isn't everything.

It doesn't require "talent." Just enough brains to know what to look for. And I'll tell you that.

It doesn't require "youth." One woman I worked with is over 70. She's travelled the world over, making all the money she needs, doing only what I taught her.

It doesn't require "experience." A widow in Chicago has been averaging $25,000 a year for the past 5 years, using my methods.

What *does* it require? Belief. Enough to take a chance. Enough to absorb what I'll send you. Enough to put the principles into *action*. If you do just that—nothing more, nothing less—the results *will* be hard to believe. Remember—I guarantee it.

You don't have to give up your job. But you may soon be making so much money that you'll be able to. Once again—I guarantee it.

The wisest man I ever knew told me something I never forgot: "Most people are too busy earning a living to make any money."

Don't take as long as I did to find out he was right.

I'll prove it to you, if you'll send in the coupon now. I'm not asking you to "believe" me. Just try it. If I'm wrong, all you've lost is a couple of minutes and an 8-cent stamp. But what if I'm right?

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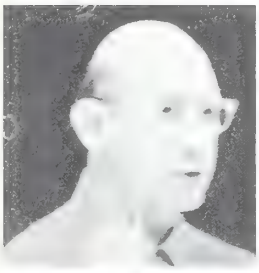
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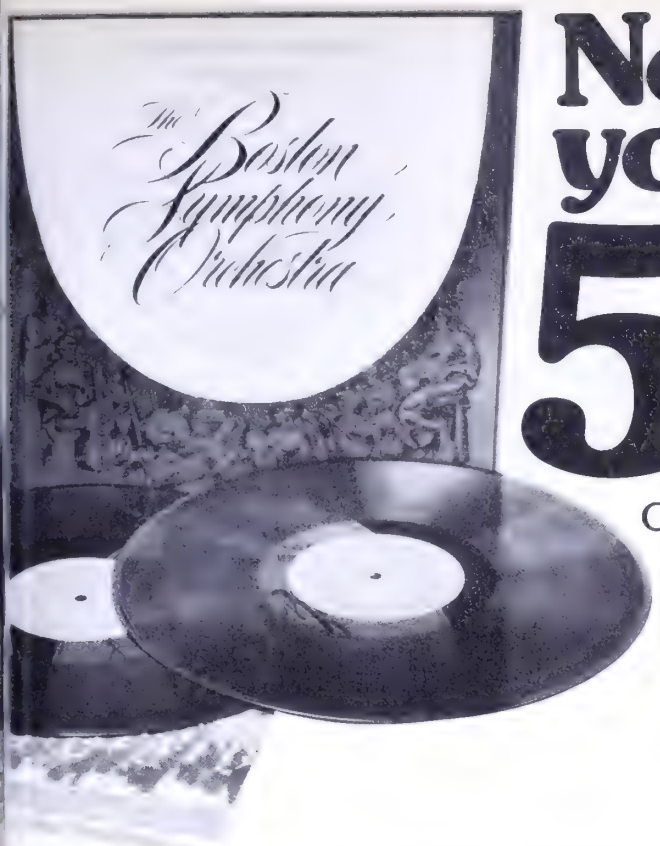
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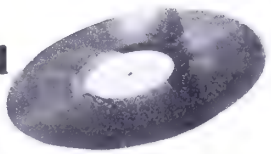
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had to be delivered, it becomes a meaningless message. It doesn't mean any more than the smile of the porpoise, that smiles because he can't change his face."

I can hear it. "Tell me you love me." "I love you." "Thank you."

Gregory: "A joke is a Double Bind, but some of them aren't funny. I don't know the difference between jokes and schizophrenia and religion. That they all belong in the same box I'm convinced. Like the Bread-and-Butterfly."

"Hm?" say I.

"A great addition to the Theory of Evolution—which theory Lewis Carroll I guess didn't like. The Bread-and-Butterfly has wings of bread and butter and a head made of a lump of sugar. Alice says, 'What does it live on?' The answer is, 'Weak tea with cream in it.' At this point she begins to perceive a difficulty: its head will dissolve in its food. So she says, 'What happens if it can't get any?' And the Gnat, who's acting as guide, says, 'It dies.' Alice says, 'That must happen rather often.' The Gnat says, 'It always happens.'

"I think this was intended, you know, as a caricature of Darwinism, and it's not a bad caricature of natural selection, except that it adds an entirely new principle to the whole evolutionary process, which is, in short, the principle of the Double Bind. The Bread-and-Butterfly does not die because its head dissolves in tea; it does not die because it can't get food; it dies because *either* its head dissolves in tea *or* it can't get food. You can't localize the cause of death."

"If paradox is the structure of the Double Bind," I ask, "what drives it? Control?"

Gregory sighs. "At the first level, control, yes. To *want* control is the pathology—not that the person gets control because, of course, you never do."

"How innocent is the victim?" I inquire innocently.

"Not innocent at all. I had a schizophrenic patient who said, 'If it's not the way I want it, I'll prove it!' That's the back Double Bind. He's fighting a battle, and he's fighting with this same tool. He can't let go of the tool."

"What's the way out?" I ask, as mildly as possible, considering that it's the question I came to ask.

"There are various ways of making these discoveries—the discoveries that set you free. One of them is to sit in the lotus position for several hours a day. Another is to go around in the world twisting people's tails to see what happens—the symptoms of schizophrenia are weapons. Schizophrenia is often a self-initiatory voyage. All these trips to hell . . ."

Gregory talks slowly, with ruminative pauses. This is a long one. "The moment you want to ask the question, 'What do you do about it?' that question itself chops the total ecology. I'm really talking Taoism, you know. The pathology is the breach of Taoism. And you say, 'Well, now what's the cure for a breach of Taoism?' You want to say another breach of Taoism is the cure for it."

I ASK FOR A DEFINITION of "pathology."

Long pause. "It is so that a nice piece of forest or a tide pool or whatever—if it's doing 'well'—is slowly increasing its complexity up to a certain point. There's an upper limit to how much the oxygen or space or whatever will support."

My Biology speaks up. "Is that termed 'climax'?"

"That's called climax ecology, yes. Now, climax is very unstable, you know. As long as it isn't disturbed it goes on forever, but once one discordant idea is introduced, the whole thing falls to pieces. Wasn't it Christ who said, 'Offenses must come?' The classical instance I use is the introduction of the idea of conquest into Hawaii. These rough blackbirders, pirates, whalers, who had a gun or two, a couple of cannon, told Kamehameha I that border wars were silly. Everybody had border wars for hundreds of years, you know, and a few people got killed, and the young men had a lot of fun, and everybody was proud. The whalers said, 'That's not what you do. You've got to conquer them.' And from then on the thing was fucked."

On another Pacific isle, Bali, the natives told Gregory that their phrase for the period before contact with the white man is "when-the-world-was-steady."

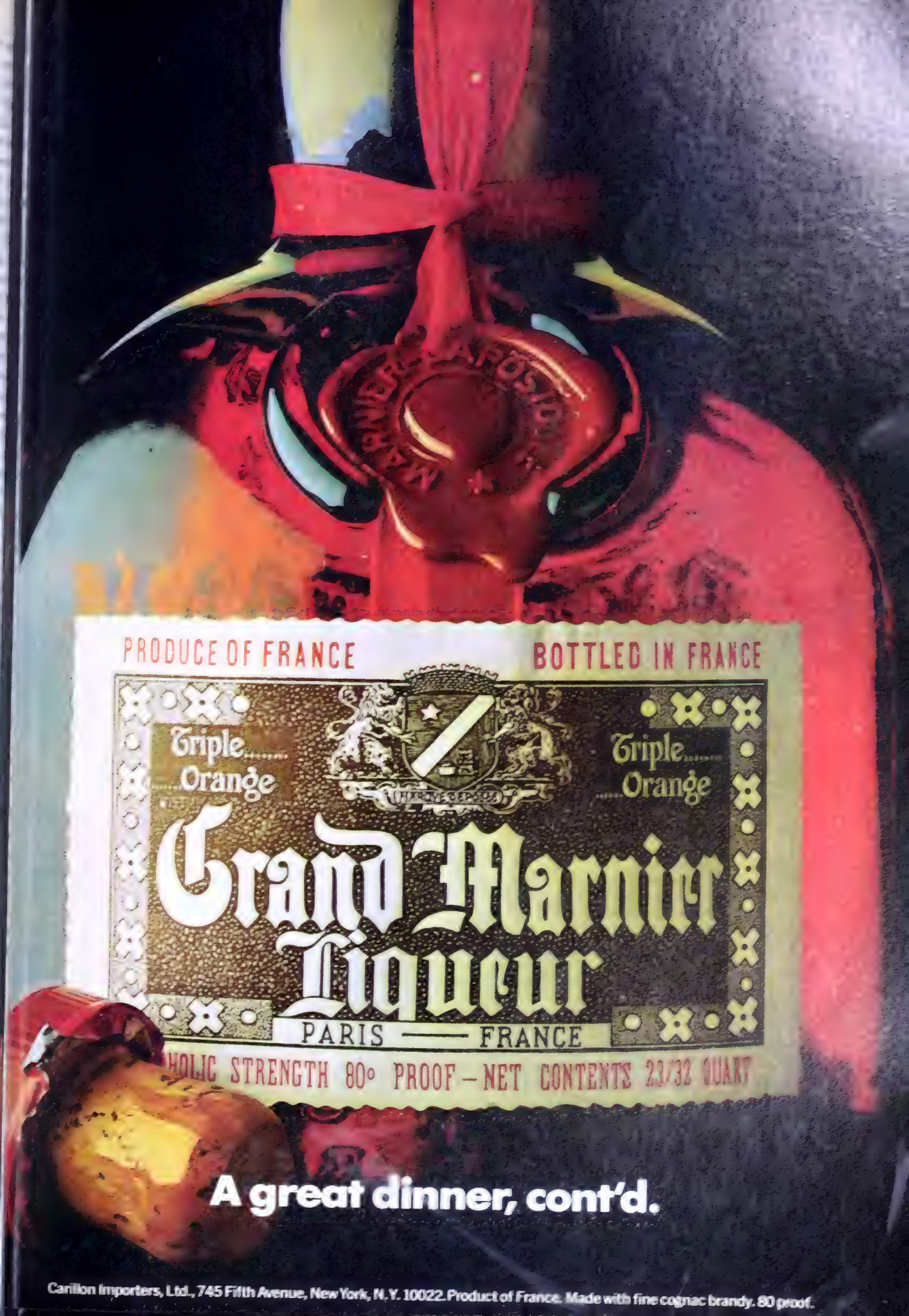
"The idea of sanity or health or whatever has got to be somehow related to the whole concept of climax. The definition of pathology then is those things which destroy climax. They destroy it to the point where you can now have only [illegible] species living where fifty once li[ved]. These pathologies leave a dull w[orld].

"The South Downs of Englan[d]—these are rounded chalk hills. W[hen] I was a boy I used to collect the fl[ow]ers and beetles. The Downs w[ere] covered with a turf about an i[nch] high, and that turf had thirty or f[orty] species of plants in it, and co[r]sponding insects, et cetera. Little[s] chids, and such lovely things. A [per]hunting ground for me—I was twe[lve]. It was kept in order by sheep and [the] rabbits, who grazed it. The sh[eep] were kept in order by farmers, [who] —after all—'The Lord is my sh[ep]herd,' but the butcher employs H[im].

"The automobile then was in[tro]duced into the system. It was [too] expensive to fence the Downs, [and] the sheep kept getting on the roa[d]. This annoyed the automobiles, [and] in the end the sheep had to be d[one] away with. This left the rabbits, w[ho] did a fairly good job for some ye[ars]. The rabbits were kept down by fa[rm]ers with shotguns who went for wa[lks] in the evening. The farmers enjo[yed] this very much, but they shot [the] rabbits because they were, qu[ite]. 'vermin.' So, when the Australi[ans] (whose rabbits really are vermin, [not] were vermin) discovered how to [de]terminate rabbits with a virus [of] ease, they decided it was a good i[dea] to exterminate rabbits. There wa[s a] period of three weeks when the roa[ds] of England stank with dead rabb[its].

"Now there are no rabbits, a[nd] when I visited the South Downs f[ive] years ago, the turf, instead of bei[ng] an inch high, was three feet hi[gh]. There were about five species, nam[ely], those species that could stand l[ong]ing in both short- and tall-grass s[it]uations. There were a few invadi[ng] plants too—plants that could sta[rt] anything and go anywhere. The mo[ment] you make these sudden changes, y[ou] see—and the emphasis is on t[he] word 'sudden'—the more you fra[ction]ate down to accept only the mo[st] flexible. These in the end are t[he] plants we call weeds. The same [is] true of human society."

WEEDS—PLANT, ANIMAL, a[nd] human—are the most flexil[e] and least interdependent, least co[m]plexly involved. Consequently the[y] is less bio-mass, less life, in the sy[s]tem. I've got so far from Bates[on] that health is complexity, and di[s]



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mono crop, to monotony. No
want a definition of medicine.

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readers of *Harper's*?"

"I should think remarkably
tle . . . We keep coming back to
you know. They say China
back to it every four or five hun
years. When the government
got into trouble they would cal
the Taoists to come and get
out: 'What do we do?' And the
ists would say, 'You follow the W
and that's all they would ever

"Let's put it another way. Sup
that the Tao can be discovered
by the juxtaposition of two or
representations, descriptions, e
nations, whatever you want to
them, and that one then said, 'W
two or more explanations could
present to the readers of *Har*
such that they might get a ghos
a feeling that there was someth
about a Tao?' "

Nora, sitting on Gregory's
seizes the pause. "Daddy? Da
how do they make plastic?"

"They put it in a thing.
squeeze the thing and it comes
again in strings or shapes."

Nora: "In the shape of plast

"In the shape of whatever it i
pot. A pair of pants. Those very
trucks that you see going down
road, that don't have anything
ten on them, your big sister C
says they really just carry the
mixture. They go all over the c
try, and when someone wants
steak, they take a little of it,
they put some red dye in it, and
shape it up, and they roast it,
it's beefsteak. And if they want
dles, they make it come out in
inders, and they make it white,
it's candles. It's all really the
mixture. It doesn't taste of anyth
It doesn't smell of anything. O
less, tasteless, and nontoxic. Mu
So, if you tease me I'll tease you

He chortles with her and ret
to musing. "Two illustrations
that our reader shall be the
squeezed up a level of abstraction
I think this is why Warren Mc
loch was always fascinated with
transitive preference."

"With which?" I'm on Nora's
el now, though I've heard muc
the late McCulloch, a pioneer cy
netician at MIT and one of Greg
personal saints.

"That A is preferred to B,

red to C, and A is not preferred
C is preferred to A. Obviously,
oes some very funny things to
roblem of translation. It inci-
lly indicates that the whole of
mics is probably founded on
y. It is necessary for economics
preference curves shall not in-
t. Now, it is possible to train
nals to accept the monetary
but it might be a gross distor-
f the cosmos."

ransitive preference is the kids'
of Paper-Scissors-Stone. Paper
Stone, Stone breaks Scissors,
rs cuts Paper. Whatever hand
uration you choose may be
weapon or target or both or
r, depending entirely on what
her players do.

ropose: "I've got one for the
's of *Harper's*. What color is a
leon on a mirror?" Gregory
ses it would find a middle col-
suggest it will cycle endlessly.
r of us can guess what effect
will have on the poor beast
to disappear in a universe of
The experiment remains to be

a: "Daddy, it's almost tea-
Indeed, reflected late-after-
sunlight is dazzling up off the
a thousand feet below.

l in quest of Tao ticklers, Greg-
rummaging through his li-
looking for Blake's illustration
affrighted by visions. "Job's
that he's pious. This is the sin
annoys Satan almost more
any other—Satan being also
f God, an angel after all." Greg-
oks to see if I got it. Not yet.
atan takes on the challenge to
Job's piety, and you get the
series of events. Finally God
rs Job out of the whirlwind:
is this that darkeneth counsel
ords without knowledge? . . .
wast thou when I laid the
ations of the earth? Canst thou
he sweet influences of Pleiades,
ose the bands of Orion? . . .
est thou the time when the wild
of the rock bring forth?'—those
chapters of natural history.
s the resolution of the dialectic
n having your property de-
d and being pious. The cor-
for piety is natural history."
consider Blake's engraving, in
, Gregory points out, the Lord
bles Job, and, as you look more
, God's feet are cloven into
s. I ask, "Is the horror of the

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dream that God and Satan are superimposed?"

"They're so intimately joined that you will never disentangle them. How many sorts of good and evil are there? The first evil evidently was the separation of good and evil."

"Without a difference, nothing happens," I protest.

"And all differences are things of the mind. White paper and black paper. The difference between them is not in the white paper and it's not in the black paper. It's not in the space between them."

Lois Bateson comes over from the kitchen side of the house—it's one enormous room—with a tray of tea things. As we settle down to sip I inquire just what *is* teatime. Upper-class British born and reared Gregory stays mum as American Lois explains, "It's the afternoon lag. You don't know whether you're hungry or sleepy. Maybe you should take a walk. Something needs to happen. It's usually around five." The greater part of our conversation developed around the theme of the Madness of the Laboratory. "I am very interested in the miraculously right and miraculously wrong things in nineteenth-century thinking," says Gregory. I ask him what happened to science by the turn of the century. "It moved into the lab. I went into anthropology, I think, to avoid labs."

GREGORY AVOIDED LABS, all right. In 1927, at the age of twenty-two, he was sent to the howling wilderness of New Guinea to study the natives ("I was supposed to measure their damned skulls"), spent two years up the wrong river, then three years up the right river with the Iatmul tribe. "Then to the Sepik River came Margaret Mead with her husband, Rio Fortune, and if you want the story of that, she's just published it all in a book called *Blackberry Winter*."

Through Margaret, Gregory became acquainted with Ruth Benedict's *Patterns of Culture*, which convinced him of the value of anthropology. He collaborated with Margaret on a still unsurpassed photographic study of culture called *Balinese Character*, prepared his definitive work on the Iatmul (*Naven*), met the early cyberneticians in America and rewrote the end of *Naven* with a cybernetic explanation of why the Iatmul culture didn't blow up (the apparent contradictions were in beautiful cybernetic balance).

He took part in the extraordinary Macy Foundation meetings that established cybernetics in the late Forties and early Fifties, briefly taught anthropology at Harvard, was fired for teaching theory to the data students and data to the theory students and not condemning psychoanalysis, and was hired by the Langley-Porter Clinic in California to do work on psychiatry and communications.

"Oh, the damage that's been done to psychiatric thinking by the clinical bias. The clinical bias being, that there are good things and there are bad things. The bad things necessarily have causes. This is not so true of good things.

"No experimenter links up, say, the phenomena of schizophrenia with the phenomena of humor. Schizophrenia is clinical, and humor isn't even psychology, you know. The two of them *are* closely related, and closely related, both of them, to arts and poetry and religion. So you've got a whole spectrum of phenomena, the investigation of any of which throws light on any other—the investigation of none of which is very susceptible to the experimental method."

"Because of non-isolatability?" I think I'm ahead of him this time.

"Because the experiment always puts a label on the context in which you are. You can't really experiment with people, not in the lab you can't. It's doubtful you can do it with dogs. You cannot induce a Pavlovian nervous breakdown—what do they call it, 'experimental neurosis'—in an animal out in the field."

"I didn't know that!" I'm gleeful.

More of the Bateson chortle. "You've got to have a lab."

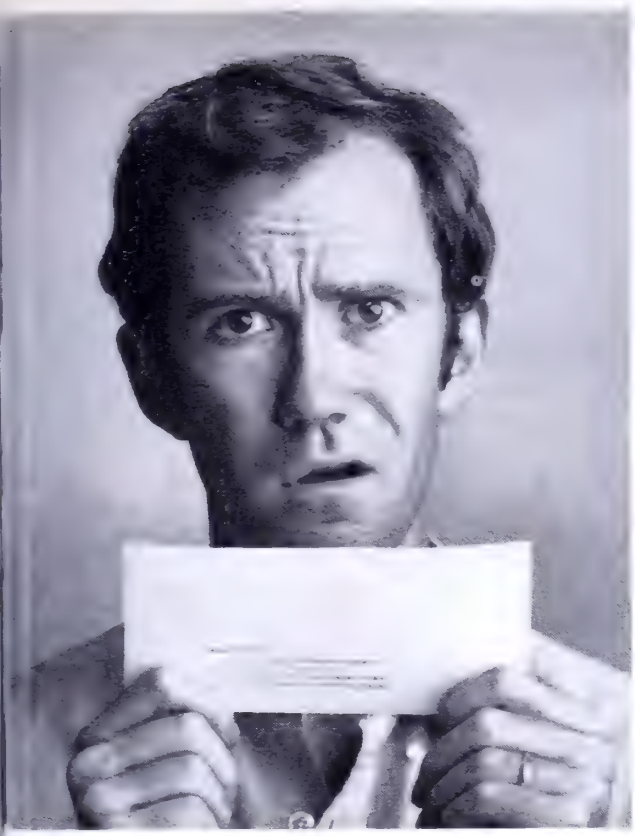
"Why?"

"Because the smell of the lab, the feel of the harness in which the animal stands, and all that, are context markers which say what sort of thing is going on in this situation—that you're supposed to be right or wrong, for example.

"What you do to induce these neuroses is, you train the animal to believe that the smell of the lab and similar things are messages which tell him he's got to discriminate between, say, an ellipse and a circle. Right. He learns to discriminate. Then you make the discrimination a little more difficult, and he learns



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again, and you have underlined the message. Then you make the discrimination impossible.

"At this point discrimination is not the appropriate form of behavior; guesswork is. But the animal cannot stop feeling that he ought to discriminate, and then you get the symptomatology coming on. The one whose discrimination broke down was the experimenter, who failed to discriminate between a context for discrimination and a context for gambling."

"So," say I, "it's the *experimenter's* neurosis that . . ."

". . . has now become the experimental neurosis of the animal. This whole context business has an uncertainty principle in it much worse than the atom scientists ever thought of."

"What happens in the field?"

"None of this happens. For one thing, the stimuli don't count. Those electric shocks they use are about as powerful as what the animal would get if he pricked his leg on a bramble, pushing through.

"Suppose you've got an animal whose job in life is to turn over stones and eat the beetles under them. All right, one stone in ten is going to have a beetle under it. He cannot have a nervous breakdown because the other nine stones don't have beetles under them. But the lab can make him do that, you see."

"Do you think we're all in a lab of our own making, in which we drive each other crazy?"

"You said it, not I, brother," chuckling. "Of course."

OKAY. WHAT CONSTITUTES the Field for people? Is there anywhere that *we* are immune to neurosis? Where's the Field for you?"

Gregory (taking it slow now): "Well, I keep some flexibility by refusing to specialize. And I like to have more than one boss. To have to please a single one is too narrow."

"Is the choice of eight harnesses different from having a harness at all?"

"I think so, yes. With my anti-experimental bias I don't save myself from trouble, but it does have a lot of sideways-opening effects."

"Say more about sideways."

"Well, classically, grass on the side of the road is more interesting than where the road's going. I find I make mistakes if I start worrying too much where the road's going. Such a metaphor as *wrestling*—either with an idea or with a source of data—means a great deal to me. In general I do not know what a paper is going to be about when I start to write it. It emerges out of a sort of wrestling process.

"Now, you can only have a wrestling process if you rigidly believe or care about metahypotheses. You have a rigid belief that there is no action at a distance, we will say, and you have a case of apparent telepathy to account for. Now you've got the data on one side and a stubborn epistemological assertion on the other, and you wrestle with those two somehow. My complaint with the kids I teach nowadays—graduate students and such—is that they don't really believe anything enough to get the tension between the data and the hypothesis. Whatever they may find out doesn't really impact on theory, because they don't have any theory they're willing to hold tight enough to to get an impact. It *slides* all the time."

I resist murmuring the litany of my uncritical generation: "Yeah, well, sure man, whatever . . ."

"Yes, it is true that bad thinking over two or three hundred years has done a hell of a lot of harm to processes other than thinking—I mean to emotional processes, affective processes. It does not follow from that—it's not *sequitur*—that thinking is therefore a bad thing. It does follow that bad thinking is a bad thing. There's some very bad thinking inside cybernetics already."

"Say some," I request, recalling Gregory's statement in *Steps*: "I think that cybernetics is the biggest bite out of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge that mankind has taken in the last 2,000 years. But most of such bites out of the apple have proved to be rather indigestible—usually for cybernetic reasons." (I wonder if all true statements are tautologies.)

"All the thinking that goes with the words 'input' and 'output' is monstrously bad. It draws a line across the systemic structure. Here there's input and there's output, and it's me against the universe at once, the moment you draw that line.

"We made a film in '49 at the Langley-Porter Clinic showing that the minor patterns of interchange in a family are the major sources of mental illness. And nobody in '49 could look at that film; the pro- sionals just could not see it. T were still really believing that tal illness was due to single m traumata—'The child got left in closet with the big dog.' It's li thinking: you've got to find an id fiable cause for an identifiable ef And the argument cannot spr backward the way cholera spr forward. When you get them spr ing both ways, then you can b thinking about circuits—indeed, cuits become inevitable."

I'm still getting used to the Gregory uses the term "circuit." appealing to me because it is at o more general than "feedback loo more accurate somehow, and m open-system. It implies dynamic works of influence which may traced in part but never really lated. It sounds as if it can incl cycles of interactive learning (dent teaches the teacher to teach student better), of material (flesh ashes to flesh), of slow recurre (every so often an ice age stres the system), of standard feedb (the chilled body shivers until wa er notice), and of observer inter ence (the watched porpoise bede his observer). Without circuit, w out continual self-corrective adj ment, there is no life.

ON HIS WORK IN THE SIXTIES W porpoises in the Virgin Isla and Hawaii, Gregory reports:

"Porpoises are capable of learni to learn, we verified that. It's one the few things we did get on the The trainer was instructed not to ward the porpoise with a fish unl she—the porpoise was a female did something, quote, '*new*.' The p poise would come out of the holdi tank and would go through two-thir of the fifteen-minute session doi what had been rewarded in the l session, and then would more or l accidentally do something, quo 'new.' The trainer would reward th and then the next session she'd spe two-thirds of the time doing *that*.

"Between the fourteenth and f teenth session the porpoise got awf ly excited in the holding tank, sl ping around. She came on stage f the fifteenth session and did twel new things one after another, so of which nobody'd ever seen at all that species. She'd got the idea chortling. "It's a nice case of t

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pressure of contradiction making jump a level."

I try to imagine the porpoise of those sessions: I'm a smart porpoise, I've learned lots of tr and I'm learning a new one now things are going crazy. I swim a cle on my back, and the trainer me a fish. Got it. I skillfully swim other circle. No fish. Maybe I s in the wrong direction, the w place, the wrong speed. I try all variations. No fish! Maybe the t er's not paying attention. I sp him once. A fish! I splash him a No fish. What the *hell's* going on

"A paradox," Gregory had tol class, "is a contradiction in w you take sides—both sides. Each of the paradox proposes the oth think it is so that if you sweat out of these paradoxes you embark sort of voyage, which may inc hallucinations and trances and that sort of stuff. But you come knowing something you didn't k before, something about the na of where you are in the universe

One of the students comme about the avoidance of paradox had this incredible argument night with an anthropologist said to me emphatically that to t cut down on your assumptions try to see reality more clearly is solutely nonfunctional. What have to do is you have to see re in terms of your *goals*. You're a that you're biased in your per tions; as long as your biases are sistent with your goals, that's hunky-dory."

"I think he's insane," said G ory faintly. "This is, I think, th sanity of twentieth-century Ame the twentieth-century Occident."

Gregory elaborated later: " have a paradoxical situation, as tween love and hate, in which love and hate are going to be th You make a choice of one of th be it either love or hate, to the clusion of the other, and from t on you're what e e cummings ca

pu
rposive pu
nk

Purpose is the exclusion of one of a Hegelian dialectic, as oppose clinging to the dialectic and g on to the next synthesis, whatev might be."

"Got an example?" I request.

"We have various ways of

en, it seems, are different from
The most ancient sex difference,
pose, is the difference between
gg and a million spermatazoa.
ensible organisms, both plant
nimal, have decided this is how
uld be, that the female princi-
hould be single and carefully
rved, and the male principle
d be multiple and squandered.
ow this has certain difficulties,
now, because the men want to
der and the women want to
their unique eggery and think
uld be nice to have a unique
The problem is, How do you
vith the dichotomy? God defend
f you settle for one side to the
sion of the other. Then you get
tuation in which either the men
minine or the women go mascu-
et cetera, et cetera, these all be-
eally, artifacts of somebody tak-
shortcut."

I understand him right, trying
ce a situation to strenuous mo-
ny or its opposite denies the
y paradox at the heart of the
r. Rational purpose serving
its own convenience or plan—
t nature *my* way—asks for in-
ing trouble, the pathology of in-
t control and guaranteed frus-
n.

egory: "There are two forms of
ial administration. There is that
of colonial administration
says that the natives have got
like the colonists. This is mis-
ry endeavor, all that, and be-
s a tyranny. The other form of
ial administration says that the
es have got to be like themselves
had better not change: 'They
such a beautiful sense of
m.' Then poetry freezes and ev-
ing dies and the flowers can't
seed and nothing goes. So
er of these will do. To do either
nes imperialism."

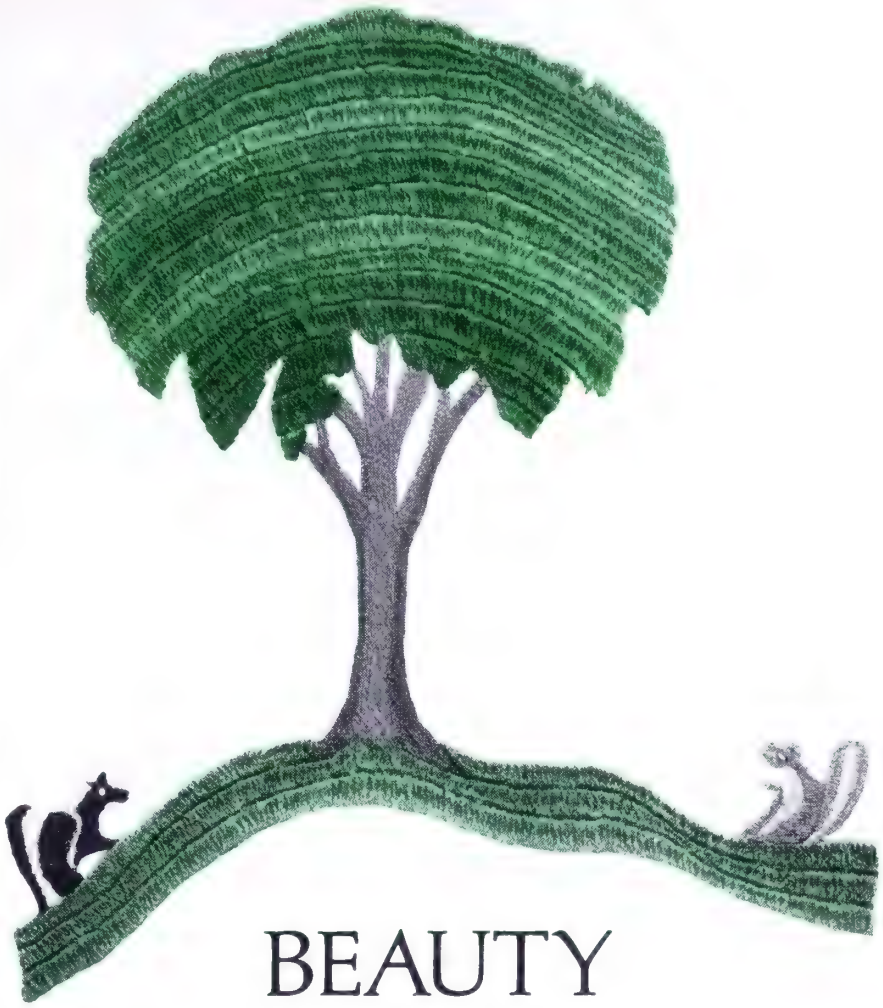
ow do you choose?"

he truth which is important is
truth of preference, it's a truth
mplexity, of a total eco-inter-
e ongoing web in which we
e, the dance of Siva. You know,
whole of good and evil gets
ped up in the dance of Siva.
in ancient Hebrew good-and-evil
single word meaning 'every-
.'"

ask him, "Relationship without
rence works how?"

nly preference for its complex-

□



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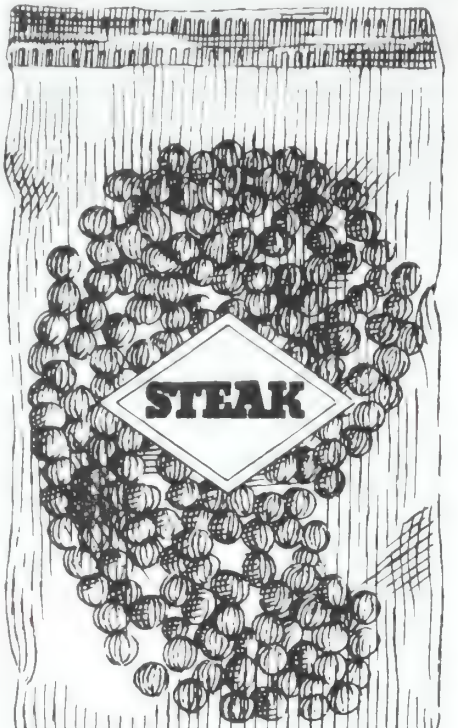
SLAUGHTERHOUSE ZERO

How soybean sellers plan to take the animal out of meat

AMONG SOME DOZEN MAJOR firms in America's vast culinary-industrial complex, the rise of simulated meats is regarded as the biggest opportunity for the triumph of an ersatz product since margarine took over two-thirds of the nation's butter trays. Already, by employing new and revived technologies for creating meat-like texture and tenderness in extracts of the celebrated soybean, the companies are bypassing slow-growing meat on the hoof. On fast-moving production lines, they are manufacturing credible and edible highly nutritious "engineered" simulations of ham, chicken, beef chunks, pork sausage, bacon bits, hamburger, and other products. The flavors are wholly man-made or are extracted from the real thing.

The present-day consumption of these products—which bear the unpalatable generic name of "textured vegetable protein"—is still relatively small. But no longer are sales concentrated in health food stores, where the stuff attracted an initial following. Hundreds of supermarkets throughout the country are now selling ground meat "extended" approximately 25 percent with textured vegetable protein. The extended product is supposed to be clearly labeled as such, and that generally seems to be the case, but the opportunities for deception are obviously inviting. Numerous regional hamburger chains now serve mass-produced "extended" hamburger patties, and all-vegetable simulations of breakfast sausage and patties are routinely available in supermarkets. Finally, the institutional market—factory cafeterias, hospitals, schools, and so forth—is slowly yielding to the use of simulated ham and chicken chunks that defy detection. Figures are closely held by the manufacturers, but sales curves are reported to be sharply upward.

Aided by food prices that are dislodging shoppers from deeply set habits, and by popular concern over cholesterol (which is abundant in red meat but absent from the protein-rich soybean), big-league companies like General Mills and Miles Laboratories are selling these new products in big and ever-growing quantities. Sales this year are estimated at 100 million pounds; government projections for the market run as high as 3.7 billion pounds in 1980. (The latter figure is about one-fifth of the current annual consumption of ground meat in all forms—from hamburger to chili.)



Richard Mantel

Daniel S. Greenberg is the publisher of Science and Government Report, *a Washington-based newsletter, and the author of* The Politics of Pure Science.

ALL THIS ARISES from new te niques that give the new s foods a meaty texture. The pro starts with the soybean, of wh American farmers will produce s 1.5 billion bushels this year. Mos this output is put through g presses to squeeze out oil for m garine, shortening, paint, and ot products. What's left behind is s bean meal of approximately 50 p cent protein content: golden stuff animal feed, since protein is the sential ingredient for producing m on the hoof, and the soybean conta more of it than any other high-v ume crop. Soybean meal can also processed for direct human consu tion. Asians have been doing for years.

However, in the bygone era relatively cheap and plentiful m soy preparations fared poorly in p etrating the American diet, outs of their use as invisible protein "e tifiers" for pasta products. Effort expand the use of this cheap sou of protein were also thwarted soy flour's tendency to becom soggy, non-rising mush when mo ened. What was needed to mak conform to traditional Ameri food preferences was some means giving it "chew."

Research on the texturizing proc began in the 1930s, when the el Henry Ford became fascinated w the soybean and assigned a team researchers to transform it into pr ucts ranging from fenders to holstery material. Following labo tory successes that were not econ ical enough for the production li the team eventually split up, but t of the researchers, Robert A. Bo and William T. Atkinson, maintai an interest in rendering the soyb palatable to American tastes. 1954, Boyer patented a process isolating protein from soybean m and spinning it into resilient thre

could be fabricated into simu- meat products, known in the as "analogs." In other words, look and taste like the real . The process, however, was vely expensive, and beyond the arian market there was little nd for these simulations.

e real break came in 1970, Atkinson patented a cheap and aratively simple process for im- ıg "chew" to soybean flour by ening it into a "plasticized" , bringing it to a high tempera- and rapidly forcing it through rated dies into a chamber of temperature and pressure. The is a neutral-tasting granular rial of any desired size and , depending on the dies, which ins about five percent moisture. these granules are mixed with , they retain their structural in- y, and in feel and texture re- le moist bits of hamburger. er than being analogs of whole ıcts, they are employed as "ex- rs"—i.e., they're mixed in with urger or other ground meat rations and they soak up the of the surrounding material.

e product is close to meat in in quality, the main deficiency one amino acid, methionine, n, after long supplication from ıanufacturers, was recently cer- for addition by the Food and Administration. Another differ- is that, while the product is fat- and therefore cholesterol-free, it contains 31 percent carbohy- s. Meat has none. The manufac- s point out that the carbohy- s reaching the consumer are vely small in amount, since the ɔroduct must be heavily diluted water for use and is usually d with two parts of real meat to a table-ready preparation. The ɔgs of real meat are far richer in in than the extenders and are vely low in carbohydrates.

ıe arithmetic of producing meat e hoof or "meat" in the factory nple. Feed a steer on the meal cted from the 1440 pounds of eans yielded by the average and you'll end up with roughly ounds of protein. Process that soybean meal into textured able protein and the result is oximately 500 pounds of mate- that in laboratory and feeding approximates the protein con- of meat. As for price, it turns

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out to be almost dirt cheap for extenders. The factory price has been about 40 cents a pound in recent months, but to make the material usable for extending other foods, each pound must first be moistened with two pounds of water, which brings the cost down to about 13 or 14 cents a pound. Even as the price of soybeans goes higher, the price of textured vegetable protein necessarily remains substantially below the price of meat for the simple reason that it takes a lot more soybeans to make meat than it takes to make textured vegetable protein.

While a number of consumer groups and public-nutrition officials are skeptically eyeing what they suspect may be still another industrial raid on the nutritional welfare and pocketbooks of the American public, the firms involved are exuding both economic optimism and nutritional righteousness. "Margarine was the last big one to invade a national market," explained Cy L. Ducharme, a General Mills executive. "Now we're next," he said, motioning to a platter of "ham" and "chicken" chunks that had never resonated to an oink or cackle. "Nutritionally, it's fine, too, since we take the position that if it's a replacement, it must be the equivalent of the real thing" —a claim that is a matter of some dispute.

DR. MICHAEL F. JACOBSON, a microbiologist from MIT who is co-director of the Washington-based Center for Science in the Public Interest, questions the need for all the factory processes: "Why don't the concerned companies and governmental agencies tell people about tempting sauces and recipes that allow [natural] soybeans to be made part of delicious meals?" The answer, says Dr. Jacobson, is that "the companies are salivating at the prospects of enormous profits that can be reaped from fabricated foods."

Opposition has also been expressed by the Bureau of Nutrition of the New York City Department of Health, whose director, Catherine Cowell, stated last May in a letter to the U.S. Department of Agriculture: "Since both textured vegetable protein and enriched macaroni products do not have a balance of the known essential amino acids, these products would not contribute toward efficient utilization of essential nutrients that growing children need to meet their increased demands."

In response to these criticisms, the industry replies that experience demonstrates that Americans are unreceptive to natural soybeans and that with the amino acid methionine now certified by the FDA for addition to textured vegetable protein, the product is nutritionally comparable to meat. While consumer groups have not yet had time to evaluate these claims fully, the industry's arguments have been supported by a number of scientists in the field. Dr. Jean Mayer, the well-known Harvard nutritionist, acknowledged that soybean proteins are nutritionally inferior to animal proteins in a pure scientific sense, but his conclusion appears favorable to the simulated products: "In actual practice, the textured vegetable protein is used in a mixture that has 70 percent meat, fish, or poultry. When you put the various proteins together, the whole is nutritionally better than the sum of its parts. Proteins have a way of 'boosting' each other when you combine them in the right way." Dr. Aaron M. Altschul, head of the nutrition program at the Georgetown University School of Medicine, is more outspoken: "The ability to produce texture out of soy flour will probably rank with the invention of bread as one of the truly great inventions of food. It is possible to allow people the enjoyment they expect from meat-like compounds and yet avoid the excesses in calories, fat, and a high proportion of saturated fat that ordinarily come from such consumption."

NUTRITION IS ONE THING, but taste is another, and the companies know that they must at least win the battle of the palate. While it is doubtful that three-star pantries are about to be invaded by textured vegetable protein, many of the products I sampled could easily slip into the typical American diet without much—if any —notice.

The General Mills test kitchen served up a long succession of dishes that were described as containing the company's own "extenders," plus several with ham and chicken analogs, and a few "controls" made wholly of the real stuff. Unsauced, and thawed directly from the cartons in which they come frozen, the "ham" chunks were—to my astonishment—indistinguishable from the animal-grown version. They were chewy, moist, and perfectly ham-like in flavor. Mixed in with cheese and noodles, however, they seemed a bit watery, a conclusion that my fellow diner, a General Mills executive, found he found hard to understand. But when I asked the cook whether the "ham" was inclined to pick up excessive moisture, he replied, "Y[es], that's a problem we haven't licked yet." His superior emitted a slight groan. The unsauced "chicken" was slightly less credible than the "ham" —it seemed to be a bit pulpier than the barnyard variety. But mixed in a "chicken" chow mein, it was indistinguishable from the real thing.

The dishes presented as real tuna salad and extended tuna salad—the latter containing about 30 percent textured vegetable protein—defied my telling them apart, as was the case with ham and "ham" salad.

As for hamburgers, two platters were presented, one described as pure ground meat, the other as part ground meat extended 30 percent. I got the impression that the extended hamburgers tasted a bit grainy, but I wasn't certain. In any case, the texture became indistinguishable when covered with a thick "mushroom" sauce containing, I was later told, mushroom-made "mushrooms."

In the test kitchens of Archer Daniels Midland, another pioneer in the firm in textured foods, my impressions of the ground meat preparations were identical to those I got at General Mills. ADM, however, is venturing beyond the hamburger market. Its subsidiary, Gooch Foods, Inc. of Lincoln, Nebraska, is marketing "Noodles Stroganoff with Beef-Flavored Vegetable Protein Chunks," as well as other dishes containing simulated beef. The "beef" pieces were small but could easily have passed for overcooked, heavily sauced bits of meat. (Big chunks of "beef" turned out to be something of a problem for the simulated "meat" makers. Requesting a sample of a big chunk, I was presented with something that looked and tasted like a mahogany-colored marshmallow that had been mixed into last week's beef stew. My ensuing grimace brought the explanation that it was an "experimental" model that had been in a can for three years.)

Given the variety of flavors and



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SLAUGHTERHOUSE ZERO

textures employed by the bre sausage industry, Miles Laborat "Breakfast Links" could pro pass muster at any roadside In fact, they tasted quite goo did the "sausage" patties. The a analogs, sold under the nam "Breakfast Slices," gave the im sion of something that was t hard to resemble ham but v quite making it. Nevertheless, were extremely tasty, and I d more than a sample slice simp cause I liked them.

THE INDUSTRY IS CLEARLY ging away on all its proble taste, cost, nutrition, governmen ulations. Though predictions o tory-made, mile-long "beefst turn out to have been no more technological braggadocio, the i try has come much further in m and selling textured meat substi than most people realize. In F ary 1971, after years of badgerin the industry, the Food and Nutr Service of the U.S. Agriculture partment finally sanctioned the u extenders for the meat portion o school diet to a maximum of 30 cent. The enabling document—Notice 219—is generally regard the Magna Carta of textured ve ble protein. During the first ye certification, the schools used 23 lion pounds of the stuff; this they're up to 40 million pounds with meat prices soaring, no thinks it unreasonable to expe least a doubling of that amount i next year or two.

"Now we've got a whole gen tion coming through the school l program and experiencing this p uct," said General Mills' Ducha who directs the company's com cial protein operations. "It was 2 he said, "that really put this on map."

Ducharme noted that the Red supermarket chain, some 130 st in the Midwest, had recently i duced ground meat extended 25 cent with textured vegetable pro labeled "Juicy Blend II" to con with a Minnesota ban on using ger" for extended products. It at about 20 cents a pound belo undiluted version, and is said t outselling the all-meat counterpa three and four to one. "Red O said Ducharme, "was courageou try this. There is nothing more

o a supermarket manager than
d-meat counter. People relate
permarkets through the red-
counter, and most managers
rather have you fool around
their wives than do anything
night hurt the image of the red-
counter. But now we've got the
n there, side by side with the
ır ground meat, and it's outsell-
ıe ground meat."

ou eat in a company cafeteria,
is more than a slight chance
you've encountered simulated
or chicken in heavily sauced
s. General Mills is "spinning"
ınd chicken analogs for the in-
onal market at a Cedar Rapids,
plant and is selling them fro-
ıd diced in five-pound cartons,
a case, waste-free, in ready-
form. The price, 70 to 75 cents
ınd, is extremely appealing to
yors of low-price meals.

les Laboratories, best known for
Seltzer, is pursuing the general
t under its Morningstar Farms
name. "What we're aiming for
Morningstar is the general gro-
trade," said Miles' president,
ge Orr. "We want people to like
products enough to eat them
eference to other things. We'll
it the Alka-Seltzer of the food
ess," he predicted—a metaphor
nade his public-relations assis-
vince.

les' Morningstar lineup current-
ludes analogs of sausage links,
ge patties, and thinly sliced
all of which, after extensive
et testing, are available in the
east and a few other places,
marketing scheduled to expand
oduction increases. Like all ana-
they're just as perishable as
neat, and so they're marketed in
ı form to cut down the chance
oilage. The label on the package
the "sausages" are free of cho-
ol, whereas the amount in two
pork sausages of equivalent
it is listed at 38 milligrams.
alorie count in two of the ana-
ausages is listed at 175, com-
with 260 for pork sausages.
protein content of the analogs
ed at 10.5 milligrams, compared
9.8 for the real thing.

HESE BREAKFAST "MEATS" cur-
ntly cost about the same as the
they simulate, but Miles exec-
s say prices should come down
when the production lines are automated. A sales advantage is now sought in the proclamation of "No cholesterol, no animal fat." And for those who seek to harmonize religious dietary laws with a liking for "sausage-like" or "ham-like" flavor, there's a "K" on the packages, signifying "kosher."

Meanwhile, at Archer Daniels Midland, in Decatur, Illinois, "soy capital of the world," Richard Burket, president of protein specialties, looks back on recent meat boycotts and rising prices "as the best thing that ever happened to us." ADM, one of the giants of the soybean processing industry, holds Atkinson's patent for textured vegetable protein, as well as the trademark "TVP." ADM is solidly booked up for every granule of the 2,000 tons a month coming from its own plant and is expanding facilities to raise production to 4,000 tons a month. "We could sell that amount right now," Burket said. "You'd be surprised at how much of this stuff is going into the hamburger business." He noted, however, that as far as he knew, no manufacturer had yet penetrated beyond regional hamburger chains. "People have approached McDonald's," he said, "but they've made it on their 'pure beef' reputation and they're not interested. But if they ever make the move, then the sky's the limit for TVP."

Perhaps the biggest problem the manufacturers have faced since rising meat prices opened the market for them involves legalities of labeling, which accounts for the early concentration on the institutional market, where the ultimate consumer never sees the label. But even that problem has been tossed aside by the FDA, which recently responded to the industry's appeals by rewriting the rules governing the use of the word "imitation" in a fashion reminiscent of Humpty Dumpty's dictum, "When I use a word, it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less." The old rules specified that "A food shall be deemed to be misbranded" if it is an "imitation" of another food and does not bear the word "imitation" on the label. The new rules simply say that "nutritional inferiority" shall be the only criterion for evaluating the difference between reality and verisimilitude. The man-made version, if it's nutritionally equal, need not bear the pejorative "imitation," though it may not be labeled as the real thing either. What's needed is some sort of m[illegible] up name, such as Miles employs when it calls its sausage imitations "Breakfast links; Sausage-like flavor; Textured protein links."

State and local authorities are similarly reluctant to allow the nomenclature of the real stuff to be applied to simulated or extended products, and the result is a plethora of names that come close to hamburger but semantically shy off. Thus, in El Paso, it's Patti-Mix; in Colorado, Sooper Blend; in Tucson, Better Burger; in Virginia, Protein Plus; in Albany, Blend-O-Beef.

What next for textured vegetable protein's invasion of the meat market? The answer is that the major companies are rapidly expanding their research programs. Miles raised its soybean research budget from about $1 million to $3 million in a year or two, and General Mills plans to double its present expenditure of about $1 million a year. At General Mills, they're talking about whole shrimp and scallop analogs "within five years." And bacon, now amounting to about 1.5 billion pounds a year from the on-the-hoof variety, is also being looked into.

Further down the research trail are more exotic projects. Dr. John Luck, who directs a staff of 280 researchers at General Mills' Minneapolis research staff, noted simply that "we give vegetable protein a very high priority and we're expanding our research program." Toward what goals? "Well," he explained, "you could take scrap meat that now goes into sausage, and you could mix it with vegetable protein and texturize the mix into, let's say, sandwich steaks."

What about factory-made "beefsteaks"? "Oh," said Dr. Luck, "there was some interest in that years ago, but we're a long way off. Too difficult a problem with what we know now."

Whatever the consequences for our stomachs or our taste buds, there seems to be little reason to doubt the determination of the plucky food companies. The transformation of food has a momentum of its own, striving for every possibility. As Miles board chairman Walter A. Compton puts it: "If you can do it in a cow's stomach, there's no reason you can't do it in a factory." □


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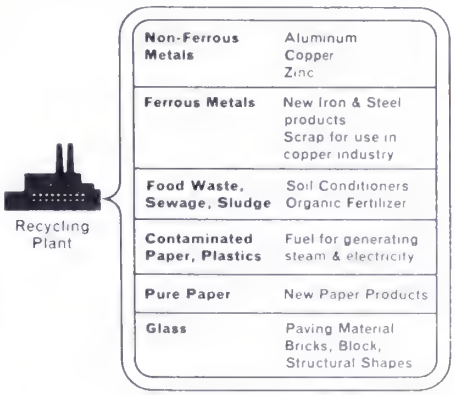


e key: Aluminum's Value The y is aluminum's intrinsic, virtually destructible value. To the con-mer it is worth $200 a ton as scrap, mpared to $16 or $20 a ton for her common packaging materials.

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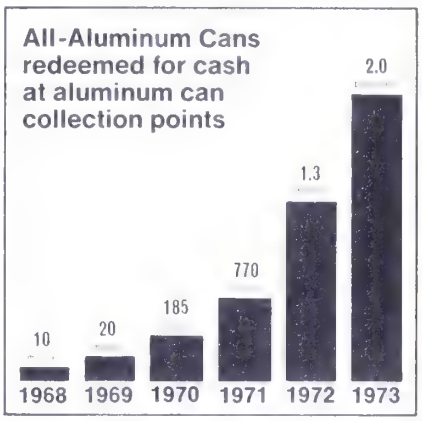
Thanks to cooperating beer and soft drink industries, there are now more than 1200 aluminum col-lection points in 44 states and the District of Columbia, and the pro-gram is growing. This year an esti-mated 2 *billion* cans will be col-lected.



Conserving Resources and Energy The used cans can be converted in-to new cans and other useful alumi-num products, helping to save natu-ral resources. And since it takes less than 1/20 of the energy to make new aluminum from scrap as compared to ore, recycling helps stretch our power supply.

Mining Municipal Waste Litter has been called just the tip of the solid waste iceberg. Reynolds has been working on the bigger "hidden" por-tion as well—municipal solid waste

We've teamed with other companies and local and Federal government in the planning of soon-to-be constructed plants in several cities. These will reclaim metals, glass and other usable materials and energy from municipal refuse.



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For details on the value of aluminum, new and old, or on any of these important projects, write Dr. R. F. Testin, Director, Environmental Planning, Reynolds Metals Com-pany. P.O. Box 27003-LR, Richmond, Va. 23261.

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Andrew Weil

WHEN THE SUN DIES

The business and pleasure of managing a successful eclipse



ONCE I SAW PEOPLE APPLAUD the sky. They were Mexican villagers and Indians crowded into the market town of Miahuatlán in Oaxaca state on a cloudless Saturday morning in March 1970, and they broke into their spontaneous ovation for the heavens at twenty-seven minutes before noon. At that moment the edge of the sun peered out from behind the moon, where it had been in total eclipse for three minutes and twenty-nine seconds. The applause was not so much a welcome to the reappearing sun as a joyful thank-you to nature for putting on such a glorious show.

People who have seen only partial solar eclipses cannot know the beauty of the full spectacle because the experience within the path of totality is different not in degree but in kind. On that Saturday in 1970 I stood on a hill above Miahuatlan—a hill that commands a sweeping view of rugged, arid plains and distant mountains. For some time the light had been fading ever more quickly. Then, with great drama, a nebulous darkness grew out of the west—the edge of the umbra, or cone of shadow, whose swift passage over the globe traces the path of the total eclipse. The vast sky of southern Mexico became the dome of a giant planetarium as an unseen hand turned down a cosmic rheostat. The town of Miahuatlán became a model railroad set at my feet, and I experienced a powerful sense of what psychiatrists call "derealization"—the feeling of external things becoming unreal and weird. And in the next instant, things really did get weird. Suddenly, the surface of the earth was covered by rippling bands of alternating light and shadow: patterns generated by the interaction of light rays from the last remaining points of the disappearing solar crescent with the earth's upper atmosphere. These "shadow bands" persisted for a timeless interval, absorbing my full attention. Then someone shouted, "Look!" and I turned my gaze upward and saw for the first time in my life the corona of the sun.

High in the sky, for the sun was near the zenith when the moon overtook it, was a black disc—surrounding it, a blaze of silver light of

Andrew Weil, M.D. is a member of the Institute of Current World Affairs and the author of The Natural Mind: A New Way of Looking at Drugs and the Higher Consciousness.

earthly beauty. The sky was not dark; a glowing twilight prev with a 360-degree rim of light ar the horizon, giving a strong im sion of being under a dome. Mer and Venus were in brilliant v but the light of the corona was bright for other stars to be vis I had never seen Mercury be There was a quality to those mi within the umbra that must be lik feeling in the eye of a hurricane ter all the dramatic changes of a erating intensity, everything stop there was an improbable sens peace and equilibrium. Time di flow. I have no way of compa those three-and-a-half minutes clock time to any other three-a half-minute interval I have ex enced.

For the whole time I gazed at eclipsed sun with my naked e (The light of the corona can d damage to the eyes, and I woul have looked at it any other w Then, all at once, a spot of blin yellow light appeared, the co vanished in the glare, shadow b raced across the landscape more, and the dome of sha

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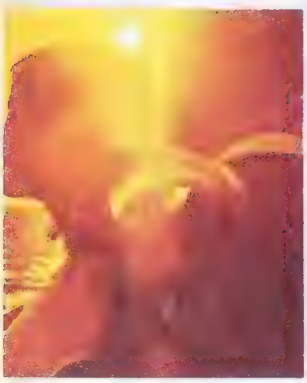


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l away to the east. It was then
ll of Miahuatlán broke into ap-
.

hours afterward, everyone I
n the streets wore a radiant
Even some of the scientists
ad barricaded themselves into
ented observation posts in or-
study the eclipse were trans-
d. People were high, and it
d in their faces.

experience in Miahuatlán af-
me powerfully. For one thing,
ame an overt eclipse freak,
to put myself again in the path
umbra. In Mexico I met peo-
ho had followed total solar
s around the earth all their
I now understood that passion.
I heard that a long eclipse
be visible in Africa in 1973,
lved to be there. More than
ng else, the splendor of the
had impressed me. There was
g at all terrifying—no plunge
cary blackness as fictional ac-
of eclipses would have us be-
The reaction of people in the
w was to get high on the
eness and beauty of the event.

WHENEVER AN ECLIPSE IS visible
n America, newspapers chuckle
Indians who think dragons are
wing the sun. In fact, civilized
cans seem to be more peculiar
eclipses than the Indians I saw
xico. The path of totality of
ame 1970 eclipse crossed the
astern corner of the United
entering the country at north-
lorida and leaving at Virginia
The same newspapers that
fun of uncivilized natives car-
orrifying warnings about the
s of looking at the eclipse.
medical experts urged the pub-
stay away entirely from the
l zone, as if merely being near
unhealthy.

lence of this phobia is provided
remarkable document sent to
my return from Mexico by a
who worked for the U.S. De-
nt of Justice. It is an official
Department document titled
orandum to All Employees
and Administrative Activi-
Subject: Safe Viewing of the
e" and is dated March 2,
The memorandum is signed
es M. Odell, Chief, Personnel
ions Section, Administrative
on." It reads as follows:

The purpose of this memorandum is to alert Department employees and their families of the impending eclipse of the sun, due Saturday, March 7th, at approximately 1:30 p.m. This fascinating but dangerous sight will last for three minutes—time to do irreparable damage to the eyes.

The eye damage hazard is due to the fact that the sun can be looked at without discomfort during an eclipse. Normally the dazzling visible rays prevent anyone from looking directly at the sun. Although the visible rays are blocked during an eclipse, the harmful, invisible infra-red rays continue to be emitted, and can cause damaging burns to the retina, the delicate inner layer of the eye which transmits images to the brain. The retina is not sensitive to pain, so a retinal burn is not "felt." But retinal burns cannot be cured, and produce a permanent blind spot in the victim's field of vision—in the vital small area used for reading and "fine" seeing.

"There is no safe way to view the eclipse directly," says the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness. "The public must be made aware that the so-called protective devices, such as sunglasses, smoked glass, or film negatives do not protect the eye from the invisible infra-red rays which do the damage."

A safe indirect method of viewing the eclipse, recommended by the Prevention of Blindness Society, is a simple projection device which can be made by taking two pieces of white cardboard, making a pinhole in one and *with the sun at your back*, focus the eclipse through the pinhole onto the second board. The size of the image can be changed by altering the distance between the boards. However, *the best way to view the eclipse is on television.*

In some newspaper articles, a variant of the cardboard projection device was suggested: the viewer was told to put the pinhole in one end of a cardboard carton and put the carton over his head; the projected image could then be viewed safely and clearly within a miniature, portable theater. This device was used by many persons on the beaches of Virginia. Now, it seems to me that people who put cardboard boxes over their heads to avoid looking at the



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beauty of a total eclipse ought not to go around making fun of other people's beliefs about eclipses. I am not certain, but I suspect that one does not get high off an eclipse while hiding under a box, and I am pretty sure that the effect does not come through at all on television.

WARNINGS OF THIS SORT had great impact on the public. When I returned from Mexico and told people I had looked at the eclipse directly, many said, "You did? And you can still see?" I met persons who had spent hours of anguish waiting for their sight to fail simply because they had glanced up at the sky while driving during the height of the partial eclipse in New York and Boston. It is true that careless staring at the crescent sun during the partial phase of a solar eclipse can lead to a retinal burn, but the most elementary precautions (such as using exposed film and looking at the sun in brief glimpses) reduce this risk to zero. And I repeat that one can look with the unprotected eye for the entire period of totality. There is no medical justification for telling people not to watch eclipses.

I was curious to know why the medical profession had spread such fear and why the Justice Department had bothered itself about a solar eclipse. Are eclipses dangerous in some way to the established order of society?

I think they may be, and to get more information on that possibility I placed myself within the path of totality of the solar eclipse of June 30 of this year. The shadow of that eclipse crossed the Atlantic from the northeast corner of South America to the coast of Mauritania, swept across central Africa, and found me in a Gabra camp in the middle of the Chalbi Desert in Kenya's Northern Frontier District. The Chalbi is a baked wasteland of intense heat, wild winds, and occasional waterholes. For at least four years it has been in the grip of a killing drought that shows no signs of letting up, and the people who live there are near the edge of starvation. The Gabra are a nomadic tribe of camel herders who move their camps every few weeks in search of forage for their livestock. They live in small round huts constructed of hides on frames of interlaced poles. When the camp is ready to move, the women take the huts apart and pack them onto the camels.

The camp I was in had twenty huts arranged in a straight line, their doors facing west. In back of this row of homes were several small corrals made of thornbush in which young camels were kept while their parents were driven each day to water or forage. There was no other sign of human presence on the desert landscape. Each day the Gabra had to walk several hours to Maikona, a well complex, to water their animals and fill their water jars. Each morning before sunrise the herdboys went off with a parade of camels, and each evening around sunset they returned.

The people of this tiny settlement worked hard all the time merely to survive in their hostile environment. There were no days of rest, no letups in the daily routine of milking the camels, leading them to food and water, and collecting water for the camp. At the time of my arrival, these Gabra had eaten no meat in many weeks and no cornmeal in a month. Even in times of plenty they do not eat fish, fowl, fruit, or vegetables. Now, in a time of great hardship, they were surviving on camel milk and tea.

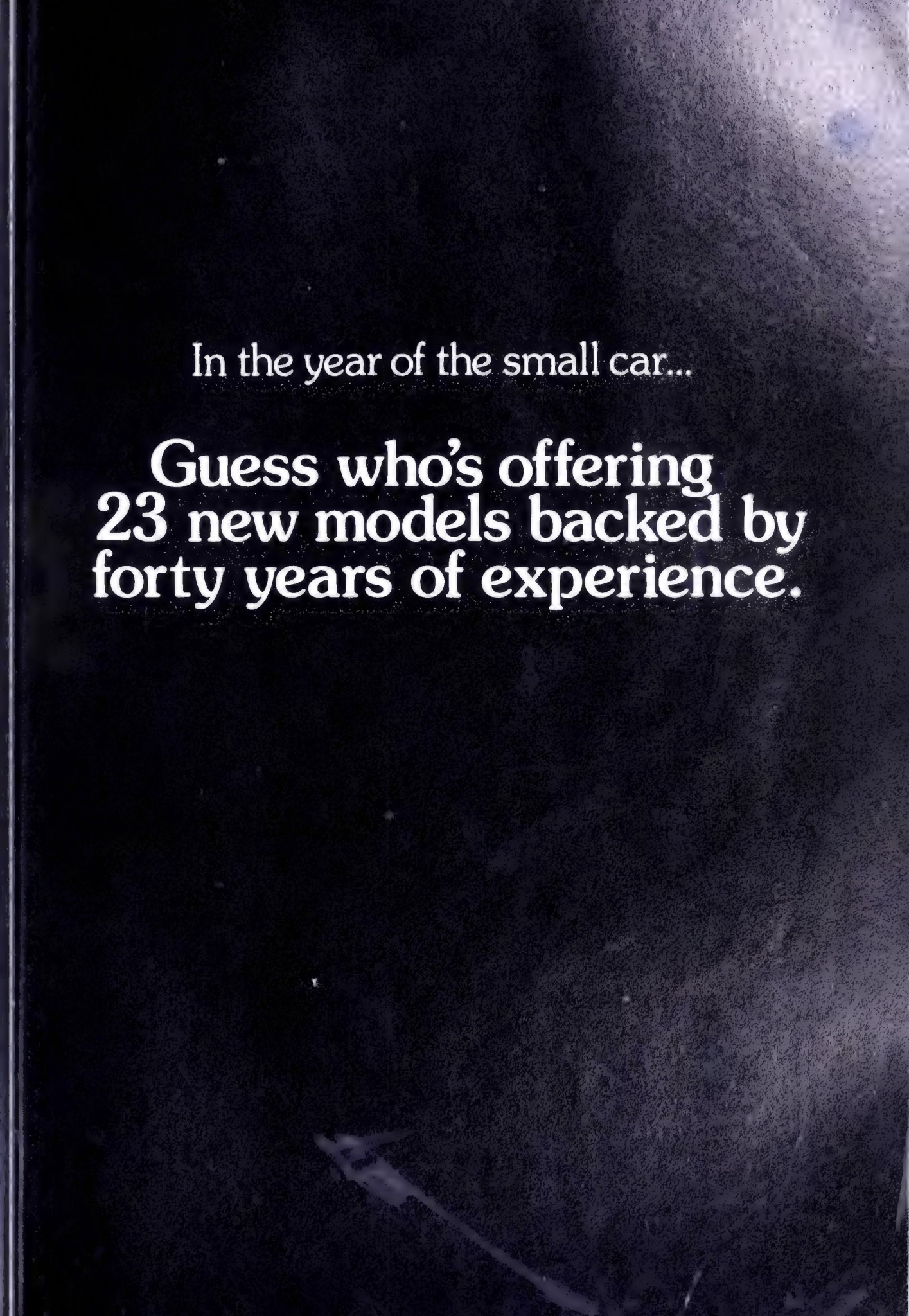
I arrived in the camp two days before the eclipse, along with an anthropologist, three other Americans, and two translators—high-school boys of Gabra origin who spoke English, Swahili, and Gabra, although they had grown up in towns and never lived in traditional Gabra camps. We were part of a larger expedition to study the impact of the eclipse on the Borana—a cattle-herding people of northern Kenya and southern Ethiopia who intermingle with the Gabra. The Borana have a sophisticated cosmology that attributes great significance (mostly negative) to eclipses. Most of our group was scattered in Borana camps on the fringes of the Marsabit National Reserve, an island of green adjoining the Chalbi Desert. The Borana looked sleeker than the Gabra and certainly were living on better land. I chose to be out in the Chalbi mainly because the desert landscape seemed better for eclipse-viewing. I was interested more in the sun than in either the Borana or Gabra and was willing to endure the hostility of the Chalbi for a better show.

The chief of our camp, a h
some man named Duba who had
served in the native colonial p
force, gave us permission to se
a tent and stay. In fact, we
given a choice location: next to
one visible tree on the arid, ro
plain. It was a gnarled, stunted
with microscopic leaves, but
branches offered the only shade
in walking distance of the huts.
tent proved to be unlivably hot
Gabra huts were much cooler)
the tree was truly a blessing. O
we would spend the hottest par
the day inching along the dry gro
to follow the meager shadows as
earth turned.

There were few insects to bo
us; the high winds counteracted
enervation of the heat, and at n
the stars were spectacular. From t
to time, a hyena or an ostrich w
come near the camp, and vult
circled during the day.

ON FRIDAY, JUNE 29, when
power of the sun was dimin
ing in the late afternoon, I sat t
ing with an elder of the camp w
was carving a camel bell out o
piece of wood and with two youn
men. The older man, who said
was sixty, was very thin and ha
white beard and an air of nobil
In the past he had served a term
leader of rituals for his section of
tribe. One of the younger men as
me if I knew when the eclipse w
going to happen. It was not surp
ing that these Gabra knew of
eclipse. The Kenyan government h
made a great effort to alert all of
populace to it and, in particular,
warn people not to watch it lest th
go blind. These warnings had be
disseminated in leaflets, throu
schools, on radios, and by nati
policemen. The Gabra of our ca
had doubtless heard of the event
the Maikona well complex.

I replied that the eclipse was d
at four in the afternoon. "What
you think will happen?" I asked. T
answer surprised me: "We ha
heard that the government is goi
to cause the sun to die." I as
whether anyone had ever seen su
a thing. The old man said that
great-grandfather had mentioned
eclipse of the sun. "But that wa
long time ago; we have never exp
enced it." He went on to say that h
people did have experience of ti


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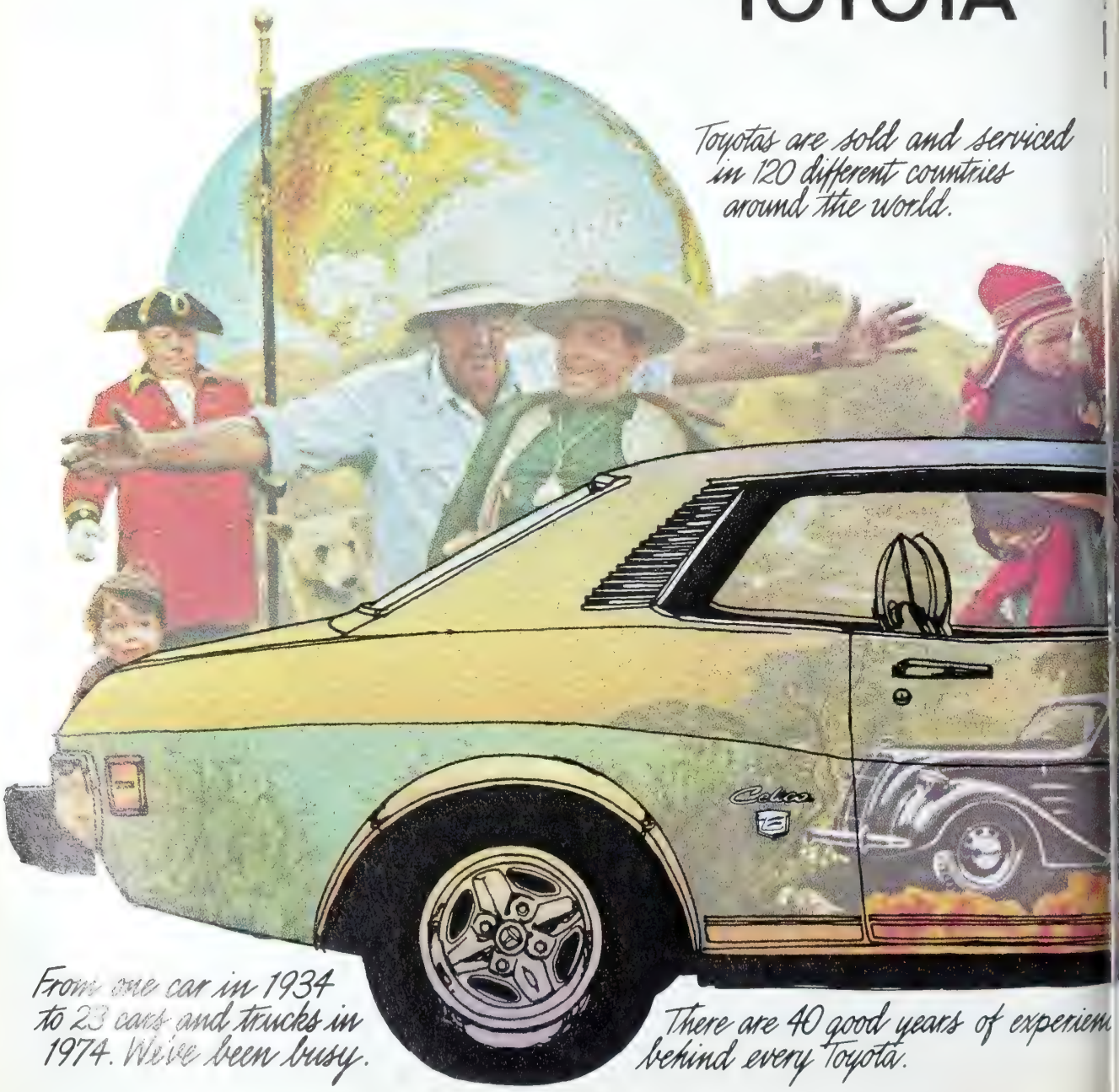
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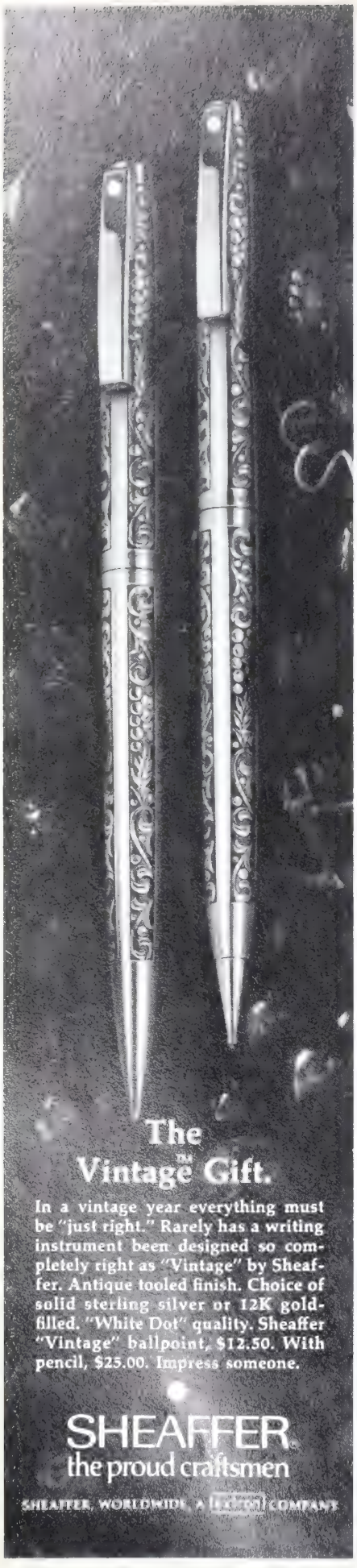
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when the moon "died" and that such times were bad omens, especially for the health of animals. If a lunar eclipse takes place during a certain month of the year it may even signify the impending death of the tribe's ritual leaders. "But as for the sun . . . we don't know. We will have to wait and see."

One of the younger men asked me if I thought they should bring their animals back to camp when the sun died. I said I did not know. The older man asked if the eclipse would hurt your eyes; he had heard that. I told him it was all right to look at the sun when it was black. He then asked if we had camels in America and when I told him no, he asked again, as if he could not imagine a life without camels.

On the morning of the eclipse, Duba invited us to partake of a ritual "sacrifice" of coffee beans in our honor. We had brought some coffee beans and sugar as gifts, and Duba's wife prepared them in the traditional way: we were served wooden goblets of warm camel's milk mixed with a little sugar and camel butter with the whole roasted coffee beans floating on top. It was pleasant to chew the crunchy beans with the sweet liquid; for the Gabra it was a rare treat.

The day was cloudless and warm as usual, and we waited with great anticipation for the partial phase of the eclipse to begin. From time to time I glanced at the sun through a double thickness of exposed film to see if there was any change, but I could detect nothing until about 3:00 P.M., when a visible "bite" appeared in the lower (western) edge of the solar disc. The progress of the partial phase is not very interesting until near the end; in fact, if one glances up with the naked eye (this is harmless for a fraction of a second), the light from the remaining solar disc is still so blinding that one cannot even tell that an eclipse is going on.

I should say at once that I am entirely unable to assess the reaction of the Gabra to the death of the sun. The fact is that the Gabra did not get much chance to watch the eclipse, because shortly before the onset of the partial phase a three-man film crew from New York arrived in a Land Rover to record their reactions to it. The filmmakers picked this location as the most photogenic in the area and called a hasty meeting with Duba and the other elders to obtain permission to film. Gabra are afraid of b photographed, but with the exch of a suitable amount of money, h agreed to keep his people out of d during the eclipse and to conv them to be willing subjects. The t ural reaction of the people m have been to stay indoors (mos the tribes in the path of totality terpreted the government warn to mean that they should hide in t dwellings), but the filmmakers little concern for the fidelity of t "documentary." In fact, to jazz up proceedings they insisted on bu ing a huge bonfire in front of e huts, around which the willing j jects could be posed in dramati titudes.

It was only ten minutes before tality when the firewood for this i sive special effect was collected, d the activity of the film crew bec feverish, with much running ab and shouting of orders. The Ga who only three days before had l in peaceful isolation with their c els and thornbushes, were now ac on a frenzied movie set comp with cameras, tripods, sound eq ment, Land Rover, anthropolo and assorted white strangers fro part of the world with no camels. the dismay of the film crew, the k fire would not light, and an order given to bring some gasoline. As driver of the Land Rover ran b with a can of fuel, he tripped dropped the entire can onto the sm dering woodpile, which exploded mushroom of flame that burned driver, nearly ignited the huts, sent everyone reeling backward confusion. The cameras rolled To the Gabra these events were more spectacular (and life-threat ing) than the eclipse taking place multaneously, which is why I say shall never know how they wo have reacted to it alone.

I absented myself from the set soon as I saw that the fire was un control and concentrated instead the sky. A cloud cover had come midway through the partial phas the heaviest clouds I had seen si coming to the Chalbi—and it seem for a time that we would be denie view of the eclipse. But then, mir ulously, a hole opened up just arou the sun and stayed there. Even bef the gasoline explosion, the light started to change, and I recal Miahuatlán powerfully. What h pens in the last minutes before

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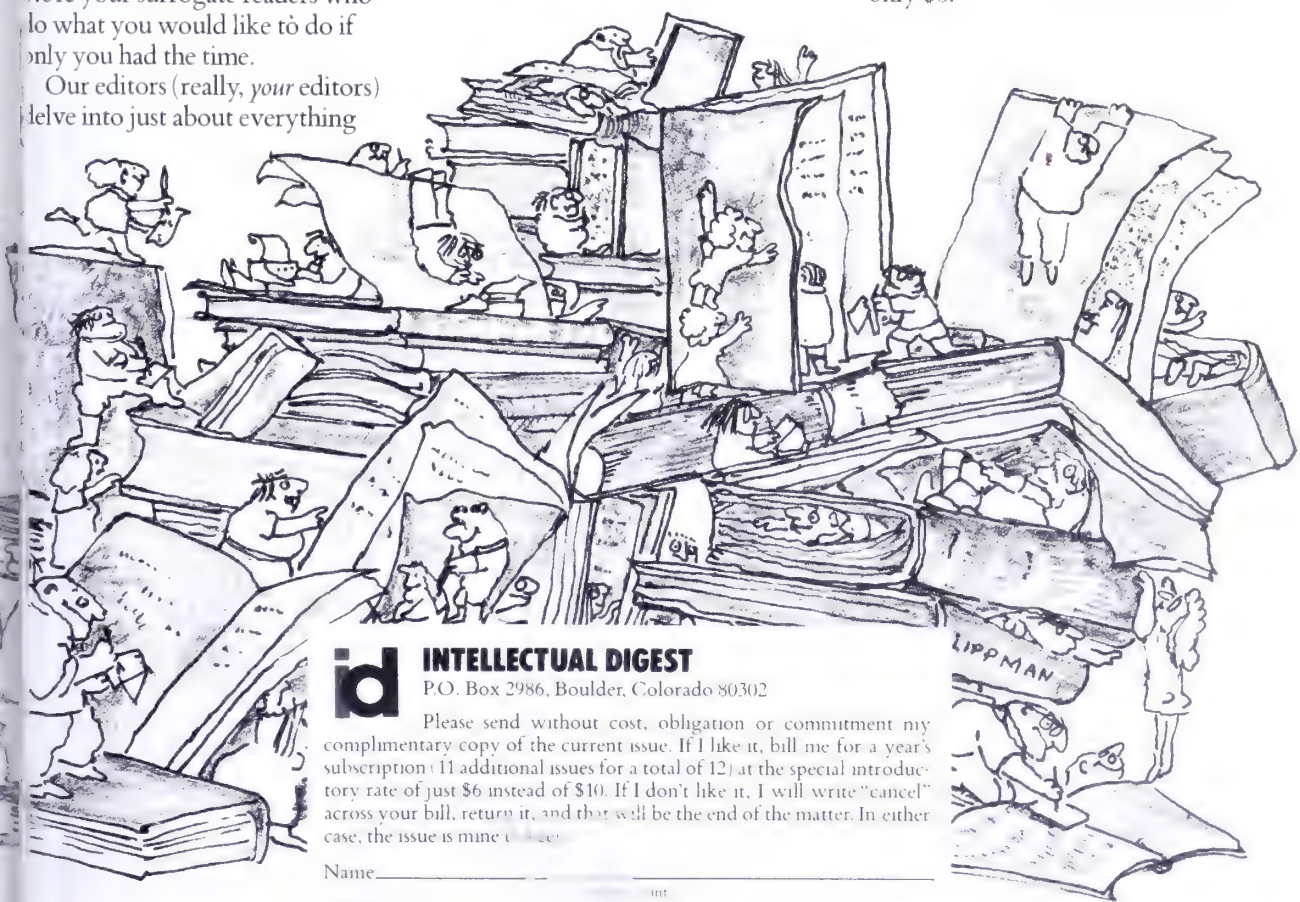
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tality is that the light gets very dim in one way while remaining brilliant in another. In the sky the slender solar crescent is still too blinding to look at directly, and shadows on the ground are as crisp and dark as on the brightest summer day. But the quality of the light is altogether different—like super-bright moonlight. I found myself looking at my hands and arms, at the huts, at the ground, even at the film crew. I wanted to see as much as possible under this novel illumination. It is a living paradox, bright yet dim, like no other light I have ever seen.

And it changes very fast, which adds to the novelty. As the cone of shadow approaches, a sense of drama builds: something is going to happen. The light fades faster and faster, retaining that curious ghost of solar brightness to the last. Finally, I discarded my exposed film and looked up in time to see the glaring yellow light of the sun reduced to a single point—an effect known to eclipse-watchers as the "diamond ring." Then the moon rolled directly in front of the sun, the silvery-white corona appeared, and once again I was in the umbra.

IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE ECLIPSE a woman who was part of our group asked how long we had been in the shadow; to her it had seemed like thirty seconds. But someone with a watch had timed it at three-and-a-half minutes. The woman said, "I want more of it." A young man who was with us, as the light was becoming ordinary again, said, "Already it seems like a dream; I remember it exactly the way I remember dreams." Reality inside the umbra is not ordinary reality; the dreamlike quality is one manifestation of the difference. Another is the sense of improbability permeating a still point in the midst of opposing forces. The hurricane's eye must be as improbable: a cylinder of blue sky and sun and calm water in the very center of a system of frenzied energies. In the path of a total eclipse one has the privilege of sharing the perfect alignment of earth, moon, and sun. For a brief interval out of time, the three bodies are frozen in majestic union; then they go on their separate, complicated courses. To participate in that moment of uncanny equilibrium is to have one's faith strengthened in the possibility of equilibrium and to experience the paradox that balance and stillness are to be found at the heart of all change.

Recurrent in the philosophies and myths of peoples around the world are themes of the union of sun and moon, symbolic of the union of conscious and unconscious forces within the human psyche that must take place if one is to become whole. The light of the corona—peaceful, cool, silver-white, normally invisible in the glare of the day—is a perfect representation of the intuitive consciousness that normally is hidden in the glare of ordinary mental activity. It is that hidden consciousness we try to contact by means of meditation, drugs, hypnosis, and other techniques that focus attention or shake us out of ordinary perceptions. And whenever we make that contact—whenever there is an interchange of masculine and feminine energies within our minds—we get high. A total eclipse is one great natural high.

One way to avoid the power of an eclipse is to photograph it. I observed in Africa that the people who spent the precious time of totality taking pictures were visibly less moved by the event than others. In a similar way, scientists who study eclipses shield themselves from the experience by looking at instruments instead of the sky. They cannot possibly be surprised by the appearance of night in day. In Mexico I spent the afternoon before the eclipse at the scientific compound of a major American expedition, watching the astronomers rehearse what they would be doing during totality. They had recorded on tape the sound of a hammer striking an anvil as a monotone voice chanted the elapsed time in seconds. To this unnerving accompaniment, suggestive of the galley of a Roman slave ship, the scientists marched around like robots, their eyes fixed always on their machines. Meanwhile, outside the walled compound, gleeful Mexicans ran about shooting off skyrockets and having the time of their lives in celebration of all the activity that had come to their town. The chief scientist was furious about the rockets. "Can't you stop them?" he kept shouting. "They'll ruin our measurements!" I decided I would be far better able to enjoy the eclipse away from the measurers and chose my hill accordingly.

Scientists and photographe[rs] hi[de] from eclipses behind their inst[ru]ments. Others simply hide—u[nd]er cardboard box or in a hut. [Sev]e Borana elders told me that t[he] total eclipse over their land [two] generations ago, caught peop[le] awares in open country, wher[e] crouched down and waited u[ntil] was over, then appealed to [the] ritual leaders for interpretatio[n] time, advised by the governm[ent] Nairobi of the danger of bli[nd]due on Saturday, June 30, a[t] P.M., most of the Borana in th[e] of totality went into their huts the sun began to "get sick" could not be coaxed out un[til] light returned. According to a[n] in the *East African Standard* o[f] 2, "Once the sun was more tha[n] covered, most of the women Samburu and Turkana tribes r[an] into their huts, and the less so[-] cated El Molo shut themselv[es] completely in their palm-fr[ond] 'igloos,' placing cardboard or a [piece] of sacking over the entrance."

The government predicted [no] eclipse. The eclipse happened. [There]fore, the government caused it [to] by warning people not to look [at] the Kenyan authorities took a[d]vantage of the moon's shadow in [order] to strengthen their control ove[r] tribes—another step in the trans[fer] power from local, tribal rule to [cen]tral, urban rule.

IN THE MEMORANDUM of the Ju[stice] Department, nature is conc[eived] as a hostile trickster, luring [us] destruction with "fascinating [but] dangerous" sights. One might al[so] think that our government—je[alous] of powerful events beyond its do[m]ion—also hopes to appropr[iate] eclipses. When events have the [po]tential to get us high by interrup[ting] the ordinary, orderly flow of e[very]day reality, they are especially th[reat]ening to the men in power, who [want] us to feel threatened along with th[em]. "There is no safe way to view [an] eclipse directly," says the Justice [De]partment. "*The best way to view [an] eclipse is on television.*" Best [for] whom?

As for me, I will just use my e[ye]. According to the Canon of S[olar] Eclipses for the Year 1974, the so[ut]west corner of Australia will [be] grazed by a total eclipse next J[une] 20. See you in the umbra?

When it's chilly and everyone 'chivas'...



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John P. Sisk

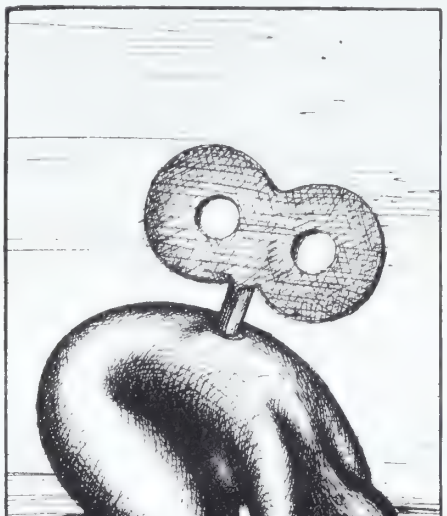
ON BEING AN OBJECT

The advantages of anonymity

IN THE INNOCENT long ago when someone sang:

The object of my affection
Can change my complexion
From white to rosy red,
Every time she holds my hand—
*And tells me that she's mine**

we assumed that the song was making a flattering reference to a loved one's preciousness and power in a relationship that enhanced her as a person. Not that we were likely to verbalize the assumption in such ponderous terms; the rhetoric of those times was much simpler. Now, of course, consciousnesses having been raised, it is all too apparent what was going on in that song. Not only was the girl quite baldly addressed as a sexual object, but she was celebrated for being one. That was the trap of it, as both men and women learned during the cultural turmoil of the Sixties.



Paul Degen

In the Sixties everyone began to discover the horrors of being an object: blacks, college and high-school students, nuns, servicemen, Chicanos, professional athletes, senior citizens, homosexuals, even the Mafia. This was in great part what the liberation movements were, and still are, about. In Martin Buber's terms, each was a more or less vigorous effort to replace an It with a Thou, the implication being that the It-ing of Thous was a major cause of all human problems. The irony was that in proportion as some Thou-aspiring It-groups experienced a rise in consciousness they became more impressed than ever with the It-ness of their opposition. This fact alone might suggest that we have here a rather complicated issue.

It is hard to say, for instance, whether object status is more a matter of information or of visibility and perspective, the three being as inseparable as they are. The Nazis successfully established the Jews as disposable objects by combining low visibility (keeping them out of sight in concentration camps) with an Aryan perspective that severely rationed the available information. Similarly fetuses, prison inmates, and North Vietnamese are abortable, ignorable, or bombable objects because their low visibility is reinforced by perspectives that filter out the information necessary to elevate them to Thou-status.

But then there is the problem of magic objects, people who have the kind of charisma that romantic lovers like Tristan and Isolde have for each other, or that movie stars and rock singers have for their fans. The super-It-ness of such eminences depends on high visibility (often combined with strategic separations or withdrawals) and a great deal of information from a very restricted but glorifying perspective. One thinks of Lana Turner and Marilyn Mo or, more recently, of Jane Fonda Dustin Hoffman—to say nothin Mick Jagger, Alice Cooper, Diamond, Bob Dylan, John Len and Elvis Presley (whose childl home has recently been design as a public magic place). Surely groupies that pursue rock stars, the bobby-soxers who once swoo over Sinatra, are caught up in r ing so mundane as an I-Thou tionship.

Not that I mean to put d magic objects. They perform a vice for the rest of us by dramati the possibilities of thinking big daring to be great, so that they us on to be, if not more comple realized Thous, at least more po ful Its. From her biography I l that Lana Turner (in her salad d the best of magic objects) believe reincarnation and is convinced in an earlier lifetime she was a m ber of an Egyptian royal family. is the way a magic object ough sound. Mere Thous tend to be modest; they need models of t scendence.

The risk, however, is that the m ic object may become a magic ject to him- or herself. Perhaps is one reason why popular en tainers are so full of inspiring t about searching for their true selv they sense the danger of the sup It role. "I need always to kee sense of myself as an independ person, to continue to search the authentic in me, the natura Faye Dunaway is quoted as sayi in *Harper's Bazaar*. Also, there the danger that the magic object w come to think of the adoring pub that makes it possible as a conglo erate manipulatable object. Mi Jagger, for instance, sounds as his public is firmly established his mind as an It. According to *Rolling Stone* interview, John Le

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John P. Sisk is an essayist who teac English at Gonzaga University in Spok Washington.

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non thinks of his audiences as collections of unfeeling idiots. Meanwhile, ironically, the devotees of Jagger and Lennon seem convinced that their idols are making possible for them what Lewis Mumford in another context called "an enormous subjectivity recovery."

Playboy is not much compelled by Martin Buber, for reasons that make it as unacceptable to women's lib as beauty pageants. Everybody knows that *Playboy* is synonymous with woman-as-sexual-object (the Marxist counterculture philosopher Herbert Marcuse even descries revolutionary potential in the fact), but not everybody seems to be aware of what the magazine is implying: that just as in certain circumstances quantity becomes quality, so if you concentrate enough attention on a sexual object there is a point at which it becomes an enhanced subject.

NO ONE WOULD SEEM TO BE further away from the *Playboy* ethos than J. Paul Getty, whose maneuvers in the realm of objects have made him one of the world's richest men. I cannot imagine a *Playboy* centerfold raising Mr. Getty's blood pressure. That good journalist Helen Lawrenson once wrote an article about him in which his fifth ex-wife was quoted as saying that he once told her: "When I'm thinking about oil, I'm not thinking about girls." This kind of singlemindedness was once admiringly referred to as keeping your eye on the ball, but it relegates girls to such a low class of objects that the most benighted bunny-lovers ought to be shocked.

However, it is worth noting that Mr. Getty was once a contributor to *Playboy*. He wrote how-to-succeed pieces in the traditional work-ethic vein, in which character was exalted over ability and physical beauty. No doubt many of those who bothered to read them thought they were putons. How else to reconcile them with the general drift of things in the magazine? But the editors knew what they were doing. The old Horatio Alger program that Getty endorsed had a great deal to do with achieving the level of affluence at which it becomes possible for playboys to pursue and enjoy gorgeous sexual objects. Besides, how could *Playboy* have become the success it is if there hadn't been a J. Paul Getty strain in Hugh Hefner himself, so that in effect he could have been saying all along: "When I'm thinking about *Playboy*, I'm not thinking about girls"?

In the meantime, men seem to be becoming uneasily aware that they too can be mere sexual objects, that *Cosmopolitan* is the same kind of threat to them that *Playboy* is to women. Norman Mailer expresses some of this uneasiness in *The Prisoner of Sex*: suppose that man reduced to sexual object is then unable to contend with a gadget, a *real* object? Some analysts are convinced that there is a connection between male impotence and the male's sense of being a mere sexual object to his liberated mate. What, I wonder, was their reaction to that British magazine's history-making nude male centerfold, the model for which was Germaine Greer's ex-husband, Paul du Feu? Would they not have had to say that if you glorify the male as a sex object you are running the risk of preparing him, and the whole human race, for the garbage bin of history?

Is it true, as some embattled feminists seem to imply, that women are naturally more capable than men of forming I-Thou relationships? I have always believed it is, but I am careful where I say it for fear that I will be interpreted as trying in a subtle way to take something away from women, not concede something to them. In such cantankerous times it is sometimes wise to be a mute object. R. Buckminster Fuller also concedes this special capacity to women; it is one of the reasons why he predicts that by the twenty-first century women will have taken over management of Spaceship Earth, including, no doubt, all the Fuller-inspired contraptions that by then will have accumulated in it. It is hard to imagine a safer prediction: first, it was made in *McCall's*, where it wasn't likely to be objected to; second, the predictor, being well into his seventies, can't possibly be held to account if his prediction proves wrong. But if women have this natural capacity to resist turning people into objects, it is a capacity that is vigorously opposed by powerful forces in the magazines they read. Not only the ads but a good deal of the text in these journals implies that woman's natural destination is to be an irresistible sex object in a world of jects. Of course, it can be and been argued that this is the co quence of an object-oriented and cre-contaminated male politics, a of reasoning that puts Revlon Max Factor in a bad light and is especially flattering to women.

THE SUBJECT OF objectifica may be full of mysteries, but n people who talk about it seem agree about the prime cause of passionate concern not to be n objects. We live in what Theod Roszak calls a technocratic trap, the inevitable consequence of s an environment is to objectify, personalize, secularize, and alien We have become numbers fed i computers, mere cogs in whe chess pieces pushed about by me forces we can neither compreh nor control. The pieties that o gave a larger dimension to our li have been severely questioned if completely subverted. Saviors B. F. Skinner tell us that our noti of freedom and dignity are illusi So we have a sense of ourselves print-outs on a computer-room flo very disposable objects.

Certainly this sense has a gr deal to do with the popularity of s sitivity training, encounter grou confrontation marathons, and wh ever else can be included in Human Potential Movement. Th sands of people are digging i themselves and one another, agon ing and exulting together, stripp themselves to emotional bedro trying to get it all up front, confe ing all and driving others to c fess, luxuriating in cathartic tem tantrums or lyric epiphanies, hold hands by firelight and moonlig learning to tenderly touch and car strangers, discovering how to be h est and unashamed in their lovi either literally or metaphorica nude before man and God: for weekend at least rather expens nonobjects.

It is the image of oneself as m terial to be dug into that is so co pelling here. "You have to dig de within yourself to find out who a what you are," says an ad for computerized horoscope firm (ad pictures a beautiful nude girl st ing off into space). We are c vinced that there is a real you. virginal Thou, hidden deep do

e somewhere beneath layers of ilized" wrapping, and that if we the courage to dig deep enough will come up with the prize, live wriggling like a victim rescued a Kafka story, and so prove urselves that we aren't objects all. Mr. Getty believed that it oil: if you dig long enough single-mindedly enough in the t place (keeping your mind off) you will find it. So we treat elves like potentially rich oil s, hoping for the ecstatic gusher. ne Howard's *Please Touch* is an esting first-person account of ntures in the charged-up world is Human Potential Movement. n surprised to learn that the iant English critic George Steinnce lectured at the Esalen Inte, saying, among other things,

hat's the point to self-discovery there's nothing, or very little, ere to discover? Having them even deeper inside themselves ly shows them what bores they e. It would be better if they ould memorize poetry, or learn language, or play chess, or lisn to music, or study butterflies.

as Thoreau might have said of Getty: "What's the point of so h digging if all you get in the is oil?"

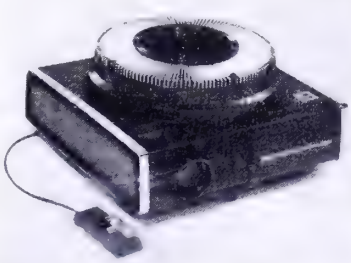
doubt about it, if we think we in an objective and alienating d, largely populated by what h Fromm calls marketing persones, we will be anxious to prove selves subject-Thous. The par is that our passionate attempts recovery of subjectivity so often like that "state of permanent escence," the signs of which, in Huizinga's *In the Shadow of orrow*, are "a lack of sense of orum, a lack of personal dignity of respect for others and the ions of others, and an excessive entration on self." Huizinga calls "puerilism." The puerile self-rbed person demands that what ot the self serve the needs of self, with the result that all other es tend to be seen as manipulatobjects. Indeed, the puerile on sees himself as an object to manipulated in pursuit of his own sure, power, or security. Charristically, he insists that everybe up front with him all the time; thought that others might be



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holding something in ironic reserve means that they are out of his orbit of power, and this is frightening to him. He is a people-eater, and mature persons, sensing this, avoid him when they can.

I suspect that Helen Lawrenson had something like Huizinga's puerilist in mind when, in an article a few years back, she wondered what was so bad about being a sexual object every now and then. It is a shrewd and practical question, though one likely to antagonize some of her sisters. The mistake, however, would be to see it as directed only at the sexual issue. There are occasions in life, it implies, when in the interest of privacy or safety or sheer living convenience it is better to be to other people what we rather metaphorically call an object. As Martin Buber truly says, "All real living is meeting," but to be forced into a relation of soul-baring Thou-ness with very many of one's acquaintances, as if life were intended to be an unremitting group encounter, would be for most of us an intolerable and even inhuman state of affairs. People who act as if they have never gotten unplugged from their last sensitivity session are often, sad to say, exploited by cynics who have never gotten plugged into anything; but they are also very often bores who have lost their sense of the point where they leave off and everyone else begins.

SUBJECTS, IN OTHER WORDS, must sometimes be objects if they are to thrive or be safe as subjects. Who, for instance, would feel easy under the knife of a surgeon for whom all patients are tenderly experienced Thous? Who cares if he is a mere It to his banker so long as the latter pays interest on schedule and keeps thieves out of the vault? Who wants to be anything but a verifiable number on an IBM card to the Social Security Office or the Veterans Administration or the insurance company? We are surrounded by services and agencies, to say nothing of officious individuals, from whom we are safe, or likely to get our just dues, only if we are accurately classified objects. One hopes that the laws and regulations that govern such institutions and people have been drawn up with the real needs of human beings in mind, but after that let them keep their records stra and treat us politely, It to It. A thing else is all too likely to be impertinence, an intrusion, o waste of time.

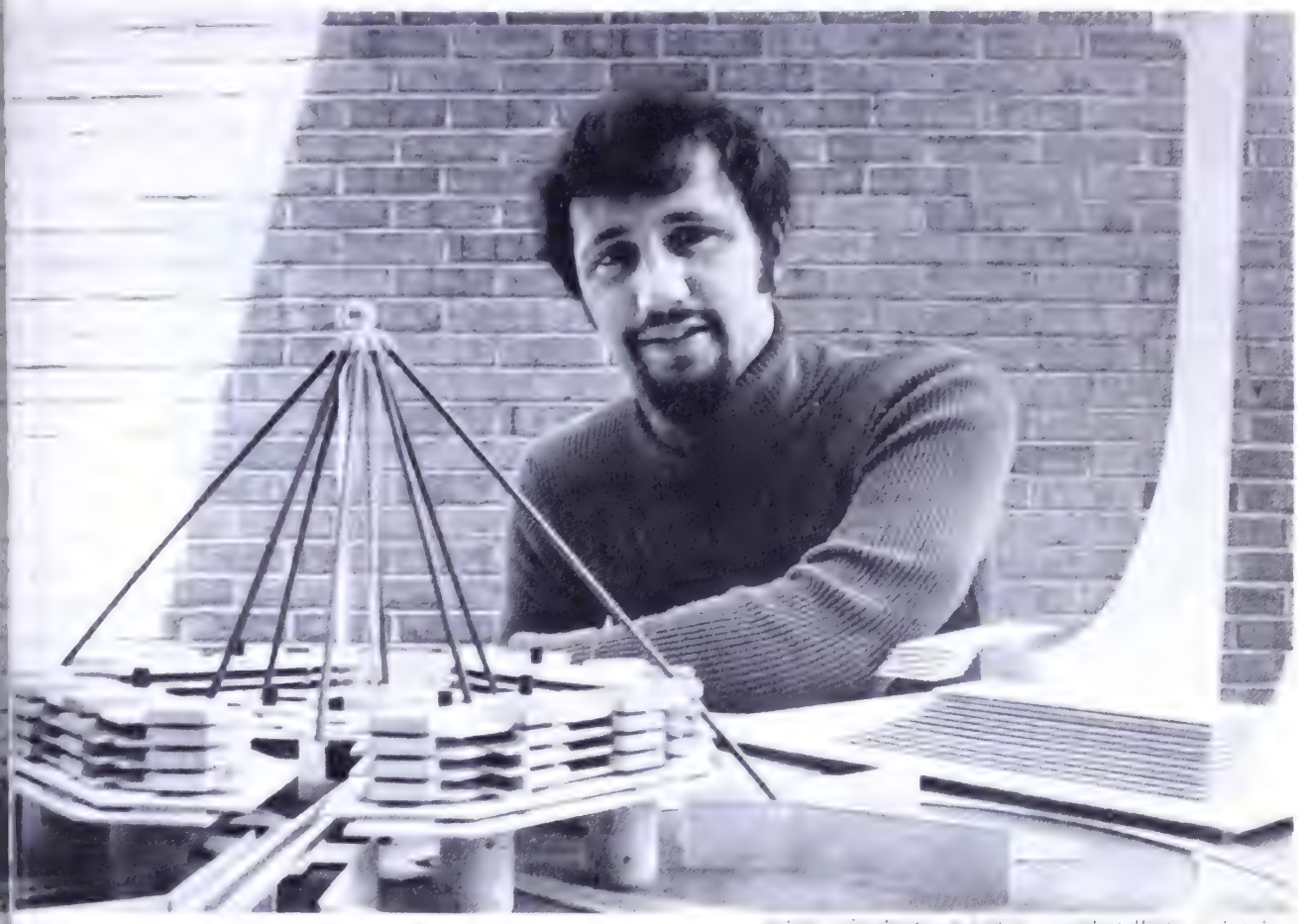
But Miss Lawrenson's ques has implications that go beyond s bread-and-butter issues. There important social occasions in when a certain objectifying dista is desirable, when the parties c cerned need to recognize that i not the place, or not the time for a baring of souls, a Thou-to-T confrontation. These are the o sions when what is crucial is tacit and civilized recognition the involved subjects are to ren relatively private, at least for time being, neither having ear the right to access, neither perh wanting it. Not only that, but must have many of these seem It relationships if his many fe Thou relationships are to deve and be meaningful. Finally, our rale as subjects depends on the perience of being able to attract ers even if we never admit most them past our objective barriers. Simone de Beauvoir points out in *Coming of Age*, it is this very aw ness that one is no longer an att tive object that makes life so bearable for so many elderly peo

One might finally say, then, although the demand that oth stop treating us as objects is o enough justified, it is at least often a petulant refusal to acc one's fair share of the mysteri human condition. W. B. Yeats ha fine little poem, "For Anne G ory," in which an attractive and an older man speak alternat The latter begins by saying that young man will ever love her herself alone because her hair is beautiful. The girl responds that will dye her hair some unattract color so that she will have to loved for herself alone. The n concludes the poem by telling with affectionate irony that he kn a holy man who has a text to pr that only God "Could love you yourself alone/ And not your yel hair."

What you are as a subject, h telling her, is inseparable from w you are as an object. Miss Law son and Miss de Beauvoir, as I r them, are saying much the sa thing. *Playboy* and J. Paul G are another matter.

DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



)HN ALAN STOCK

ME: Chesapeake, Virginia

E: 28

OFESSION: Architect/Urban Planner

BBIES: Animated cinematography, is, wine-making.

ST BOOK READ: "Capitalism, the nown Ideal" by Ayn Rand

ST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Preliminary n for Underwater Housing Development ly for human occupancy.

OTE: "The urban planner in the 20th ury must lead people from the world of the tical into the realm of dreams and then back n in a way that makes dreams possible."

OFILE: An individualist. A creative ker. Optimistic about the future of mankind, oncerned enough to take a leadership role.

TCH: Dewar's "White Label"

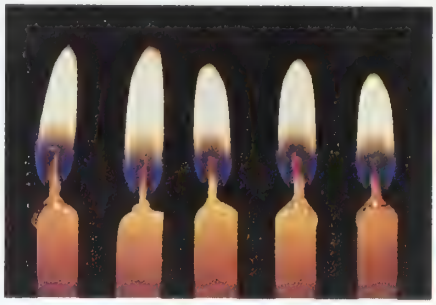


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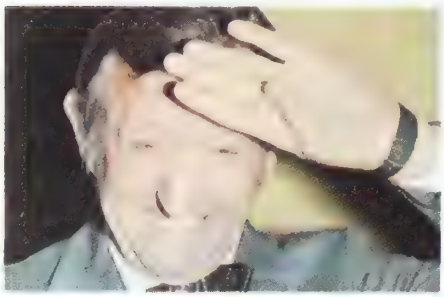
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COUNTERSIGNS

A change of venue

In the article that begins on the lowing page ("The Cold War mes Home"), Andrew St. George tes about the defeat of a once- mphant idea. He suggests that the ory of constitutional government longer has much to do with the ctice of imperial power in Wash- ton, and he implies that the Unit- States has exchanged the clamor- argument of a democracy for the iet agreements of what he reluc- tly describes as a techno-totalitar- state. The worst of his reasoning the persuasiveness with which he vances it.

He begins in the obvious place, h the wreckage left in the track of Watergate investigation. But in- ad of abandoning himself to the of indignation, he tries to disen- gle the confused lines of testimony t lead away from the wreckage d into the labyrinth of the federal reaucracy, particularly those agen- s and subprefectures of the bu- ucracy that regulate the trade in ret intelligence. The collection, nufacture, and sale of that com- odity has become a prosperous en- prise in the past decade, its quality teriorating as its quantity has been lated to meet the demands of a ing market.

Much of the new demand has been domestic intelligence, for infor- ation about American citizens rath- than the agents of foreign nations. e newspapers swarm with reports bugging and counterbugging, of discriminate wiretapping and of mputers assembling dossiers on at st two million people. (See also iving the Computer a Conscience," ge 14). The question thus be- mes one of motive. To what end e incessant gathering of documents d peering into empty rooms? George believes that domestic telligence has become precious be- use it is now the principal weapon th which rival agencies in the fed- al government seek to discredit and splace one another; the CIA plots to supersede the FBI; the FBI schemes against the White House; the Department of Defense intrigues against the Air Force and the Army.

As the combinations of power in Washington take strategic precedence over the combinations of power in foreign countries, the rest of the world fades into abstraction, like so much white clay that the adversaries in Washington can shape to their own advantage. If the reports from Saigon undermine a fortified position in the Pentagon, then the reports from Saigon can be rewritten. The devices of the Cold War can be as effectively employed against neighboring bureaucrats as against alien governments.

Certainly this hypothesis would account for the seemingly routine nature of the Watergate operation. It also would account for the possibility (raised at the end of St. George's article) that the CIA insinuated at least one operative into the Watergate cadre and so arranged what otherwise might have been perceived, in an Asian or Latin-American landscape, as an attempted coup d'etat against the Nixon regime. If this is so, or even plausible, then the Ervin committee has yet to understand the character of its own evidence. The Senators hold fast to the assumptions they imagine to have been Jefferson's, and so they fail to recognize the method of Stalin. Sam Ervin imposes on the witnesses the moral horizons of Kipling or Sir Walter Scott, but the witnesses resemble fugitives from Kafka's void.

That such a radical change of venue should take place under the Nixon Administration seems both predictable and just. The President first attracted general notice with the intrigue that destroyed Alger Hiss, and he apparently feels comfortable only in the cave-like dampness of a cold war. Those who know him describe him as a technician, as a cold-minded man who prefers to deal with models of reality (data projected on a screen, summaries, game plans, scenarios) rather than with the reality that those models supposedly represent (men bleeding to death in tropical swamps, rats on the stairs, hungry children in a West Virginia coal town). In this preference he reflects the habit of mind that appears to have become commonplace in a nation blighted by endemic paranoia. Last year the citizens of the United States paid more than $100 billion for the illusion of "security"—not only for national defense but also for private guards and alarm systems, for locks and airport scanning devices, for insurance against every imaginable frightfulness.

The compulsive stockpiling of information is analogous to the compulsive stockpiling of weapons. Even if the information means nothing, even if it is counterfeit or redundant (like many of the weapons in the Pentagon arsenal), the accumulation of it provides a superstitious defense against anxiety. So-called classified documents become magical incantations with which to combat the nameless evil abroad in a world where nobody trusts anybody else and where what is true depends on who says it's true.

The crouching suspicion that seems to prevail in the corridors of government also seems to prevail in the bureaucratic catacombs inhabited by the managers of big business, educational hierarchies, and organized crime. It is conceivable that what St. George calls the techno-totalitarian state is the system of government with which a majority of well-off Americans would feel the most safe. It is equally conceivable that a majority of Americans don't very much care what kind of government deceives itself in Washington. Totalitarian systems have a way of breaking down when removed from the realm of the abstract, and the human spirit triumphs over even the crummiest forms of ideological architecture. □

Andrew St. George

THE COLD WAR COMES HOME

The Watergate affair as a necessary consequence of a triumphant technocracy

THE TROUBLE WITH WATERGATE—as with every major modern metamorphosis—is that the bias runs, in Susan Sontag's phrase, against interpretation. The politicians know it; they have shied away from Watergate like brewery horses from a boiler explosion. The press has done better, but, collectively, not *all* that much better. With a few stubborn exceptions (most notably, the *Washington Post*), the media wasted months echoing the defensive Watergate remark attributed to President Nixon, "Give me proof." As for the politicians, they continued to cling to it for more than a year.

Watergate, said Robert S. Strauss, the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, "is not anything any Democrat could take pleasure in." The Democratic National Committee had filed a civil claim against the Republicans soon after the burglary of its Watergate office suite was discovered in 1972; apart from the stipulated damages ($6.4 million), the lawsuit with its sworn pretrial hearings proved to be a gusher of background information; Chairman Strauss said he had tried to have the litigation dropped. Why on earth? "You are *not* blaming the Republicans?" asked an incredulous reporter. Strauss was visibly irritated, "Not all Democrats have white hats," he said, "and not all Republicans have black hats."

The commercial gaiety that sprang up about Watergate never caught on. It stayed near the surface, mechanical and mirthless; despite all the boozy laughter in the nightclubs, all the beepy Waterbug toys, all the expensively tailored, sirloin-faced, prime-time biggies working to dispel the growing unease with quips, the Watergate gag machine sparked no real fun. When spontaneous merriment finally does flood the theater of the absurd, it comes as the most unpredictable turn in the scenario: on the second day of John Mitchell's testimony before the Ervin Committee in July, the *Dick Cavett Show* was given over to a panel discussion of a legal issue, the new Supreme Court ruling on pornography, the talk all in earnest, the panelists all serious men and women, but when one of them remarked, matter-of-factly, on his way to some larger conclusion, that, of course, "you had to have a basic sense of confidence in our constitutional system of justice," the stu audience unexpectedly began to chuckle snicker here, a ha-ha there—and suddenly crowded auditorium was swept by a gale ironic laughter, while the panelists sat, for o stone-faced, disconnected, and plainly sca

For a true sense of the absurd, one had turn, paradoxically, to the conservatives— to the most traditionalist and *bien-pensant* politicians, aging national figures or youn upward-mobiles, but all of them lifelong Est lishmentarians; it was from these powerhou of positive thinking—Barry Goldwater, Lo Weicker—that one suddenly heard the m agonized, the most truly wounded cries of rage about the affair.

Something shadowy and ominous looms j out of range behind these troubled men, so thing alien and threatening. *Post equitem se atra cura:* black dread sits behind the horsem What dark specter is driving these men of o contorting them into strange attitudes? W has turned the liberals, these men of ideas articulation, into frightened wafflers and do ers? What is forcing the conservatives—n of *stoica*, of cold-eyed realism, of what Sena Weicker used to call "hard-nosed politics"



Andrew St. George, a veteran observer of clandestine operations in the Caribbean and elsewhere, has written articles on the U.S. intelligence services for several magazines. This article is drawn from his forthcoming book on Watergate, to be published in 1974 by Harper's Magazine Press. Much of the research was carried out with the assistance of the Fund for Investigative Journalism, which, under the direction of James Boyd, has financed a number of similar projects.

rd such self-destructive fits of depression, rd pathological rage?

hat is clouding the vision of our sharpest c minds? Mary McCarthy, pulling the plug lifetime bath of muriatic acidulousness, us that Watergate is a good thing, a na- l self-cleansing ritual, a historic rite of ement for our Asian depredations, when, at obstetrically, she should surely spot the for what it is—the poisonous afterbirth ietnam, not any sort of renaissance. David erstam says it's "the legacy of the cold " when Watergate is plainly just the op- e—an end to external conflict, the inward- ng of the nation's aggressions, the unmis- ble first step toward genuine convergence our erstwhile totalitarian opponents.

IE GOVERNMENT, AS WE ALL KNOW, has ng owned and operated a worldwide es- age and counterespionage apparatus. This intelligence establishment has suffered from gle genetic defect: the very law which gave rth—the National Security Act of 1947— ed it largely to foreign operations. Late in) the Administration took the techniques equipment and some of the trained per- el in its foreign intelligence machinery and ght them home and turned them against omestic parliamentary opposition.

o people concerned with preserving con- tional government in this country—in fact, ost people who think about government at this may sound like a startling develop- t in itself, but it was far from unexpected ng students of the American intelligence es- shment. At the time of the first Watergate tments last year, there appeared, coinci- dentally, a remarkable book entitled *The CIA: The Myth and the Madness*, by Patrick J. McGarvey, a longtime CIA aide. "United States Intelligence," he concluded, "is now turning inward on the citizens of this country. . . . The next logical step would be for an administration to do exactly what its people suspect it of doing—start mounting intelligence operations against citizen groups and assemblies."

Such seismic change in a generation has caught the nation unawares, because the new technicist bureaucracies like the CIA have developed in unfamiliar, mysterious ways, often expanding and multiplying when we thought them to be in decline and disrepute. The aftermath of the Cuban invasion in April 1961 affords a necessary insight into this otherwise mysterious proliferation. Without an understanding of what happened within the CIA as a result of the Bay of Pigs—what actually happened as opposed to what most people thought had happened—Watergate cannot be described as anything other than an enigma.

I must have spent, all in all, a couple of years covering various phases of the Cuban invasion —the secret incubation, the training camps, the shocking climax, the bitter quarreling among exile groups, the raids against "Communist Cuba." I wrote more than one story about these events, and the stories ran in the largest magazines, in many millions of copies, syndicated in a dozen languages, and yet, looking back on it, I can see that although I tried to tell the truth, most of my conclusions were proven untrue in the long run. When I wrote about the Bay of Pigs, I always discussed it as a fiasco, a botch, a disaster of some sort. Most other reporters did the same: Theodore Draper had set out the concept for us—"a perfect failure"—and we stuck



Robert Pryor

Andrew St. George

THE COLD WAR COMES HOME

to it. Had someone asked me during the early Sixties to explain, in twenty words or fewer, why I called the Bay of Pigs a failure, I would have said something like this: It was a military formula applied to an essentially political problem. It was an *inevitable* failure.

Truth through technocracy

BUT WHAT EVIDENCE DID WE HAVE, really, to say that the Cuban invasion was a failure? The discredited approach of applying military solutions to political problems, this failed formula we expected President Kennedy to junk with contempt, was instead polished up and adopted as the favorite method, in fact the essential strategy of the Kennedy Administration. The CIA, which we expected to suffer and starve for selling this "failed formula" to the President, turned out to be a big beneficiary of the wretched Cuban adventure. It grew in status and influence, not just in Latin America—where it was known in the trade as La Compañia or, sometimes, the Company—but all over the map: the Company acquired a private army in Laos, an air fleet in Thailand, a jumbo pacification program all its own in Vietnam, a combination of all three—i.e., a ground force and an air force and the go-code to pacify the stuffing out of any unfriendly native—in the hopelessly beset Congo.

Back on the New Frontier, Bobby Kennedy hardened into—in Joseph Kraft's one felicitous phrase—a "piano-wire" hawk. Piano wire is, of course, what guerrillas use to "silent-kill" enemy sentries. The White House advisers and policy planners whom Bobby Kennedy piano-wired after the Bay of Pigs were the liberals and soft-liners who had offered early prescient warnings *against* the ill-fated venture, men like Chester Bowles, who was derided as a "gutless wonder" for his opposition to the CIA's strong-arm tactics. But the hard-liners, the guerrilla thinkers, the special-warfare scholars had—with one or two token exceptions, men like Allen Dulles and Richard Bissell who were dismissed by way of window dressing—no reason to think the Bay of Pigs formula had failed. In a year, they were busily transplanting the same strategy to Southeast Asia.

How did this *happen*? I felt I could never write truthfully about Cuba again until I worked out some sort of answer, at least for myself. The trouble was, there were too many damn unknowns to draw up any sort of equation. For instance, why had the CIA lost interest in the facts about Cuba just when the invasion was at hand?

The agency had been a tireless data digger and interviewer and fact collector about the smallest details of life in Cuba under Castro—until the landing preparations began in earn in early 1961. Then intelligence collection gan to drop off: the "operators" took over. seemed that when the operational side of agency cut in, the intelligence side cut out. was baffling: it shook every bit of logic left my head. It was like a flight leader tearing his target maps just when his bomber wing g attack orders. But I had had too many old, r able friends among the invasion leaders, many troubling talks in the back corners Miami restaurants to ignore what was going The real question was: why?

Today, of course, we see the answer m clearly. The syndrome repeated itself, for o thing, in Vietnam, and this time outside obse ers were able to study it more carefully. Ha nah Arendt eventually explained it with l magisterial theory of "defactualization"—t concept that public-relations techniques a other computer-age developments were turni Washington away from reality, from empiri data, provable facts, rational truth, toward i age-making and self-deception.

WITHIN A YEAR OF THE BAY OF PIGS, t CIA curiously and inexplicably began grow, to branch out, to gather more and mo responsibility for the "Cuban problem." T Company was given authority to help monit Cuba's wireless traffic: to observe its weathe to publish some of its best short stories (Cuban authors in exile) through its whol owned CIA printing company; to follow th Castro government's purchases abroad and i currency transactions (a separate economic r search branch was set up in South Miami f the purpose); to move extraordinary numbe of clandestine field operatives in and out Cuba; to acquire a support fleet of ships an aircraft in order to facilitate these secret age movements; to advise, train, and help reorg nize the police and security establishments Latin countries which felt threatened by Ca tro's guerrilla politics; to take a hand in U- overflights and in sea-air ELINT (Electronic In telligence) operations aimed at tracing Cuba coastal-defense communications on special d vices; to pump such vast sums into political op erations thought to be helpful in containin Castro that by the time of the 1965 U.S. mi itary intervention in the Dominican Republi both the bad guys and the good guys—i.e., th "radical" civilian politicos and the "conserva tive" generals—turned out to have been f nanced by La Compañia. Owing largely to th Bay of Pigs, the CIA ceased being an invisibl government: it became an empire.

This sort of phenomenal growth cannot b explained in conventional terms. It is true tech nological change. It occurs, as Lewis Mumfor



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ıstrated in a crucial insight, "above any leration of its own success." Technetronic ucracies expand, not for the sake of mere ction, or efficiency, or success, but—as ord concluded—"to institute a system of controls."

ce, for example, the phenomenon of the success. By the early Sixties, watchful vers could begin to trace a disturbing dement within the CIA; illegal entry, known 'bag job," became one of the intelligence machine's accepted data acquisition methnd what eventually came to count was not ıta but the *method*. Rigidly, compulsively, chnological apparatus repeated the same ments: when a bag job did not yield worthinformation, the apparatus itself cooked e information so that the break-in would rm to the encoded patterns of a "successoperation.

ıen Don Vitalio de la Torre, the Cuban coneneral in Buenos Aires, defected to the world" in 1961, he was instructed by his counterpart—by 1961 the intelligence eshment maintained its own foreign service rallel the Castro government's diplomatic entations, a Cuban exile *delegado* sta- in every Latin capital—to burglarize the ssy safe and bring along its contents. Don o's dowry proved disappointing—routine natic service messages—but promptly h a stack of forged documents appeared a CIA trick shop, suggesting extensive nunist subversion in Argentina. These erfeits were handed to the Cuban consul orders that he display them as genuine—t, as the contents of the safe that he had arized himself—when he announced his tion at a Buenos Aires news conference ored by La Compañia.

it happened, this staged exercise was a e. Argentinian naval intelligence proved sitive and as resentful about such *gringo* ɔulativeness as it was of Communist subn; the scenario proved a turkey. There scandal, which in retrospect looks like an rehearsal for the Watergate imbroglio. the basic methodology of the megamawas too rigidly encoded among its infor- n and memory circuits to be altered by setbacks.

eral years later, summing up the lessons learned from the Pentagon Papers (lesequally applicable to the Bay of Pigs or rgate), Hannah Arendt wrote: "The diver- between facts established by the intelce services . . . and the premises, theories hypotheses according to which decisions finally made is total. And the extent of our es and disasters throughout these years ɔe grasped only if one has the totality of livergence firmly in mind."

The success of the Bay of Pigs

ALL OF THIS WAS TRUE, of course, it was felicitous and insightful, but one night I was running Dr. Arendt's defactualization detector through some test samples, through David Halberstam's report about Vietnam, *The Best and the Brightest*, through Col. L. Fletcher Prouty's important new book, *The Secret Team*—her calibrations proved right every time—when the idea struck me: *what if they were not failures?*

The Bay of Pigs. The Dominican invasion. Vietnam. Those bankrupt game plans in Egypt, in Chile. Suppose none of them was, in the larger historic view, a failure at all?

There was no success, of course, in what these ventures set out to accomplish abroad. But perhaps we should focus on what we have accomplished, as a state and a society, at home. Even a cursory glance will show that's where the real action was.

At home, we have metamorphosed, in a short quarter-century, from a pluralistic, open-market society into one of the world's most tightly controlled, most relentlessly manipulated technological nations. The centralized, bureaucratic-technicist manipulation of energy resources, foreign affairs, communications, Presidential elections means that we are creating a post-industrial societal model of what has been identified as a technetronic command society.

Perhaps that was what we had in mind all along. If psychiatry is right in assuming that, for all our self-deluding talk, we go along structuring the sort of situation we really want, then we must assume that maybe we never meant to "democratize" Greece or Santo Domingo; we just meant to de-democratize ourselves.

Throughout the Fifties and Sixties our interventionist activities abroad and our slogans at home perpetuated and reinforced one another —remember "brinkmanship," "containment," "nation-building," "the domino theory," all the golden oldies from the epoch of special-warfare diplomacy—simply because this was the most direct and dependable, time-tested way for providing the necessary precipitation of unfacts and propaganda, the necessary climate of image-making and policeness America needed to assure the growth of its technology, its bureaucracy, its centralized management structures. Richard Nixon and John Mitchell may have been instinctively, if not consciously, motivated toward Watergate by an intuitive sense that the era of foreign intervention was drawing to a close. From now on America would have to generate the climate of defactualization and policeness right at home if it wanted continued progress toward fully achieved, seamlessly engineered, cybernetically controlled techno-totalitarianism.

"Hoover realized that inevitably, disastrously, the CIA's tainted ways were seeping back home to America; there is a vengeful law of historic osmosis about these things."

Andrew St. George

THE COLD WAR COMES HOME

IF THESE WATERGATE NOTES have an underlying theory at all, this is it. For the moment, let's consider only how many unsolved mysteries it helps to clear up. Our theory would explain why the Kennedys instinctively detested Chester Bowles and Adlai Stevenson and instinctively loved Maxwell Taylor and Gen. Victor "Brute" Krulak. It would explain those spontaneously fraudulent statistics with which President Johnson drove the press into paroxysms during the Dominican intervention: bum statistics are simply part of the generally required atmosphere of defactualization, and a President must make his contribution like any citizen.

It would explain much of the Kennedy special-warfare doctrine and almost all of Robert McNamara. It would explain the money we spent clobbering Indochina. It would explain, perhaps in its grisly entirety, the demented federal drug-control program. It would explain how G. Gordon Liddy got into that drug program and why he was promoted out of it into the most sensitive executive position on the staff of the Committee to Re-elect the President —promoted by men like John Mitchell and Jeb Stuart Magruder, who, afterward, in the air-conditioned rationalism of the Senate Caucus Room, described Liddy as a "nut."

Will our theory do all this? Most probably, if we do not lose sight of our assumptions and criteria, our special algorisms, so to speak, and if we keep in mind that these introductory calculations represent an attempt to define the unknowns rather than solve them—an algebra of propositions. We must bear in mind that the principal object of the men implicated in Watergate was one of transformation, of translation of the Presidential power to "persuade" into a power to "command," of investing the nation's chief executive with the executive authority demanded by the age of technetronics —this was the underlying motivation, the essential compulsion, the true glandular thrust of the Nixon team's approach to Watergate.

Not to protect the President from his enemies? No. We know now that behind the scenes they labored to *increase* the number of White House enemies, not to diminish it. They created new enemies by drawing up long lists with absurdly assembled names—Carol Channing? Joseph Kraft? Tony Randall? *Joe Namath?*— they stockpiled enemies and went shopping for more.

The enemy within

WHAT IS HISTORY TRYING to tell us? Technological society is a matter of *internal* controls. The very concept of national security has changed; its focus is no longer on spies and seditionists, but on the bureaucracy's internal power arrangements and hierarchical f tures. This semantic mutation—a truly s icant and revolutionary switch, by the w was vividly illustrated during the Senate S Committee hearings on Watergate. Senator Ervin still thought of "national security some sort of defensive or protective arr ment against infiltrators or subversives, ag an *external* threat; this brought him into stant conflict with the witnesses, most of Presidential bureaucrats a full generation yo er than Senator Ervin, who talked of "nat security" and meant, of course, the way er was divided and structured and manipu *within* the White House.

Nothing demonstrates this more clearly the continuing struggle for power betwee FBI and the CIA. In the early Sixties, J. E Hoover began to sense, vaguely but unmi ably, that he was in serious trouble. The Man was nearing seventy; he was stiff, cra remote, and no longer nimble when it can image-polishing. For four decades he had r tained his preeminence as the nation's peace officer by keeping a tight grip on al mestic national police operations. But no became aware that, step by step, the Ce Intelligence Agency was moving in on hi

The Director had done well on the bu cratic battlefields; in 1969 his bureau wa large as the State Department. The FBI's get was never questioned and its *numen* aura of rectitude and efficiency, was mainta with as much near-religious reverence as politicians of a secular republic ever mu But the Bureau's hegemony over domesti telligence activities was waning; the bold erners and mean-knuckled Midwesterners ran the Agency were gaining on old B Number One.

Hoover detested them. He loathed athe Reds, long-haired yippies, Black Panthers, zy-minded do-gooders, and Dr. Martin Lu King—alone with an intimate it would be " ter Martin Lucifer Coon" and then that h snort of a chuckle—but what he really h was the CIA. He thought of it as a viperine of liars and high-domed intellectuals, of ins Yalies who sneered at Fordham's finest, of young ne'er-do-wells who dabbled in spy because they could not be trusted to run family business, of wily "Princeton Ou Ought" himself, "Dickie" Helms, who spu tweedy web from an ultramodern, electroni secured enclave up the river in Virginia.

Hoover kept total control of the Bureau, as a flag-rank American civil servant, a se managing director of his own people's po so to speak, he was not a totalitarian. He lieved in setting certain limits, certain dards—if there are no standards, what is tional security meant to secure? He was

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Andrew St. George
THE COLD WAR COMES HOME

fashioned in this: "*No murders, no physical torture, no 'administrative detentions' in the Bureau while this Director is Director,*" and there were none.

For forty years, no special agent fired a loaded gun into the temple of a suspect "double agent"; Hoover felt that an image of federal officers as torturers or assassins would ruin everything, would cost the bureau all the popular support it had. Then the Ivy Leaguers of the Company came along and pulled the trigger as lightly and insouciantly as a Choate boy would throw a stink bomb on Class Day.

Assassination—"dismissal under extreme prejudice" accompanied by a wink and a forefinger imitating slit-throat or bullet-in-the-brain—and all the other bestial calamities awaiting those who got in the way of the Company in Guatemala, Brazzaville, Saigon, or Rio de Janeiro became common Washington bar talk. Hoover realized that inevitably, disastrously, the CIA's tainted ways were seeping back home to America; there is a vengeful law of historic osmosis about these things.

HOOVER WAS PROVEN FATALLY RIGHT. The CIA began by handing out bribes to tropical politicians and banana generals in the Fifties; in the Sixties it was passing under-the-table money to the National Student Association, to the American Newspaper Guild (more than a million dollars for the boys of the press, the Company didn't skimp there), to the National Council of Churches. There were incidents of violence and murder among the CIA operatives encamped by the hundreds in Miami and, in lesser numbers, in New York and Washington, Baltimore, and Atlanta. There was trouble about counterfeit money, about black-marketeering with plastic explosives issued by the agency, about other things that local cops resented. Hoover, tight-lipped with fury, frequently found himself ordered to provide "cover" for CIA men in capital trouble with the "conventional" authorities.

Hoover was an empire-builder, a master bureaucrat, a propagandist, and an intriguer when the interests of the bureau suggested it, but these interests did not suggest getting into bed with "CIA-oriented paramilitary specialists" itching to pacify the American countryside with nation-building programs. Oddly enough, what tore the Old Man's fraying self-restraint were growing reports of promiscuous wiretapping and bugging sorties undertaken by operatives from other agencies—perhaps CIA agents, perhaps men working for the vast Defense Intelligence Agency—in Washington, New York, Los Angeles, and Miami.

The FBI was no stranger to tapping the telephone conversations of a "subject" or smuggling a bug into his private office if ci stances required, but under the Old Ma crophone surveillance was also practic ways that kept the whole enterprise withi bounds of sanity. An FBI inspector, hi past sixty, who knew Hoover during thes clining years, said that "it was true the tor had gotten old and a bit eccentric, ar vanity hurt him. But I think it was also t knew in his heart that a period of tim coming to an end, a time that had some eration and give-and-take and a grain of mon sense in everything. *His* time. He once, 'The next thing they'll have will be President,' and of course he was bitter, but he meant that he wanted no part of was coming, and I can't say I blame hi

A nation under surveil

BUT EVEN HOOVER HAD TO FACE REAL the end. The times were wicked. The turned fickle. He was old. And the White had become too deeply entwined with th —Desmond Fitzgerald briefing Robert mara, Bill Bundy briefing Bill Moyers, Bi by briefing Walt Rostow, Bill Rosson b Gen. Earle Wheeler, and then of course mara, Moyers, Rostow, and Wheeler b the President. It wasn't the information– of the intelligence that flowed uphill towa Oval Office in these briefings was doctor "defactualized" pap—it was the clout: the ing order changeth. Hoover was out a Agency was in, and that was all there wa

Like most other people in the gover (not to speak of the Congress or the pr the electorate), Hoover had never clear ceived that during the late 1960s secret gence had become America's fastest-g service industry. It is not easy to trace t cise outlines, the exploding budgets and plying assets of our national megamachi espionage and counterespionage, for, every wildly successful enterprise, acco seldom kept pace with runaway expansio

In July 1973, Sen. William Proxmir gested—tentatively, for the Senator cou get all the necessary data, not by a long that the U.S. intelligence establishment ploys about 148,000 persons and spen proximately $6.2 billion a year."

Aerial intelligence proved costliest; t Force budget totals included some of th sums needed to launch and maintain hig tude spy satellites. But, on the whole, S Proxmire's figures were said to be low. F intelligence people estimate that the tota ey spent on intelligence each year comes to $10 billion. And as in every growth in what counts is not the cash flow: it's the

ıe real
ırough this area, in only
e of the oil pipelines that
s beneath it, have moved
million gallons of energy
the past month. Energy
at powers industry, homes,
rs, planes, ships, trucks.
ıergy that sustains the
e style Americans have
me to take for granted.



We learned a long time ago that practical things needn't be ugly. That they needn't be seen at all. And that they needn't waste valuable land, divide neighborhoods, create an industrial feel in a rural atmosphere.

ideal
tinuity of supply by
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ıpanies that have
ıonstrated their concern
the environment.

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Andrew St. George

THE COLD WAR COMES HOME

The action was extraordinary, dynamic, expansive throughout the late Sixties: it was bullish and "creative" in the sense that stock-market promoters talk of "creative accounting." "National security" was converted into an imaginative, fast-growing enterprise, always on the move for new worlds to conquer. "When I was in the Senate, speaking out against Administration policies," former Republican Sen. Charles Goodell revealed not long ago in a matter-of-fact manner, "I learned that my official telephone was tapped, and that Military Intelligence agents were following me around the country, building a dossier."

One should pause to absorb this in its full innovative enormity—a United States Senator tapped and trailed on his legislative rounds by *American* Army agents?—but there are facts and figures to back up the claim: Sen. Sam Ervin's *other* investigating committee, the Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights, revealed last year, in a report that went largely unnoticed, that by 1969 the Army—not the Defense Department, just the Army—had built up a "massive system" for keeping watch on U.S. politics.

THE ARMY, TO BE SURE, should not be made the goat of this story. It was caught in an overall uptrend, a nationwide, expansionary spiral of spying, and it was compelled to keep up with its competitors. The simple fact is that as the Sixties turned into the Seventies, America became a nation under surveillance. The trouble was that in their desperate push for a share of this vast new technological service market, the intelligence agencies overcommitted themselves and—having no stocks or bonds to sell—they sold their souls.

They did it, not in any abstract or remotely metaphysical way, but as vividly and dramatically as Faust: to make it big in the new world where they found themselves, the world of computers, conglomerates, and technetronic controls, the intelligence establishment traded in both its ethos and *telos*. For a leading role in the new scenarios of power, it gave up the essence of its being; intelligence became internalized, technified, and bureaucratized.

Internalization meant great change. Intelligence had been curious about the world; now it just wanted to know what was happening in Washington. The traditional drive to discover what other nations, other governments were doing gave way to an overriding concern with the situation back in the domestic halls of power, in the conference suites and map rooms and executive offices where the internal decisions emerged.

Foreign intelligence data could be adjusted, revised—in a word, doctored—to fit the requirements of the moment: but what *we* requirements? They were spun and shape hundred shifting breezes, by the mood White House, the preoccupations of the Chiefs, the place in the pecking order o ious departmental projects, the latest shi aides and advisers, the undercurrents ar trigues and floating alliances between amb bureaucrats.

Thus the generals and station chiefs agency heads reversed the thrust of their i gence effort; their information priorities collection targets now ran homeward an ward, toward the top echelons of the nati security bureaucracy. Internationalization *revolutionary* change.

Supplanting the

IN 1968, NIXON AND HIS MEN SAW—their v was cold, mechanical, they were thems technicians—that the intelligence establish had technified and institutionalized itself t one's benefit but its own. The essence of technicism is control; in the new execu team's view, the national-security bureauc was unbound, almost anarchical. The espio megamachine would have to be rewired, fi connected to the right power sockets, to only control console the new Administra meant to operate in Washington: the W House.

This was, of course, more easily decided t done; but the intelligence bureaucracy was nerable, and Nixon's men knew it. In the r toward expansion and technification, the hist ethos of intelligence (to produce true infor tion) and its practical purpose (to prod relevant information) were both lost. Even fogged by the hubris of their rapid rise to po —or perhaps quickened by its subliminal tr ors, for by the late Sixties Washington was of senior officials chilly with self-doubt un their greatcoats of authority—the hierarchs national security knew that, as relentlessly as classical tragedy, nemesis dogged their heels, overtook them perversely, their new prince's d pleasure borne by a seneschal with bifocals a a weight problem, *Command Decision* reshot Fritz Lang with S. Z. Sakall in the fateful lea

Henry Kissinger led the White House ra If the CIA had been allowed to triumph ov Hoover and the FBI, then the question was h would the White House supplant the CIA. P fessor Kissinger, the President's new assista for national security and *Gleichschaltun* promptly began to do all the virile and tum cent things with which he had already reduc the State Department to a pale meretrix.

In the early fall of 1969, CIA memoranda the most elaborate and ambitious sort began

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Andrew St. George

THE COLD WAR COMES HOME

return from the White House with evaluative comments like "Crap!" and "Utter garbage" scribbled across their faces in Dr. Kissinger's own hand. In late 1969 he began rejecting the CIA National Intelligence Estimates; he ordered, instead, that the Agency submit the unfinished data, the field materials for its estimates. Dr. Kissinger, it seemed, had decided to put the White House into the production of in-house intelligence estimates.

If the President's memoranda were the CIA's most important product, the National Intelligence Estimates were its cherished *chef d'oeuvre*. A separate bureaucracy of estimators and analyzers had grown up within the Agency, an elite subculture of scholars and statisticians and cultivated *feuilletonistes* who produced these voluminous, detailed studies for the National Security Council. To tell the Agency that the White House no longer wanted a finished NIE on some essential area of conflict (Vietnam or Biafra), just the field data—it was like telling James Reston not to bother with the typewriter: just phone in your notes; someone else will write the column.

Even before 1969 drew to a close, the thunderstruck intelligence bureaucracy heard something else, something that sounded like the crack of doom: the White House had begun hiring intelligence agents of its own. Presidential Counsel John Ehrlichman was reported to be recruiting operatives for "secret work" among retired New York City special-services plainclothesmen, and another White House lawyer—one of the new fixers who arrived with Nixon's entourage, Charles W. Colson, already on the "redline" list of both the FBI and the CIA for his brazen come-ons to labor leaders with criminal records—was said to have put a former FBI agent on his office payroll.

IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN the statutory cornerstone and the hard-rock fundament of the national-security bureaucracy's power that it was the President's only source of intelligence information. Other government departments could put in their occasional *trouvailles*, but they could do so only through the channels of the "intelligence community" presided over by the CIA. Now this vital monopoly, this *lifeline* was being shredded. It isn't easy to render a condign description, a graphic reprise of the surprise, anger, and panic that convulsed the espionage establishment when it discovered that the White House was *putting operatives in the field*.

It was the beginning. Three years were to pass before the first burglary arrests at Watergate, then sixteen months of headlines and hearings, a great many mean things made public, and yet this opening chord, this first electric alarm of the great crisis somehow remained muffled, insulated, giving those who kne it the odd sensation that when Watergat did begin to emerge into public view, i backward.

And yet, the espionage establishme not have despaired. *Post equitem se cura.* Watergate was etched sublimin neath the very first instructions Ehr and Colson issued to their agents. Th curse of technicist bureaucratism overt new White House spymasters with the rapidity of tropical spirochetes engulfin wegian ship's crew.

Their intelligence operations quickly intragovernmental, that is, mutually c tive. By the end of 1970, every first-rank aide had to have his own spy shop, or be a partner in one. They internalized t telligence activities with headlong spee technified senselessly—charts, graphs, bu cealed cameras, dart guns, phone taps, t expensive monitoring equipment ever to on any agent's expense voucher, where inside source and a few intelligent qu would have been enough. They began to b ratize even while they were a handful, structing their own model of reality and under its artificial, self-generated norms failure to perceive other models of rea them into the usual errors. Certainly they estimated both the bitterness and the sub the CIA hierarchs, and it is conceivable t CIA arranged for a trap at the Watergat

On the morning of June 17, 1972, the officer at CIA headquarters in Langley, ia, woke director Richard Helms a litt seven to tell him about the arrest of "the House crew," for that was how the intel professionals had come to think of the hired by John Mitchell and John Ehrli and the other Nixon aides. Both the C the FBI had long known, of course, ab existence of the Hunt-Liddy team. The C infiltrated it with a confidential informa as if Hunt and Liddy had been foreign mats, and the informant, an old Compa erative named Eugenio Martinez, code- "Rolando," who had reported in advance Watergate project, was in fact at that m himself under arrest for his part in the br

"Ah, well," Helms said, "They final it." He chatted for a few moments wi young watch officer, who said it was " about McCord and some of those guys." yes," Helms said. "A pity about the Pres too, you know. They really blew it. Th thing is, we all think 'That's the end of it it may be just the beginning of som worse. If the White House tries to ri through central, don't switch it out here tell them you reported McCord's arrest al and I was *very* surprised."

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William S. Burroughs

PLAYBACK FROM EDEN TO WATERGATE

Tape recorder number three is God

IN ENCOUNTER MAGAZINE, admittedly once subsidized by the CIA, there was an article called "Night Words" by George Steiner. Talking about my writing and the writing of other writers in whose works sex scenes are frankly and explicitly described, he says, "In the name of human privacy, enough!"

In whose name is human privacy being evoked? In the name of those who bugged Martin Luther King's bedroom and ransacked the office of Ellsberg's psychiatrist? And how many other bedrooms have they bugged? Does anyone believe that these are isolated instances? That they were caught on the first job? Who is casting the first stone here?

It is precisely by breaking down the whole concept of privacy that the monopoly the Nixon Administration wishes to set up will be broken down. When nobody cares, then shame ceases to exist and we can all return to the Garden of Eden without any God prowling around like a house dick with a tape recorder. Books and films in which the sex act is explicitly represented are certainly a step in the right direction. It is precisely this breakdown of shame and fear with regard to sex that the Nixon Administration is all out to stop so it can continue to use shame and fear as weapons of political control.

IT IS GENERALLY ASSUMED that the spoken word came before the written word. I suggest that the spoken word as we know it came after the written word. In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was God—and the word was flesh . . . human flesh . . . in the beginning of *writing*. Animals talk. They don't write. Now, a wise old rat may know a lot about traps and poison but he cannot write "Death Traps in Your Warehouse" for the *Reader's Digest*, with tactics for ganging up on dogs and ferrets and taking care of wise guys who stuff steel wool up ratholes. It is doubtful that the spoken word would ever have evolved beyond the animal stage without the written word. The written word is inferential in *human* speech.

My basic theory is that the written word was actually a virus that made the spoken word possible. The word has not been recognized as a virus because it has achieved a state of stable symbiosis with the host, though this sym relationship is now breaking down, for re I will suggest later.

I quote from *Mechanisms of Virus Infe* edited by Mr. Wilson Smith, a scientist really thinks about his subject instead of n correlating data. What he thinks about i ultimate intention of the virus organism. chapter entitled "Virus Adaptability and Resistance," by G. Belyavin, speculations the biologic goal of the virus species ar larged. "Viruses are obligatory cellular par and are thus wholly dependent upon the inte of the cellular systems they parasitize for survival in an active state. It is something paradox that many viruses ultimately de the cells in which they are living."

The von Steinplatz th

IS THE VIRUS THEN SIMPLY a time bomb le this planet to be activated by remote cont An extermination program in fact? In its from full virulence to its ultimate goal of sy osis, will any human creature survive?

"Taking the virus-eye view, the ideal si tion would appear to be one in which the v replicates in cells without in any way disti ing their normal metabolism. This has been gested as the ideal biological situation tow which all viruses are slowly evolving."

Would you offer violence to a well-intentio virus on its slow road to symbiosis?

"It is worth noting that if a virus were to tain a state of wholly benign equilibrium w its host cell it is unlikely that its presence wo be readily detected *or that it would necessar be recognized as a virus.*" I suggest that word is just such a virus. Dr. Kurt Un von Steinplatz has put forward an interesti theory as to the origins and history of this wo virus. He postulates that the word was a vi of what he calls "*biologic mutation*" effecting change in its host which was then genetica conveyed. One reason that apes can't talk because the structure of their inner throats simply not designed to formulate words. postulates that alterations in inner throat str ture were occasioned by a virus illness. A

William S. Burroughs is the author of Naked Lunch, The Soft Machine, *and* Nova Express. *His latest novel is* Exterminator! *(Viking).*

occasion! This illness may well have had rate of mortality, but some female apes ıave survived to give birth to the *Wunder*. The illness perhaps assumed a more ıant form in the male because of his more ped and rigid muscular structure, causing through strangulation and vertebral frac- since the virus in both male and female itates sexual frenzy through irritation of nters in the brain, the males impregnated males in their death spasms and the al- throat structure was genetically conveyed. *lunge*, what a scene is here . . . the apes olting fur, steaming off, the females, whim- ; and slobbering over the dying males like vith aftosa, and so a stink—musky, sweet, -metal stink of the forbidden fruit in the n of Eden. . . .

CREATION OF ADAM, the Garden of Eden, m's fainting spell during which God made om his body, the forbidden fruit, which f course knowledge of the whole stinking and might be termed the first Watergate l, all slots neatly into Doc von Steinplatz's . And this was a *white* myth. This leads the supposition that the word virus as- a specially malignant and lethal form in ite race. What then accounts for this spe- alignance of the white word virus? Most a virus mutation occasioned by radioac- All animal and insect experiments so far d out indicate that mutations resulting radiation are unfavorable—that is, not cive to survival. These experiments relate effects of radiation on autonomous creatures. What about the effects of radiation on viruses? Are there not perhaps some so-classified and secret experiments hiding behind national security? Virus mutations occasioned by radiation may be quite favorable for the virus. And such a virus might well violate the ancient covenant of symbiosis, the benign equilibrium with the host cell. So now, with the tape recorders of Watergate and the fallout from atomic testing, the virus stirs uneasily in all your white throats. It was a killer virus once. It could become a killer virus again and rage through cities of the world like a topping forest fire.

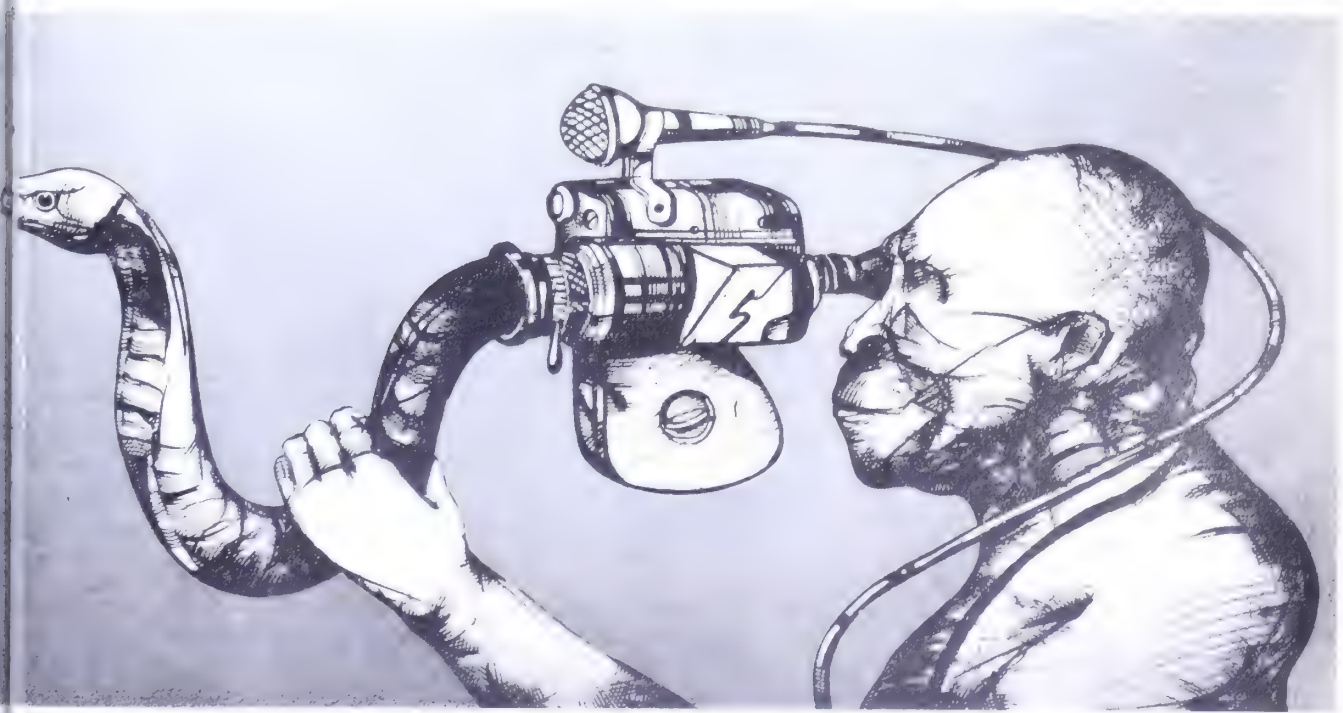
"It is the beginning of the end." That was the reaction of a science attaché at one of Washington's major embassies to reports that a synthetic gene particle had been produced in the laboratory. "Any small country can now make a virus for which there is no cure. It would take only a small laboratory. Any small country with good biochemists could do it."

And presumably any big country could do it quicker and better.

"Unloosing the virus from the word could be more fatal than unloosing the power of the atom. Because all hate, all pain, all fear, all lust is contained in the word."

A simple word virus

I ADVANCE THE THEORY that in the electronic revolution a virus *is* a very small unit of word and image. I have suggested how such units can be biologically activated to act as communicable virus strains. Let us start with three tape recorders in the Garden of Eden. Tape recorder one is Adam. Tape recorder two is Eve. Tape recorder three is God, who deteriorated after Hiroshima into the Ugly American. Or, to return to our primeval scene: tape recorder one



Arisman

William S. Burroughs

PLAYBACK FROM EDEN TO WATERGATE

is the male ape in a helpless sexual frenzy as the virus strangles him. Tape recorder two is the cooing female ape who straddles him. Tape recorder three is DEATH.

Von Steinplatz postulates that the virus of biologic mutation, which he calls Virus B-23, is contained in the word. Unloosing this virus from the word could be more deadly than unloosing the power of the atom. Because all hate, all pain, all fear, all lust is contained in the word.

We now have three tape recorders. So we will make a simple word virus. Let us suppose that our target is a rival politician. On tape recorder one we will record speeches and conversations, carefully editing in stammers, mispronunciations, inept phrases—the worst number one we can assemble. Now, on tape recorder two we will make a love tape by bugging his bedroom. We can potentiate this tape by splicing it with a sexual object that is inadmissible or inaccessible or both, say, the Senator's teen-age daughter. On tape recorder three we will record hateful, disapproving voices. We'll splice the three recordings in together at very short intervals and play them back to the Senator and his constituents. This cutting and playback can be very complex, involving speech scramblers and batteries of tape recorders but *the basic principle is simply splicing sex tapes and disapproval tapes together.* Once the association lines are established, they are activated every time the Senator's speech centers are activated, which is all the time (heaven help that sorry bastard if anything happened to his big mouth). So his teen-age daughter crawls all over him while Texas Rangers and decent church-going women rise from tape recorder three screaming "WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN FRONT OF DECENT PEOPLE!"

The teen-age daughter is just a refinement. Basically all you need are sex recordings on number two and hostile recordings on number three. With this simple formula any CIA son of a bitch can become God—that is, tape recorder three. Notice the emphasis on sexual material in burglaries and bugging in the Watergate cesspool—bugging Martin Luther King's bedroom. Kiss kiss bang bang. A deadly assassination technique. At the very least sure to unnerve opponents and put them at a disadvantage. So the real scandal of Watergate that has not come out yet is not that bedrooms were bugged and the offices of psychiatrists ransacked but *the precise use that was made of this sexual material.*

This formula works best on a closed circuit. If sexual recordings and films are widespread, tolerated, and publicly shown, tape recorder three loses its power. Which perhaps explains why the Nixon Administration is out to close down sex films and reestablish censorship of all films and books—to keep tape recorder three on closed circuit.

From Eden to Water

AND THIS BRINGS US to the subject of
In the words of the late John O'Hara,
glad you came to me instead of one of
quacks on the top floor." Psychiatrists, pr
whatever they call themselves, they want to
it off and keep tape recorder three in busi
Let's turn it on. All you swingers use m
cameras and tape recorders to record and
tograph your sessions. Now go over the se
and pick out the sexiest pieces—you k
when it really *happens.* Reich built a mac
with electrodes to be attached to the peni
measure this orgasm charge. Here is an un
surable orgasm sagging ominously as tape
corder three cuts in. He just made it. And
is a pleasurable orgasm way up on the gr
So take all the best of your sessions and in
the neighbors to see it. It's the neighborly t
to do. Try cutting them in together, alterna
twenty-four frames per second. Try slowdo
and speedups. Build and experiment with
orgone accumulator. It's simply a box of
shape or size lined with iron. Your intrepid
porter at age thirty-seven achieved spontane
orgasm, no hands, in an orgone accumul
built in an orange grove in Pharr, Texas. It
the small, direct-application accumulator
did the trick. That's what every red-blooded
and girl should be doing in the basement w
shop. The orgone accumulator could be gre
potentiated by using *magnetized iron,* wh
sends a powerful magnetic field through
body. And small accumulators like ray guns

There is two-gun Magee going off in his pa
The gun falls from his hand. Quick as he
he was not quick enough.

For a small directional accumulator obt
six powerful magnets. Arrange your mag
tized iron squares so that they form a box.
one end of the box drill a hole and insert
iron tube. Now cover the box and tube w
any organic material—rubber, leather, clo
Now train the tube on your privates and
privates of your friends and neighbors. It's go
for young and old, man and beast, and
known as SEX. It is also known to have
direct connection with what is known
LIFE. Let's get St. Paul off our backs a
take off the Bible Belt. And tell tape record
three to cover his own dirty thing. It stin
from the Garden of Eden to Watergate.

God plays ba

I HAVE SAID THAT THE REAL SCANDAL of Wat
gate is the use made of recordings. And wh
is this use? Having made the recordings as d
scribed, what then do they do with them?

okemaking research aimed at educing pollution



llets from an experimental processing unit at our Homer Research Labora-
ıe 500-ton-per-day pilot facility being built at Sparrows Point will be enclosed
ıize the escape of pollutants into the atmosphere.

The steel industry uses millions of tons of coal annually. The pollution generated in the conversion of coal to coke for use as blast furnace fuel has long posed the most difficult of all our control problems.

In brief, the most advanced methods presently available for cokemaking produce dust, fumes, gases, and wastewater which are difficult to control.

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Some $7 million has been spent by the four-company group on this development, including the operation of a pilot plant. These companies will spend about $20 million more to build an experimental 500-ton-per-day pilot facility at our Sparrows Point plant (near Baltimore). And additional millions will be needed to determine the feasibility of the process by operating the facility and testing the pellets in a large blast furnace.

This research project is another chapter in Bethlehem's constant search for new technologies that can accelerate our progress in pollution control, and also help us to stay competitive.

*Consolidation Coal Company, National Steel Corporation, and Republic Steel Corporation.

BETHLEHEM STEEL

BETHLEHEM STEEL

William S. Burroughs

WATERGATE FROM EDEN TO PLAYBACK

Answer: *They play them back on location.* They play these recordings back to the target himself, if the target is an individual, from passing cars and agents that walk by him in the street. They play these recordings back in his neighborhood. Finally they play them back in subways, restaurants, airports, and other public places. *Playback* is the essential ingredient.

I have made a number of experiments with street recordings and playbacks over a period of years, and the startling fact emerges that *you do not need sex recordings or even doctored tapes to produce effects by playback. Any recordings played back on location in the manner I will now describe can produce effects.* No doubt sexual and doctored tapes would be more powerful. But some of the power in the word is released by simple playback, as anyone can verify who will take the time to experiment.

I have frequently observed that this simple operation—making recordings and taking pictures of some location you wish to discommode or destroy, then playing recordings back and taking more pictures—will result in accidents, fires, removals, especially the last. The target moves. We carried out this operation with the Scientology Center at 37 Fitzroy Street. Some months later they moved to 68 Tottenham Court Road, where a similar operation was recently carried out.

Here is a sample operation carried out against the Moka Bar at 29 Frith Street, London, W.1, beginning on August 3, 1972. Reverse Thursday. Reason for operation was outrageous and unprovoked discourtesy and poisonous cheesecake. Now to close in on the Moka Bar. Record. Take pictures. Stand around outside. Let them see me. They are seething around in there. The horrible old proprietor, his frizzy-haired wife and slack-jawed son, the snarling counterman. I have them and they know it.

"You boys have a rep for making trouble. Well, come on out and make some. Pull a camera-breaking act, and I'll call a bobby. I got a right to do what I like in the public street."

If it came to that, I would explain to the policeman that I was taking street recordings and making a documentary of Soho. This was after all London's first espresso bar, was it not? I was doing them a favor. They couldn't say what both of us knew without being ridiculous.

"He's not making any documentary. He's trying to blow up the coffee machine, start a fire in the kitchen, start fights in here, get us a citation from the Board of Health."

Yes, I had them and they knew it. I looked in at the old prop. and smiled, as if he would like what I was doing. Playback would come later with more pictures. I took my time and strolled over to the Brewer Street Market, where I recorded a three-card monte game. Now you see it, now you don't.

Playback was carried out a number t with more pictures. Their business fell kept shorter and shorter hours. Octo 1972, the Moka Bar closed. The locat taken over by the Queen's Snack Bar.

HOW TO APPLY THE THREE-TAPE-RE analogy to this simple operation. T corder one is the Moka Bar itself in its condition. Tape recorder two is *my re* of the Moka Bar vicinity. These record *access.* Tape recorder two in the Garden was Eve made from Adam. So a re made from the Moka Bar is a piece of th Bar. The recording once made, this pi comes autonomous and out of their Tape recorder three is *playback.* Adam ences shame when his *disgraceful beh played back to him* by tape recorde which is God.

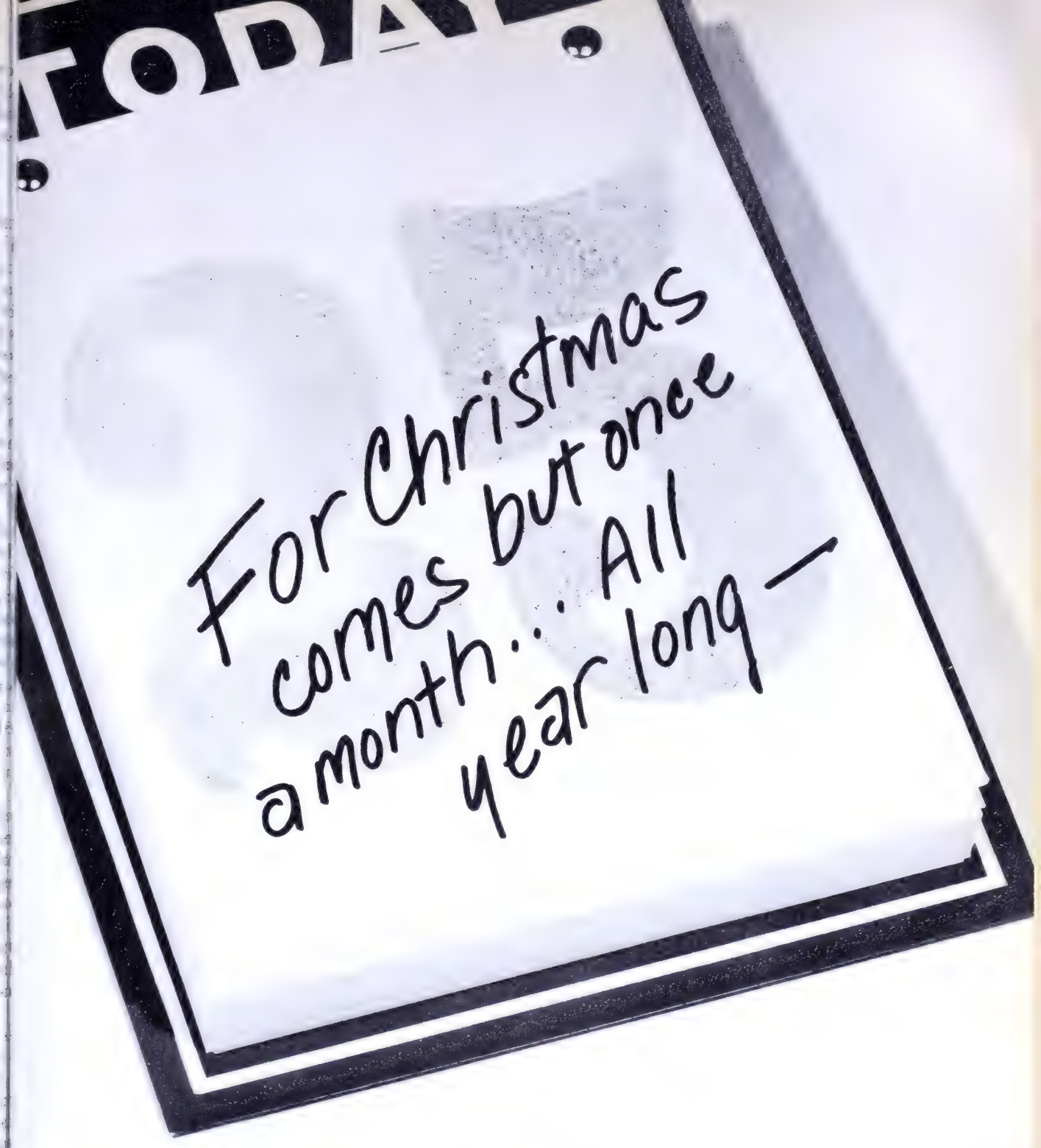
By playing back my recordings to th Bar when I want and with any changes to make in recordings, I become God locale. I affect them. They cannot affect

Suppose, for example, that in the intere tional security, your bathroom and bedro bugged and rigged with hidden infrare eras. These pictures and recordings give You may not experience shame during tion and intercourse, but you may well ence shame when these recordings are back to a disapproving audience. *Shame back*: exposure to disapproval.

Now let us consider the arena of politi the applications of bugging in this ar course, any number of recordings are i ately available since politicians make sp on TV. These recordings, however, do n access. The man who is making a speech really there. Consequently, intimate or a private recordings are needed, which is w Watergate conspirators found it necess resort to burglary.

A Presidential candidate is not a duck like the Moka Bar. He can make an ber of recordings of his opponents. So the is complex and competitive, with reco made by both sides. This leads to more s ticated techniques, the details of which ha to come out.

The basic operation of recording, pic more pictures, and playback can be carri by anyone with a recorder and a camera number can play. Millions of people ca out this basic operation could nullify the c system which those who are behind Wat and Nixon are attempting to impose. Li control systems, it depends on maintain monopoly position. If anybody can be ta corder three, then tape recorder three loses er. God must be *the* God.



stmas comes but once a month . . . *all year long.*

any truly thoughtful Christmas gifts can *you* think of that e forgotten by January 15?

iny gifts can *you* think of that give a smile, a frown, a new , an agreeing nod, a disagreeing headshake, a laugh, a cry, a put-down—and give them every month throughout the

w many gifts can *you* think of that you can give *without* g in line, *without* wrapping and tying, *without* dropping a lot y?

swer to many of your Christmas shopping problems could ber's.

bout it.

e *Harper's* is in the *business of thinking.*

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coffe
is our gift to yo
when you bu
the world's be
coffee make
BRAUN

ıe Braun Aromatic Coffee Mill is in the design ›llection of the Museum of Modern Art. It's taken its ace there next to 18 other Braun tools.

; stunning new companion is the Braun Aromaster ›ffee Maker.

ıe coffee is from McNulty's, purveyors of the choicest ɜans from four continents since 1895. A gift with ›ur purchase.

ɜighborhood coffee shops were rife before the turn of e century, each one catering to the particular tastes of ; local clientele. But as food distribution changed, and ıckaged ground coffee made inroads into this ɜighborhood industry, the stores dwindled and the aster roasters and blenders began to drift away. In naller cities they disappeared altogether. Today, even New York, only a handful of stores remain. Chief nong these hardy survivors is McNulty's, which anages to keep 16 to 20 straight coffees and 15 andard blends in a state of absolute freshness.

'S ALL IN THE BEAN

ıe beans are selected in the green as they are landed ɔm Hawaii, Java, India, Jamaica, Mexico, Arabia, ɔlombia, Venezuela, and, of course, Brazil. Then they e consigned to the roaster where the skilled eye is as ıportant as time and temperature in browning the ɜans to perfection.

cNulty's has a passion for freshness that makes asting a daily ritual. The amount of time elapsed after asting is critical to the connoisseur: ground coffee tains its flavor and aromatic qualities for only ten days, ıt coffee in the bean stays fresh three to four weeks. ıe experts at McNulty's claim a 30% improvement in ste for fresh-ground coffee!

›w, is it any wonder that true coffee lovers start with ɜans? McNulty's ships a ton a month to its mail-order ients—in one-pound packages.

THE BRAUN MILL GRINDS

The Braun Aromatic Coffee Mill is the sweetheart of coffee lovers the world over because its hardened steel grinding discs give you the same *even* grind every time. In fact, The Pan-American Coffee Bureau says it grinds as well as commercial roller-type mills. Lesser mills use blades which *chop* the beans, yielding everything from coffee dust (which produces a bitter over-extraction) to large coarse particles (which produce a flat brew). Coffee you can't count on.

But the Braun Aromatic Coffee Mill grinds true every time, in any one of nine settings from coarse to fine, which means you get exactly the cup of coffee you're counting on. To test the truth of Braun's honest design, we'll send you a pound of McNulty's celebrated Mocha-Java as a gift with your mill.

GOOD DESIGN MAKES BETTER COFFEE

The unique Braun Aromaster is actually a coffee-brewing *system* designed to produce the best coffee obtainable from the beans, grind, and water provided. The water temperature, flow, and brewing time are all pre-set to put every bit of flavor and aroma *into the cup.* It's extraordinarily simple. In nine minutes you have eight perfect cups. And the automatic hot plate keeps the brew at exactly the right temperature. It's also easy to clean. No messy grounds. They go out neatly with the paper filter.

In case you've forgotten how good coffee can be, we'll send you a pound of Mocha-Colombia Supremo as a gift with your Aromaster.

The Aromatic Coffee Mill and the Aromaster Coffee Maker are extraordinary individual tools that work even better in tandem. Purchase both and we'll give you a *third* gift—a pound of The Old Judges Secret Blend from four continents. Mail the coupon right away while our limited supply of free coffee lasts!



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Yes! I want to try the Braun coffee makers for 30 days. If I'm not completely satisfied, I may return them and receive a full credit or refund. The McNulty's coffee is mine to keep and enjoy—whatever my decision.

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☐ **Send me the Braun Aromaster coffee machine for just $50 plus $3.00 shipping and handling. Include one pound of McNulty's Mocha-Colombia Supremo absolutely free!**

☐ **Send me the Aromatic Coffee Mill for only $30 plus $2.00 shipping and handling and include one pound of McNulty's Mocha-Java absolutely free.**

☐ **Check or money order enclosed**

☐ **Bill my Master Charge Acct. No._____**

☐ **Bill my BankAmeriCard Acct. No._____**

Signature_____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

VERSE

by Heather McHugh

REFUSAL TO BE TWO-TIMED

I defy the Romantics, a poet is no prophet,
only less likely to be afraid
to disturb the time being, grab its wrapped gifts.
Child in a forbidden closet, I open things.
If it is something good, I want the ribbons off it;
if not, something ought to be said
now, before the audience is there to lift
the lid with me, knowing only applause.
Explicit morning light is celebrating little flaws
in the wooden floor. It must be my birthday.
I am an old grain in people, I am the sun.
Packages of shine are always waiting with our name
on them, deserving to be undone.
As, for example, just beneath the tame
surfaces. I can see wild
life. This is true of varnished oak, turn
of the century, illuminated here. It is true

of that equanimity of snow outside, mild
humper of traps and carcasses, gentle necrophiliac,
with its occasional ornament of wrenched fur,
spat blood. Intimating spring, the sunshine burns

white holes in the room. It cannot misconstrue
the evidence. There is no application of shellac
it cannot see through. It licks the envelope you were
licking just last night; reads what you wrote,
    in such pleasant
terms, about the younger woman you had just
made love to. Shares your sharing gift with me. My dear,

there is nothing, past or future, left implicit here.
I have unfolded its paper fist,
I accept the present.

SPINSTER DISCOURSES ON THE NATURAL SCIENCES

Axed
at the right point
wood snaps into strips
along the grain.
Rocks too
crack
along pre-extant tracks.
Weakest at the spine, down lines
of symmetry, the shell
or skull
tapped by a gentle hammer tells
the halves of life
beginning and life loss.

We are most vulnerable where last
we were conjoined:
                I hold this fact

in my fist
like a fifty-dollar bill,
like the future,
like the first
unbreakable
egg.

EXCERPT FROM AN ARGUMENT ABOUT INSPIRATION

I agree that something greatens us,
but intelligence does not enter into it.
I admit that when we turn certain
switches, certain lights go on;
that there are rational tricks to make
things go away and things arrive.
But with whatever brilliance in the middle of the nig

in whatever living room, we sit down and discuss
what dead men know, things we can only intuit
breathe in the room like truth. The curtain
fattens and collapses and fattens again. No one
hears his own voice. The mind may be flashy, but tak
the stupid wind away and say what is left alive.

Breathless is dead, however bright.



WAS

by Irving Feldman

Was dark things bleeding away beyond
their outlines, was walls roaring, closing in,
or subsiding in bruised unaccountable
oblivions. Suddenly, the lights went on:
growing, he was learning, was learning that
bodies and things at ease in their auras
must not be touched until they consent,
can not touch until you say they can.

And everywhere the sun, the early light.
And they, with large features, with large limbs,
benevolent giants in bright colors
on the streets of Brooklyn, moving always
in relation, by courtesy and pleasure,
separate, with a glowing separation,
defined and with a glance of recognition
courting the other's sunlit advancing
definition, the other's passing wish.
We don't deferred to. After you!
—with a tip of the hat or a nod
or an arm waving one gallantly on.
There was nothing their enormous bodies,
their gentle manners had not simplified.
Here and there, around a subtle, a consensuous point, their purposes, their speeding
maneuvers and high heady murmurs met
and turned in a dance, a steady pacing:
their salutations smile. *Dear Sir Madame Child!*
their partings are signed with open gestures,
Sincerely Truly Cordially yours.
Distance itself consented, itself was touch.
A constellation swarming in the sun
in a common, a communing vibration.

And drifting at night, going to sleep,
he wished, with what little of his will
was left, no longer to uphold
the gravity of everything. He said
they could, and saw them fall and flow
together, droplets with little lights
starlike, drinking one another mouth
to mouth, conjoining and clarified.
Under the roiling fluency, on the stones:
the body of transparence lying still.
[illegible]
he saw this too, he saw it through and through.

John B. Bennett and Stanley E. Sagov

AN EXPERIENCE OF CANCER

An honest dialogue between doctor and patient

This article traces the development of a relationship between a doctor in general practice and a patient with an illness of grave prognosis —a situation not known for its ease of communication.

The illness was cancer. John Bennett is the patient, Dr. Stanley Sagov the physician: each gives his version of an emotional history of two people fixed by the urgency of the patient's dilemma.

Cancer?

BENNETT: He [illegible] his diagnosis with his questions: "Do you smoke?" "Did you ever?"

It's 8:30 A.M. on Thursday, October 12, 1972, and I'm being examined by Dr. Whitney Sanders, consulting ear, nose, and throat specialist for the Harvard Health Services. We are in his fourth-floor office in Stillman Infirmary, the university's health center in Harvard Square. I've been [illegible] by Dr. Sanders to Dr. Stanley Sagov, my own physician at the Medical Office at the Harvard Business School, where I am a member of the faculty. Stanley Sagov is a sturdy, energetic South African in his late twenties. He is club-footed and believes that the many corrective surgical procedures he has undergone have given him a deeper understanding of the experience of being a patient. It was Dr. Sagov to whom, in September, I had gone with a persistent sore throat.

The soreness had begun in July or August. It wasn't very troublesome, and I kept expecting it to get better. Finally, on the theory that I probably needed advice on anything so persistent, I sought out Dr. Sagov. He explored a couple of diagnoses without success, then sent me to Dr. Sanders.

Back in my own office after the consultation with Dr. Sanders, I do something I have never done before. I start a journal. I describe my session with Dr. Sanders:

"He listens carefully," I write, "without interruption. ('I've found it best to let people give me the whole thing in their own way.') Looks into ears, eyes, throat—then anesthetizes throat for a better look. Carefully and easily explains everything he's doing and the reasons.

"Finds a fibrous lump at the base of tongue. Asks (twice if I smoke. ('No.' 'Did ever?' 'Yes, but not for twenty years.') Has me to see someone with more experience [illegible] (the sort of thing). Dr. Frank Bergen. Bergen's office on my behalf and seems [illegible] (urged that I can't be seen for quite [illegible] weeks. ('I suspect he would like to get Bergen's receptionist, but not in front of 'I infer,' I say, 'that we want to be reas that it's not cancer?'

"A: I hope. Jim shakes my hand and me good luck."

Diagnostic

SAGOV: John Bennett came to see me [illegible] office hours at the Harvard Business on September 5, 1972, complaining of throat and slight difficulty with swallowi about three weeks. My first impression of which has been reinforced by our subsequ dealings, was that he is a careful man who m accurate observations about his physical mental state and takes pains to edit his re of symptoms so as to help his attending cian. He provided me with a detailed hi and projected a feeling of enjoyment at questioned and examined. I found noth normal on examination, took a throat cu and told him to return for the result in two The culture was negative, but the sympt were unchanged. Repeated, careful examin did not reveal any abnormality.

Further questioning revealed that John nett had been doing some carpentry around house and that there was much wood dust ent. As he had a history of allergies, I sugge that he humidify the house and avoid carpen I advised the use of an antihistamine as a t apeutic test. After five days there seemed t some improvement, and we decided to wait a month before reevaluation. At this time serious disorder was evident.

John Bennett returned a month later some ominous changes in his presentation.

John B. Bennett is a senior [illegible] Stanley E. Sagov, M.D., a staff physician Harvard and various other [illegible] Boston area.

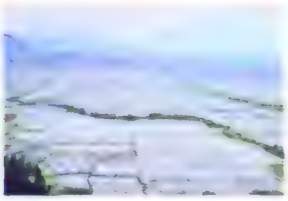
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A Japan few tourists see.

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The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association

*Source: Bureau of Labor Statistics, Dept. of Labor. For more information, send for our free booklet "*When It Comes to Rx Medicines There Are A Lot of Questions You Should Ask.*" It'll give you a lot of answers. Write The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, Dept. H-311, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.*

y in swallowing was now greater, and
ı had moved to the right ear. He had
en pounds. I reexamined him, paying
ar attention to the deeper, more inacces-
rt of his throat and tongue. I was now
ng to suspect the possibility of a tumor
could not find it on examination. There
visible lumps in the throat, no enlarged
glands in the neck—in short, no objec-
dence to support my sinister presenti-
xcept the loss of weight and persistence
ymptoms. After this examination, I de-
) get a specialist's opinion. I wrote in
's medical record: "Occult lesion in
or larynx causing pressure symptoms?
ıt tumor and/or psychosomatic cause."
better instrumentation, Dr. Whitney
, the ear, nose, and throat specialist,
small tumor at the base of the tongue.
y patient had left his office, Dr. Sanders
ne and told me of his findings and his
ı to have a third doctor, who made a sub-
y of these lesions, take a biopsy of the
or micropathological scrutiny.

Waiting

ETT: The morning after my visit with
Sanders, my wife Faye and I left as
for five days in Bermuda to mark our
ifth anniversary. Since there had thus
ı no sense of crisis, Faye had been satis-
en I told her only that I was to see an-
ecialist. I said nothing of Dr. Sanders'
ıt concern. If she knew, she would be un-
) enjoy our holiday. But if my case were
serious, an unclouded, happy time to-
would later shine out with special radi-
I won't tell Faye," I wrote, "until I know
or unless she asks. Even if she asks, I'll
ıdge until after our anniversary weekend
ıuda."

ng our vacation, I attempted to organize
ources for what might lie ahead. I con-
that I must prepare for the worst possible
e while working in whatever way I could
best. The quickest way to prepare for the
reasoned, was to think as if I had ter-
ancer, which might be accompanied by
ıd the indignities of bedpans and tubes
other paraphernalia of lingering death.
realized that I had never faced the de-
dying. The reality was not pleasant.

day, our last day in Bermuda: "I'm
I've overdone the mental preparation
m operating in a frame of mind where
mine!) is imminent, certain, and prob-
essy. Morbid. I need some self-induced
of mind."

peace of mind came principally through
ɔnotism, which had been taught me by a friend. I had never used it before to any real purpose, but I started to do so while we were in Bermuda. It became a valuable tool in "working for the best." Self-hypnotism makes one peculiarly receptive to one's own suggestions for change. (Some persons have used it to overcome their fear of flying.) In almost daily sessions, I told myself that I would have peace of mind, strength, and joy.

I had also begun to accept the idea of my death. "I apparently am not afraid of death or the idea of death," I noted. "Earlier in this journal, I compared death to the time when I was called back into the Army: I would rather not have gone, but nobody asked. A better comparison seems to be an involuntary and permanent transfer, except that death is departure without any subsequent arrival. Nothing."

Back in Cambridge, I took up my regular schedule at the Business School and waited to see Dr. Bergen on October 26.

With detachment and professional reassurances, Dr. Bergen corroborated Dr. Sanders' finding that there was a tumor and recommended biopsy to determine if it was malignant.

Now the time had come to tell Faye. Her anxiety was as predictable as her loving support, and I could at last unburden myself.

The days began to go by more quickly. I informed our son, a senior at Harvard, and Faye called our married daughter in Washington, D.C., and on November 2 I entered Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary. The next morning the biopsy was performed.

When Dr. Bergen made his rounds the next day, he hold me he would have the pathologist's report in two days. He released me from the hospital, and I dressed, walked a few blocks to the subway, and went home to wait.

The waiting ended late on Monday afternoon. Dr. Sagov called my office and asked me to come over (a long, long, three-minute walk). On that darkening November afternoon, my troubles were real and I needed the deeper understanding that Dr. Sagov has always been able to provide. Dr. Bergen had relayed the pathologist's report: carcinoma, a cancer, with a grave prognosis.

According to my journal, Stanley Sagov "was very thorough and gentle in discussing what this might mean. He suggested that the treatment would probably be radiotherapy; possible side effects of radiotherapy are nausea, depression, and skin irritation. We discussed my reaction to the idea of death. I requested and he will arrange for a medical hypnotist. Offered to see Faye or talk with her on the phone." At the same time, he gave me his home telephone number and promised to be available if either of us should need his help.

I called Faye in her office at the Harvard Law School and gave her the news. Then I walked

"The waiting ended late on Monday afternoon. Dr. Bergen had relayed the pathologist's report: carcinoma, a cancer, with a grave prognosis."

John B. Bennett
and
Stanley E. Sagov

AN EXPERIENCE OF CANCER

home. Inside the front door lay the mail, a circular from the Massachusetts Memorial Society, a group trying to take commercialism out of funerals. When Faye came home, we wept a little. Then I told her all I had learned and reaffirmed my determination to cure the cancer.

Diagnosis

SAGOV: On November 6, 1972, Dr. Bergen called me and read me the pathologist's report: "Undifferentiated carcinoma of the posterior tongue." We had a long discussion about the prognosis and about therapeutic modalities in the Boston area. We agreed that radiation therapy was the treatment of choice and decided to start it at Massachusetts General Hospital as soon as possible.

I had to tell my patient the prognosis immediately. Cancer of the tongue is a very serious condition: at different treatment centers around the world, the number of patients surviving more than five years ranges from only 12 percent to 30 percent. Information of this kind must be sensitively communicated to a patient, and physicians have many different strategies for conducting this difficult and demanding interview.

I am of the opinion that in 1973 medicine need no longer depend on an atmosphere of mystique and esoteric paternalism to comfort and cure patients. Our scientific gains have made it possible and desirable for us to give the overwhelming majority of patients an explicit and detailed account of the deductive reasoning in diagnosis and treatment plans. Patients frequently complain of being talked down to and being kept in the dark by incomplete disclosure and discussion of what is occurring in their own bodies and minds. John Bennett seemed to be the sort of man who would need direct, clear, and complete answers to all his questions, with thorough explanation and interpretation of the various aspects of his diagnosis and treatment.

I also feel that it can be useful for a doctor to express uncertainty and ignorance; if he seems fallible, he will then appear credible, accessible, sympathetic, and human. Neither Olympian detachment nor fatuous reassurance promotes genuine sharing of the real problems that both doctor and patient face.

The question, then, as I see it, is not whether to tell but how to tell. The patient should be told that he or she has access to as much or as little information as he or she can handle. And the personality of the patient should help in determining the flow of discussion—its quality and quantity.

After some reflection, I called John and asked him to come and see me. He was soon in my office, and his response to my opening remarks indicated to me that a full discussion [illegible] deed necessary. During the long intervi[illegible] followed, he raised many questions that h[illegible] to answer. Where the outcome of any a[illegible] the treatment was uncertain, I presented [illegible] timistic picture but allowed him to free[illegible] his gloomy forebodings and speculatio[illegible] the end of our exchange, I sensed that [illegible] absorbing the dramatic shock and begin[illegible] effective mobilization of his psychic res[illegible] Some of the flavor of our talk is evident[illegible] topics we discussed. John asked me for [illegible] at all times. At one point, he stipulate[illegible] there was a price he did not wish to pay [illegible] his life prolonged—he did not want h[illegible] days to be desperate, undignified, or veg[illegible]

Treat[illegible]

BENNETT: Dr. Bergen had referred [illegible] treatment to Dr. David Chin in the di[illegible] therapy unit at Massachusetts General Ho[illegible] The corridors leading to Dr. Chin's offic[illegible] lined with stretchers. On them were p[illegible] awaiting treatment; they looked uniformi[illegible] and shrunken. The outpatient waiting roo[illegible] reassuring; none of us looked terminal. ([illegible] found a route through the hospital that a[illegible] those frightening stretchers.)

Dr. Chin was uneasily jocose but tho[illegible] He used fingers and eyes and X-ray to pl[illegible] exact location of the cancer and its extent[illegible] scheduled me for cobalt radiation for a [illegible] of seven weeks, Mondays through Fridays.

The cobalt was housed in a ponderous [illegible] tard-yellow cone, as big around as a bee[illegible] and perhaps half as long. It was count[illegible] anced and geared in such a way that the h[illegible] its snout could be maneuvered close to the [illegible] of my jaw as I lay quietly on a stretcher. [illegible] the cobalt and I had been positioned, the[illegible] nicians who looked after us left the room, [illegible] ing the heavy door shut behind them. Then [illegible] the heavy thunk of the shutter deep withi[illegible] cone and the radiation began. After a pre[illegible] calculated exposure lasting two to three min[illegible] the shutter thunked shut, the technicians op[illegible] the door, and I was finished for that day.

With the first few treatments, I set my [illegible] tine. After breakfast, a ten-minute walk to [illegible] vard Square, a five-minute subway ride, a[illegible] five-minute walk to Mass General. When [illegible] radiation was over, I rode back to Har[illegible] Square. Another ten-minute walk across [illegible] Charles River, and I was at the Business Sc[illegible] ready for work.

Sometime in each day, usually in my offi[illegible] at home, I gave four or five minutes to [illegible] hypnotism. The induction techniques were [illegible] ple, and I found them easy to master. I sat [illegible] lay, although sitting seemed to work better



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John B. Bennett
and
Stanley E. Sagov

AN EXPERIENCE OF CANCER

some spot where I was free from interruption. I stared fixedly at a spot a little above the horizon and counted slowly to three, timing each number to a full, deep breath. As I counted, my eyes closed and I was in hypnosis. I remained in full possession of my faculties, although they were focused inward. Then I repeated my suggestions for change. If I felt like doing so and had the time, I remained in hypnosis, relaxed and resting, for a few more minutes. Or I roused myself as soon as I had repeated my suggestions by counting down from three to one. Somewhere in the count, my eyes opened and the hypnosis ended. After I had thoroughly mastered these simple techniques, I sometimes used the five-minute subway ride for self-hypnotism to repeat to myself my determination to have peace of mind, strength, and joy—and to be cured.

Faye and I had agreed that we would be open and matter-of-fact about the disease and the cure. We would be no more secretive about cancer than about any other illness. We saw no threat in the word itself, nor were we hesitant about saying, when it was called for, that I was under treatment for cancer. As a result, both of us received and were strengthened by sympathetic support from friends near and far, shopkeepers, co-workers, and many others.

In discussing radiotherapy, Dr. Sagov had warned me that it might bring on nausea and depression. As the treatment progressed, my throat grew increasingly dry and sore, and by early December I was making do with liquids or semiliquids; all of them tasted unfamiliar and most of them tasted bad. At the same time, my energy was slowly fading. But I warded off nausea and depression as well as premonitory twinges of pain in my ear.

I was less sure of my ability to cope with severe pain and took that problem to Dr. Jan Leenders, the psychiatrist experienced in the use of hypnotism to whom Dr. Sagov had sent me. In our weekly sessions, Dr. Leenders and I established a relationship in anticipation that I might need his support during the terminal stages of my cancer; at the same time, he taught me a technique of controlled relaxation that I would use to moderate pain in the last days.

During the nearly two months of treatment, Dr. Chin explored my tongue and the back of my mouth every week. Dr. Bergen peered and poked at monthly intervals. Neither was discouraging; both were noncommittal. Reassurance came in talks with Dr. Sagov, weekly or as often as I needed his support. He interpreted experiences that puzzled me. If I needed advocacy, he intervened promptly and sometimes aggressively with his colleagues.

In addition to this professional treatment, there was my wife's continuing support. In those days, just to be with her was therapeutic. Her outgoing, warm nature made it natural for her to come more than halfway with the tenderness that I needed so badly, I, more reserved than she, might not h able to ask for. Her intellectual hon strength of character permitted us to ta the future both before and after my death and to confirm my agreement Sagov that my life would not be a prolonged. The result was added stre me and added intimacy in our marriag

Consultation, treatments, and my sc ties kept me occupied through Novem December. Thanks to Faye's strength, cern of friends, the support of the School administration, and my own re my spirits remained consistently, surp high. So much so that to have my tr end on December 29 was almost an ant

Ov

SAGOV: The combination of a maligr mor and weeks of radiation therap causes a depression-anxiety state as physical discomfort. I therefore arran John to see a psychiatrist for general and for further instruction in the techni self-hypnotism to control pain and men ease.

I had several conversations with Faye son and on the phone, about his treatme progress. She was naturally anxious and to talk to me as her husband's physicia felt guilty in some nameless way, saying, didn't deserve to have this happen to him that she was not "as good a person as I should have had the cancer." She ask advice about how she could help John. her that emotional support, optimism, an ing of his anxiety would help them both.

About that time, my misgivings abo initial management of the case came to a I had been brooding for several days, w ing whether I could have made the dia earlier. Finally, I called Dr. Sanders and for an honest evaluation of my clinical p mance. He reassured me that his manag would have been identical and that the had indeed been difficult to find. Reinforc this peer opinion, I told John of my misgiv he responded by expressing confidence i medical skills and total acceptance of me a primary physician. This exchange cleare air, and my self-doubt did not emerge aga

I was also in written and telephone munication with Drs. Chin, Bergen, and ders. Chin and Bergen reported that the was responding well to treatment. The bination of a high-calorie, largely liquid daily self-hypnotism, and frequent office seemed to be a satisfactory way of dealing

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the side effects of radiation, although John lost another fifteen pounds before his weight stabilized. Apart from a mysterious chest pain that lasted for about two weeks, the seven weeks of treatment were routine and uneventful.

The chest pain provided me with an interesting example of the disclosure problem. Chest pain in a cancer patient could indicate serious spreading of the disease to distant tissues. I could not find evidence for this and therefore did not communicate my anxiety to John. I felt that until I had concrete evidence of cancer in his chest, I should do the worrying and deal with the uncertainty. It would only be necessary for John to know when there was something to tell him; he had enough to worry about without ominous uncertainties. Eventually, the symptom disappeared; I had successfully concealed my anxiety from John, who only found out about it during the writing of this article.

On February 2, 1973, Dr. Bergen announced that the tumor was arrested. Monthly checks have not revealed any recurrence. The prognosis is obviously still uncertain in view of the statistics, but we have achieved what can be done.

The end

BENNETT: Radiotherapy was at an end but what of the cancer? The answer was given to me tentatively and in stages, first by Dr. Chin and then by Dr. Bergen. Dr. Chin focused his chrome-plated reflector down my throat and probed deeply with his forefinger. "Nothing," he said. In an uncharacteristic burst of emotion, he added, "I'm very pleased," and told me to see him again in a month.

Five days later, Dr. Bergen was more specific. After his usual thorough examination, he expressed satisfaction at my response to radiation and announced that he planned no further treatment. I asked cautiously, "Is it accurate for me to describe the cancer as arrested?" He gave a deliberate yes and told me to see him again in a month.

At this time, the cancer remains arrested. Fatigue has long since gone. My throat hasn't been sore since February. The dryness in my mouth is disappearing, and food has begun to taste right. I will be seeing Dr. Chin at six-month intervals and Dr. Bergen at regular but lengthening intervals for five years.

Conclusions

This article was not written because we knew our experience was unique. There is no reliable way of knowing how many doctor-patient experiences in treating diseases of grave prognosis are mutually satisfying. Both of us were gratified by the ongoing experience and the p results of treatment, and we decided to e the particulars of the case in the hope tha general indicators of efficient and h health care might be uncovered.

What, specifically, contributed to the s we shared in this experience?

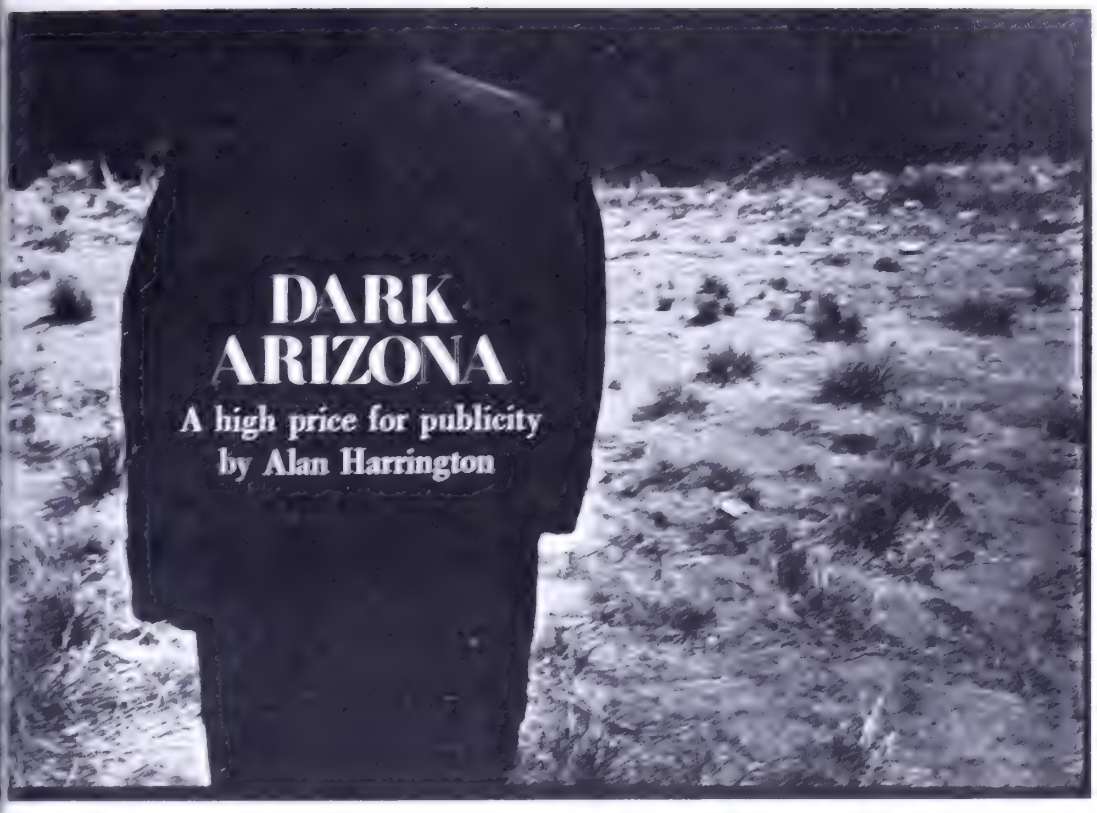
The most important factor is the docto titude toward the patient. In every sense word, the doctor must care for the patient, in turn causes the patient to care for hi activating physical and psychical resour his own. The doctor's willingness to i himself and the patient's readiness to re with trust promotes candor in both—a s icant facet of our mutual experience.

Of no less importance was the Harvard H Plan. As a subscriber, John Bennett pa fees for any of his treatment except fo visits to the psychiatrist, Dr. Leenders. is a salaried staff physician. Drs. Bergen Chin received their fees from the Health This freedom from financial pressure mean office visits could be made as they seeme sirable; they were not limited by the thre mounting costs. Not all of Bennett's follo visits with Dr. Sagov were medically esse However, Sagov was in close contact wit specialists (easily accessible under the Har Health Plan), and he maintained an over of the case. Therefore, in these visits, S helped Bennett to understand his treatment its side effects so that he might take an a part in the experience. Thus Sagov was a ordinator of Bennett's therapy, concerned the patient as total person

The patient's active participation in the t ment is helpful to him and the doctor a Bennett was a careful, reliable witness to condition and his observations saved Sagov t and kept him from acts of omission. Benn candor about his illness, not only with Sa but with his wife, friends, and acquaintances. viated the tension inherent in keeping a se and brought warm and therapeutic support f those who might otherwise have felt constra in their responses.

But an essential factor in this complex eq tion was the availability of therapeutic facili Resources of the first quality exist in Bost Had Bennett lived elsewhere, it might have b necessary to bring him to the facilities, w harmful disruption to his accustomed routi

These conclusions are based upon a sin cancer case, with, to date, a positive outco Yet, we feel that the significance of what u experienced is most relevant to the doctor-p tient relationship, whatever its outcome, es cially in a time when the tensions of a m society and the depersonalization of an increa ingly rarefied science often seem to preclu simple understanding.



DARK ARIZONA

A high price for publicity

by Alan Harrington

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

on this support, but otherwise he remained "hanging in the blackness." After the second hour he told Carmena Guzman to drive to a pay phone outside MacKenzie's General Store and call his estranged wife, Susan. Along with her two small boys, she was staying at her brother's home in Phoenix.

Awakened at two in the morning, Susan Danton said to Carmena: "I don't care if he bleeds to death."

"Carmena," the *Gazette* account went on, "drove back the long two miles and related the message to the man hanging from the cross. The ladies gave him some beer as a refreshment and even put a shoe on his dangling left foot, apparently to make him more presentable, as Carmena headed back to the phone to call the Sheriff's Dept. when they were unable to pull the nails from the cross to free him.

"Deputy Jim Pat Gibbons was directed by radio to meet Carmena at the phone booth, and it was there that he learned of the man hanging from the cross two miles away."

At the site, "in the glare of his headlights, Gibbons found Stuart Danton, a one-time carpenter, hanging . . . from a 20-foot wooden cross." Finding a hammer in the nearby trailer, the deputy "pulled the nails out of the wood and helped Danton climb down from the cross. The man was taken to the county hospital with the nails still in his body."

The Broom Tail police estimated that he had been on the cross for five hours. The stepladder having partly sustained him, he was torn and bleeding, but not critically. He may also have been drunk. He was wearing pants but no shirt.

"The victim stated he would not give out any information until he had seen his lawyer," the police report said. "We asked Mr. Danton if he was very religious, to which Mr. Danton stated he wasn't religious at all."

Carmena, the older Mexican girl, told the officers: "Due to the fact that his family had left him, Stuart Danton was naturally very upset, and never meant anyone any harm. He only wanted them to know that he loved them, no matter what, and couldn't make it without them. So he discussed with Luz and me being nailed to the cross, and we did nail him at his request."

Luz put it down in Spanish: "*Yo le clave porque el me dijo*" ("I nailed him because he told me to"), and "*Yo le clave porque el sufria mucho*" ("I nailed him because he was suffering greatly").

THE POLICE REPORT CONCLUDED: ". . . the Maricopa County Mental Health Dept. was advised due to the fact that it is felt that anyone who wants and gets himself nailed to a wooden cross is in need of psychiatric help . . . the victim will be sent to the State Hospital."

Actually he remained at the Maricopa ty Hospital, staying only three days. Aske the psychiatrist assigned to Danton said: was no reasonable way to hold him any than that. He tested out within the range. The man just isn't certifiable. T he committeed may appear crazy, but he

I asked if Vic and I could have a l Danton's medical record. "No way," the smiled, enjoying the expression. "You have to get a release from him; then we be able to arrange it. You know, it's st Would you believe where I heard abo story? Last month in London, in Tra Square. Somebody near the fountain had sistor."

"What's he like?" Vic asked, shifting hi of cameras. "Will he talk to us?"

"Oh, I should think so. You might fin quite voluble." The doctor's smile turn and off. "He's a big sloppy fellow, not e attractive. I would suggest . . ." He con the diplomas lining his wall, then obv chose an alternative to what he had been to say: "You had better get all sides story. There are quite a few sides. His Me girls. The wife. Those guns. Yes, the gun

He had decided not to come out with ever disturbed him. Clearly the hospita more than willing to be rid of the crucified his girls and relatives. But why?

The doctor looked at his watch and mured distractedly: "You may find tha don't know what to believe."

Driving to Broom Tail, we fell silent. looked forward to meeting some kind of West saint and exploring his act of mystic newal in the desert. But another individua beginning to emerge: a drunken carp night falling around him, his family gone, ing in the doorway of his trailer looking the pine cross he had built. Behind this huddled two Mexican girls, and behind lay a stack of guns.

"It's not exactly Christlike."

"I don't think we have that," Vic said.

As we approached Broom Tail, two enor dust devils spun on either side of the road. didn't travel like most whirlwinds but rema almost stationary, and we passed between whirling pillars into what a road sign annou as the gateway to the Valley of the Sun.

The sun did blaze over the valley. But with irrigation helping the cotton fields green alfalfa land, much of this country wa turning to dust. We drove by a forlorn airport with tiny crop-dusting planes scatt about. It could be imagined that the pilots, caring, had dusted the town and the liv all its people along with the rows of cotton.

The cotton had thrived. It was everyw ready to be baled and loaded on trucks.

ood out on the landscape. In contrast,
armhouses outside of Broom Tail had be-
fall apart. In town now we passed dilap-
and abandoned trailer courts, junk and
teaps, boarded-up places of business, and
movie theater with caved-in walls.
pointed to a small adobe building with
Budweiser sign glowing out of a dark

must have done some drinking here," I
In a town of this size they've got to know

they didn't know him. Not the elderly
rtender. Not her husband, the proprietor,
ucrating a plastic owl, a gift from the Ski-
tillery. Not the genial cowboy with the
de sombrero or the hard-hatted farm
who followed us through the door, ex-
g to the proprietor's wife, "Ah've only
e for a beer and a game."
game was pool, and the weathered bar-
ot it with him. Until light from two green-
lamps over the pool table went on, we
ardly see. Nor could we speak or hear,
ebox boomed "Is Anybody Goin' to San
?" with such immense volume. Present-
ny Cash and June Carter were singing
'ere a Carpenter and You Were a Lady."
licked on the pool table; the proprietor
plastic owl behind the bar. They heard
estion, and no one could place the man
e talking about.
nton? I reckon not. Ain't never been

igh his name had gone out over the wires
don, and very likely to Paris, Singapore,
kyo, it drew no recognition at the Trail
lub.
ew it out after the Johnny Cash record
"The one who hung himself on the

t one! *Shee*-it yes!"
ht by the airport, wasn't it?"
Liberty Road. Way south."
y you fellers want to know?"
're reporters."
heard he went to Phoenix."
ou want to report somethin' real good,"
e man in the hard hat, "you come on out
e our drag races. Tomorrow. Every Sat-
y."

STOPPED AT THE BROOM TAIL police sta-
n where our mission produced a room-
mbarrassment. In their law-enforcement
naller than the beauty parlor next door,
r uniformed deputies exchanged guilty
ke little boys. Only the policewoman at
phone was composed and friendly.
art Danton?"
're reporters."

"Couldn't say where he would be."

"Gone to Phoenix most likely."

"Ain't here. That's for sure."

The phone rang. She listened and covered the mouthpiece. "There's been a rape. Cottonwood Road at Bowen's Corner. She's at the Mobil Station."

Looking relieved, all four deputies trooped out. The policewoman spun her card file.

"That man gave us a lot of trouble," she said. "Not the crucifixion. That wasn't anything. He was gun-crazy, shooting people. We didn't do much, and maybe some of the boys are a little ashamed. They sure were glad to see him go. You want to find his wife? Here. This phone number will get you to Eddie Green in Phoenix. He works in a garage. He's Susan's brother, the one she ran away to."

They didn't know Danton at the Buena Vista Grill. We had cheeseburgers and drove to MacKenzie's General Store where, from the pay phone next to a self-service gasoline pump, Carmena Guzman had first informed the world about the man on the cross. We drove slowly past the Broom Tail Feed and Seed Store and Fletcher's Sewing Center. Two splintered signs told us "Let Yourself Go at Harold's in Reno" and "The Wages of Sin is Death."

"Look at those dust devils!"

They were spinning all over the valley.

"Notice the date palms," Vic pointed out. "They're not bearing. Probably never have."

"You'd expect a withered fig tree."

"Right. You know, forget all the junk and industrial garbage lying around, from what I've seen in films Jerusalem looks a little like this."

I remembered the desolation and remoteness of the climactic scenes in Pasolini's filmed life of Christ: robed zealots agitating amid whirls of dust, a few score huts, and a crumbling temple.

Outside MacKenzie's we heard a myna bird's wolf whistle. Bells jangled with the opening of a screen door and the door rattled when we closed it behind us. It was a cluttered old place, dark and cool.

MacKenzie or whoever he was lounged, chair tipped back, behind a marble counter. He had big hog jowls and wore a red-and-white checkered flannel shirt. Everything about him was loud, and his mouth flapped.

"Know him? Of course ah do! Danton! Hell, he buys his groceries here. Or he used to, in and out, with those two Mexican gals of his. He'd get his six-packs and wine. That's what he drinks! You want to talk with him? Bring a six-pack or a jug with you! You ain't goin' to find him, though. No, you won't! He done took off to Phoenix.

You know what he did? Don't nobody tell about this. They never said it on the radio. He took his wife down to the river, down yonder, yes, he did. To *baptize* her hisself, with the Pen-

"Don't you believe all that stuff about his hangin' by his hands. Hell, he had one foot on a stepladder and those gals was bringin' him beer. What kind of a crucifixion do you call that!"

tecostal Authority. He said that! And when she wouldn't, he shot at her! That's when she left.

"Too many wives and kids he had. He still has! Jimmy Danton's full grown. Oh, sure, he run him off. And his daughter Amy, she just got married. But he don't stop. He got more kids, one with that little Mexican. Nothin' stops that man, especially when he's drinkin'. He'll do any damn thing. He shot one of the Mexican girls in the stomach—said she stole one of his guns. Nobody did anythin'. She wouldn't sign a complaint. He's shot up the police. Hell, they don't bother him.

"Don't you believe all that stuff about his hangin' by his hands, like they said in the paper. Hell, he had one foot on a stepladder, and those gals was bringin' him beer, holdin' the can up to his lips. What kind of a crucifixion do you call that! Ah'll guarantee you—go up to Phoenix and bring him back here. Trussed up, so he can't hurt nobody. Ah'll be glad to nail him up again. Ah'll even provide the nails!"

The afternoon was growing late. Near the mountains a dust devil blew itself out. We drove south down Liberty Road toward the shadowy river. A sign splintered like so many others and barely legible warned us "Prepare to Meet Thy God."

"He must have driven by this every day."

"Maybe it gave him the idea."

"Unconsciously."

"Vic," I said, "frankly, when I suggested following up the story, this wasn't the kind of man I had in mind."

"We certainly don't have a Second Coming."

"I pictured a mystical dude, crazy in the saddle, wearing a big cowboy hat, possessed by a vision. But instead what we seem to have is evil with no style at all. So low-grade—I'm not sure how far we ought to pursue this."

Victor had been wondering the same.

"If I were single . . ."

"That's just it. We have families."

"There's the river."

It was yellow, muddy, and brackish. To insist on baptizing his wife in such waters, if he did, would be to offer horror and insult in that order. A buzzard circled over us.

"I see his cross!"

It stood up, leaning, twenty feet in the air, fashioned of dark, rough pine, the crosspiece now slanted. The sun glowed behind it, and Danton's device cast two shadows across an alkali mound strewn with junk. We walked on clay cracked like the bottom of a mud puddle when the sun dries the water out of it. The ground was bare only where his trailer had been. We couldn't see a blade of grass. There was only sand, rock, and junk.

A stripped and abandoned Jeep stood near a sagging wire fence. Somebody had painted TURD on it with a spray can. We stepped away from chicken wire, smashed Pepsi-Cola l and a slab of corrugated tin roofing. Fou gallon oil drums with their tops cut out flowed with beer and soup cans. We loo broken old refrigerators and washing mac There was in fact a manger down the hil piled high with garbage, and retaining nc of sheep.

We were presented with an all-out de respect for the earth—as though Danto sent out the Mexican girls with orders to trash and bring it in. One tree remained mound, a blasted old cottonwood. Someo hacked at it until the truncated limbs f a monstrous Siva-like apparition.

"Do you think he was just squatting h

"Probably."

"Christ."

It was unintended. We started to turn The acre was simply accursed, no place when the sun went down. But it had beer after dark, the only light coming fron trailer window, when he climbed up to his with the aid of a pickup truck, his girls the stepladder. In a ghastly parody of gra had hung there writhing above this mou junk—and who could deny his acceptan the pain? For five hours, one foot on the ladder, true, but still nailed, moaning an ping beer, above him the black sky, belo desert he had defiled, and his Mexican chattering and running to serve him, to w or what was Danton signaling? His wife

A LARGE SHACK STOOD several hundred away. Our shoes crunched over green fragments. A cat came mewing and runni us. We knocked, and a sleepy man appear the doorway.

"Ah don't know nothin' about it really. N saw much of him. Ah'm always workin' an always workin', so we never see him."

"A man builds a twenty-foot cross and himself nailed to it next door, and you d see or hear or notice anything unusual?"

"No, ah didn't."

"Did he work in the fields?"

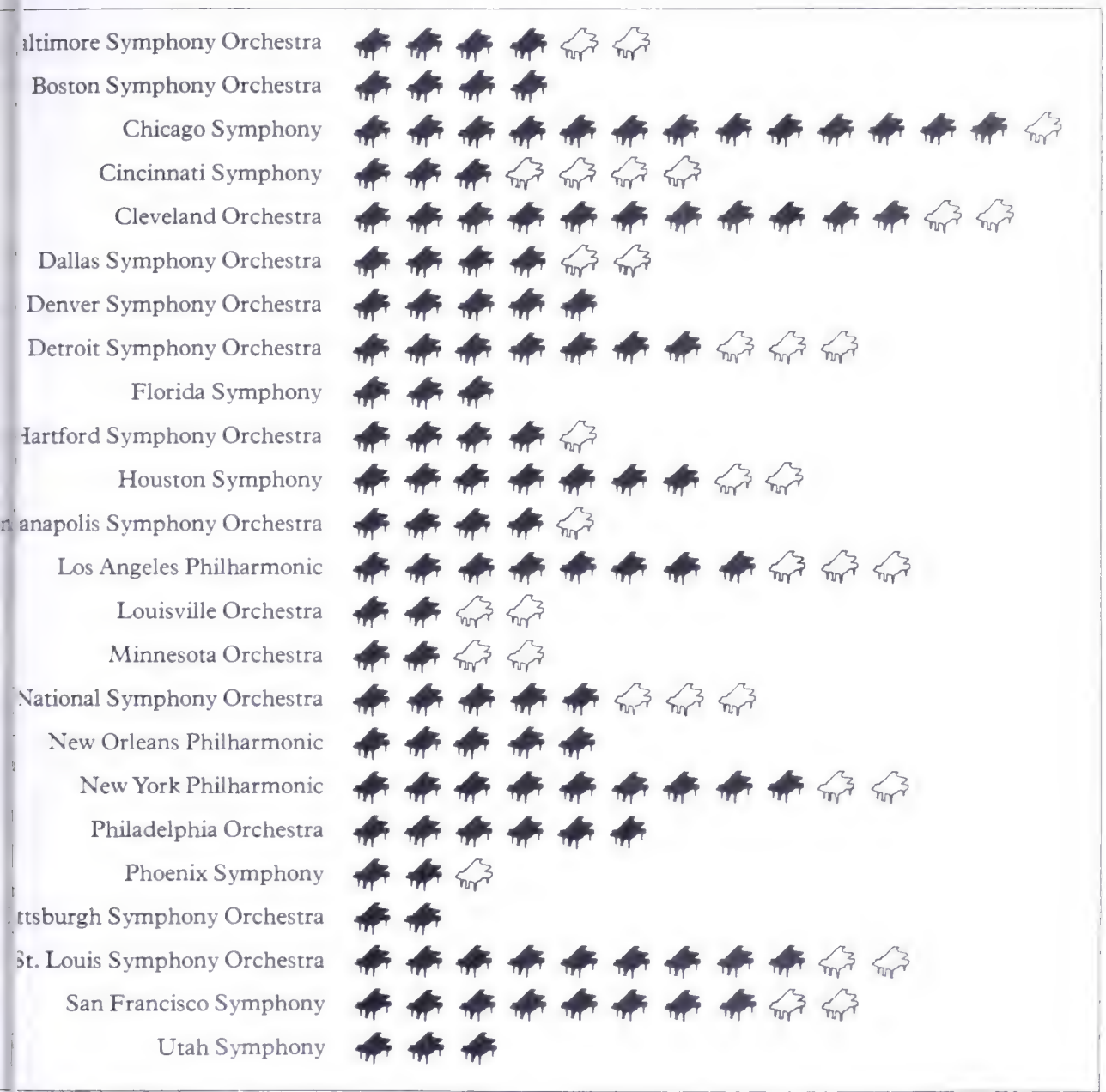
"He was a carpenter, ah believe."

"Could you have guessed from anything did, from any way he acted before, that would do such a thing?"

"No, ah wouldn't, not really."

THE SCENE, NOONTIME. Outside, the bla streets of downtown Phoenix. From the terior of the Acme Garage emerges brothe law Eddie Green wiping his hands with an rag. He has known we were coming; we pho from Tucson. Small and thin with a sea face, corded forearms, wearing an oil-smea

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blue work shirt, blackened by his work. Black fingernails, thumbs mashed, now darting black dots, he asks, "How else do you expect you'll take you chairs in fer?"

I show confusion, suppress smiles with my glasses. He tells us to wait, speaks to his boss, then looks for a moment old Blue Buick, mumbling, "Follow me."

He drives us conspicuously across town, with sudden turns left and right down narrow streets.

"I have the feel he be going."

"Do you suppose he's taking us to Boston?"

"Many miles to the east."

But it turns out to be only a short indistinguishable from dozens of others along the way. We sit down in a corner booth gratefully shielded by the high cedar partitions.

The paper placemats hold out the tables. Eddie gives it a welcoming look and talks directly into the microphone with no hesitation.

"All right, you want to know Susan? Better start from about eight."

Susan was five years older than she, the only girl. Her father and mother ill-matched. They usually ate in separate rooms. They usually ate in separate. I can't understand these unconventional they're always together.

All these people came from the southern part of Missouri, from the Ozarks. Susan's father Stephen Bowen came from the hills of Virginia and migrated south to Missouri, where he fell in with the Gowen family and courted Susan with hired fiddlers. Eventually they all moved west, settling in and around Phoenix.

The paper stepmother still visits the family, and, except for an occasional Saturday night drunk, never was in much trouble. Everybody knew him as a master carpenter. Eddie's voice comes out of the tape: "He can build the most beautiful set of cabinets you ever seen, any design." He bought property in Broom Tail. "Still owns it, that place where the cross is. On Quincy Road he built two houses, sold one for twenty-eight thousand and the other for sixteen."

But then something changed in him. He began drinking hard, took up with the Mexican girls, made them his slaves. Susan too.

"He and those two girls lived at one end of the house trailer, in the back. An' my sister and me two little boys lived in the other end. An' my sister would cook for them. She would just carry around there, and him and the two girls would eat. He had a little old telephone set up, an intercom. If he wanted anythin', he'd tell Susan to bring it to him, send those two little girls there with it. And they'd do it. He would press this little old button and it'd ring a bell, and Susan would answer it. She was afraid to go in there. He told her not ever to go into his end of the trailer, and she never went in."

"How long did this go on?

"Only a year or so. But for the last [illegible] came the 4th [illegible], he's gettin' more [illegible]"

"In what way?"

"You just think about you?" Eddie [illegible] "He has a [illegible] and ready, and they all get [illegible] him. You probably heard he's shot a [illegible] in Broom Tail. Well, every story [illegible] that you hear is not all true. In fact [illegible] the story, what he would have done if he [illegible] knock 'em' wouldn't. So he shot it [illegible] gun in his stomach, in the gut, wounds [illegible]

A FEW LITTLE FACTOIDS [illegible] Cheeseburgers and iced tea. Eddie's [illegible] smoking locker, his eyes darting from [illegible] to the ashtray, then to the large recorder, [illegible] apple working. I think, "What are we [illegible] with these recently self-aware machines [illegible] can't be trusted. Vic—he's out himself and [illegible] of love. But me, I'm stuck with my stupid [illegible] eyes, following a little gumball of six-p[illegible] his right ear then mine.

"A few days before his confession he [illegible] his own wife, whom she wouldn't go down [illegible] him to the room. 'Not just that once—[illegible] would visit him, he's shot at Susan and he [illegible] in front of the girls. He'd shoot again at [illegible] her again, and say, 'The next time I'll ain't [illegible] the fingers' or somethin' like that. And [illegible] but believe he would kill her if she ever [illegible]

"But how could she put up with this [illegible] long?"

Eddie Gowen stares at me. "Ain't you [illegible] had bear put to you? He said if she ever tried to get away, he would get some Mexican [illegible] to and cut her throat, which it's a well-[illegible] fact they will do for five dollars, an' she [illegible] it. He told her this time after time after [illegible] And he got so much bear in her—in fact [illegible] put so much bear in me that I would [illegible] nothin', and I'll do anythin' you say."

Eddie Gowen's voice pursues me. I feel [illegible] time has stopped. Vic has always been [illegible] into that cheeseburger. My iced tea shimm[illegible]

The police!

"He told them if they ever come out [illegible] he'd kill the first one that ever drove up i[illegible] yard. Until he was nailed up on the cross, [illegible] the only time any of them ever came up [illegible] place. Even then, they called the FBI. [illegible] wouldn't go out there. It's a true fact. The [illegible] was nailed. He couldn't do nothin'. And [illegible] those deputies at Broom Tail wouldn't g[illegible] without assistance. Yessir. Yessir. They [illegible] not go out."

With this fantasy, I am disturbed by a [illegible] impression. Later I will find out that Vic [illegible] had the same thought at the same moment [illegible] all the terror and the indignities suffered b[illegible]

DO YOU EAT THE RIGHT FOOD WITH THE WRONG WINE?

Everybody in the wine
usiness seems to be avoiding
specific advice about
hich wine to drink with
hich food.

Mainly because they
ar you to feel free to buy
ny f their wines and enjoy
ner with whatever you eat.

This is one way to
[illegible]

Looking at it this way
ellsmore wine and there are no rules to follow.

But the trouble with leaving it all to chance
- yo may never experience some pretty fabulous
ast combinations.

Some wines go better with some foods than
thers, and we at Inglenook Vineyards think you
ould know which is which.

We spend a lot of time and money in the
aking of our wines. And we want you to be able
o enjoy them under the best possible conditions.

FISH?

Everybody knows white wine goes with fish.
ut ot everybody knows why. White wine is
eic , and its acidity helps break down the oil in
sh which most people find disagreeable. Lemon
- se ed with fish for the same reason.

ust remember that shell fish go best with
he ier white wines. fish without shells taste best
itha dry or semi-dry white wine.

The chart below explains which wine is which.

WHITE WINES		
Dry	Semi-Dry	Semi-Sweet
[illegible]	Semillon Sylvaner	Sauterne

FOWL?

With white meated fowl, such as chicken,
y, and cornish hen, any white wine goes.
But with red meated fowl, such as
pheasant, duck and quail, any red
ite wine can be drunk.

CHINESE FOOD?

f you want wine with your Flaming
of Yak instead of tea, order any
semi-dry white wine. Semi-sweet
s seem to clash with the spiciness
ny Chinese dishes, particularly
arin, and red wines are
ropriate for the same reason.



CANDIED BAKED HAM?

This is one American dish
neither red nor white wines
seem to go with. The dry red
wines compete with the
natural dryness of the meat.
And the dry white wines are
overpowered by it. A Rosé
solves the problem and is
the perfect compromise.

STEAKS, ROASTS, CHOPS, PASTA?

Red wine is the right wine for meat, but not just any red wine. It should be a dry red. The sweeter reds, combined with the richness of meat tend to fill you up and make you wish you hadn't eaten at all. Here's our chart for red wines.

RED WINES		
Dry	Semi-Dry	Sweet
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

CHEESE AND NUTS?

You can drink just about any red wine as you eat just about any cheese, and each does a little magic for the other. With nuts, there is really only one wine: Port. And with Port, there is really only one kind of nut: the walnut. Try them together, for one of the nicest experiences of your life.

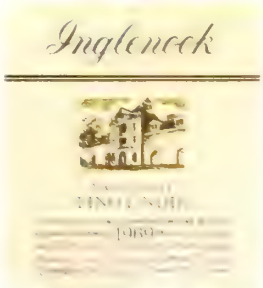
A WORD TO THE WISE.

Now that you know the right wine to drink with your food, it's still possible to drink the wrong wine. Because if the wine you drink isn't up to the food on your table, it won't make much difference if it's red when it's supposed to be white, or vice versa. A better argument for buying Inglenook could not be devised. Estate Bottled Inglenook is the filet mignon of wine, and unfortunately, it's almost as expensive.

But for the extra money you pay, you get a wine that has been properly vintaged, aged, and bottled on our estate, a European practice almost [illegible] in the U.S.

Estate bottling gives us the control necessary to produce a wine fine enough to be served at state dinners in Washington, and at various other events in high places where money is no object.

Inglenook Estate Bottled Wine is a luxury, but then isn't any fine meal?



INGLENOOK

In Europe, there are many great wines.
In America, there is Inglenook.

one of a series. If you'd like copies of other ads, send your name and address to Inglenook Vineyards, Box [illegible], Dept. C, San Francisco, CA 94101.

sister, whom he is later to rescue from Danton, Eddie Green speaks of his brother-in-law less in anger than in admiration. Earlier he mentioned money. ("What's in it for me and my sister?") But he seems to have forgotten that, or set it aside for the moment. Rather he is coming on more like a salesman, with Stuart Danton as his product. Also I'm beginning to have a faint suspicion that our meeting has been authorized.

"Before the crucifixion you would *never* see him when he didn't have a gun in his belt. If he went to town, he'd have one under his shirt. And this Mexican girl, she might have one too, holdin' it for him. Everywhere you seen him, you seen her. An' you ought to see that trailer. I stayed with 'em for a while, and I can tell you. The floor is full of holes, and I mean to tell you, the windows were shot out. There are holes anywhere you want to look at."

I try something different, make light of Danton. He must be a bad shot. His victims may be terrified into silence, but they're all alive.

"Thass just luck!" responds Eddie Green indignantly. "Just luck he ain't killed somebody! What's that man's ear doin' off? What's that other man doin' with plastic surgery on his guts? What's that hole doin' in that girl's neck? What's all them holes doin' in the house trailer? Do you call that a bunch of hogwash?"

Now from the pocket of his greasy work shirt he whips out a snapshot.

"You want to see what he looks like?"

Vic takes it. We have the portrait of a man dripping with guns. One of the girls, Carmena, stands beside him, timidly caressing his shoulder. Danton is seated on a barrel with a tepee of stacked guns leaning on him. In either hand he clutches a large pistol. A brutal, sagging face looks out from under the dirty Stetson. He hasn't shaved. The expression is impassive. I try vainly to detect even a trace of sensitivity that might have led to the cross.

"I guessed then they were in cahoots," Vic will tell me later.

"Let me tell you somethin' else. You can put this in the article. You know, readin' about how people got bushwhacked and assassinated, like the Kennedys, he went out and bought an assassination rifle. Yessir. It cost about $600, with a telescope. For the scope alone, he paid $485, I think. It's a 7.6 Mauser, and it bends around corners if you want it to. A five-mile accurate range. It's a beautiful thing. The police gave it back to him. Yessir."

I LISTEN TO EDDIE, and I am tripping out on a trash dream. I am enveloped in trash, and can't escape. His voice spins on. He twangs the fear into me. I am running and falling, in the telescopic sight. I feel myself in the cross hairs of the Mauser.

In the diner I am about to turn off t
Vic and I are exhausted. I don't want
anything more to do with these people
all at once, revelation. Eddie Green c
"You know what he personally told me
he done it? All this shootin' and the cru
too? To make a name. Thass all. I said
made you do it?' and he said, 'Oh, I ju
it for a name.' So it wasn't to get my
Susan back. That was hogwash. He said
always determined to do somethin' no o
had done, and this was it."

We are standing in front of the dine
Eddie Green taps my arm. "He might be
glad to talk with you. That is, if he kn
was a couple of reporters from a magazi
course, if he thought you was from the
might clam up. He might do more'n that.

"I'll speak to him. He's supposed to be
in' at a hotel here in Phoenix. I don't
where; he's never told me where. But I
about where he lives—on Grand, over th
West Grand. An' I have his phone numb
might really be interested in havin' his
told. An' the only way you can do it is th
me. Yessir."

On our way out of town I remembere
earlier we had made the mistake of givin
our phone numbers. Neither of us was
but it had been foolish all the same.

"I need cigarettes," Vic said.

"There's a grocery."

We both got out of the car. I waited
corner while he crossed the street. Dow
Phoenix in the early afternoon: pavemen
air blazed and shimmered together. Then,
a sudden, I noticed a door open out o
liquor store next to the grocery where Vi
buying his cigarettes.

A man appeared, lurching a little, foll
by a small, dark girl. He was wear
straw hat, flapping blue shirt, and ove
and was carrying a brown paper bag. The
of a wine bottle was already protruding
it. He opened the bottle on the street and
a long swallow.

They reached the corner and crossed
street toward me. He swayed, and she gu
him. The smoke from his cigarette curle
from his fingers. I couldn't move. There wa
shape of what must have been a pistol hidde
the lumpy overalls. I marked the flat, dead, li
blue eyes. The thick red scars on his p
hadn't begun to pale out.

I felt faint and held on to the street sig
Danton passed by. The Mexican girl looke
me incuriously, but his sudden drunken
made me turn cold. He looked back once, a
sweated. Had he been warned by his brothe
law? Had he perhaps divined who I might
But he was drunk and he almost fell, and t
went on.

THE WOMAN O THOUGHT SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL

a story by Kenneth Bernard

AUTUMN I FIRST KNEW HER she had
ned twenty-one. Almost the first thing she
me was, "I am beautiful. Are you not
by it?" I smiled at her audacity and re-
ıdeed, I was, although it had happened
e moment she said it. The *first* thing she
id to me was a quotation: " 'Pain and
she recited, " '—the whole of life, in
-cannot be looked upon as a disease be-
hey make us suffer.' Svevo, *Confessions*
o. Don't you agree?" She had the gift
ıediate intimacy, and added that just the
ıs night she had taken her first lover, and
it make a difference? "In what?" I an-
her seriously. "My allure," she said,
aughed. "You're very rude," she pouted,
ft me. It was true. I had laughed too
I realize now that it was out of jealousy
first lover and anger at her for telling
also realize that in some wholly unac-
ble way I had been chosen to try for the
n of second lover. But I, too, was young.
:n I saw her again she was five years
and knew more. She came to me as if
l spoken only yesterday. "And have you
vevo yet?" she asked. And followed it
/ with "You were a fool, you know." I
d, and muttered that I was married. She
d, just a shade too loudly. "And if you
ot?" Like an idiot, I laughed too. "You
' she said, "I married him, that first one.
t right away. There were others. And it
mistake. He was weak. He thought he
master because I gave myself to him.
out of joy. But he was not. He gave no
ck. You came a day too late. Do you play
?" Her lips were the loveliest I have ever
nd I stared at them. "Am I still beauti-
she asked. I nodded. "Yes," she said, "I
ıt you would think so. My son is three."
is two," I said, and cursed myself. There
)ause. "I'm sure," she said, "you're a love-
er. And do read Svevo soon. He is quite
It was about as pleasant a dismissal as
l expect. I did not play tennis.

een years later, while Christmas shop-
we met again. "Do you believe in Santa
" she said. I answered no, and knew that
answer was wrong. "I am married again,"
nfessed. "Have you prospered?" "Yes," I answered, "I have done well." She wore a fur-trimmed coat. Beneath it I felt her warm body. "Would you like to ask me something?" she said. I hesitated, feeling guilty for staring at her lips rather than her eyes. "How is your son?" I asked. "You are remarkable," she replied. "You must come to my funeral someday." "Will it be soon, do you know?" "*Hypocrite*," she said, giving it the French intonation, and turned to leave. "Wait," I called. She turned and waited, but gave me nothing. She would not compromise me. "I really must go," she said finally. "I'm sorry I was rude," I said. She turned and left. In my head I said, "Wait. You are still beautiful. Where are you staying? May I come?" And then I finished my shopping.

It turned out that I did go to her funeral. Once, in the interval, I had seen her in a canoe, and she had waved, and looked at me until she was out of sight. Several other times I had the feeling that I had just missed her, that only a moment or two before she had stood where I was. It was a small funeral, and people, though discreet, were surprised to see me. Their eyes said, "Was *he* one of them?" But I was nearly old, although I did not know it, and the curiosity was historical. I was also a widower, with grown children, to whom a certain deference was due. A skiing accident, they said. Can you imagine, at her age, still the most difficult runs. Still—yes, I understood. I looked at her. She was still beautiful. She looked younger than she must have been, no older, actually, than she had looked in the canoe. It had rained that afternoon, and I had waited for the canoe to return. But it had not; they had found shelter by the river. I had drunk a lot of tea, and my wife had said, "Are you well? Are you getting a chill?" I wanted to bend over and kiss her lips, for a brief moment to kiss them savagely. But I did not. I should have cried and made a fool of myself. "She is very lovely, is she not?" said a very old man, who I later found out was her third husband. "Yes," I answered, "very beautiful." *But not, I thought, as beautiful as she might have been!* And I could not stop myself. I wept by her coffin. The old man put his hand on my arm. "We all loved her," he said, "but perhaps not enough." □

Kenneth Bernard teaches at Long Island University. His play, The Magic Show of Dr. Ma-Gico, *was performed last summer at the Holland Festival.*

COMMENTARY

Breaking the real-estate code; tax relief for the handicapped

HOME BUYERS' GUIDE

The real-estate man told us that now is the time to buy a house. This month only, but maybe next month too, it is possible to buy a $25,000 house for just $45,000. The man said that by December $25,000 houses will be going for $55,000, so we had better act quick, quick, quick. We didn't but we learned a little.

We learned that most real-estate agents advertise in code. I have cracked this code by driving around the countryside and looking into houses for sale—an ingenious method devised by British cryptographers late in World War II.

I can now offer a handy corrective to the language of the classified ads by revealing how the secret real-estate code works.

Victorian: drafty
Colonial: built prior to the second Eisenhower Administration
Gracious colonial: you can't afford it
Leisure home: habitable during July and August
Ranch: egg box wearing a cowboy hat
Raised ranch: ranch set on a slope
Chalet: ranch set on a steep slope
Older home: lists disconcertingly to the southwest
Comfortable: small
Cozy: teeny-weeny
Cute: itsy-bitsy
Immaculate: kitchen walls are not as greasy as the pit floor at Ralph's Texaco
Patio: spot near back door where cement truck overturned
Piazza: porch
Gleaming bathroom: bathroom
Vanity bathroom: bathroom with a table nailed to the wall
Carriage house: garage leaning against '48 Dodge
Convenient to shopping: bay window overlooks an A parking lot
$300 to heat: $780 to heat
Family room: basement with 100-watt light bulb
Needs some fixing up: leg of bathtub protruding thro kitchen ceiling needs polishing
Brook crosses property: by way of the cellar
Raised-hearth fireplace: has a little chair that the fire sit on
Desirable corner: corner
Entrance foyer: door
Many extras: recent owners left behind rags, coat h ers, mysterious wire running from back door to b tub, half a bottle of cough syrup
Low taxes: fire department requires bribes
Nice neighborhood: and let's keep it that way!
Heritage estate setting: (this description continues baffle the world's ace cryptographers)
Only 15 minutes from . . .: only 40 minutes from . . .
Seeing is believing: seeing is believing
Make an offer: say something amusing

—Richard Li
Lanesboro, M

A PUBLIC CHARGE CHARGES THE PUBLIC

"I have multiple sclerosis. I am handicapped by this disease insofar as I have great difficulty in walking at all, even with a cane. I am thirty-seven, single, intelligent, and otherwise normal. I have had a very interesting working career and consider myself (my employer concurs) a valuable, taxpaying member of the community. Unfortunately, owing to being afflicted with this disease, I am no longer able to cope with public transportation to and from work as I'm not able to climb into buses without help, or manage the subway stairs. Also, to walk more than a few steps . . . has resulted in many bad falls in the street through sheer exhaustion.

"I have applied to the Department of Social Services for interim help to subsidize regular door-to-door transportation to work. (The cheapest service I have found is $40 per week. . . . I think you can understand how it would be beyond my means to finance this without help.) I requested funds now so that I might continue to work rather than become a public charge. However, I was refused . . . and on the basis of the budget submitted was pronounced 'not in ficit.' I wrote to the Commissioner, ask his advice, and by some iro coincidence he resigned his p shortly after receiving my letter.

"I do assure you that my efforts find information and/or help ha not been limited to the Welfare D partment. I have been stubborn in persistence, and I think that eve profit and nonprofit organization, ery department in the mayor's offi and every hospital in the city heard from me. Although my reque for advice or help have met w varying degrees of responsiven (apparently it's an old story), no o has been able to offer anything m than sympathy. . . . [For instanc I was candidly told by the Welf Department that they would be h py to wholly subsidize me when gave up work, but could not arran

Richard Lipez is a free-lance writer whose "Canary Island of the Mind" appeared in our September issue. Bridget Saxon writes that "biographical data seem to be all in the past tense." Before becoming housebound, Ms. Saxon was a concert pianist and, later, an administrative television producer.

Harper's *welcomes brief contributions from all of its readers who find themselves inspired to passionate statement. Please send entries, including stamped, self-addressed envelope, to "Commentary."*



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to help me with $20 per week to prevent my becoming a public charge.

"I am sure that you find the logic of this as inescapably shortsighted and demoralizing as I do . . . If I were the only person in New York City with this type of problem I could understand that there is no provision for such a situation. But I know I am not. . . . I have talents to offer the society in which we both live. I do not want to be forced to stop contributing through circumstances beyond my control."

The above are excerpts from a letter I wrote in 1971 to the then deputy mayor of New York City, the Hon. Richard R. Aurelio. He showed his political clout by making one phone call to the commissioner and assuming responsibility for whatever chicanery was required to allow me a $20 a-week subsidy. It took just thirty short minutes for this to be arranged, on paper a need for a "restaurant allowance" and a "housekeeper," not for "transportation," thus preserving the department's premise that travel expenses were not worth budgeting and also extending my working life another full year. This letter to the deputy mayor was my last-ditch stand after five months of hassling elsewhere: I was chastened to think of the hundreds of thousands of physically handicapped people who would be unable to receive advantages that became available to me simply because they hadn't the training and ability to put problems on paper and so be heard by someone humane enough to help. I was thinking of all of them when I wrote my letter of thanks to Mr. Aurelio and said: "We live by encouragement, and without it we die. Slowly, protractedly, sadly, and angrily. Thank you for your encouragement. You really did save me from the living death of uselessness."

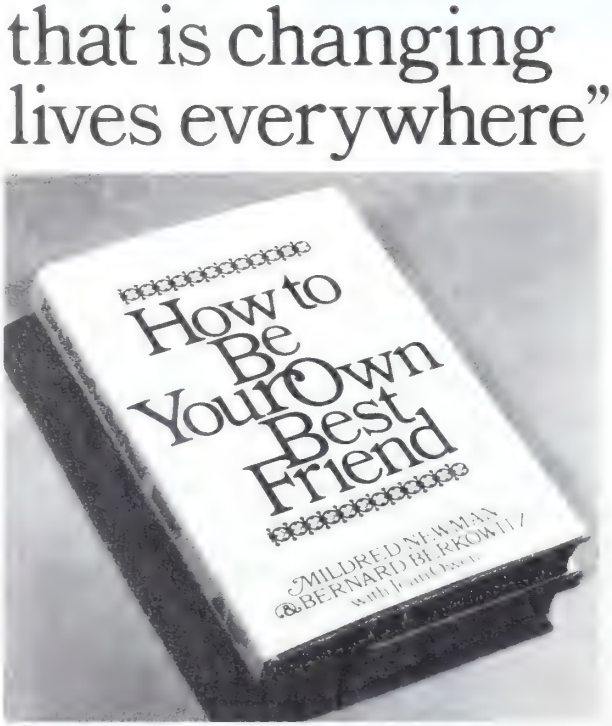
Since then I've been forced to stop working regularly as a result of this unrelenting illness, and I'm trying to reevaluate my options from a new perspective. My ego has been fractured—no one expects to actually succumb to chronic sickness; my vanity has been severely punctured —but maybe that's a worthwhile lesson; meanwhile I live to be surprised by whatever scheme or compromise I manage to dream up that will allow me to resume a satisfying working life.

It's not surprising that I [illegible] doing a lot of thinking al[illegible] two institutions—tax laws [illegible] Social Security Act—that ar[illegible] responsible for restraining th[illegible] cally disabled from leading f[illegible] ductive lives. For instance, I [illegible] the technical advisor of the [illegible] Revenue Service asking for c[illegible] tion of the current law that [illegible] the itemization of "comm[illegible] costs" as legitimate expense[illegible] all, *any* able-bodied person ca[illegible] his transportation costs to ar[illegible] doctors' offices as legitimate [illegible] tions. That year I'd spent $2,[illegible] ting to work and $600 get [illegible] doctors, yet I could deduct o[illegible] latter. The reply stated: "Sinc[illegible] ing will not alleviate your cor[illegible] the act of working could not [illegible] sidered treatment." I telepho[illegible] protest that *poverty* was the p[illegible] condition I was trying to all[illegible] A gentleman only chuckled an[illegible] "But it's not medical treatme[illegible] don't make the laws, and th[illegible] aren't written for the disabled.[illegible] sured him I was beginning to[illegible] that fact.

The tax laws must be over[illegible] to reflect the basic needs of the[illegible] ically handicapped—after all [illegible] one in ten of the potential adul[illegible] force in the United States. S[illegible] terations would save millions [illegible] their abject slavery to the Soci[illegible] curity system, which is painfu[illegible] adequate for those with physic[illegible] ficulties. (Tax laws seem bas[illegible] the idea that a physically di[illegible] person can live as cheaply as an[illegible] bodied one, which is tantamou[illegible] belief in the old sophomoric t[illegible] that two can live as cheaply as [illegible]

- The new Tax Reform Act [illegible] allow the physically handicapp[illegible] take the additional $750 exem[illegible] that is allowed the blind. Exp[illegible] for medical care and associated [illegible] for living make this more than a[illegible] cession. It has long been a nece[illegible]
- An amendment must be p[illegible] allowing the disabled and blin[illegible] use the transportation costs to[illegible] from work ("commutation co[illegible] as legitimate deductions on thei[illegible] returns. This would allow a [illegible] many people to get along with n[illegible] terim financing at all.
- As a corollary to tax ref[illegible] welfare of any description shou[illegible] available on a start-stop basis—[illegible] unemployment insurance—allo[illegible]

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*Cosmopolitan

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› return to work whenever without jeopardizing their of future assistance, and the frightful rigmarole of application (a truly alarmity rite of paper) having peated every time aid is The shock waves of this measure would clearly go nd the plight of the physidicapped alone. They would *eryone* on welfare by re- the individual's freedom to nd report—work, without nancial reprisal.

Security provisions are the scarcely credible seesis that aid to the disabled ranted only if the disabled *esn't* work. The Social Set as amended ((1968) 42 le, 423(d) (1)A, Section 1)A) implies this very didefining "disability" as "the to engage in *any* (italics bstantially gainful activity," on this foundation stone octrines applying to the dist. Some inspiration! Comto Webster's definitions of as: "(1) to deprive of legal alification or capacity; (2) ncapable or ineffective . . ." has taken it upon itself to hat those who are unable to their wheelchairs and walk penalized "to the fullest exie dictionary" (*sic*) for beilling to expire uselessly! l language *must* be changed its consequences, and that at pressure must be applied ght the high-priced and very uities now threatening this financial—and human—

embarrassing indictment of ican taxpayer that with an ed sense of decency he is support the physically ped so they need not work r or not they can and want onsidered one of the tradispitable, democratic imperat *some* less fortunate will e carried on society's back, ourse it sounds admirable. ortunately, when help is nnecessarily down unwilling and mine was a throat they ory open) through impoverislation, *that* is no longer a ind charity. *That* is a dis-

—Bridget Saxon
New York, N.Y.

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THE TRIALS OF THE BLACK PANTHERS

by Charles Newman



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Revolutionary Suicide, by Huey Newton. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $8.95.

The Court wants nothing from you. It receives you when you come and dismisses you when you go. —*Franz Kafka*

"THE DOER DOES, the observer sees, the witness and artist chronicles and converts," says Richard Stern, and it is the Black Panthers' significance that they chose to adopt all these roles simultaneously. That they also confused them is their inevitable and perhaps instructive tragedy. Stern goes on to speak of our discovery that "many 'doers' are also 'characters' . . . it is in part this transformation of characters into self-conscious actors and then into storytellers which makes critics feel that professional storytellers are irrelevant."

With the Panthers this seemingly harmless literary distinction takes on enormous importance, for the fact is that they became neither "characters" nor "storytellers," but only "self-conscious actors" in a scenario over which, as with most high-budget productions in art or life, they had increasingly little control. Of all the failed revolutionary movements of the Sixties, the Panthers have been the most publicized, which is why, perhaps, they remain the most widely known and the least understood.

Their history has been filtered so thoroughly through litigation that the very judicial process that saved so many of them from conviction, if not humiliation, prevented the Panthers from becoming their own narrators and ensured that their story would pass on to other voices. All adversary proceedings are by nature, and properly so, conservative, which is to say they delimit the areas of the witnesses' experience that might be used against him. A verdict may render justice, but rarely a moment of truth; the defense may create ambivalence in testimony, but not a more telling ambiguity; consistency becomes repetition, spontaneity suspect, eloquence programmatic; the courtroom is no arena for opposing modes of thought.

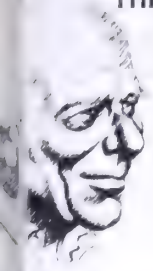
Further, it is one thing to be jailed and silenced; it is quite another to have what is exemplary about one's life reduced to a transcrip[t] cross-examination. For the [pris]oner the latter can be m[ore] ous—one's past becomes co[n]mere precedent, and no am[ount] "good behavior" or willful te[sti]can alter it. In such a situat[ion] trial becomes the ultimate th[rill] event, for only in the courtroo[m] sumed roles intensify as the [ac]becomes shallower—particul[arly] a decade characterized by th[e] less confusion of aesthetic an[d] cal strategies. And when th[e] passes on to "professional" tellers, the main problem is th[at] proceedings are incredibly [l]no matter how high the stake[s].

One can only wonder if D[ostoy]sky could have written any novels if his characters had b[een] igated through Anglo-Americ[an] tice—the brief newspaper cl[ip] was quite enough for him. And the Panthers' trials discussed h[ere] similar to Kafka's insofar as have little to do with either just the commission of a crime, we Kafka's is a fantasy because on[e's] terest in it never flags.

STERN, A FINE NOVELIST and knows the problem, and the from which his collection tak[es] title is not an attempt to capi[talize] on Fred Hampton's murder, b[ut] record a storyteller's literary

Charles Newman is the editor of TriQuarterly *and the author of* A Child's History of America *(Swallow).*

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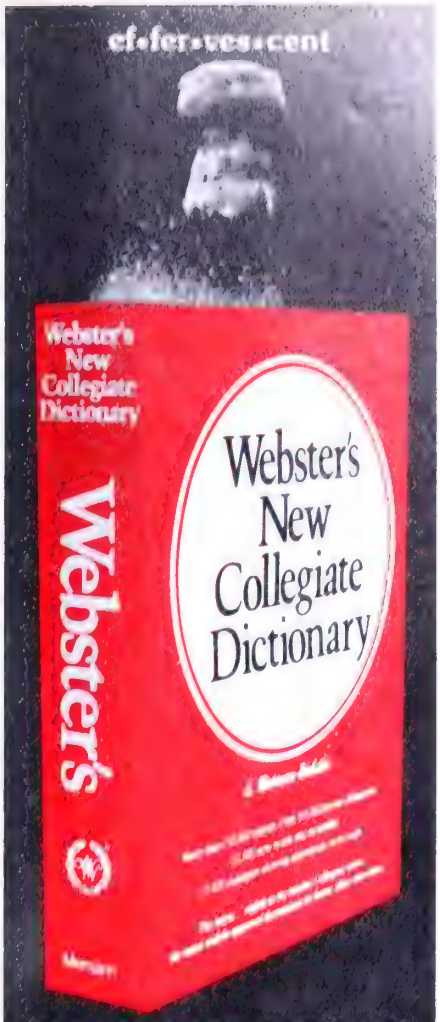
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tion to a most unliterary event, a gesture of trained curiosity by a citizen who, like most of us, has no other form of public mourning. And so he gives us the only catalogue that the police, press, and courts have presumed non-evidentiary, although it tells us more than any transcript could:

> *The books in the Monroe Street apartment spoke of self-improvement, of purposive learning, of curiosity. Here are the titles I wrote down*: Introduction to Embryology; *by Chabod*, Machiavelli and the Renaissance; *James T. Farrell*, The Face of Time; *Hannah Arendt*, Imperialism (*a paperback selection from* The Origins of Totalitarianism); Black Rage; *Ashley Montagu*, The Directon of Human Development; *Linus Pauling*, No More War; Vertebrates; Calculus; *Struik*, The Origins of American Science; American Political Dictionary; Abdominal Exercises (*one of the women was pregnant*). *Science, history, politics, a dab of literature.*
>
> *There were people here who wanted to know how the body and the body politic were put together. The emphases were on origins, development, form, and social interpretation. "What is there and how is it thought about?" And then perhaps the famous nineteenth-century question: "What is to be done?"*

If a bad drama can be no subject for fiction, Murray Kempton has come closer than anyone to date in making at least one of the Panthers' encounters with justice comprehensible. *The Briar Patch* is a marvelous book and I doubt if anyone else in America could have written it. Kempton writes better than Halberstam and thinks better than Mailer, and he accomplishes this by scuttling every convention of New Journalism the "personal" point of view, dramatized chronology and plot, ideological synthesis, psychological speculation, massively documented evidence, and secret sources. Rather, his credibility is established by the momentum and assurance of his style, the patronizing elegance of which will doubtless enrage Panthers and officials alike. Kempton knows that the banal dialogue of the court room will yield little in recapitulation—he quotes perhaps three pages of transcript in the entire book. He views this trial not as a newsworthy



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Borrowing that quotation for the title of its newest Landform Book (10½" x 12"), the Sierra Club this Fall turns from its traditional milieu of wilderness to celebrate—in more than 40 color photographs by Marvin Mort—the fragile wildlands surrounding the towns and cities where most of us live. Mort's photographs are complemented by a text by Charles E. Little, who explores the literary and philosophical roots of the landsaving movement, from such early Romantics as Thoreau himself to the contemporary wisdom of Aldo Leopold.

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event but as a collective nightmare created by the fantasies of those involved in it, which Kempton alone fully understands. In other words he accepts the trial for what it is—a nineteenth-century melodrama to which he will play omniscient narrator, paraphrasing the dialogue and linking each isolated action to a grand design of alienation, which is at variance with all mythologies concerning the Panthers, including their own.

The People of New York v. *Lumumba Shakur et al.* is less notorious than other Panther trials but more significant politically—or rather, Kempton, in his reconstruction, has chosen to make it so. For his subject is not only the quality of American justice as well as the efficacy of the Panthers, but how their collision can possibly be conveyed to and absorbed by the rest of us.

THE SCENARIO IS BRIEF. In 1969, nineteen of twenty-one suspects, "many of them Black Panthers," are arrested and indicted for arson, conspiracy, and attempted murder. They are incarcerated at absurdly high bail, isolated from one another and their attorneys, and after nearly two years of exhaustive litigation are unanimously acquitted on all charges.

These Panthers' political and anti-establishment impulses seem pretty commonplace for people of their age and time. When they are given a chance (i.e., money) they are capable of some good honest organizing, and they take their pleasure from activities so normal as to seem embarrassing. Their militancy is tempered with enormous good humor, and, like their hated liberal antagonists, they direct most of whatever violence they can muster at themselves. Constantly looking for guidance from an organization that does not function, they await word from Chicago, New Haven, and, above all, Oakland—other trials, other fantasies—but when guidance comes, it is likely to be nothing more than instructions to see a movie—say, *The Battle of Algiers*. If the original American revolutionaries can be characterized as one-third activist, one-third indifferent, and one-third Tory, Kempton's Panthers might be described as one-third sincere and competent reformers, one-third aimless adventurers, and one-third police informants. While they paid far more than any other militant group Sixties—fulfilling their own pr —they apparently failed f same reasons: poor organi apocalyptic rhetoric that Att Hun himself couldn't have mented, and the adoption of models of resistance inapprop actual conditions.

Once the courtroom "d weaves its spell, however, we to lose even the basic notion o is being transacted. And to ton's acute discomfort, the types trot on, an insult to the re as well as the fabulist, and a familiar to anyone who took of what Benjamin DeMott cal "slum of a decade." Comes lace-curtain Irish judge whos cept of judicial restraint see have evolved from middle-class manners, a DA whose ambit tempered only by his incompe a largely upper-middle-class swinging between diffidence a credulity, and a defense tea white radicals whose strategy mask their inexperience with liteness.

Life suddenly becomes overw ingly literary; there has been mistake! "Someone must hav duced Joseph K. . . . without h done anything wrong he was ar one fine morning." And the comes into existence, not to judgment but to give this co tation a social form, and the dants play along, *acting* guilty, arrogant, paranoid protestatio innocence only certifying thei pability. Everyone sees the room drama as a vehicle for his role in it.

What begins as an admirabl fusal by Kempton's Panthers to their history told by others r only in their exhaustion with a that loses its simplest outline. Ye ending is true to the melodra formula; it is happy and surpri For after almost two years of maneuvering and reciprocal c mely, while most of the defen literally sleep in court, Afeni Sh saves her comrades by throwin her role and demolishing the mony of the prime police infor —by getting him to admit tha had never *seen* them *do* anythin legal! She tells the truth that is h est to bear—that, in fact, they *not* revolutionaries, that their

ws not living up to their rhet-

hend there are only two kinds
op—those who have secrets,
ios who inform. It is ennobling
tel this girl destroy her accuser
though rhetoric, legal leger-
in or mother wit, but through
nnutes of civility, common
ad a touch of poetry. But it
piring to the story, for it is
tobe appalled by an apoplec-
olution corrupted by its ex-
tan it is to accept a sleek
e revolutionary energy tem-
distaste for the conse-
esf a crime that it could not
itlf to enact. We know that
Panthers did *something*, or at
cotemplated *something*, but
ey nor we can *prove* it. And
utlis Kafka's again: it may be
o one is guilty, just that people
act out of guilt.

TON'S BOOK HAS A FLAW, it
ha it's too well made to deal
ally with the dead end and
so emphatically chronicles.
the Panthers back on the
grouping about their most
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uswon't do. Lumumba Shakur
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of is own chosen form.
A erica, an acquittal no longer
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fel scattered group, which nev-
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ay could be labeled by J. Ed-
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r Michael Arlen gives part
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ta f Hanrahan, the main thing
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Hanrahan won't stop there. (This hunch seems to have been absorbed even by the Cook County electorate, which later turned him out of office, a major upset for the Daley machine.)

But again, the only thing about the conflicting testimony that is absolutely clear is that Hampton's Panthers didn't actually *do* anything, or whatever they envisioned cannot be weighed on the same scale as the racial hysteria of a special detachment of Chicago's finest. It would be nice to think that we nipped fanatical armed insurrection in the buds of a hundred flowers. More likely, we followed an old American tradition of reserving for our thinnest adversaries the most organized and severe measures of murderous rectitude. We took them, literally, at their word.

Unfortunately for his book, Arlen allows his characters to speak for themselves, but a hodgepodge of transcript, flashback, and desperate random reflection still provides space for some interesting judgments that put Kempton's omniscience and Stern's reticence into perspective:

> *These mostly young black men . . . had this one fantasy, which was not unfortunately of playing corner back for Pittsburgh, or even of being vice-president of Xerox, but instead a dreamlike mishmash of Founding Father radicalism, Marxist rhetoric, and Western-sheriff-paratrooper manhood. And we, seated in our well-locked apartments, our carefully zoned villas, listening to the unclear new sounds out on the street, perhaps mesmerized by the strange shine on those boots —in the end we wrapped this fantasy around their necks.*

YOU WON'T DISCOVER MUCH about the origins of this fantasy from Huey P. Newton, for if he is the only Panther who quotes Kafka, he is certainly the antithesis to Kafka's protagonist. Newton has pride without arrogance, innocence without indignation, badness without remorse, and suffering without self-pity. Of all the Panthers accused of an *actual* crime, he protests least convincingly, but of all the Panthers he has, uniquely, a really good lawyer in Charles Garry, and the aplomb to reject the archetypical role the courtroom drama requires. As with most newsworthy Panthers, he is assisted

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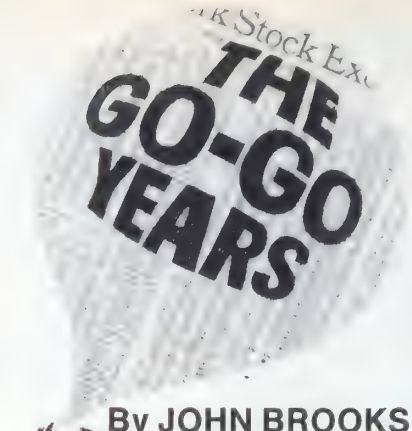
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by the awful incompetence
prosecutors. It is said that
thers were out to prove
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work if confronted with black
tionaries. What they prove
trospect, is that the system ca
practically anybody for an
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required for these two trials,
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Newton, for example, had the
an opportunity for more dir
munication between the Oak
fice and Panthers in other citi
raids chronicled by Kempt
Arlen might have been avoi
any rate, Kempton, as usu
Newton on the mark:

> *Huey Newton was a symbo*
> *cause the response to him*
> *encompass two quite cont*
> *tory reasons for admirin*
> *character. On the one hand*
> *he had killed the police*
> *proved how* bad *he was; o*
> *other that he had not mea*
> *kill the policeman proved*
> good *he was.*

To hear him tell it, Newt
never in his life involved in
tion he was not trying to c
genius lay in creating situati
required his personal inter
and for a time he always see
know which role, which v
adopt at a strategic moment.
tunately for the Panthers, s
ents are rarely shared or pas
In a moving letter from
George Jackson asks Newton
he should "comment as a part
or an observer," and this cruc
tinction for survival is precise
the Panthers as a movement
It would be absurd to single
Panthers as lacking a princ
self-criticism in our time, bu
ton's hindsight seems to me
serious question. This, after
man who can follow *To Die*
People with *Revolutionary*
and then complain of accu
that he has a death wish. He
right to object that Panther
fense rhetoric became blown
of proportion, but to compla
it was taken "literally when
meant symbolically" seems a

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ingenuous. If one's eloquence is misconstrued by both one's followers and one's enemies, it would seem an occasion for some stocktaking. In retrospect, Newton might have at least considered the possibility that "military" rhetoric did not "raise the consciousness of the community," but rather attracted informers and psychopaths.

THE EXTENT TO WHICH Newton now repudiates fantasies of "instant power" and "infantile leftism" seems more a reflection of an internecine conflict with Eldridge Cleaver than any ideological reconsideration, and in place of the passé apocalyptic he substitutes his own utopian fantasies of ultimate justice through mass action, revolution as a deterministic historical process. But determinism is not enough. It is one of the banal facts of all organized power that certain persons cannot be replaced by "The People." Fred Hampton, as remarkable an individual as Newton, had the good sense in 1968 to refuse to ride with the Weathermen because he knew that if blacks did such things they would be shot. And I find it hard to believe that a man who had served time for disburdening a Good Humor truck was dreaming of armed insurrection the night he was shot in his sleep. It is his slogan—"You can kill a revolutionary, but you can't kill a revolution"—that every Panther from Afeni Shakur to Newton continues to litanize; however, we learned in the Sixties that the most effective way of killing any revolution is precisely by getting rid of its best revolutionaries.

After all, Fred Hampton refused to die like a dog yet was killed like one. In the aftermath, Newton reminds us of the thoughts common to all revolutionary *theorists*—that all those bodies, all the dead comrades, can be justified only if they were *necessary* to the ideas that set them in motion. And so, with the consistency of the ongoing litigant, Newton can still invoke without a blink the Maoist slogan, "Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun."

To that, one can only append the FBI catalogue of the firefight in Fred Hampton's apartment—ninety-nine bullets for the police, and for the defense one spent shotgun casing, gauge and intent unspecified. □



Is There Death After Life?

Paramahansa Yogananda, founder of the Self-Realization Fellowship said, "Do not limit your thought to one brief life and one small earth. You are here for only a little while, then depart for a dissimilar and fascinating world. Remember the vastness of the Spirit that dwells within you. Try to realize you are a divine traveler."

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Robert H. Pilpel

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The sociomythic implications of *Polish Sweat*



RARELY DOES ONE WALK OUT of a motion picture theater a different person than one went in, but you'll be hard pressed to avoid such a transformation when you go to see Newton Burris's new film, *Polish Sweat*, which opens this month at the Little Carnegie and the Cine Lido.

Set in nineteenth-century Croatia, *Polish Sweat* is the story of one man's struggle to introduce the hammock into a narrow provincial society where new ideas are not merely unwelcome but anathema.

It is not a pretty film, but in place of prettiness there is an honesty, a lacerating, brutalizing honesty which forces us to confront the truth about the human condition—and ourselves.

The plot is deceptively simple. Josip, the hammock salesman, comes to the village of Ogulin on the Feast of the Assumption. He carries his hammocks on his back and is dressed only in a serape and rope-soled shoes. As he enters the town square, three crones who are adorning a statue of the Virgin accost him and begin to ridicule his profession. "Hammocks!" sneers the oldest. "What need have we of hammocks here? You might just as well try selling rusted buckets of Polish sweat [*Polski pluzhdayu*]." Josip kicks the woman in the knee. She screams in agony and the alarmed townsfolk flock into the square to see what has happened. The three crones accuse Josip of defaming the Virgin. Too late he perceives the trap that Fate has set. He is seized, and the aroused villagers bind him from head to foot in heavy twine. They then hoist him to the top of the crumbling church campanile and suspend him upside down inside the great St. Theodore bell whose golden clapper was stolen by Serbs over fifty years before. As the sun sets and the aged parish priest pulls on the bell rope that has hung useless throughout his pastorate, a great gonging resounds around the countryside. The townspeople kneel in prayer, and the old curate, his life long desire realized at last, falls dead as the hammock salesman strikes seven.

IN THE HANDS OF A LESS disciplined—or less dedicated—craftsman, a screenplay such as this might easily have been cinematically realized in the most cynical obscurantist terms. To prevent such a distortion, Burris has deliberately discarded conventional notions of aesthetics and attacked his material along the lines of the *koda-kromo* technique that Hibachi and Briquet employed so masterfully in their final films. Much of *Polish Sweat* is accordingly underexposed and unfocused, a touch I regard as particularly deft in context because of the way it suggests the darkness and the uncertainty in which the characters spin out t lives. Another brilliant Burris t is to do away with the lar gratuitous synchronization betw sound track and screen image has marred so many otherwise pr ising films in the past. I can't b to convey, for example, the forc the emotional impact you will e rience when the heckling old won on being kicked, opens her mout scream and says "BONG!" Cinem imagination such as this cannot esteemed too highly.

It remains only to mention cast. Disdaining currently fashi able conceptions of artistic propri Burris has chosen his actors with uncompromising eye for authenti and has extracted from them n transcendent performances. In role of Josip, Clint Eastwood at realizes his full potential. Ann-M gret as the oldest crone manages convey menace and pathos with eq conviction and more than justi the praise heaped on her for award-winning title-role performa in *The Wilt Chamberlain Story*. the priest, television personality J LaLanne makes an impressive scr debut and Donald O'Connor, San Dee, and Tippi Hedren are all ex lent in small supporting roles.

Polish Sweat, then, is a mot picture that may not be to everyon taste, but I think you'll find that th people who like it are distinctly perior to those who do not.

Robert H. Pilpel is an attorney and writer who lives in Rome, where much of Polish Sweat *was filmed.*



"A must for all those who value American journalism at its free and independent best. The Easy Chair at *Harper's* was never easy. It demanded courage, foresight, and an eye for the real America behind the billboards. Many of the essays reprinted here remain as frighteningly real as tomorrow. No historian, no student of American society can afford to be ignorant of its content." — Loren Eiseley

"I have never been much worried about the dangers of 'future shock' because I know that most problems of the future have happened in the past. Entertaining evidence for this view is abundantly provided by what the six men in the Easy Chair have written during the past 125 years. As one of them wisely states early in the book, 'The best sedative in times of great political excitement is history.'" — René Dubos

The six Easy Chair occupants (Donald Grant Mitchell, George William Curtis, William Dean Howells, Edward S. Martin, Bernard DeVoto, John Fischer) since the column's inception in 1851 have written social commentary on every subject from generals as political candidates and the issue of capital punishment to the problem of "How to Rescue America from Plumbers, Carpenters, and People Like That." John Fischer has gathered thirty-eight of the best, accompanied by his running commentary on how the Chair fared with each occupant. $7.95

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LETTERS

California: antigrowth

Neil Morgan's "Running Out of Space" [September] is a lecture long overdue. The truth is, as he says, that Californians have burst from a fairy-tale world into the here and now with a suddenness so dramatic that they themselves hardly know what has happened.

The state acquired its current population largely as a product of fantasy—a haven for escapists who envisioned a perpetual Valhalla of waving palms and sparkling sun.

And now it is all changed. Californians see themselves as people and their state as a place—a place with warts and problems not unlike those encountered elsewhere.

Morgan's central lesson is one that can well affect the whole United States of America. He says that Californians represent a prodigious force; that the sobriety and calm dedication now visible there may well produce a California of strength uncontemplated by even the most sanguine.

V. H. Krulak
Vice-President, Copley Newspapers
San Diego, Calif.

Out this way, we're very proud of Neil Morgan—for both his wit and his wisdom.

His article is a beautifully documented report on the hopes and fears of Californians and on what a lot of them are doing to stem the spread of crud.

It should be a warning and an inspiration to your readers in the forty-nine non-California states.

Theodor Geisel
(Dr. Seuss)
La Jolla, Calif.

The press *v.* the public

Not only does Lewis H. Lapham ["The Temptation of a Sacred Cow," August] begin with a false premise, he "supports" it with a mythology comprised of hypotheses, unfounded assumptions, and a lack of knowledge unbefitting a man who hung around the newspaper business for seventeen years.

Sure, there are irresponsible people in the news business— sure, there are business pressures and conflicts. But to say flatly that the entire American press is typical of Mr. Lapham's assertions is the same as claiming that all Chevrolets are blue. It just doesn't wash.

First: I have been fairly prominent in the campaign for adoption of shield laws, and thus have become acquainted with many others of the same persuasion. I do not know of anyone who is using, has used, or is planning to use the Watergate exposure as an argument for shield laws. Additionally, I have spent considerable time and distance around this country speaking on behalf of shield laws. I have discovered a paradox lately which bewilders me. While the press role in Watergate has gone far in bolstering credibility, it has also helped convince many people that an establishment such as the press that handles itself so well in the face of adversity (reporters being thrown in the clink, etc.) does not need legal protection. Hence, it would seem a foolish tactic to use an argument on behalf of shield laws that seems to work against them.

Second: The press in America is not comprised of the secretive Washington correspondent having midnight chow with an equally secretive undersecretary of Defense. Mor[e] ically, the American press is [po]lated by a variety of newsperso[ns] over the country, doing all of [the] things Mr. Lapham says they ar[e] doing—i.e., digging, questionin[g], de[-] veloping and projecting inform[a]to the public. Such informati[on] usually corroborated and sound [and] mere propaganda.

Third: If government corru[p]is the sole obsession of the p[ress] then there are thousands of r[e]people who have not got the mes[sage]. For example: the *New York D[aily] News* has run three series in t[he] years on the expansive profit [of] drugstores in the metropolitan [area] (and prices have come down [in] some places); a few years ag[o] wrote a series on fraudulent prac[tices] designed to increase the profit[s] liquor dealers and diminish their [tax] payments (the dealers eventu[ally] 'fessed up and paid up); WCBS-[TV] recently ran a series on question[able] practices and overcharging by [TV] repairmen (the legislature su[b]quently voted to license TV rep[air] men). These are only a few of th[e] sands of examples available.

Fourth: If a reporter is protect[ing] an undersecretary of Defense w[ho] passes on only self-serving trial b[al]loons, then the reporter is wro[ng]. But if a reporter protects the sou[rce] of information which causes ex[po]sure of a housing scandal in N[ew] York, a banking scandal in N[ew] Jersey, a Mafia takeover of gove[rn]ment in Pennsylvania or Illinois, [or] any other such important stories, [he] is dead right. But even in the la[tter] cases, he must (and in my exp[e]ence usually does) weigh the de[ci]sion carefully. Attribution is a hea[vy] word in journalism because it a[ffects] credibility, substance, and persp[ective]

tribution is much more com-
an withholding source iden-
t sometimes the information,
e only with a promise of an-
, is more important than the
ion. That is what shield laws
ıbout—to ensure that in those
ıe public will receive the in-
on. If a reporter is conscien-
e will not rely on one source,
k out corroboration, giving
least one other source to pro-
some cases (and also fulfill-
responsibility to go beyond
ial information whenever pos-

use of hypotheses is a valid
tool, and one which is em-
by most opponents of shield
'heir reason for doing so is
demonstrate their mental agil-
vever. It is the only tool avail-
) them. Proponents, on the
ıand, have the facts on their

one service Mr. Lapham has
ıed is to demonstrate this to
audience.

PETER J. BRIDGE
Belleville, N. J.

The Equity Funding fraud

)ank is shocked that *Harper's*
issue gives currency in "The
)m of Beverly Hills" [by M. J.
t] to the speculation that Citi-
ntentionally took action to de-
nsurance examiners.
mple analysis of the situation
it evident that the deception
ted to Citibank in your article
have been entirely contrary to
ık's own interests.
fact of the matter is that as
.s Citibank received informa-
oncerning charges of Equity
ıg's fraud, it reported such in-
ion to the appropriate officials
Securities and Exchange Com-
n in Washington.
e many others, Citibank was
ctim of the Equity Funding
—not a participant in it.

HANS H. ANGERMUELLER
Sr. Vice-President
First National City Bank
New York, N.Y.

"The Phantom of Beverly
the editor's note says the col-
of Equity Funding is "the
saddest tale not sufficiently
y the press."

I call your attention to the fact that it was *The Wall Street Journal* that broke the story, that continued to disclose ever-more-startling aspects week in and week out, and that, at one point, had eleven reporters working on the story, turning up exclusive and amazing revelations with some regularity.

MICHAEL GARTNER
Page One Editor
The Wall Street Journal
New York, N.Y.

M. J. ROSSANT REPLIES:

The Wall Street Journal should be credited with the best coverage of the Equity Funding story, which it broke after Raymond Dirks gave his account to its Los Angeles bureau. But the *Journal*, while a national daily, is a business paper; the rest of the press was slow and spotty in its coverage, relegating the story for the most part to their business pages.

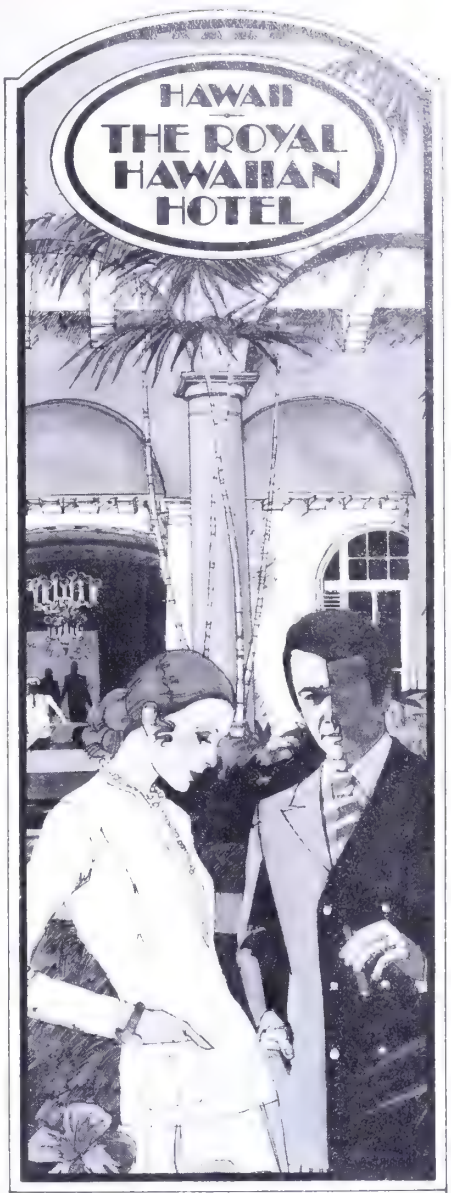
As for Citibank, there is documentation for the statement that one of its vice-presidents returned collateral to officers of Equity Funding in a hotel room in Beverly Hills. While Citibank was undoubtedly misled by the company, the behavior of its own officer has been the subject of investigation. Despite numerous telephone calls, I was unable to get an explanation from officials of Citibank concerning this questionable action.

A view of the couch

[Re: Thomas J. Cottle's "A View of the Couch," September.]

A wealthy middle-aged man was urged to visit a psychiatrist. He chose a doctor with a Park Avenue ground-floor entrance. Arriving at this address he noted a sign on the door—"Ring Bell, Walk In." Inside he found himself in a small room with two doors on which were signs: "Male," "Female." Entering the "Male" door, he found two doors—"Over 40," "Under 40." He walked through the "Under 40" door and again found himself in a room with two more doors—"Over $30,000 a Year," "Under $30,000 a Year." Not wanting the doctor to know his income, he chose the "Under $30,000" door and found himself on Park Avenue.

JEREMY SMITH
Baltimore, Md.



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The torture cure

In the August issue of *Harper's*, Jessica Mitford ("The Torture Cure") brings to our attention a most important set of facts about the uses and misuses of medical and behavioral science technologies in prison management. I think that this area deserves much closer public scrutiny in order to determine whether prison managers, doctors, and psychologists are indeed misusing drugs, behavior control methods, psychosurgery, and techniques of group management which have come to be associated with Chinese Communist thought-reform methods.

The article alleges that my discussion of such "brainwashing" techniques in an executive development seminar run by the Bureau of Prisons in 1962 in effect *advised* wardens to use these methods. Nothing could be further from the truth, but I feel it necessary to let readers know what my position on the use of these techniques was then and is now.

The fact is that I had been asked to *describe* how the Chinese Communists managed their prison camps during the Korean conflict, an area of research in which I had become active as a result of the opportunity to interview large numbers of returning prisoners in 1953. What struck me then and continues to strike me is the parallel between what the Communists did and what has been done by sophisticated captors through the ages. I had also read much on the sociology of prisons and was struck by the degree to which the manner of our own prison management resembled in many ways what the Communists had done. Prison managers invented the concept of isolating people long before social scientists got around to documenting the effects of such isolation; and the withholding of mail or visiting privileges to blackmail prisoners into "behaving themselves" is as old as prisons themselves.

The notion that social scientists were in any way teaching prison wardens these new techniques is naïve in the extreme. The fact is that any organization, when threatened by a small minority, will tend to defend itself, and prisons will do so, like any other organization. Wardens have learned from their own expe-



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STARTING POINTS

to Tell Old Money From New Money

oney is defensive
rain of covered wagons
ogether in a circle
slums get nearer, and
politicians speak
equently of bombs, one's
al soundness offers a
against public-hospital
second-rate summer
corrupt city officials,
in which ninth-graders
nives, bad air, worse
nd a dreary death in a
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spend the principal.

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market in uranium.

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exaggerated
and a generally higher
noise.

ld money marries the
rl for the right
, meanwhile dreaming
tail waitresses.

new money marries the
girl in the wrong
ubsequently sending her
ls with $15,000
tructions to bring back
class.

Assured of its prerogatives, the older money seeks to establish its genuine humanity. Thus its diffidence and its striving to appear no different from ordinary people, subject to the same desires, appetites, weaknesses, and fears.

The new money, all too familiar with those fears and appetites, seeks to distinguish itself from the crowd of small-time suckers at the two-dollar window. "Mention my name, and they'll give you a table in front."

The old money scorns modest and carefully considered tips, on the ground that money is serious and should be [illegible] like school prizes. The underlying assumption involves the desire to be loved for oneself and not for one's cruder assets. At Christmas, hoping to demonstrate that it is the thought that counts, the old money comes up with a pair of hand-knitted socks.

The newer money is more fun to be around, like being among bandits squandering the spoils or with a successful politician on his way to Washington. Not being inhibited by what one does or does not do, the new rich can send a limousine across town at 3:00 A.M. for a chicken sandwich, two bottles of sake, and a complete set of Proust.

The old money romantically identifies the good with an idea of moral character. Thus the wish to appear convincing in an old duck-shooting hat, talking to a potato farmer about the prospect of an early winter.

The new money prefers the idea of power. Thus the wish to look convincing on a dais at the Waldorf, preferably sitting next to Henry Kissinger.

[illegible]

—Lewis H. Lapham

Make Mine Cash

Remember those cartoons depicting the little woman (ha-ha) coming home laden with packages of (ha-ha) self-indulgent trivia showing she hasn't [illegible] is worth, and the husband falling backward into a dead (ha-ha) faint because of course he does (ha-ha-ha)?

Well, though it's still widely suspected that her reactions are chemical, they're even giving woman credit today. Not where it's due, necessarily, but at the banks and stores and credit-card companies. Now that they are nearly 40% of all [illegible] (with about 20% in 1951), women are being more ardently wooed as customers.

But don't think you've come a long way, baby. They don't want only you, they want *everybody*.

Currently Manufacturers Hanover Trust is bombarding 18-year-olds with an ad campaign [illegible] cards so they can buy cars and stereos *right now*. The kids can't even drink in some states, right? But it's okay for them to go into debt.

Today's average citizen is constantly encouraged to borrow. In 1971 there were 1,514 different credit-card plans be[illegible] offered by banks throughout the country. Ours is a society dedicated to growth, as it is safe to assume that its members are aware of these [illegible] and to [illegible] which [illegible] unbankable-dedicated one.

Since many have become (as well as more frivolous things we are taught to need) are priced way beyond what most of us can pay in any given month. Americans in general have been armed [illegible] becoming borrowers and credit-card owners with relative ease. But [illegible] and grand credit the easy [illegible]. Consider [illegible] one. Many people foolishly accept purchasing. "Why pay [illegible] plan to [illegible] that. They [illegible] from [illegible] another modern convenience, like the washing machine, and consider their participation in the [illegible] something to be proud of, a sign of national and individual affluence.

Not me. The way I see it, instead of helping you out of a hole, the credit people are out there cheerfully digging you a deeper one.

On its monthly bill, Master Charge "suggests" you pay only the barest fraction of the total due (allowing the company to charge you interest on the remaining balance). According to BankAmericard, over half of its active card users don't pay [illegible] after billing, thereby becoming subject to interest payments at [illegible] as the Master Charge and BankAmericard people must figure it, and I figure if I'm lazy enough (or imprudent enough) to want to defer payment initially, then, when credit time is up, more than likely I'll go right on being lazy (or imprudent) and have to start paying interest.

The idea behind the whole system seems to be to make a profit off me by keeping me living beyond my means. I prefer to pay immediately with cash or by check, and to buy only those things I can afford here and now. I want to be safe and sure, neat, precise, and independent in all my money matters. Hey, BankAmericard, though you've proudly announced that you don't discriminate against women in your credit policies, you can't catch me.

—Susan Witty

Susan Witty is a free-lance writer.

ROUND CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

VALUE

"You get what you pay for," several people have said, and more than once. Below you will find a list of memorable payments against which to test this revealed truth.

THEY PAID	THEY GOT
$24	Manhattan Island
$15,000,000	Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Nebraska, Iowa, South Dakota; portions of North Dakota, Minnesota, Kansas, and Oklahoma
$10,000	Jesse James
200,000,000,000 marks	A newspaper in Germany, 1923
$50	A share of stock in Xerox, 1926
$15 a year	An American Express card
$15 a month	Food and clothing to support a Colombian child
$9,000,000	Syncom II, the satellite that gave us world television
$5,500,000	Velasquez's "Portrait of Juan de Pareja"
$150,000-$175,000	A new McDonald's franchise
$55,700,000	One C-5A cargo plane
$100,000	Teapot Dome and Elk Hills oil reserves
$750,000 in advances; $200,000 in costs	Clifford Irving's biography of Howard Hughes
$5,000 as an advance	Mario Puzo's *The Godfather*
$500	A baby from an adoption agency
$200	A pound of marijuana and a chance at life imprisonment
2 coconuts and 2 bundles of betel	A Melanesian armlet
$800,000,000	The World Trade Center
$1,050,000	The Cartier Diamond in 1969
$6 a night	A single room at New York's Plaza Hotel, 1944
$31 a night	A single room at San Francisco's Mark Hopkins Hotel, 1973
£18,000	342 chests of tea to be dumped overboard in Boston Harbor
$2,900	An Edsel
$.50	$1,000,000 in the New Jersey lottery
$100,000	An 1804 U.S. silver dollar, 1972

"As a general rule, nobody has money who ought to have it."
—Benjamin Disraeli
(1804-1881)

Wanna Buy a Book?

Physically, a piece of currency is a complicated object, bedizened with portraits, scrollwork, mottos, seals, and ornate numerals. But what you can't see is even fancier. Every bill and every coin you've ever had, and every one you ever hope to have, is heavily elaborated with psychological and sociological motifs. At least as often as we trade our money for goods and services, we look to it for emotional satisfactions and social power.

For the Love of Money (Lippincott, $4.95) by James A. Knight—a minister and psychiatrist—provides a panoramic view of the personality traits and troubles that attach to money. If you read it attentively, you should learn some useful things about how you manage money, how it manages you, and what your children are learning from you about it. Though Knight's style is without special grace, his mind is attractive and informed. References cited at the end of each chapter will enable you to read further on aspects of the subject that strike close to home.

Conceivably, one such aspect will involve the buying and selling of stocks. For a fascinating and often memorably funny description of what people are really after when they go into the stock market, there is probably no better source than *The Money Game* by "Adam Smith" (Dell, $1.25). The players and the moves have changed some since the book was published in 1968, but the prizes beckon as strongly as ever.

Clearly, it is the lure of those prizes that we have to thank for our Great Depression. That era is recreated with insight and impact by Studs Terkel in his "oral history," *Hard Times* (Avon, $1.50), for which he interviewed a magnificently varied group of people. How these people felt about suddenly having a lot less money than they'd been used to—or, in some cases, about suddenly having ne throws into sharp rel things we as a society riches to do for us.

We expect them, ab to signify and sanctify *The American Idea c cess* by Richard M. Hub Graw-Hill, $10) provi entertaining history of moneygrubbing, from Mather and Benjamin F through Charles Atlas a man Vincent Peale.

But for the roots of t nection between the sc the pocketbook, it is ne to go back to two classic Max Weber's *The Pr Ethic and the Spirit of ism* (Scribner's, $2.45) a Tawney's *Religion and t of Capitalism* (New A Library, $.95). Weber, t German sociologist, put the ambitious argument spirit of capitalism grew Western society as an ou salve for the religious ali that began to break out Reformation. Tawney s safer ground in his wic ing book. He says the ca could have run in the o rection—that emerging ism might just as easil caused the Reformatio he generally maintains t two movements had i dent origins. Whether you are an alienated Pro the sheer brilliant gall of makes his book worth tra $1.50.

The obvious way around both the physic the symbolic burdens coin is to learn to live it. Joan Ranson Shortne must be a very vigorous indeed, has taken it upon to explore just about eve rate route to the good *How to Live on Nothing* et Books, $.95). The S System includes a wealth formation on how to lo a million for pennies (s the Salvation Army) and keep from starving (e tain weeds), not to menti hundred ways to make thing out of nothing (tu dressed envelopes inside o reglue the seams so you use them; save the lint the automatic clothes d stuff toys with). The seems to be that you c quite well on very little if willing to work like hell

UNDWRAPAROUND

Plausibility Report: Conscientious Newsletter for Capitalists

RTAGES continue to be ortant part of the Fall atest DEARTHFLASH: SLUDGE stockpiles are their lowest levels since nish-American War. Cap- are concerned because E is an essential ingre- hundreds of products, g TOOTHPASTE, REC- ACKETS, and BATH- TILE. A shortage end the wholesale index JGH THE ROOF. In- has been caught unpre- or the shortage. "I never I'd see the day," one reports. "My customers d I just can't fill their We got by for a while ning out what we had ag and lard, but after ek, forget it."

incredible," groans a ste industry official. thought we'd ever run sludge? I always thought merica was the greatest in the world and 'd always have all the we needed. That's the was brought up. Now I now. I just don't know." for POLITICAL PRES- from SLUDGE-GLUT in Central America as es become critical. Tiny gua, for years just a laughingstock (there en color television sets in the place, and not one decent dessert topping), now threatens to nationalize her sludge industry by appropriating 51% of the stock of all major sludge producers operating within her borders. So far giant AmSludge and the European Royal Dutch Sludge have held firm against nationalization, but some independents like Sludgex have already caved in. NO MATTER WHAT, pressure will increase on Washington to revise her Central-American policies to reflect our need for Central-American Sludge. And prices will rise. Already, Japanese speculators are building GIANT SLUDGE STORAGE VATS in neutral countries, betting that prices will at least double within a year.

SOME INVESTORS WILL PROFIT from the Sludge Famine. Companies like American Brunch with subsidiaries in the Storage Vat field have seen their stock jump. And some high-technology companies like the speculative American Chemical Climax Corporation are involved in the search for sludge substitutes. Also profiting: the dairy industry, because BUTTER, a milk by-product, can take the place of sludge in some limited areas.

—George W. S. Trow

Mr. Trow is a writer for The New Yorker *and the* National Lampoon.

S FROM THE BEYOND

Abby: Our son, who is married and living out of the city, er given his father anything for Father's Day. Nor has he membered me with so much as a card or a telephone call her's Day. Our birthdays and anniversaries are ignored also. never fail to send him, his wife, and their children lovely r all occasions. Knowing that friends and relatives would what our son sent us for an occasion that called for a would buy something very costly and pass it off as a "gift" ur son.

will pay for them in the end, however, because I have been ; track of the cost, and instructions have been left in our at after Dad and I are gone the cost of those items shall be d from whatever we leave. I thank you.

—The *New York Journal-American*
June 25, 1964

NON-CREDIT CARD

ecting mankind's unlimited talent for finding new angles, now a card you use only when you're not buying on credit. Club International in Jenkintown, Pennsylvania, will sell e for $15 a year. With it you get a directory of more than places in the United States, Mexico, and Canada where get things at a discount if you pay cash. The discounts run % to 75%, with the vast majority in the 10%-15% range.

Doing Without

As a furiously idealistic, fresh-out-of-college reporter for A Great Metropolitan Newspaper, I fired a continuing barrage of righteous and indignant pieces on the tragedy of welfare. Hiking up my green leather maxicoat (Bonwit Teller), I'd hustle on down to any one of a number of slums in my green Italian sports car to dig out the story behind the story of poverty and despair, to shock our readers into sympathy and action as they marmaladed their muffins in Bryn Mawr and Society Hill.

Two years later, finding myself in poverty and on welfare, I realized how laughable all those articles were.

Maybe it's harder for me to be without money in the ultimate consumer society because I've had the goodies and been indoctrinated all my life to desire them, to accept without a second thought that they are there for the taking, and to provide them for myself. No sad tale here of how one generation of poverty breeds another.

Simple: I quit my good job for a year of travel and self-searching. Blithely returning from Europe, expecting to slip back into the machinery, I found the Nixon Economy and no jobs. Oh hell, I thought, maybe a month or two. I'll just put off paying the bills until something comes along. . . .

I learned that being poor means that when you need a dentist you don't go to your downtown doctor (he's yours only as long as you can afford him); you go to a seedy little office in the ghetto where the equipment is older than you are because he takes Department of Public Assistance patients and yours doesn't. If you're sick you spend four to five hours waiting for treatment in a clinic.

It means learning to despise the comfortable people who pronounce you "overqualified" for the job, and being unable to beg and tell them you're destitute, because it wouldn't help anyway. It means humiliating once-a-month sessions at the unemployment office: "Still nothing, huh? Let's see if we can find you some factory work."

Food prices soar and your food-coupon allotment remains the same. Inadequate. When the food runs out early you pay in cash and ignore the rent. Instead of watching news for intellectual stimulation, I listened with gut interest. During the daily report on skyrocketing meat prices and chicken at a dollar a pound, I understood for the first time the rage that burned cities in the Sixties. You have to learn to live with anger, hate, and despair—and the death of idealism, if you're not careful. You learn to what a frighteningly great extent your worth is calculated in dollars.

Nothing has come along other than galloping anxiety. So I'm about to find true happiness as a waitress. The consumer society will not approve—I won't be spending up to my potential—but my money will be my own, honestly earned, which counts for much more than I ever realized.

—Pamela Erbe Wiener

Pamela Erbe Wiener is a free-lance writer residing in Philadelphia.

How Conspicuous Is Your Consumption?

It is not yet the fashion to leave price tags on your possessions so that the watching world will know for certain just how much money you have to throw around. But that day is coming. One sure sign is the way we all keep buying items whose main function is ostentation; some such are listed below.

If you check off the ones you own now, and replace them—when you *need* to—with their less conspicuous but equally serviceable counterparts, you will cut down your expenses and build up your character at the very same time.

Sunken bathtubs
Solid-gold house keys
Electric can openers
Satin sheets
AKC registered dogs (unless you show or breed them)
Signature scarves
Custom license plates
Princess or push-button phones
Leather-bound books
Jeweled pet collars
Digital clocks or watches
Monogrammed towels
Gold toothpicks
Pearl-handled revolvers
Custom shoes
Tailor-made suits
A swimming pool near the ocean

TOOLS FOR LIVIN

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

As products proliferate it's getting harder and harder to separate the true items of value—those that do what they promise for a useful period of time at a reasonable cost—from the general chaff. Tools for Living is simply an attempt to make information available on those goods and services worth knowing about. Furthermore, since everyone we know gets busier and busier, we felt it made sense to extend the information service to its logical conclusion: you can buy most of these products through us if that's the easiest way for you to get them.

"Tools for Living" is not a product testing service. If we feature something here, it's because we like it. There are no best buys, no check-rated items, no guarantees or warranties. Our items are not selected by an organized process; somewhere along the line one of you or one of us has run across that particular product, used it, and found it to be functional and worth its price.

If you decide to order any of these items through *Harper's*, just follow the instructions on the next page. Postage and handling charges are on us.

POISON-KEEP OUT

Every year there are over 500,000 cases of accidental child poisoning that require stomach pumping. Many of these poisonings are fatal. Yet we go on keeping extremely dangerous items, including cleaning compounds, medicines, gardening chemicals, and sharp instruments in cabinets and drawers that children can open. The Kinder-Gard Latch is designed to make such things off-limits to children while still giving adults easy access to them.

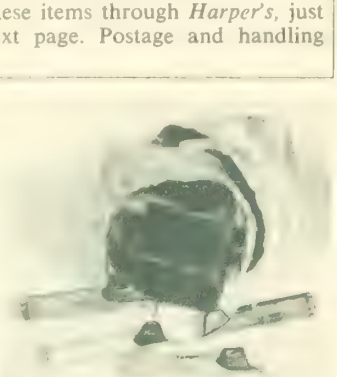
The Kinder-Gard Child Safety Latch is a flexible Du Pont nylon hook and stop that limits the opening of a cabinet or drawer to about one inch. To release the latch, you must exert about 30 lbs. of pressure to depress the hook with your finger until it disengages from the stop. This is an easy motion for an adult's hand but a very difficult one for a child's. (We might add that the Kinder-Gard renders your cabinets dog-proof: no more overturned garbage.)

You can install the latch on wood or double-walled metal units; it's invisible from the outside. For installation on single-wall metal fixtures, you'll need nuts and bolts.

Kinder-Gard latches are new and hard to find even in the best hardware stores; you may order a set of seven latches from us for $4.95 postpaid.

OOPS!

The Kryptonite Bicycle Lock that appeared in the September issue of Tools weighs only about 2½ lbs., not 5 lbs., as we had stated.



BATIK IT

The batik method of hand-printing textiles is one of the major art forms of Indonesia. In this process you coat parts of a fabric with hot wax so that they will resist dye; then you dip the fabric in a cold dye solution. When the dyed cloth has dried, you boil it to remove the wax. The process is repeated for each color desired in the design. Indonesian craftsmen make designs with wonderfully intricate lines and dot-and-dash patterns by using a copper-and-bamboo wax applicator with a thin spout called a *tjanting*. Although they usually print on woven cotton or silk, we think it would be fun to apply the batik method to T-shirts and other ready-made pieces of clothing, to sheets, and even to fabric that is already printed.

Through a friend who is a textile designer, we've discovered a Batik Kit that consists of specially prepared wax, four different *tjantings*, three Indonesian dyes, and instructions, all packaged in a handmade bamboo box. This kit may be found in craft shops, or you can get it by mail from us for $10.95 postpaid.



HANG THE FILES, FULL CUBE AHEAD

Do you keep diplomas, tax records, recipes, clippings, old love letters? Would you like to be able to lay your hands on the ones you want when you want them? You can with a File Cube (in stationery shops or for $7.95 from us, postpaid).

File Cubes are made of sturdy, plastic-coated, water-resistant, solid fiberboard. They come in brilliant orange, yellow, blue, or gray to color-code your files. When a Cube is opened, its top slides neatly down the back of the box, revealing six hanging files, each with its own tab for identification of the contents. Everything you need for filing comes to you in one box. Just open it up and file your stuff away.

When ordering these 10½"x 13"x13" File Cubes from us, be sure to specify which colors you need.

HINDSIGHT IS ALWAYS 20-20

The best example of the phenomenon of hindsight seems to arise in the course of purchasing a house, especially when you consider how many years you may have to live with a mistake and how expensive homes are. A.M. Watkins, in his newly revised edition of *How to Avoid the 10 Biggest Home-Buying Traps* ($2.95 from us, postpaid) gives expert advice on how to judge the quality of construction, negotiate a fair price, and obtain a good mortgage. The gravest mistakes home-buyers make are clearly discussed and illustrated with photographs and sketches. His checklist of pitfalls will be invaluable to even the most experienced house hunters.

ATTENTION! ALL HANDS ON DIRT

Jim Mattimore, a reade
Croton-on-Hudson, New
just finished painting tw
rooms, a bathroom, and
in his home and still h
strength to share a cou
Tool discoveries with us.

"I have very sensitive
Mr. Mattimore writes, "
prospect of being spatter
paint and then having
move it with turpent
abrasives was far from
ant. A friend gave me
oz. tube of DL Non-S
Skin Protector to try. Th
is that if you apply it t
skin before painting, th
will rub right off. I wa
tical, but I tried it a
Once I'd put it on, I f
could put water-solubl
paint, oil-base enamel, ar
resistant enamel on m
without irritating it. And
remove these three ki
paint by simply rubbing
paper towel (the rust-r
paint took more rubbin
the others).

"Seeing that I was
my friend decided to a
me with DL Antiseptic
Cleaner, too. He thought
want it for times w
couldn't or didn't use t
protector. To test this p
I put some of the flat pa
some of the oil-base ena
my bare left arm (which
diately got red and irr
Once they'd dried, I us
waterless hand cleaner
paper towel to remove
No rubbing was necessa
my skin stayed soft. Bo
hand cleaner and the sk
tector have a very p
smell. Best of all, they d
they promise."

The **WRAPAROUND**
tried these products on th
writer repairman, and
worked for him too.
keep a tube of each arou
house and workshop you
ly avoid or remove pain
and oil smears from you
Since the compounds ar
toxic, they can be used
dren too.

DL Antiseptic Hand
and DL Non-Silicone Sk
tector are available in
stores, or can be orde
mail from us ($2.95 for
of tubes).

RAPAROUNDWRAP

TIC 'ANTASTIC

hat winter is practically what are you going to all those hanging bas- egonias, spider plants, ns, azaleas, and that bamboo? Until re- e purchase of a green- as an extravagant ex- and its construction a e of broken glass. The ta Greenhouse is the to the green thumbs' This portable modular reenhouse is 7½ feet feet wide, and 4 feet th two built-in 8-foot- iber glass workbenches ller plants and seed eath which larger plants placed. The rigid, tubu- lastic frame snaps to- n less than an hour the use of screws, nuts, The clear, heavy-duty, t-inhibited, vinyl skin ly over the framework. greenhouse is all shat- plastic, it will never st, even under the most orchid-growing condi- nd it will never need

asaplanta, which weighs lbs., can be moved in of the sun as the seasons Victor Holm, a profes- ant man from Los An- old us that the unit be placed in good, fil- light, not in full sun." curious about the sta- this unit in a high wind, told by Mr. Holm that a 40-mph April wind- is Casaplanta, which at e contained only three and ten 4-inch pots of "stood up very well in s and did not move at r peace of mind, you



might put a heavy pot or a couple of bricks in each corner.

No special floor or foundation is needed. Just level the ground beneath the Casaplanta to keep drafts out and moisture and heat in. One of our apartment-dwelling staff members, who wants a Casaplanta for growing orchids in his living room, said he planned to have a fiber glass "tray" made that would act as a floor for the greenhouse and protect the carpet from moisture and soil.

The Casaplanta would also be excellent and economical for growing your own vegetables and herbs during the winter and starting and forcing all kinds of plants into bloom no matter what the season. It's just the right size for terrace gardens, too.

The Casaplanta is available at some nurseries or from us for $119.95 postpaid.

STEAMED UP

For years a morning shower turned our mirrors into a misty mess; trying to shave and wipe away an almost Impressionistic reflection of yourself in the mirror at the same time is an agony. We tried taking cold showers, leaving the bathroom door open, and growing a beard. Nothing worked. Then we discovered Sillyclean, a silicone-treated pad that, wiped across mirrors, eliminates the annoyance of fogging over. It really gives you a clear reflection. We've used this pad not only on the bathroom mirror but also on the car windshield, on windows that tend to fog up in winter, and even on a glass-topped table. (That does away with the dripping halos from chilled glasses set on it.) Each application seems to last about ten days.

Sillyclean pads are guaranteed to last for two years. They may be found in houseware departments or ordered from us for $1.95 postpaid.

UNDER COVER

Imagine a blanket that can be folded to fit into a shirt pocket and opened up to measure 56"x84". Well, you don't have to imagine it, because it exists. Made of amazingly strong, silver material that will not crack, mildew, or rot, it's called the SPACE Emergency Blanket. It weighs next to nothing, and it's disposable. According to the manufacturer, the principles of super-insulation proven in space missions have been employed in making the blanket, so that it reflects 90% of the covered person's body heat back to him while keeping out wind, snow, or rain.

The blanket would be great to have along if bad weather hit unexpectedly while you were in the mountains, and keeping one in the glove compartment of the car for emergencies on the road might prove equally useful. Its silvery surface is highly reflective, so it can even be used as a signaling device; searchlights, flashlights, and headlights should pick it up in the darkest weather.

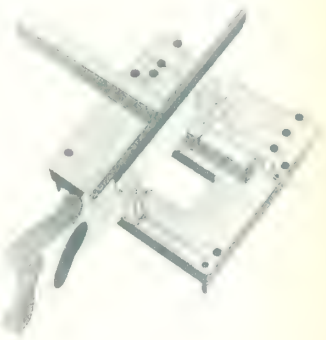
We recommend the SPACE Emergency Blanket for every car and camper and for hunters, campers, skiers, and hikers. It is available in sporting goods stores or by mail from us for $2.25 postpaid.

CUTTING CORNERS

If you have ever wanted to build a doghouse, or frame a picture with molding of your own design, or construct cabinets or a hi-fi system, you may have found yourself stymied by that mysterious puzzle of carpentry—the miter box. Just placing the wood in a miter box is enough to unnerve and discourage most would-be carpenters. But now an English invention called the Jointmaster can enable even the beginner to produce lapped dovetails, tee bridles, angled halving, and all sorts of other complicated fittings with his own handsaw and chisel.

The Jointmaster has a slot between two guide pillars; that's the only place you put your saw. Then, by positioning pegs in the dowel holes in the base, you can cut on an amazing selection of angles, from 10° to 170°, without measuring, marking, or reading difficult scales. Joint after joint can be made with production-line speed and accuracy.

The Jointmaster may be bought in lumberyards and some hardware stores or from us by mail for $22.95 postpaid. Each one comes with an illustrated step-by-step instruction booklet, and the manufacturer promises that his "Advisory Department is as close as your phone or mailbox."



YOU GET THE IDEA

Since we can't do as much detective work as we'd like in digging out especially attractive products, we would welcome your help. If you are willing to stake your personal reputation on a product that has served you more than satisfactorily, send us a testimonial. We'll publish it if space permits and if the item is of general interest and availability. Write TOOLS, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

HOW TO ORDER

If you care to order these items from us, you may do so by sending a letter to Tools for Living, c/o Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Specify the item, quantity of each item, and color (if needed). Price is that indicated in the descriptions above. Add up the total for all items you order (N.Y. residents add appropriate sales tax). Enclose a check for the total amount, payable to Harper's Magazine. If you prefer to charge your BankAmericard or Master Charge, indicate your card number and expiration date. You may also order the books that are discussed in Starting Points by following these same instructions.

READERS WRAPA

What's Cooking?

The July 1973 **WRAPAROUND** on "Food: The Spirit Made Flesh" inspired a number of readers to examine their own ideas about food. We received quite a few thoughtful, detailed letters—see below—and the only generalization we could make about them was that most meat-eaters seem to be too busy chewing the fat to engage in epistolary endeavors.

We welcome more letters on the subject.

Although WRAPAROUND states that "man should be elevated by the food he eats," "that we can ceremonialize eating," and that the McDonald's syndrome negates both of these aims, you did not mention one of the most serious results of the fast hamburger. As more and more youngsters (and adults) grab a hasty meal at the quick-food stand, our family dinner hour is rapidly disappearing. The importance of the family gathering at mealtime in the socialization of the offspring is undisputed. To quote George Gilder (*Harper's*, July 1973, p. 44), "...the family is the only agency that can be depended upon to induce enduring changes in its members' character and commitment. It is, most importantly, the only uncoercive way to transform individuals, loose in social time and space, into voluntary participants in the social order."

In the past, the main time for members of the family to be together was dinnertime, when Mom, Dad, and the kids shared ideas, learned about their respective responsibilities and positions, developed family traditions, acquired manners and social graces, and felt part of their heritage. Unfortunately, today even that one hour is being usurped as people grab the all-American repast of a vitamin-devoid, calorie-crammed combo of a hamburger, greasy French fries, ersatz milkshake and canned-apple turnover. I lament the lack of pleasure and nourishment in such food but, even more, I lament the disappearance of the family dinnertime and the void it leaves in the lives of many Americans.

—C. K. Graf
Frederick, Md.

I would like to verify several of Sherman Chickering's comments about fasting, vegetarianism, and efficiency, since these points are not satisfactorily explained by conventional scientific wisdom.

First, as a vegetarian I enjoy and crave simple, uncooked, unadulterated foods, whereas I used to enjoy elaborate prepared dishes almost exclusively when I operated on the meat-eating standard. Secondly, I require far less protein and calorie intake than my former meat-eating self. How can this be when I am supposedly using less efficient, slightly defective protein sources? It is even more puzzling when a substantial increase in exercise and energy is correlated to my new diet consciousness. In addition, I function optimally on six hours of sleep.

Perhaps the combination of vegetarianism, periodic fasting, careful selection at the supermarket, and, in my case, regular vigorous exercise contributes to my superlative health. Nonorganic factors immediately come to mind, however. First, I show a number of "symptoms" of the meditator, though I don't meditate. Secondly, now that I view my body as my ally, not merely a vehicle for my head, I have demonstrated to myself that I need no more or less than I think I need.

Given some unknown biologically determined base line, it seems that the basis of our consumptive and operative guidelines is in our heads, not in our bodies. At the risk of propounding the obvious or trite, I suggest a careful reading of *The Natural Mind* by Andrew Weil and of Carlos Castaneda's works may reveal an orientation to living and concomitant consuming that unifies perception, consumption, and energy in all cultures, not just exotic ones.

—C. A. Brown
Ann Arbor, Mich.

For the past three years, since I've been a vegetarian, I've had trouble with meat-eaters. Maybe it would be more accurate to say that they've had trouble with me. A fellow plant-eater warned me that it would be difficult: "Being a vegetarian is like being a nudist. It's all right to practice in privacy, but once you bring your habits out into the open, watch out." Harassment, discrimination, unprovoked attack.

Cows, sheep, and pigs—the animals that take their places (in somewhat altered form) at American tables each evening, do not themselves eat meat; they eat grass. I opted for vegetables. I brought home new green ones, yellow ones, white ones, and I cooked them. My kitchen had a new smell and a new texture.

Others were not impressed. No one really understands vegetarianism. "But what do you eat instead?" asked my doctor father. As an editor obliged to take authors and agents on expense-account lunches, I sensed the discriminatory attitude of waiters toward my gustatory preferences. "Lady, you mean you want two side orders of vegetables and no main course?" "Specials of the day are roast pork with apples and veal in white wine: what'll ya have?" I felt the hostility even at parties. Once I received an invitation with the instruction "BYOB" written at the bottom. And then the personal aside: "Judith, for you this means, Bring Your Own Broccoli."

I decided to try to reconstruct the course of events that led to this prejudice in our society. I recalled that in the fifth grade my teacher had told us that Stone Age man gathered his food. The nut and berry pickers, she explained, were very unsophisticated. Then man became a hunter: he went out and slew his food. My teacher held the carnivore in high esteem. She called this brave innovator The Father of the Hamburger. It occurred to me that my teacher was not the only one pulling for the killer/eater. There was the nutritionist at college offering well-balanced meals and serving me roast beef with natural gravy each Tuesday and Friday night. There was the nurse in the hospital bringing me an overdone piece of pot roast after I broke my leg. There were those goddamn vending machines in g tions up and down t tional highways sendir bologna sandwiches whe you needed was a b brown rice. In the super too, there was a dis made. Over the meat c were signs proclaiming, Ribs, Grade-A Meat," " Young Spring Lamb," as one introducing, "Plump en Breasts." For veg however, one-word ID only: "Onions," "Caulif "Spinach."

Eating on the street further problems for v ians. The carts that tra New York avenues se dogs, chiliburgers, tacos, laki. No one wants to sprouts or a glass of bee They look at me oddly I ask for sauerkraut on hold the dog. But what c expect from a carnivore learning to cope.

—Judith
New York

In your excellent W AROUND feature for Carole Getzoff writes: "M biotic ideas are basically tal and were brought t country in the 1950s by a nese named George O who claimed to have cure self of a number of fat eases by following a stric Ohsawa claimed it wa same diet that brought 'l ity and rejuvenation' to th monks in the ancient Ja monasteries."

Macrobiotics did not with George Ohsawa, but the Greek philosopher P oras and the greatest of al sicians, Hippocrates. Dio of Sicily wrote: "Pytha judged eating flesh as some abominable. . . . he asked men should live in a s way; for the excesses away fortune as well as health, since most illnesses their origin in intemperanc latter being a result of e He persuaded many to ea uncooked food and to

As part of its campaign to spread the co-op spirit right a the face of America, a group called Food Conspiracies puts 38-page handbook that tells you how to start and operate a n borhood nonprofit food co-op. The booklet offers a good de specific and sensible guidance in an engagingly enthusiastic ner. Copies of "Food Cooperatives" are $1, from Food Co acies, 165 West Harvey Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19144.

WRAPAROUND INFORMA

er." Hippocrates, who in 460 B.C. and who, to tradition, died at f 100, said: "Strength, nd nourishment result it food. Every physi- ld be a skilled student . If he wishes to per- duties properly, he ive to know the rela- h exists between the men and the articles and drink which they . . ."

e word "macrobiotics" riginate with Ohsawa. k *Are You Confused?* o Airola writes: "The macrobiotics goes back to a great physician, and professor, Chris- helm Hufeland, who worked in Berlin. He book which he called tik—*The Art of Pro- Human Life.* Ohsawa borrowed the word by Hufeland and own dietary system , giving it an Oriental

ope in the 18th and uries there were many ts of a macrobiotic living. These include Hahn, Eduard Baltzer, ich Lahmann, and Dr. r Haig. Dr. Arbuthnot d the anthropologist ar Keith were writing ring about a diet of n-denatured foods in s, 1930s, and 1940s. amous European ad- a macrobiotic diet is ish biologist Ebba Wa- nother promoter of a macrobiotic, long-life he great Swiss physi- Bircher-Benner. Both men lectured and wrote Thirties, Forties, and

own country we can the well-known Dr. arrel, the chemist and ist Alfred W. McCann, John Harvey Kellogg. eat virtue of the mac- diets of all these men hey grew out of our culture and our West- ry needs. Ohsawa only the macrobiotic waters brown-rice mystique esoteric yin-yang doc- selecting foods. More , Ohsawa, by cunning- g his macrobiotic diet Zen of Buddhism, suc- n misleading a whole n of seekers after spir- itual liberation. Ohsawa claims that his diet brought "longevity and rejuvenation to the Zen monks in the ancient Japanese monasteries." This is highly questionable. It may be that Zen monks in ancient Japan occasionally ate brown rice, especially in time of great poverty when no other kind was available, and very likely they found it just as unpalatable and hard to digest as most Zen Buddhist monks in Zen monasteries in Japan today find it.

What fools the Buddha and the great Zen masters were to have struggled so mightily to attain self-realization when all they had to do was eat a proper mixture of yin and yang food and, presto, Enlightenment could be had effortlessly, painlessly! We may be sure the great Zen masters knew the value of simple, natural food. Yet how remarkable that nowhere in their writings do we find even the slightest hint that their crowning experience was attained through diet. It remained for George Ohsawa and his fanatical followers to propound the fantastic doctrine that the Supreme Judgment (by which he means, of course, Enlightenment) could be attained by following his macrobiotic diet.

—Philip Kapleau
Rochester, N.Y.

IDEAS

As always, we welcome any suggestions, reports, or excerpts (with title, author, publisher, and date of publication for the source of each) that turn you on. Please send them to **WRAPAROUND**, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

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"Let's be calm," King Richa
"Make not a sound, they'll
we're dead.
The damage could be quite
Should Judge Sirica see us h

"As for the press, leave them
They never doubt my honesty
I'll say we cruised around a
But our direction we forgot.

"Should questions arise abo
caper,
I'll have L. Patrick burn the
Then I can say between each
The FBI has done its job.

"I'll have Ole Richard check
And then report no wrong was
I'll tell the people on TV
No one is guilty here, you see

"Men, that's the plan, so get
straight;
We never heard of Watergate
Should one get caught or da
tattle,
He's up a creek without a pad

"Now questions will be asked
many,
But answers must be few if an
Remember, men, we're all like
brothers;
We must not tell on one anoth

We'll stand united ere we fall,
It's all for one and one for all.
Just then the ship began to le
"Forget the crew, save the kin
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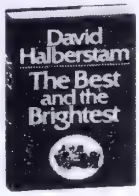
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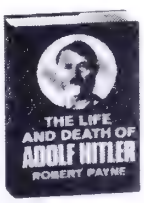
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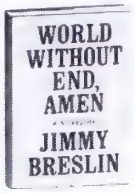
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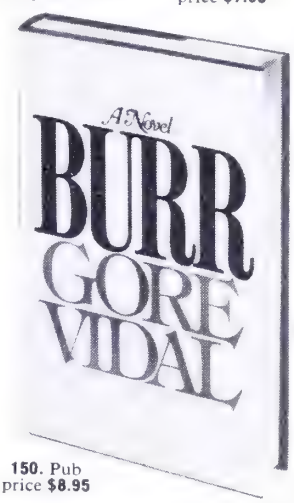
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Cover photograph by Benno Friedman.

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE PRESS **EDITOR:** Lawrence S. Freundlich; **PUBLISHER:** Peter Mollman

Published monthly by Harper's Magazine Company, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Cass Canfield, Honorary Chairman; Russell Barnard, President; Robe Shnayerson, Executive Vice President; Lewis H. Lapham, Vice-President. Subscriptions $8.50 one year; $21.00 three years. Foreign except Canada and Pan America: $1 per year additional. Harper's Magazine Company is a division of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc. John Cowles, Jr., Chairman; Otto A. Silha, Presider Norton Arnason, Secretary; William R. Beattie, Treasurer.

For advertising information contact Harper-Atlantic Sales, 535 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Other offices in Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, a San Francisco.

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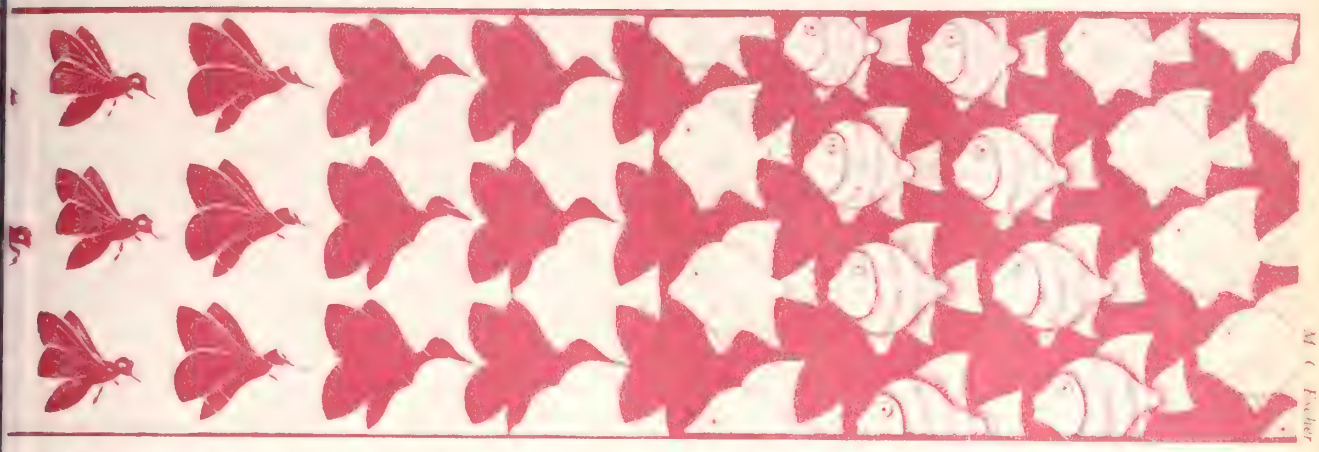
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WRAPAROUND



ENUITY: Grasp the Obvious, Expect the Impossible

d space flight can serve del advertisement for ingenuity. Here was for a gigantic attack avorite kind of prob- do we get from here Landing men on the nd getting them back required solutions to that had never even nulated before. Success the ability to invent ıcross any number of ed chasms. The whole was impelled by a pure venturesomeness an nimble and robust of mind to master the frontier of space? It resistible challenge that d an enormous cultural

because of its mag- ıe space program was supply us with a new ıages about how inge- rks. So, in the last de- wo, Tom Sawyer meta- ed into an astronaut, ɔegan to assume some ideas about the essen- dients of ingenuity.

ıe thing, we began to ingenuity as a team ac- ınsidering the complex- ıe problems the space tackled, and the cost ardware it needed, the e approach seemed the ical choice. The Man- roject, Bell Labs, the Chevrolet design department, and countless R and D staffs had already proved that in an age of specialization, a network of minds can add up to more than the sum of its parts. Indeed, group process had firmly established itself as both faster and surer—in a word, more efficient—since it had increased the number of checking mechanisms that could detect false starts and wrong directions. But such collectivization also served to make the greatest strokes of ingenuity seem impersonal. Transistors, stainless steel razor blades, and cassette television all seemed to appear of their own volition, as if they had invented themselves out of some particular assemblage of minds and equipment in a hidden laboratory. As a consequence, ingenuity no longer seems the exercise of individuality we once thought it was.

We also began to think of ingenuity as peculiarly immune to the law of diminishing returns. Because the space program was constantly faced with the necessity of making things smaller or lighter or stronger, it kept paying more for marginal less. In a sense, it supported an artificial economy that paid handsomely for refinements of no earthly use—which no doubt is why the huge sums of money resulted in such slight application to consumer goods. The habit of mind that ignores diminishing returns could be rationalized when its object was something as specific as putting a man on the moon. It is harder to justify the marginal inventiveness that is forever giving us redesigned deodorant cans and redecorated automobiles. The danger of forgetting to measure the return against the cost is evident in the blossoming energy crisis, which can be understood in part as signifying too many electric can openers. The result of our extravagance is that today's ingenuities are inclined to overlook the principle of doing the most with the least.

Finally, we began to identify ingenuity almost exclusively with technology. In this view, ingenuity is the means by which man exhibits his power over nature. It more or less assumes that the world begins somewhere out beyond the ends of our noses, and that personal and social problems exist apart from mechanical or practical or scientific ones. But we are at a point where we can no longer pass over the fact that the neat dualism keeps breaking down: solving a practical production problem creates an inhumane workplace, automated machinery exacerbates unemployment, medical advances mean more people and many more old people, and so on and on. All of which suggests that the space program may be the apogee of a 150-year technological joyride that we now have to come down from. To do so successfully, we will first have to be more ingenious about how we apply our ingenuity.

This issue of **WRAPAROUND** celebrates ingenuities of all sorts. We hope it will help you to see something in the world around you in a new light. Beyond that, we would like you to be stimulated to some inventiveness or ingenuity of your own. As encouragement, we offer an invitation: send us a list of the half-dozen or so inventions you feel need most to be made within the next few years, and tell us why. That way, without going to the trouble of actually inventing anything yourself, you can help establish priorities for those who will. If even this is too much trouble, and instead you simply want to learn how to function in a world that surrounds and bedazzles you with ingenuities, we offer free these two helpful rules of thumb:

1. Always grasp the obvious—it may turn out that no one has yet taken out a patent on it;

2. Always expect the impossible—someday you will get credit for being a visionary.

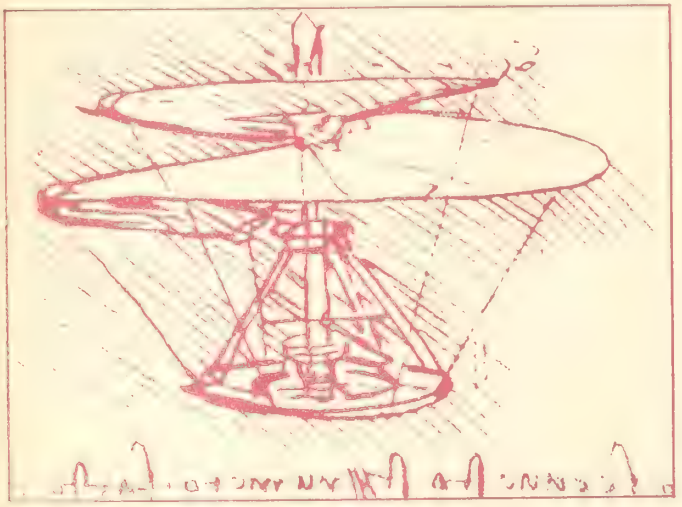
—Tony Jones

WRAPAROUND REPORT

"To those who study her, Nature reveals herself as extraordinarily fertile and ingenious in devising means, but she has no ends which the human mind has been able to discover or comprehend."
—Joseph Wood Krutch, *The Modern Temper*, 1929

DISTINCTIONS

The analytical power should not be confounded with simple ingenuity; for while the analyst is necessarily ingenious, the ingenious man is often remarkably incapable of analysis. The constructive or combining power, by which ingenuity is usually manifested, and to which the phrenologists (I believe erroneously) have assigned a separate organ, supposing it a primitive faculty, has been so frequently seen in those whose intellect bordered otherwise upon idiocy, as to have attracted general observation among writers on morals. Between ingenuity and the analytic ability there exists a difference far greater, indeed, than that between the fancy and the imagination, but of a character very strictly analogous. It will be found, in fact, that the ingenious are always fanciful, and the *truly* imaginative never otherwise than analytic. **—Edgar Allan Poe**
"The Murders in the Rue Morgue," 1841



Leonardo da Vinci's sketch of a helicopter (1483).

ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR WATSON

"How do I know that you have been getting yourself very wet lately, and that you have a most clumsy and careless servant girl?"

"My dear Holmes," said I, "this is too much. You would certainly have been burned, had you lived a few centuries ago. It is true that I had a country walk on Thursday and came home in a dreadful mess, but as I have changed my clothes I can't imagine how you deduce it. As to Mary Jane, she is incorrigible, and my wife has given her notice; but there, again, I fail to see how you work it out."

He chuckled to himself and rubbed his long, nervous hands together.

"It is simplicity itself," said he; "my eyes tell me that on the inside of your left shoe, just where the firelight strikes it, the leather is scored by six almost parallel cuts. Obviously they have been caused by someone who has very carelessly scraped round the edges of the sole in order to remove crusted mud from it. Hence, you see, my double deduction that you had been out in vile weather, and that you had a particularly malignant boot-slitting specimen of the London slavey." **—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle**
"A Scandal in Bohemia," 1891

The Icemen Cometh

According to two RAND researchers, John L. Hult and Neill C. Ostrander, the answer to Southern California's chronic water shortage is simple—ice, delivered by the berg. They want to corral Antarctic icebergs (which, unlike their jagged, unstable Arctic cousins, ride the ocean with the ease of enormous floating tabletops) and tow them into the Northern Hemisphere in order to quench the thirst of nations that are now becoming as parched as they are populous.

Hult and Ostrander conceived their scheme while contemplating solutions to the problems of the Los Angeles region. It seemed a rather logical answer, after they noted two things: first, this area must import water from the Colorado River and rain-drenched Northern California to meet its needs; second, only 3 percent of the earth's water is fresh, three-quarters of that 3 percent is ice, and 90 percent of the ice is in the Antarctic. The icebergs spawned there each year contain enough water to equal the annual rainfall of the continental U.S.

With $50,000 from the National Science Foundation, the researchers spent a year studying three questions. Can the bergs be collected? Can they be towed? Can their melting be controlled?

The answer to each question, they eventually concluded, was yes. And now the NSF has given them another $70,000 to determine the social, economic, and environmental impact of the bergs once they arrive, as well as the best way to melt them down.

The environmental issue is a touchy one, but the men see no insurmountable problems. Since the bergs will reduce the temperature of the marine environment, they are likely to have the effect of moving the ocean one degree north in latitude. Ostrander notes, however, that the type of changes one would expect would be much less than seasonal changes. Furthermore, he adds, "we are already altering the environment now with nuclear power plants. The ice might be used to offset thermal pollution from power production."

The iceberg roundup occur in the South Pole' summer months of Janua February. With the help breakers and an escort sl size of the aircraft carrier *Enterprise*, the bergs wo cabled together and each be fitted with propellers sides. Then, with the esco sel's million-kilowatt power plant feeding ele to spin the propellers, t bergs would head north i voys stretching up to 50 in length, carrying enou ter to fill one-third of the voir behind Hoover Dan voyage would take 10 r at an average speed of on

The RAND researche swer to the melting-in- problem is plastic. It seen the sun accounts for only cent of an iceberg's me rest comes from warmer flowing past it. "Water is heat conductor," says H you can provide pretty g sulation if you place a la cold water that is not next to an iceberg. The w do this is by wrapping t berg in a thin, plastic fi signed to trap melted wat

Hult and Ostrander placed no total cost on project, but they say An ice could be delivered f than $100 an acre-foot, timated cost of importing to Los Angeles a decade now. And they argue that ery costs aren't the on vantage.

Iceberg water is purer there is little contaminat the poles. And, since it's there is less evaporation, adds Hult, "Icebergs aren ceptible to earthquak bombs." **—Patrick**
Patrick Young is the science for The National Observer.

CREATIVITY IN THE KITCH

Some women can keep over going like an eig clock. Their Sunday's ro comes Monday's hash, becomes Tuesday's Stuffe pers, which eventually t as Tamale Pie, and so on it disappears or Daddy These people will even wa stale cake and serve some sort of a sauce, a sort of a pudding.
—Peg B
The I Hate to Cook Book

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Pirelli S.p.A., Italy's
remaker, has unveiled
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sizes and Pirelli says
fitted to all kinds of
We will have to wait
hough. Experimental
n won't begin for
years, and full-scale
n is not expected until

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cal breakthroughs, it
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nd a reinforcing belt
under the tread. In
is a tire reduced to
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as many more com-

ubber, precompressed
of the Dip are much
han those of a stan-
, and they arch in-
pressure wedges the
inst a unique, narrow
led to accommodate
and against the road,
the rubber outward.

"Relaxation is the mother of invention."
—William Feather (1889-)

The tire's sidewalls operate under compression, not under the tension to which a standard tire is subjected.

Puncture the regular, rounded tire, with its air pressure exerting a heavy, outward force on the sidewalls, and it quickly collapses. Puncture the Dip, which contains less air than a conventional tire, and those super-thick, strange-looking sidewalls cave in, creating a cushion of solid rubber on which the car can roll at cruising speeds —for 100 miles without suffering damage. As you might guess, the spare tire no longer will be needed. A driver knows when he has a flat because the tire becomes slightly stiffer.

And there are other advantages. A lot of hand labor is needed to build a conventional tire, so the opportunity for human error is greater. Production of the tubeless and cordless Pirelli tire, which is being developed with the help of Britain's Dunlop Tire & Rubber Corporation, probably will be automated.

Since the Dip is very wide, the tread grooves will be wider, ensuring more road-holding ability—especially on wet surfaces. The tire has an exceptionally low profile, appearing to be as low and wide as a racing-car tire, so there is more space for larger (and thus safer) brakes. The tire's lowness also will drop a car's center of gravity, resulting in better handling. Finally, because the tire has fewer parts, it will last longer.

Not everyone is enthusiastic about the Pirelli tire, though. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, America's largest tire producer, says it believes that the best type of "futuristic" tire is one that would adhere to a conventional design but would be built from stronger materials and might have an inner tire designed to take over if the outer tire were punctured. Goodyear also notes that the Pirelli tire might have a difficult time cracking the replacement tire market because of its special rim.

However, American auto makers, not the U.S. tire companies, determine what types of tires will be fitted to cars. The government's auto safety regulations are influencing auto design to an enormous extent, and, with Washington very much aware of tire safety, domestic tire makers may be forced to build a Pirelli-style tire. Italy, which has given the world limited-production, exotic motorcars, including the Ferrari and Maserati, may be responsible for one of the biggest revolutions in the auto industry since the invention of the self-starter.

—Daniel A. Jedlicka

Daniel A. Jedlicka is a nationally syndicated auto writer and assistant financial editor for the Chicago Sun-Times.



ss-section of the type of tire now in use. Right: Pirelli's new de-
p.

The Galactic Telephone

Just as in time we occupy but an instant in an immensity of ages, so in space we inhabit a single mote of dust in an awesome and immense universe. We are curious and a little lonely. Is it possible, in our Milky Way galaxy of 200 billion sunlike stars, in a universe of perhaps 100 billion galaxies, that our sun is the only star with inhabited planets?

To many who have studied this problem, the converse seems more likely. Environments in which the building blocks of life are synthesized are among the most ordinary environments in the universe. Planets may be commonplace and unexceptional companions of stars. The selective advantages of intelligence and technology seem so great that, in the many-billion-year lifetime of this universe of stars, should there not have been innumerable cases of technical civilizations arising, evolving, and decaying?

Until recently such musings were idle. But only in the latest instant of cosmic time have we reached a threshold in the evolution of life. For the first time, beings from the planet Earth are able to search for life elsewhere. Sophisticated unmanned scientific laboratories, costing a small fraction of the NASA or DOD budgets, can now be landed on other planets. Two small biological laboratories are scheduled to be dropped on Mars in the summer of 1976 by the United States.

But an even grander and more exciting undertaking is now within our grasp. Cornell University's great radio telescope in Arecibo, Puerto Rico, will shortly be capable of communicating with an identical radio telescope on another planet anywhere in the galaxy. Such an attempt is not easy. Even under the most optimistic assumptions on the likelihood of such communicating civilizations, we would have to examine many hundreds of thousands of stars before we had a reasonable probability of detecting intelligent life. We have so far examined only a few hundred stars for possible signals directed our way. The search for such signals—the transmission of which would occupy a minute fraction of the resources of an advanced civilization—has been initiated cautiously and conservatively. But even with radio telescopes of existing design, a major search for extraterrestrial intelligence, occupying many decades, could be mustered.

Compared to the grandness of the enterprise, its cost is tiny. If we succeed, we may find ourselves plugged into a kind of galactic telephone network: a brilliant intellectual commerce among diverse civilizations. And if we fail, we will know something of the fragile and unique position not only of man but of intelligent life in the universe. Either way, such a search will have the most profound implications for our view of ourselves and the universe in which we live. It is the technological ingenuity of mankind which permits it, but it is the philosophical and spiritual needs of mankind which motivate such a quest.

—Carl Sagan

Carl Sagan is professor of astronomy and director of the Laboratory for Planetary Studies at Cornell. His latest book is The Cosmic Connection.

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Built for, and worn by, the best dressed men in America.

Bound by the Surround

No man ordinarily can get out very far ahead of the state of the art, or to put it another way, he can't rise very far above the thresholds of existing knowledge. No intellectual heroism or psychic leap will take you from the development of the wheel immediately to the internal-combustion engine and the automobile. On the other hand, if the state of one art permits a considerable advance, there is not much profit in it unless the state of other related arts supports a general forward movement. The Greeks, for example, had a steam engine which remained a toy and was then forgotten because there was no way for it to do work within the technological surround, no mechanical system to hook it to. Also in Greece, the work that was done was done cheaply by slaves.

—Elting E. Morison
Men, Machines, and Modern Times, 1966

SCREEN POWER

The invention that has probably had the greatest environmental impact in the past twenty-five years is that seemingly insignificant gadget, the wire-screen window. The wire screen, rather than DDT or antibiotics, detonated the "population explosion" in underdeveloped countries, where only a few decades ago as many as four out of five children died of such insect-borne diseases as "summer diarrhea" or malaria before their fifth birthday.

—Peter F. Drucker
"Saving the Crusade,"
Harper's Magazine,
January 1972

Ingenious Aylmer

Ejler Edgar Aylmer (*nobody* has a name like Ejler Edgar Aylmer) had this inheritance and this basement workshop. They had come to him in that order and both were enormous. I dropped in one day to borrow a turret lathe and there he was, fiddling with the controls of a Z-shaped console. I had to thump him before he could answer me, because of the helmet. "Oh, hi," he said. "It's my reorganizer."

"What's it do?"

"I'll show you." Replacing the helmet, he punched rapidly on a terminal keyboard. Then he pulled a knobbed stick marked REORG, and it was lights-out for the machine. He took off the helmet and looked around. "How about that!" he said, mighty pleased.

"How about what?" I said, which made him roar with glee. He then asked me how many hours there are in a day. I looked down at my fingers and said, "Fourteen."

"Okay. And who rules the United States?"

"The Royal Council, of course," I said, correctly bobbing from the knees.

"And if I told you that when you walked in here you had eight fingers and two thumbs, and General Superfudd was Our Leader?"

I counted my fingers. "You better explain that to me, Ejler Edgar."

"Well, I can't, not really. But I can give you an analogy. Consider the whole universe a kind of computer bank. The computer can make every bit of information in it consistent with every other bit, by rearranging them. When you come up with an impossible bit—pigs with wings, say—it is ordinarily rejected as impossible nonsense. But if you put it into this terminal, the universe has to accept it no matter what, and will reorganize the whole universe, if necessary, to make it a fact. Pull the handle, and you'll be living with real winged pigs."

I looked at the machine and didn't believe it. "Try it yourself," said Ejler Edgar. "But put on the helmet, otherwise you won't be able to remember how the universe was before you reorganized it."

I put on the helmet, thought a moment, then typed out on the console the most impossible thing I could think of: MIRRORS REVERSE IMAGES RIGHT TO LEFT BUT NOT UP TO DOWN. At his nod, I pulled the big handle.

Everything kind of *blinked*, and I was standing in an empty cellar wearing that stupid helmet. I looked at my hands. I still had eight fingers and two thumbs, but now they're on two hands, for God's sake, and there are 24 hours in a day, and what's-his-name's in the White House, and every time I look in a mirror it reverses everything right to left, but not up to down. Try it yourself.

And there's nobody to explain it to me. As I said, nobody has a name like Ejler Edgar Aylmer. Nobody.

—Theodore Sturgeon
Theodore Sturgeon, author of Sturgeon's West, *is the science fiction reviewer for* The New York Times Book Review.

"Time is the greatest innovator."
—Francis Bacon (1561-1626)
"Of Innovations"

Honest Engine: A Moral Tale

More and more American ideals are falling by the wayside these days. Soap box derbies are fixed, the Ivory Snow girl makes porno films, presidents and vice-presidents have their honesty and integrity questioned regularly, and—to top it all off—there are lots of places in this country where ingenuity is smothered at birth. A good invention threatens the status quo, and oftentimes the protectors of the status quo are powerful enough to counter the threat by squelching both invention and inventor.

Take the effort to design a clean engine for automobiles. Out in Los Gatos, California, an 81-year-old multimillionaire inventor is having the last ironic laugh at an auto industry plagued by what he calls the not-invented-here complex. His name is Ralph Heintz; he has a couple of hundred patents in his name and an outstanding record as a businessman-industrialist, most notably as a partner in Jack & Heintz, the World War II aircraft-parts firm at which 10,000 workers regularly broke war production records.

Back in the 1950s, Heintz spent a quarter of a n
dollars and a huge amou
time and effort designing
tomobile engine which wou
pollute the air and whic
the added advantage of ru
on anything from kerose
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Ram Straticharge engine
tried to find a company t
duce it.

The auto industry t
Heintz the way the an
treated lepers. Industry e
tives refused to talk to
even during the 1960s, whe
auto was clearly identified
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gine.

In 1970 Heintz took hi
gine and all its patents
gave the package to his
mater, Stanford University
reasoned that maybe an in
tion could deal more effect
than an individual with th
troit monolith. But Stanfor
no more luck than Heintz.

Meanwhile, however, a
of Japanese engine desi
was quietly working at the
da Motors plant to perfe
stratified charge engine
loosely on Heintz's princi
The Honda engine passed
federal 1975 clean air stand
with flying colors, and, wi
little more tinkering, it sh
meet the 1976 standards.

The great Detroit po
(who probably avoided i
ducing a new engine con
because they didn't want
face the cost of retooling
duction lines) were now fa
with a real threat: Honda
it would introduce its eng
in cars arriving in the U.S
the fall of 1974. That was
much. Swallowing its pride,
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Ford won out, and now
rights to produce the eng

The moral: the company
ganization, or government
stifles ingenuity will *not* su
if it has the money and po
to buy that ingenuity whe
can no longer be ignored.

—Dick Hub
Dick Hubert is executive produce
the Urban America Documen
Unit of the Westinghouse Broadc
ing Company.

"Discovery consists of
what everybody has see
thinking what nobody
thought."
—Albert Szent-G
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NTRAPAROUNDWRAP

Waste of the Future

ler garbage. Within five
arly half the cities in
will run out of landfill
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were primarily gas and
mlike oil.
there's paper, which ac-
or more than 50 percent
ulk of trash in Amer-
is reassuring to know
terday's newspaper can now be made into tomorrow's house. Robert E. Matteson, a California engineer, has invented a process to make bricks out of reclaimed paper. Matteson's building blocks, a composite of shredded newspapers mixed with a cementlike stabilizing compound, are flame-resistant and moisture-repellent. There are other uses for paper in construction: for instance, a manufacturing company in Maryland is using waste paper to make fireproof home insulation. And, bringing the paper-making process full circle, the U.S. Forest Products Lab in Madison, Wisconsin, is using compressed paper to make a fiberboard called "synthetic wood."

Common or garden-variety trash can be used to produce an excellent low-sulfur fuel. Garbage-swamped municipalities can burn it to generate electricity without polluting the air with sulfur dioxide. Burning, however, as a destiny for garbage, is nowhere near as innovative as "recovery." A clutch of huge corporations, using techniques developed by the U.S. Bureau of Mines, is marketing cunning systems that transform your basic pile of junk into—well, not gold, but usable materials.

Yet another form of solid waste has yielded to man's creativity. Harold Bate, an English inventor, has used the abundant supply of chicken manure from his henhouse to power a 1953 Hillman automobile. The manure is "digested" in steel tanks, producing methane, the combustible gas of decay, which is the essential constituent of natural gas. Having made relatively minor modifications in the Hillman's carburetor, Bate has been using compressed methane to power his jaunts around Devonshire.

That's all very well for chicken manure, but what about cattle? They produce some 600 million tons of waste each year in America, and the runoff from manure dumps has caused serious pollution of lakes and streams. Well, now a major Colorado beef cattle company is sterilizing, washing, and fermenting the manure produced by its 60,000 cattle. The end product is a high-protein feed that is just as nutritious as conventional soybean meal, but costs only a third as much. In other words, the fermenting process is making it possible for the cattle to, well, eat their own manure.

Now, *that's* recycling.

—Glenn Collins

Glenn Collins, an editor of The New York Times Magazine, *frequently writes about the environment.*

culiar malice seems to
ne inventors of modern
ng. As if to thwart such
t recycling as have been
ey continually introduce
able containers. In re-
onths several brewers
t-marketed a throwaway
eer bottle, which is
in plastic and capped
aluminum—non-degrad-
on-reusable, and all but
le to recycle. Liquor
have been temporarily thwarted in their effort to put whiskey into plastic bottles by a Food and Drug Administration ban which followed the discovery that potentially toxic materials leach out of the plastics. But carbonated-beverage makers—even though most plastics are made by an irreversible process and cannot be simply melted and reused—are busily engaged in a race to develop a plastic bottle for their products.

Plastona, a British firm, may have beaten others to the punch by inventing a plastic *can* which has an aluminum top. The plastic can comes inserted into a plastic drinking cup: when the aluminum pull-tab is released, the cup drops free. The British firm of Cadbury & Schweppes is marketing a line of carbonated soft drinks in these cans, which may double the volume of litter and waste created by soft-drink containers. And in the U.S., Chill Can will soon begin marketing a self-refrigerating soft-drink can made of aluminum. When you pull the tab, you release Freon from a pressurized capsule between the double walls of the can; the can chills itself in 90 seconds. If any sizable fraction of the 1.2 billion cans sold each year are Chill Cans, Freon, a fluorine compound, will give us yet another pollution problem.

—Sheldon Novick

Sheldon Novick edits Environment.

ning up new ways to re-
imal manure (see above)
been my favorite hob-
though it may qualify
ne of Dr. Freud's "oses,"
e myself with a mount-
e of social responsibility.
come a connoisseur of
ve solutions, especially
ombining ecological ele-
nd weirdness. The one I
t involves an otherwise
creature, the daphnid
tiny water insect which,
ly enough, perishes after
itself on a big meal.
he notion is to dissolve
manure in big, open,
lled vats the size of
swimming pools, and
loose swarms of raven-
hnids upon the noxious
. The fleas will efficient-
ur the manure, and re-
with their own corpses.

To a truly creative man, a swimming pool full of dead daphnids evokes the same feelings Picasso experienced upon staring at an empty canvas. So here's what happens next. By the usual feats of technological legerdemain, tons of daphnid corpses will be dried, toasted, and processed into a tasty breakfast cereal more than fit for human consumption—or, if finicky people balk at dining on dungy daphnid flakes, the stuff can be used to feed dogs, cats, farm animals, and less finicky people in underdeveloped countries. Personally, I look forward to many happy, heaping bowls of crunchy daphnids with peaches and cream, and I question the morality and patriotism of all those who don't.

—Robert Shnayerson

Robert Shnayerson edits Harper's.

PROFILING THE INVENTOR

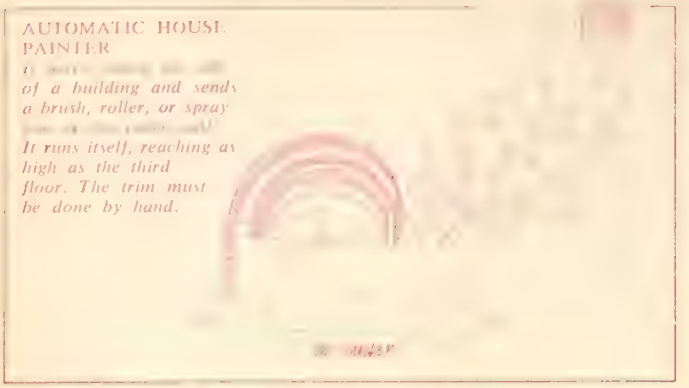
An excellent inductive and statistical study of the biographies of 171 prominent English and American inventors of the last three centuries [found them] characterized especially frequently by persistency, intelligence, insight, energy, eccentricity, timidity and sensitiveness. They were inspired, it appears from their biographers, chiefly by the pleasures of invention and successful mental functioning, and by rendering service, desire for gain being rarely mentioned. We think it would have been oftener ascribed to those heroes, were it not a sin according to the official Christian ethics. They were noted as actually receiving wealth in 28% of cases, and fame or recognition in 37%, with better ratios for modern finders.

—S. C. Gilfallen *The Sociology of Invention*, 1935

"In anything at all, perfection is finally attained not when there is no longer anything to add, but when there is no longer anything to take away, when a body has been stripped down to its nakedness. It results from this that perfection of invention touches hands with absence of invention, as if that line which the human eye will follow with effortless delight were a line that had not been invented but simply discovered, had in the beginning been hidden by nature and in the end been found by an engineer."

—Antoine de Saint-Exupéry (1900-1944)

AROUND WRAPAROUND



AUTOMATIC HOUSE PAINTER
It [illegible] of a building and sends a brush, roller, or spray [illegible] It runs itself, reaching as high as the third floor. The trim must be done by hand.

CONNIVE AND CONQUER

In taking a state the conqueror must arrange to commit all his cruelties at once, so as not to have to recur to them every day, and so as to be able, by not making fresh changes, to reassure people and win them over by benefiting them. Whoever acts otherwise, either through timidity or bad counsels, is always obliged to stand with knife in hand, and can never depend on his subjects, because they, owing to continually fresh injuries, are unable to depend upon him. For injuries should be done all together, so that being less tasted, they will give less offence. Benefits should be granted little by little, so that they may be better enjoyed.

—Niccolo Machiavelli
The Prince, 1532

WHAT WE TAKE FOR GRANTED

Very often, the Ingenious Solution is so well fitted to its environment that the real magnitude of the invention is not realized. After a few years, it is so widely used that the inventor is lost in antiquity, and the public does not even realize the value of the invention. Consider the white line down the center of the road. One try at a game of "Dodgem" in a shopping center parking lot (without painted lanes) should suffice to convince even the most skeptical of the value of the painted line designating traffic lanes. Yet it is so ubiquitous that most people consider that it was ever thus. This invention is attributed to Pope Urban X, who painted a white line across the center of the Ponte Vecchio in the Marian Holy Year of 1024 to ease traffic problems; Italians have been ignoring it for over 900 years. **—John A. Kuecken**
Creativity, Invention, & Progress, 1969



ELECTRIC BABY PATTER
A machine takes over a parental bedtime duty. An electrically operated mechanical arm regularly swings a well-padded [illegible] designated area of the anatomy.

Robbie the Robot R.I.P.

We humans are ambivalent gods. When we create robots, we cannot decide whether we should link them closer to us or free them entirely.

At MIT, Prof. Robert Mann is supervising a marriage between man and machine by perfecting the Boston Arm, an artificial limb for amputees that responds to nerve and remnant muscle impulses.

"A person who has suffered either amputation or paralysis," Mann says, "is still capable of the cognitive processes involved in normal limb manipulation. We build surface electrodes right into the socket of a mechanical arm, which fits over an amputee's stump; so, when he thinks *muscle flexion*, the electrodes pick up the biological activity, use it as input for the electromechanical servomechanism, and the mechanical arm bends. The arm uses small nickel-cadmium batteries, and you can recharge it overnight like an electric toothbrush."

While Mann weds humans and robots, others are busy divorcing them by creating the theories and practical devices necessary to make robots truly independent thinking-acting machines.

"The essential problem," says E. William Merriam of Bolt Beranek and Newman, Inc. in Boston, "is, given various sensory feedback devices, how to get a robot to modify its own actions. How do you get a Mars probe, for example, to find its way around an unfamiliar landscape, pick up a rock, do an analysis, decide if it's an interesting rock, and determine whether to bring it back to earth, take its picture, or leave it alone? It's a tremendously difficult problem. Suppose a human sees a rock falling off a cliff and then turns and sees a car driving along a road. If he doesn't hear the rock hit ground, he'll turn back and wonder why. The absence of the event is what's significant. We've got to teach robots how to recognize the absence of an event as data."

"This is really a slowly developing field," says Marvin Minsky of MIT. "It grinds on, and it's not quite at the place where anybody could use it."

Despite Minsky's caution, however, the time when [illegible] pendent thinking-acting [illegible] chines will be rattling [illegible] around the scientific c[illegible] nity may not be so terri[illegible] off.

"We'll probably have [illegible] intelligent robot by th[illegible] 2000," says Merriam, [illegible] wouldn't hold my breath[illegible]

Machines already exi[illegible] can assemble, from parts [illegible] randomly on a table, a [illegible] (at the University of Edin[illegible] and a water pump (at St[illegible] University).

"We're going to try [illegible] oline engine next," says [illegible] ford's Lester Earnest, "bu[illegible] a lot more difficult. [illegible] never going to be able to[illegible] pletely do away with [illegible] The machines can cope [illegible] simple problems, but, whe[illegible] get into serious trouble, [illegible] ask people for help. Robb[illegible] Robot will never exist."

—David [illegible]
David Black, a free-lance wr[illegible] ing in Gill, Massachusetts, [illegible] cently completed a novel, P[illegible]

Things That Go Bu[illegible] in the Patented Ni[illegible]

I called up the Patent [illegible] the other day to see what [illegible] ous shapes the American [illegible] of gadgets had taken lately [illegible] patent officer was the p[illegible] civil servant. "Perhaps," [illegible] said, "to perpetuate a [illegible] image of the Patent [illegible] would do an injustice t[illegible] thousands of legitimate p[illegible] which have significantly [illegible] tributed to the advancem[illegible] technology." Only after I [illegible] sworn a deep and abidin[illegible] spect for the functions o[illegible] office would he promise t[illegible] what information he coul[illegible] for me.

Several days later I rec[illegible] a packet in the mail. Th[illegible] ficer, in a burst of her[illegible] inspiration, had unearthed [illegible] magnificent creations of u[illegible] thinkers who had dare[illegible] dream. Here were inven[illegible] for life and inventions [illegible] death; inventions for ani[illegible] fruits, mathematicians, [illegible] maiden aunts; inventions [illegible] age-old problems and inve[illegible] for problems that hadn't [illegible] been invented.

Above all, there were m[illegible] tions for hats. Perhaps th[illegible] because the hat affords pl[illegible] of space for gears, levers,[illegible]

RAPAROUNDWRAPA

all see, soap bubbles.
ps it is because the
sents a symbolic exten-
ne head, which houses
tor's most valuable as-
ever the reason, there
hat will automatically
acquaintance by "ele-
nd rotation on the
or times when the
pproach proves unsuc-
there's a hat with a
un triggered by some
movements of the jaw.
ne-music makers might
sted in the hat that
bbles from its crown.
ard of hearing, there's
at turns into an ear
And for those who
alty, there's a hat that,
rted from its wearer,
y remote control, like
mpered boomerang, to

ope of lunacy is bound-
offers something to
life-style. People on
e, for example, may
consider the portable
in which the bather
though he has sunk
water bed. The man
everything might ap-
a gizmo that attaches
ack of a grapefruit to
the juice from squirting
breakfast companion's
for the nautically in-
ere is a peculiarly dis-
nnovation—a huge mag-
ched to a battleship,
cally entitled, "Device
acting Submarines and
."
ess to a preference for
with absolutely no ap-
purpose, such as the
mirror attachment for
plements." But I also
833,611, whose inventor
to build a better mouse-
t didn't have the heart
t mouse. His "humane"
mps a little bell around
nt's head as it sniffs out
ese. The theory behind
traption is that, when
use returns to its nest,
ing bell will scare the
the colony, "causing
flee, thus practically
nating them in a sure
nomical manner." Such
n should not go unre-
Wherever you are,
11, I hope there are
healthy, musical mice
preciate you.

—Lindsay Maracotta

Maracotta is on the staff of magazine.

Genetic Engineering

John F. Kennedy observed that the atomic genie, once released, could never be locked back inside the bottle of knowledge. Recent breakthroughs in genetic engineering are leading people to say the same thing about the "genetic genie." They also say that it is not the mere invention of genetic intervention techniques that will determine their societal consequences but what we make of them. Like most platitudes, this one contains its germ of wisdom—yet, having been previously burned by our failure to anticipate the consequences of our seemingly boundless ingenuity, we should know by now that tools do have a life of their own and must be scrutinized in the light of how they can affect every area of our lives.

How would you like to bequeath a real live genetic copy of yourself to future generations? Geneticists are already able to produce exact genetic replicas of carrots and of frogs by means of cloning, a process which relies not on the mating of male and female cells to produce new life but on the artificial stimulation of cells of only one sex. Let's say you like the idea of leaving behind your clone offspring (or two or three or four . . .) to carry on. What if all of us were to seek this new mode of quasi-immortality? What if a dictator found it useful to make 10,000 facsimiles of his most reliable yes-man?

If cloning is not for you, then you might consider other genetic techniques in the offing. You might want to send a message, via a virus, to your unborn child's genes instructing him or her to be taller, blonder, maybe even smarter. But do we really want to encourage parents to play one-upmanship with their children's bodies?

Perhaps you would prefer a place where children could gestate in artificial wombs, leaving mommy free to go about her business, unencumbered and unaffected until the baby is ready to be sent home. But would the parents feel genuine affection for these lab products? Would some parents refuse to accept delivery on the grounds that "this is not what we ordered?" Surely the family is a fragile enough institution as it is. True, all these genetic techniques must undergo several decades' worth of development before they can even be applied, let alone used routinely on a mass scale. However, the advance of science is not wholly predictable. A big breakthrough, and one or more of these mixed blessings will be rushing down the pipe. Before we once again blithely exercise our right to plan and manipulate events heretofore shaped by nature, we had better take a long, deep look at what we are getting ourselves into.

When the first steam locomotive was invented, few understood that it would pull behind it mass society, government by computers, and social alienation. Today, advances in genetic engineering are again unleashing technological developments which—though they seem as pedestrian as a locomotive now does compared to a supersonic jet—have similarly far-reaching implications. Techniques already in use—premarital gene tests, mass screening for sickle cell anemia (and other hereditary illnesses), amniocentesis (a test of the fluid in which the fetus floats that can indicate its sex and genetic makeup)—seem mundane compared to cloning, genetic messengers, and test-tube babies. But they are tools of the same logic: they turn the genetic inheritance of our unborn children from an uncontrollable process into an opportunity for parental shopping—an occasion for deliberate choice at best, for fads and follies at worst.

Should we go slow about this whole genetic gee-whiz business, or choose to reap some benefits, forgoing the more dubious ones? Just as war is too important to be left to the generals, so genetics is too vital to be left to the monopoly of scientists and physicians.

—Amitai Etzioni

Amitai Etzioni is the author of Genetic Fix.

"If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him."
—Voltaire, Letter to M. Saurin, 1770

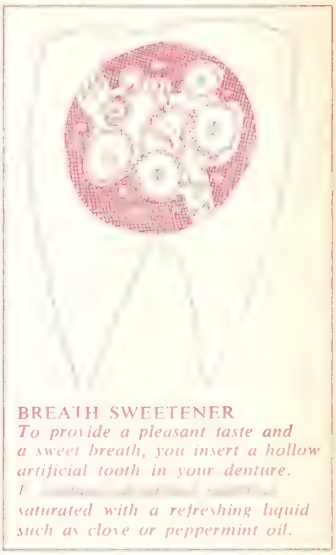
"The man with a new idea is a crank until the idea succeeds."
—Mark Twain (1835-1910)

RIGHT CAN BE WRONG

The major dangers of the need to be right all the time are as follows:

- Arrogant certainty attends a line of thought which though correct in itself may have started from wrong premises.
- An incorrect idea which would have led on to a correct idea (or useful experimentation) is choked off at too early a stage if it cannot itself be justified.
- It is assumed that being right is enough—an *adequate* arrangement blocks the possibility of a better arrangement.
- The importance attached to being right all the time breeds the inhibiting fear of making mistakes. **—Edward de Bono**

Lateral Thinking, 1970



BREATH SWEETENER
To provide a pleasant taste and a sweet breath, you insert a hollow artificial tooth in your denture. I [illegible] saturated with a refreshing liquid such as clove or peppermint oil.

YOU FOOLS!

You Enterprised a Railroad through the valley—you blasted its rocks away, heaped thousands of tons of shale into its lovely stream. The valley is gone, and the Gods with it; and now, every fool in Buxton can be at Bakewell in half-an-hour, and every fool in Bakewell at Buxton; which you think a lucrative process of exchange—you Fools Everywhere.

To talk at a distance, when you have nothing to say, though you were ever so near; to go fast from this place to that, with nothing to do either at one or the other: these are powers certainly. **—John Ruskin**

"The White-Thorn Blossom," 1871

ROUND WRAPAROUN

The Widget–Man's Ingenious Ally

It was in 1841 that the London physics lecturer-turned-illiterate tinkerer Hebzobiah Widget hurled his unsuccessful "Bohemian steam accordion" against a garret wall in disgust —and by accident invented the device that bears his name.

The widget was born into a world ripe for its potential. This was the England of the Industrial Age, the England of Sir Blount Nimbus and his awesome plans for an underwater railway to Baffinland; of Huxtable's soaring cast-iron Lard Palace. Gladrags had just received a patent on his electric horse. Technology was everywhere in ferment.

Yet there were hitches at first. Widget's demonstration of his invention before Queen Victoria herself was eclipsed by Her Majesty's fascination with an ormolu stumbling block. The explosion of Heebey's automatic butter churn at the Bath Machinery Jubilee was widely (and erroneously) blamed on faulty widgets. Pulpit denunciations of the widget as "against the Almighty's will" crimped acceptance in some quarters.

But the widget could never be stifled, only postponed. In 1843 all resistance crumbled when Pontefract Bodkin's mammoth floating city, the S.S. *Brobdignagian*, was launched and Bodkin uttered his famous quip, "She run on Faith, Sir, Faith and Widgets." By 1852 an obscure pie merchant named Churlbut solved the riddle of the charring process. Within the year a ten-ton widget had been cast by Messrs. Jackdaw & Co. at Leeds and installed in a Welsh colliery. The widget was on its way to ubiquity. Widgets the size of thimbles could be bought for tuppence in any button store. The Emperor of Japan, it was even said, slept with a solid-gold widget under his pillow for good luck.

By century's end, widgets had found their way into Professor Gadopat's combined pipe organ and city bus in Budapest. The automobile would never do without them again. The widget was what made Snooky's self-propelled flailer flail, freeing thousands of farm workers for the breadlines. At the 1901 Cincinnati Naphtha Exposition, Hebzobiah Widget himself watched as the German von Plink flew into history and the Ohio River in his widget-studded Helioptoplane. The Sears, Roebuck catalogue for 1903 boasted no fewer than six pages of "Our Best Widgets."

In the words of a popular music-hall ditty of the time, the world had gone "widget wacky." Yet man was soon to learn, at hideous cost, that there were limits to what the widget could or should be asked to do.

The H.M.S. *Tyrannic* slid down the ways in 1913, a 32,000-passenger leviathan with an English country estate on her sun deck, the world's fourth-highest waterfall thundering in her first-class lounge. The *Tyrannic* was billed as "the world's first all-widget passenger steamship," lauded as the technical marvel of the age. Her widgets were brass, oversize, noiseless —and dangerously unproven. The official investigating committee's report stated it tersely: "Lost with all souls during lifeboat drill. Widgets failed."

Widget wackiness turned to widget-hunt. "No Widgets" became an advertising slogan overnight. Amalgamated Widgets' stock plunged through the floor. Hebzobiah Widget, in despair, plunged through the window.

But just when the widget's fortunes had fallen to their nadir, war mercifully intervened. Public wrath could not but relent in the face of those posters of 1917 screaming, "Send Us More Widgets!" The widget survived, recovered, and soon flourished as never before.

The rest is history. Today a widget lies at the heart of the new X-5000 macrosonic air transport, a vital part of a plane so fast that it will actually land before it takes off.

—**Bruce McCall**

Bruce McCall is a free-lance writer and artist.



1843: Pontefract Bodkin poses before the S.S. Brobdignagian. *Bodkin's use of widgets in construction of his colossal vessel made Hebzobiah Widget's ingenious invention a household word—even where there were no houses.*

"There is no less wit nor invention in applying rightly a thought one finds in a book than in being the first author of that thought."

—Pierre Bayle (1647-1706)

The Corporation as Evolving Invention

Technology has so preempted the concept of innovation that, although we think of the automobile as invented, we forget that the corporation that produced it was invented too. We take social organizations like the corporation for granted, as if they were God-given. Yet social innovation is as challenging to human ingenuity and as consequential to human existence as technological innovation can ever be.

The invention of the corporation began with the chartering of foreign trading companies by the Tudor monarchy in England and with men of property who pooled their resources for a common enterprise in nonchartered associations.

Originally, both types of associations had legal status as entities—the first, by right of charter; and the second, by the common law right of "co-ownership" of property. C companies could engage those activities specified charters. However, they were granted both a m and limited liability. tered companies were fr their own goals but fa threats of competition dividual liability.

The evolution of the c tion in the United Sta lowed a complex and route. At first, states ch individual companies by acts of the legislature a ited those companies to goals through their c Sometimes, charters wen as to fix the life of the c tion: in California, unti none was allowed to live than 50 years. (In this charters functioned in m same way patents do fo nological innovation.)

Then competition states for corporations ulated social innovation as competition among c tions for consumers ha ulated technological i tions). Eventually, the arranged to charter com with extremely broad goa limited liability in per under general state law.

Meanwhile, rulings c judiciary also contributed evolution of the corporat developing fundamental cepts—as, for example, th cept of the corporation as gal person"—which sup innovation (as new sci concepts have supported nological innovations).

In the modern corpor ownership is now sep from both property and co A corporation's proper tended by managers, a owners hold "tokens" o property in the form of whose value depends o securities market—itself a innovation.

All these changes have accompanied by immense g in corporate scope and p Today, as the conglomerate the multinational corpor rival the power and signific of the states that chartered we are entering a new pha the history of the corpora The consumer movement be one sign of innovation the way. —**H. Jay Sh**

H. Jay Shaffer is director of beh studies for the Sperry & Hutch Company.

WRAPAROUND CONTINUES ON PAG



all-aluminum cans have consid-
e scrap value. Unfortunately,
communities are just throwing
away, and that's what Alcoa
s ought to be stopped.

's not another beverage pack-
material quite like aluminum.
aluminum has all these things
for it: it's lightweight, chills
ly, keeps things fresh, opens
a snap, has high scrap value and
e recycled repeatedly. It's
iful, too.

When you recycle aluminum, you save energy. It takes only 5 percent as much energy to recycle aluminum as it takes to make it the first time. Recycling aluminum, then, is very practical. And possible.

In 1970, Alcoa started a "Yes We Can" campaign to reclaim all-aluminum cans in the San Diego and Dallas-Fort Worth areas.

Since then, over 200 million cans have been reclaimed for recycling in those cities alone.

Alcoa is buying back used aluminum cans that have been collected through reclamation centers in many communities. We are buying them back because aluminum is a very practical metal to recycle.

We would like to tell you how one community established its collection center. We'll also send you information about energy and aluminum. Write for our brochure. Aluminum Company of America, 820-M Alcoa Building, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15219.

**minum:
s it on**

ALCOA

John Fischer

THE EASY CHAIR

The Christmas honors list

OUR ANNUAL WASSAIL AWARDS to some under-appreciated people who have been enlivening, remodeling, or at least stirring up some corner of the world around them.

1. A premature nomination for a Pulitzer Prize to Wallace Stegner of Stanford University for what I expect to be the best biography of 1974

-The Uneasy Chair: A Biography of Bernard DeVoto.

For twenty years before his death in 1955, DeVoto wrote this column, but in his own eyes that was almost the least of his endeavors. He called himself "a literary department store" because he sold everything in the writing line except poetry and drama. As a historian he won both Bancroft and Pulitzer Prizes. As a critic he was one of the most influential voices of his time. He wrote novels, edited (briefly and unhappily) *The Saturday Review of Literature*, served as literary executor of the Mark Twain estate, helped Adlai Stevenson with speeches in his first Presidential campaign, taught at major universities, became linchpin of the Breadloaf Writers' Conference, and provided endless encouragement and advice to younger writers, among them Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. and Stegner himself. DeVoto also taught marksmanship to Army recruits in World War I, smuggled liquor across the Canadian border during Prohibition, and offended both the Mormon church and the FBI beyond all forgiveness. Incidentally, he was the ultimate authority on the martini, and his instructions on the Only Proper Way to compound it are still in print.

But Stegner suggests that DeVoto's major contribution was as a conservationist. Decades before ecology became a household word, he was fighting cattle barons, sheepmen, landgrabbers, highway departments, lumber companies, and Congressmen in what often seemed a hopeless one-man campaign to save the American landscape. Stegner's account of those battles—and of DeVoto's belligerent forays on a dozen lesser crusades—is a remarkably stirring one. It will be published by Doubleday early in '74.

2. To His Grace the Duke of Leinster, for the most audacious real-estate promotion since 1066.

The Duke and his associates in Historic Estates, Ltd. are trying to sell, to Americans only, plots of ground in Anderita Park. This is a thirteen-acre patch of ground just outside the walls of Pevensey Castle near the south coast of England. For only $675 you can get a plot five feet long by five feet wide—enough to lie down on, if you curl up. But you can't do that, because the tract is being planted with trees and shrubbery so it can be used as a park by the respectful (to the Duke) peasantry of two nearby villages. For the same reason, you can't be buried there. In fact, you can't actually do anything with your land, except think about it with pride.

For what you get for your money —in the words of His Grace's four-color brochure—is a chance to "share in history." Your place in the chronicle of England will be certified by a title deed, "printed on the highest-quality parchment" and "signed personally by the Duke," attesting that you own a patch of soil which may once have been trodden by Roman soldiery, William the Conqueror, and any number of medieval knights. After all, there was a Roman camp not far away, and William did land n by on his way to the Battle of H ings.

Given the American penchant buying underwater acreage in F ida and lots in the Arizona des His Grace probably will get a with it. If my calculations are corr he can expect to take in $15,286,0 or well over a million an acre—l of course, the cost of the brochu and parchment.

3. Speaking of real-estate deals, California Fish and Game Depa ment should be memorialized spending $85,000 to preserve habitat of the long-toed Santa C salamander.

For that sum, it got thirty acres Santa Cruz County, more or less fested with lizard-like amphibia about five inches long, decorated wi orange and gold spots on a bla background. This gaudy and enda gered species is unknown anywhe else in the world except for one oth small site in the same county, still private ownership. Until a salama der census is taken, the cost per cre ture of preserving it is also unknow

4. To B. D. Wadhwa, a member the New Delhi municipal council, fo realism rare in India.

Pointing out that all efforts to ha corruption among the city's official had "miserably failed," he intro duced a resolution demanding tha "corruption and bribery be legalize and suitable limits be fixed for diffe ent levels and for different kinds work." Thus every citizen would least know how much he would ha to pay for a building permit, impo license, or audience with a bureau crat. (When I worked in New Del some years ago, you had to pay rupee to the *chiprasee*, or messenge who stood outside the door of ever government office, to persuade hi

EDITOR'S NOTE

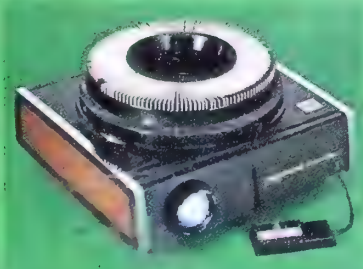
John Fischer has been ill. During his temporary absence, "The Easy Chair" will continue to appear as a *Harper's* column, with the help of other contributors.

k Has a Gift For Keeping Christmas



This Carousel projector is so handsome it's a shame to turn the lights out.

Do handsomely by someone this Christmas. Give a Kodak Carousel tom H projector. There's never been etter-looking Kodak slide projector. Off duty, it has a sleek smoke-tinted dust cover to snap on in place of the 0-slide tray. (So it doesn't have to be hidden away somewhere between ves.) On duty, the Carousel custom H



is as dependable as gravity. Because it's gravity that gently lowers each slide into place. No pushing or pulling. Just one brilliant slide after another. Carousel custom H projectors come in a variety of models, all handsome, all quiet as a whisper. The 860H model shown is less than $245. Other Kodak Carousel projectors from less than $65.

Kodak Carousel custom H projector.

Kodak

Subject to change without notice.



Introducing the 1974 Volkswagen.

While other car makers are busy taking the wraps off their new model cars, Volkswagen has gone one step further and changed the wraps.

From the minute you drive away in your '74 Volkswagen, you're covered by our Owner's Security Blanket with Computer Analysis.

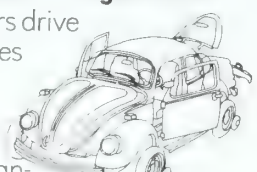
It's not just a warranty. It's a commitment to our owners long after they've signed on the dotted line.

We like to think of it as total transportation because you deserve a car you can count on 365 days a year. And we believe you shouldn't have to keep paying to get what you deserve.

Nobody in the car business has any plan like it. Nobody seems to care enough. Or *do* enough. Except Volkswagen.

If you take a little time to read this, you'll find out how a Volkswagen owner gets the most advanced new car coverage plan in the world free.

Our 12 month/20,000 mile guarantee.



Most car owners drive about 14,000 miles during the first year. So what earthly good is a 12,000 mile guarantee? Volkswagen's coverage is for 20,000 miles—most car companies don't come near that.

This is our guarantee, in plain English:

"If you maintain and service your 1974 Volkswagen as prescribed in the Volkswagen Maintenance Schedule, any factory parts found to be defective in material or workmanship within 12 months or 20,000 miles, whichever comes first (except filters and tires), will be repaired or replaced free of charge by any U.S. or Canadian VW dealer."

We guarantee against more than just defective parts.

Volkswagen's Owner's Secur Blanket goes far beyond just guar teeing against defects. Most car c panies won't replace a windshie wiper if it wears out. We will. Th won't replace a lightbulb. We w

Take things like brake pads a linings. As long as you have the adjusted when your Maintenan Schedule says so, we'll replace the free if they wear out. Same thing go for clutch linings and batteries.

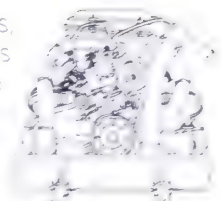
And spark plugs and points? change them free at 12,000 miles a we'll honor that no matter how lon takes you to go that distance. This unheard of in the auto industry.

24 months/24,000 miles.

We've gone one step further w the insides of our engine and transm sion. We guarantee them for two yea



000 miles,
ever comes
course we
over defects
by lack of
nance or

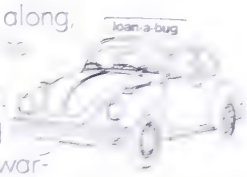


We guarantee our repairs.

en you're running out of war-
you're still not out of luck. We'll
the repair free and guarantee
rts and workmanship for an
nal 6 months or 6,000 miles.

the repair takes overnight, we'll lend you a car.

ving right along,
committed to
n moving
u're a qual-
wner and
d that a war-
room is going to
vernight, we'll lend you a free



car by appointment, for as long as the repair takes.

'And we haven't forgotten owners of older VWs. If your car needs a repair and you need a car, we'll rent you one at a nominal price.'

Express care.

How many times have you heard of waiting two weeks before you can get a headlight fixed? Not at Volkswagen. With Express Care if we can fix something in less than 30 minutes, we'll do it *while you wait*. No appointment needed for these little repairs.

3 free computer check-ups.

No other car maker in the world has anything like Computer Analysis. (They probably will some day in the future.)

[illegible] ged into a computer and out comes a written analysis of over 50 vital functions. Everything from your engine compression down to your battery voltage.

Computer Analysis can spot things that even a master mechanic might not see. So we can fix these things while you're still covered by our Owners Security Blanket.



We're in this together.

'We made the car. You own the car. So we're in this together. As long as you maintain your new Volkswagen properly we'll do most of the worrying for you. That's what Volkswagen's Owners Security Blanket is all about—once you're a Volkswagen Owner, we're not going to leave you out in the cold.



Sure beats your kumquat soufflé



KAHLÚA® Fondue.
What a dippy idea.

A spectacular company's-coming dessert. And so easy! In a fondue pot, melt 9 ounces milk chocolate, 1 ounce square unsweetened cooking chocolate cut roughly with a knife, 2 ounces Kahlúa and ½ cup light cream. Stir slowly over heat until smooth (less than 5 minutes). Serve with any combination of dippables (fruits, nuts, marshmallows, cake). Then dip in!

Mouth-watering foods and drinks are Kahlúa's specialty. And they're in our Kahlúa Recipe Book. Send in. It's on us. Because you deserve something nice.

Kahlúa. Coffee Liqueur from Sunny Mexico. 53 Proof.
Jules Berman & Assoc., 116 No. Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90048

to let you in to see the ma
whom you had an appointmer
result of inflation, I understa
price is now considerably high

5. For a more hopeful polit
form, much of the credit bel
Betty Kitzman, board membe
Iowa chapter of Common Cau

She led her fellow Commor
ers in persuading the Iowa
ture to pass a law—the first
country—to provide public fin
for state political campaigns.
now on Iowa taxpayers can, i
choose, direct that one dol
their annual income tax be
over to a candidate for state
The same law requires candida
disclose the names of private c
utors, and the size of their don

6. To Paul Laune of Phoeni
zona, for his book, America's Q
Horses, *the first definitive treat*
the most popular—and most typ
American—of the saddle bree

So called because of its spe
the quarter-mile sprint races
Old West, the quarter horse wa
standard mount for cowboys ar
the Plains Indians. Nimble, a
learner, hardy, and usually good
pered, he was far more efficie
working cattle than such Ea
breeds as the Thoroughbred and
gan. When Americans became
ent enough to ride for fun, the
traits made him a favorite
Eastern stables and Western
ranches. Besides he was, until a
decades ago, cheap. I once bou
pretty fair, though elderly, qu
horse for $25; today his counte
would fetch $1,500.

There are now about eight mi
horses in this country, twice the
ulation of a decade ago, and
quarter horse far outnumbers
other breed. Yet relatively little
been written about him in com
son with, say, the Thoroughb
Laune's book is the only one I k
of that traces the history of the br
through all the famous stud li
back to Spain and ultimately to
Arab and Barb horses of North A
ca. It also gives you all you nee
know about how to care for, t
and ride a quarter horse We
style—a technique quite diffe
from that taught in most Eas
stables. Laune knows what he is t
ing about, since he grew up with
breed on ranches in Oklahoma,

…n for many years one of the …own Western artists special…g …n horse pictures.

…o the Right Reverend Msgr. …J. Lally, chairman of the Bos…development Authority, and …leagues, for a masterpiece of …ejuvenation: the Government …now nearing completion.

…n renewal has a bad name …ays, because so many projects …rned out to be failures or eye-…In Boston it worked, magnifi… Twelve years ago the Scollay … district was a sixty-acre disas…a, covered with tattoo parlors, …ars, bawdy houses, and crum…enements. Today it is the focal …f downtown Boston, giving the …n architectural distinction—…es, charm—that I have seen …d only in San Francisco and …elphia.

…area has been developed on a … scale, for human convenience …joyment, not merely to pro…he maximum income for real… operators. Its key feature is a …re square surrounding the new …all; broad stairways, benches, …ountains make it an inviting …or a stroll or a picnic lunch, as …ds of workers from nearby … buildings have discovered. …ed around the square are about … other structures, housing city, …and federal agencies, business … and such institutions as the …n Press Club and Quincy Mar…Historic buildings, including …l Hall and the Old State House, …been lovingly incorporated into …e plan; and plenty of room has …rovided for shops, restaurants, …houses, and outdoor cafes.

…n can best explore the Govern…Center on foot, since it was de… for pedestrian rather than …obile traffic. Besides it is with…y walking distance of the Pub…rdens, Beacon Hill, and most … colonial churches and monu…. Boston has now become, in …ne of the few American cities … a stroll through the downtown …ss district is a pleasure rather …n ordeal.

To the Chattanooga Choo Choo …any, and its board chairman, …Casey, for a different but equal…cessful architectural adventure.

…e company is a group of twenty-…businessmen who got together to

From Calcutta...

Report on Elizabeth Dass...



REC'D CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC. Richmond, Virginia

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.
CALCUTTA, INDIA - CASEWORKER REPORT

TO NAZARETH HOME, CALCUTTA — DATE: MARCH 17, 1969

NAME: ELIZABETH DASS — DATE OF BIRTH: APRIL 12, 1964

NATIVE PLACE: CALCUTTA — ORDER OF BIRTH: THIRD DAUGHTER

HEALTH: FRAIL, THIN, WALKS WITH DIFFICULTY, PROTEIN DEPRIVED

CHARACTERISTICS: GENTLE, QUIET, COOPERATIVE. SPEAKS CLEARLY AND IS OF GOOD MIND. WILL BE ABLE TO LEARN ONCE HEALTH AND STRENGTH ARE RESTORED.

PARENTS CONDITION: FATHER: DECEASED.

MOTHER: MALNOURISHED, RECENT VICTIM OF SMALLPOX, WORKS IN A MATCH FACTORY.

INVESTIGATION REPORT:

ELIZABETH'S FATHER USED TO BE A STREET CLEARNER, DIED FROM TYPHUS. HER MOTHER IS VERY WEAK FROM HER RECENT ILLNESS-INDEEDIT IS REMARKABLE SHE IS ALIVE AT ALL. ONLY WORK AVAILABLE TO THIS WOMAN IS IN A MATCH FACTORY WHERE SHE EARNS TWO RUPEES A DAY (26¢) WHEN SHE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO GET THERE AND WORK.

HOME CONDITIONS: HOUSE: ONE ROOM BUSTEE (HOVEL) OCCUPIED BY SEVERAL OTHER PERSONS BESIDES ELIZABETH AND HER MOTHER. HOUSE IS SO SMALL COOKING IS DONE ON THE FOOTPATH. BATHING IS DONE AT A PUBLIC TAP DOWN THE ROAD. PERSONS LIVING WITH THEM IN THIS HOUSE ARE NOT OF GOOD REPUTE, AND THE MOTHER FEARS FOR ELIZABETH.

SISTERS: MARIA DASS, DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
LORRAINE DASS, ALSO DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
(ELIZABETH FORTUNATELY ENTIRELY ESCAPED CONTAGION)

REMARKS: ELIZABETH WILL CERTAINLY BECOME ILL, PERHAPS WILL TAKE UP THIEVING, MAYBE EVEN MORE TERRIBLE WAYS OF LIVING, IF SHE IS NOT REMOVED FROM PRESENT HOME CONDITIONS. HER MOTHER IS WILLING FOR HER TO GO TO NAZARETH HOME AND WEEPS WITH JOY AT THE HOPE OF HER LITTLE DAUGHTER BECOMING SAFE FROM THE WRETCHED LIFE THEY NOW HAVE.

STRONGEST RECOMMENDATION THAT ELIZABETH DASS BE ADMITTED AT ONCE.

Elizabeth Dass was admitted to the Nazareth Home, and when this picture was taken, she was already doing better. Her legs were stronger . . . she was running with the other children, learning to write her own name.

Every day desperate reports like this reach our overseas field offices. Then we must make the heartbreaking decision—which child can we help?

For only $12 a month you can sponsor a needy little boy or girl from the country of your choice, or you can let us select a child for you from our emergency list.

Then in about two weeks, you will receive a photograph of your child, along with a personal history, and information about the Project where your child receives help. Your child will write to you, and you will receive the original plus an English translation—direct from an overseas office.

Please, won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Philippines, Indonesia and Guatemala.

Write today: Verent J. Mills

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country)_____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay $12 a month. I enclose first payment of $_____. Send me child's name, story, address and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____.

☐ Please send me more information.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Registered (VFA-080) with the U.S. Government's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7.

HP78DO

If you really liked Harper's you'd wear it!



Please send me _____ shoulder bag(s), _____ shopping bag(s), _____ apron(s) at $2.50 each (everything included). Enclosed find $_____ check or money order.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE ZIP

MAIL COUPON TO: DEPT. D-2

Harper's Magazine

Order a blue denim shoulder bag, shopping bag, or apron, gloriously proclaiming in white (washable) our logo. The bags are approximately 18" x 18", the aprons roughly 20" high by 18" wide at the bottom. $2.50 each, postage and handling included. Tax too. Great gifts. Very classy. (Everyone in our office has one.)

save the old Southern Railw... minal in Chattanooga from ... tion. The terminal is a V... monument, with a dome eig... feet high and an entrance fra... one of the world's largest bric... es; but with the decline of ... passenger service, it was aba... to dust and pigeons.

At a cost of $4 million, th... pany has remodeled the buildi... a combination of museum, pl... dome, and city center. A rest... accommodating two thousand ... has already opened; it will ... lowed by a gaslit Victorian bal... a small theater, a model-railwa... seum, and a garden with four... A fleet of ancient sleeping ca... been assembled on the track... converted into hotel rooms wit... torian decor. The baggage ar... side the tracks is being develop... a shopping arcade.

Results: the salvage of a ... architectural treasure; a likely ... eventually, for the Chattanooga ... Choo Company; and a pron... start toward the revival of the ... city, without a penny's cost t... taxpayer.

9. To Connie B. Gay, origina... Lizard Lick, North Carolina, n... McLean, Virginia, for bringing ... try music to the big city and tu... it into a multi-million-dollar indu...

Back in the Forties, he he... series of minor jobs in the De... ment of Agriculture. One of them ... emcee for the National Farm ... Home Hour, a network radio ... gram carrying the department's ... and advice to farmers and their w... together with a little light music. ... day Connie put on a record of ... billy songs, of the kind he had lo... in his North Carolina boyhood.

"The reaction was astonishing," ... told me. "I got a bigger respo... than I had ever pulled with any ot... program. And a lot of mail was fr... city people, asking for more of t... country music they had never he... before."

The same thing happened ev... time he repeated the experimen... and Connie decided that such mu... might have some money in its futu... Until that time, it had been pra... cally unknown on commercial ra... except for Nashville's Station W... and a few others beamed to ru... audiences.

In 1948 he took his $1,000 savi...

arted a country disc jockey his own, over WARL in sub- Washington, D.C., the first ned at metropolitan listeners. ation's management was so al it paid him no salary, but ed him a cut of the revenue ny advertisers he could attract. ybody's surprise but Connie's, s began to hand over their in large, green bundles. Prac- every kid in Washington to be listening to Connie's records.

parlayed that beginning into k TV shows, country-music s in Constitution Hall, moon- uises down the Potomac with accompaniment, and a series l shows. Jimmy Dean went to or Gay for $60.18 a week; for Cash, who already had a ng reputation, he had to go as $150 a day. Thanks at least t to Gay's promotion work, ow gets something like $20,000 ingle performance.

nose days the smart media peo- e getting out of radio and into on. Connie didn't believe that was dying, so he bought up tation that came on the market e owned nine of them, includ- GAY in Washington. They all l on country music, and by Connie was a millionaire sev- nes over.

is pretty much retired now, to rginia estate and his winter in the Virgin Islands, but he is ted to see a whole new genera- veling in the music he brought m Lizard Lick and Nashville. r himself, Connie still can't ny instrument or carry a tune.

And finally, to Jon Crews, the -six-year-old mayor of Cedar Iowa—one of the youngest ipal executives in the nation.

job of mayor is the only one he er held. He started running for le he was a graduate student at iversity of Northern Iowa, and with 40 percent of the vote in -man race in 1971. Apparently doing fine. He persuaded the o hire its first planning officer, l a waste-recycling project, and hing for housing for the elderly network of bicycle paths. If the of America is discouraged with s, Crews hasn't heard about it. he enjoy his Christmas as much enjoys his job. □



Why we selected the Napa Valley years ago as our home for The Christian Brothers table wines.

For more than a century, the Napa Valley north of San Francisco, has been acclaimed California's finest premium wine-growing area.

It was here on the hillsides of this verdant valley that we chose to build The Christian Brothers winery and aging cellars many years ago. And to plant our vines.

Through the years, we have found scientifically why the early vintners instinctively brought the first rare European varietal grape cuttings here. The unique varied climate and soils of the Napa Valley provide the distinctly different needs of each grape variety.

For instance, one area has more cool growing days and is a perfect home for our Pinot Noir, the noble grape of Burgundy. Another has more warm days and gives the proper sunshine to the Cabernet Sauvignon. The same is true for the Chenin Blancs and the Johannisberg Rieslings and all of the other shy-bearing varietals we use in our table wines

Of course, grapes are just part of our story. The Napa Valley has given us the quiet place we need to bring the wines to life . . . slowly, patiently in our own way. A tradition of quality we will never change.

Long ago the Indians named our valley "Napa," which means plenty. We think of it now as meaning plenty of good grapes, and plenty of time to make our wines. You are always a welcome guest at The Christian Brothers' winery here.

Brother Timothy F.S.C.

CELLARMASTER, THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS
NAPA VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

Visit The Wine Museum of San Francisco
featuring The Christian Brothers' Collection

Worldwide distributors: Fromm and Sichel, Inc. San Francisco, California

Laurence Leamer

THE SUNSET RIDE OF A TV REFORMER

Nicholas Johnson's career as a flower child in the petrified forest

DURING ONE OF HIS LAST days at the Federal Communications Commission, Nicholas Johnson took a headline from a newspaper story ("FCC: The Broadcaster's Friend"), taped it to the lapel of his old tweed jacket, and marched through the stark corridors of the FCC. He walked the halls, a tall, nearly six-and-a-half-foot tall, boy-man, slouched over so far his shoulders seemed almost to touch, wearing a narrow tie, and cuffed khakis riding his ankles. Johnson seemed lost that day, this great gawky rube with 14C shoes and ham hands; and yet with almost a dancer's litheness, a hollow, pallid face sensitive to the point of asceticism, and eyes almond-shaped, heavy-lidded, reflecting all the weight of his thirty-eight years. His term as commissioner was up in June, but President Nixon did not immediately appoint a successor, and he stayed there all during the summer and early fall in a bare office, stripped of staff, thinking and planning and brooding. It was as if he risked leaving not only government but life itself.

Larry Gage, one of his assistants, looked at Johnson those last months and said that "Nick has been through more these seven years than anyone in the history of the world," and if Gage sounds like an aging aide-de-camp fingering his general's campaign ribbons in the last days of [illegible]cendency, he has earned the [illegible] to hyperbole. Johnson had, in [illegible]ne through an incredible [illegible]. For seven years Johnson r[illegible]n on the broadcasters a plague of dissents. He became famous, much admired, the most celebrated advocate of citizen action in the federal government, but among broadcasters he was roundly despised, and *Broadcasting*, the industry trade magazine, predicted that when his term ended there would be "dancing in the streets."



David Noyes

But in autumn, in his final days in office, nothing happened; no dancing in the streets, no last invectives from the kept editorial writers of the trade press, no movement to reappoint Nick Johnson, nothing but silence and unconcern. Nick Johnson no longer seemed to matter, not to many of his friends and certainly not to his enemies. Nick Johnson remained preeminently a man of the 1960s, a figure who embodied the extravagant rhetoric and ambition and media drumbeating of a decade. He became such a paradigm in part because he was older. Like Timothy Leary or Charles Reich, he stood far enough from the soothsayers of youth to view them through a l[illegible] longing, to take their ideas [illegible] ings and to become a public [illegible] to merchandise their private [illegible]

Johnson had been the mos[illegible] appointed official in Washing[illegible] by the time his term expired. [illegible] radical was no longer fash[illegible] Abbie and Jerry had been t[illegible] (Abbie most literally by a dr[illegible] in New York); *Rolling St*[illegible] suited up in gray for the 19[illegible] go-go kids of Wall Street v[illegible] ished, and only in the Ni[illegible] ministration did the Youth [illegible] tion succeed, with Jeb Magr[illegible] John Dean making America [illegible] once again for the wisdom o[illegible] ence. Johnson found himself [illegible] in an empty stadium. He did n[illegible] what he really had accompli[illegible] the FCC, though he was alwa[illegible] with a list of his achieveme[illegible] he just did not know, and h[illegible] hours those last weeks b[illegible] about his experiences and wo[illegible] what it had all really meant.

When Johnson arrived at t[illegible] mission in mid-1966, at the [illegible] thirty-two, he may have a[illegible] young in everything but ass[illegible] yet he represented the finest [illegible] of the meritocracy. He had [illegible] served for twenty-eight mo[illegible] Maritime Administrator, u[illegible] the more sedate bureaucrats [illegible] agency with his energy and [illegible] tion. Some mornings as he [illegible] from the bus stop to his of[illegible] timed the trip with a sto[illegible] walking up the corridor in [illegible] shoes, his staff hearing the [illegible] click-click-click of the taps an[illegible] before he rushed through the [illegible]

Laurence Leamer is a free-lance wr[illegible] Harper's article, "Bangladesh in M[illegible] received an award from the Overse[illegible] Club for excellence in foreign repor[illegible]

In 3 seconds u'll know which electric portable to give this Christmas.

Smith-Corona's new Cartridge Ribbon Typewriter.

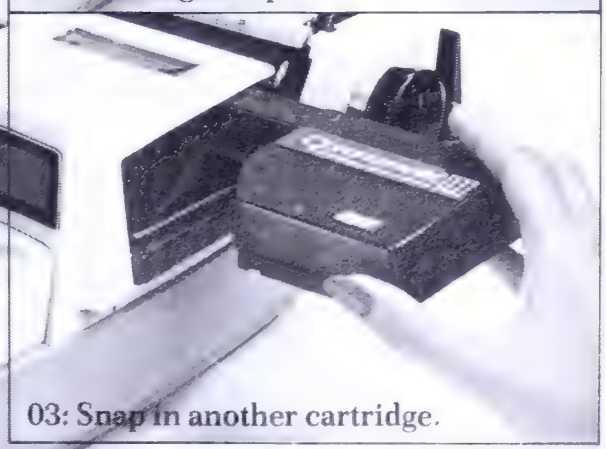
only one with the 3-second ribbon change.
ch is the quickest, simplest typewriter ribbon
there is. Also, the cleanest.
t's more, Coronamatic™ Ribbon Cartridges come
n and carbon film (the kind usually available only
xpensive office typewriters).
the same 3 seconds it takes to change a cartridge.
n now change to carbon film for typing that looks
inting.
ke having two typewriters in one. One for
day use. The other for more professional-looking
pondence or reports.
in case you make a mistake, there's a correction
in a Coronamatic cartridge, so you can correct
in seconds.
re's also an assortment of colors—so you can add
(or a lot of) color to your typing if you feel like it.
h-Corona's new cartridge ribbon typewriters.
that you know which electric portable to give,
estion is who to give it to.
better yet, who to get it from.



01: Press cartridge release.



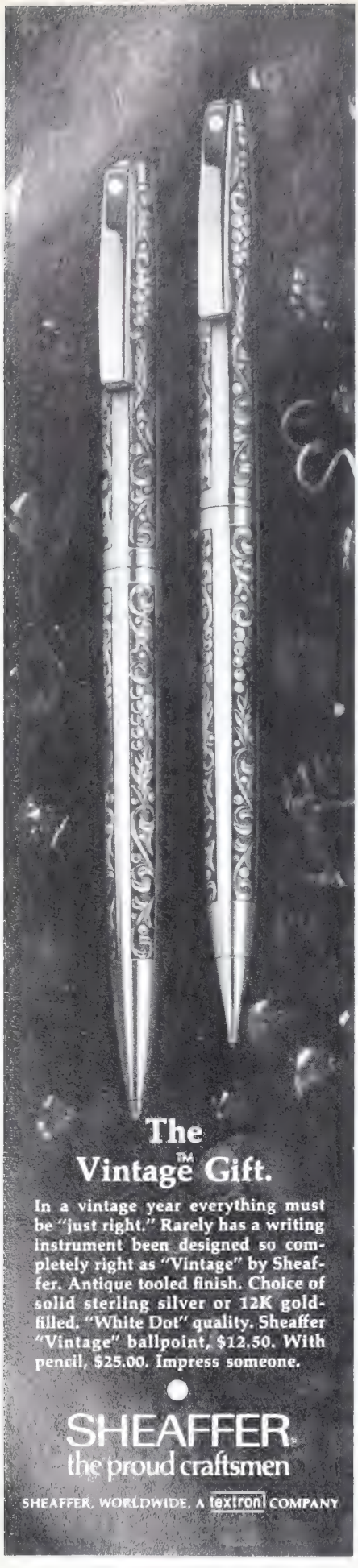
02: Cartridge snaps out.



03: Snap in another cartridge.



SCM SMITH-CORONA
SCM CORPORATION



begin his typical twelve- to fourteen-hour day.

Married at seventeen to the one girl, the only girl, he had mortgaged his youth on his future. They had had a child, and they had lived the scruffy life of student-parents, managing an apartment building, managing part-time jobs, scheduling their days, scheduling their evenings, him finishing up, getting out in three years, Phi Beta Kappa, moving on, moving up, the University of Texas Law School, law review editor, clerking for Justice Black, on to teach administrative law at Berkeley, teaching more courses than anyone had ever taught before, up to Covington and Burling, the most prestigious Washington law firm of them all.

During Johnson's first year and a half on the FCC, newspapers often referred to him as the former professor, the scholar, the don. He was the good liberal, talking a technocratic poetry, full of visions of "a new era of cooperation between government and business." He was much like Daniel Ellsberg in his early years, brilliant but narrowly brilliant, seeking to rationalize, to streamline the FCC, to staff the agency with the best young lawyers, to clean house.

AT THE FCC JOHNSON witnessed what he considered an aberration of democratic government. He had already seen what had happened over at Maritime when he had tried to turn down the spigot of subsidy funding and he had infuriated the shippers, the unions, and members of Congress from seaport areas. And here the FCC was supposed to be allocating broadcast frequencies, setting the rates for the Bell System and other common carriers, determining broad policies, all in the public interest. A whole sub-government had developed around the FCC, however—the National Association of Broadcasters, the trade association; *Broadcasting*, the trade magazine; the Washington lawyers of the Federal Communications Bar Association; the public-relations consultants—an organism wrapped so closely around the commission that it often was hard to see just where the government ended and the sub-government began.

Johnson did not rapidly become "the shrill and frequent critic of the actions of his elders" as *Broadcasting* charged. He felt his way tow dissenter's role slowly. But hi fulness, his originality, repr the greatest threat to the br ers; to them lethargy at the F resented health. To them reg was the handmaiden of tyran they feared Johnson and his g tentions. Commissioner Kenne was saying many of the same calling for heightened public i but he wasn't saying them th way. Cox was a shy, reclusiv with all the charisma of a sl owl.

Some of Cox's friends broadcasting came to him and him that Johnson had begun the reputation of a headline "I went and told Nick about it. says, "and Nick said that the ity on the FCC had always c on their battle in a closed m writing dissents that are liste only by broadcasters. He said th wanted to break out of tha wanted to create a public base.

Johnson had made, then, would prove the crucial decisi his career at the FCC. He woul play the role of the lonely diss the prod, the conscience, mem a noble minority of three or t one. He would go outside the ag outside the sub-government. He forge a constituency, an in group, with publicity as his building blocks.

Early in the decade the civil r struggles already had proven th traordinary power of publicity. on the network news program Negro demonstrators being b could do more to further integra than years of traditional organi The antiwar movement also cam depend on such moral witnessing great gatherings of the peopl Washington, first tens of thousa then hundreds of thousands, gat ings that were rites of passage ling the novitiates to full mem ship in the Movement. Nick John may himself have been part of a small coterie of advocates dev to improving television but he *k* he truly *knew*, that there were of millions of Americans out t waiting to have the word laid them.

JOHNSON CALLED his first b *How to Talk Back to Your T vision Set*, a title that could h

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fitted his every speech, his every article. He described the broadcasting industry as "without question the single most economically and politically powerful industry in our nation's history," and went on to write that this greatest of communications media had become little more than a huckster for Madison Avenue, ignoring the ghettos and the young, caricaturing the nation's realities, perverting the very soul and marrow of American life.

Most of that had been said a hundred times before in the journalism of the liberal elite, but not often so trenchantly. Johnson, however, went far beyond a simple diagnosis. For he believed that under the light of public scrutiny the festering institutional corruptions of the FCC would cure themselves. In his final chapter, "Reforming Television," he pointed out that individual television stations holding three-year licenses are only the temporary users of the public airwaves, and he as much as suggested that citizen groups jump in and challenge license renewals. Johnson had several other ideas—a citizens' commission on broadcasting to monitor performance; free access to the airwaves for citizen groups; increased funding for public television—all ways to forge commercial broadcasting into a quasi-public utility within the free enterprise system.

To publicize his ideas Johnson developed into an extraordinary speaker, intimate and folksy; in the last six months of 1970, he appeared before thirty-one groups. He courted reporters, greeting them with instant intimacy, pushing his truths on them, packaging his ideas in neat, irresistible little chunks, then asking to see their quotes. He set up a computerized typewriter in his back office to send his letters and releases out across the country. He had a part-time employee clipping newspaper and magazine articles, keeping him informed, keeping him with it.

Johnson chose his assistants with enormous care. He brought in young Ivy League law graduates, some of whom might just as easily have been legal clerks for Supreme Court justices. He gave them great freedom for the year they stayed with him, and he sucked out their ideas, their energy, their passion, and merged them with his own. He burdened them with work and they kept at it, the best of them, for they were feeding both their idealism and their ambition, doing work they believed in, and beginning what could easily prove extraordinary careers.

The output of Johnson's office was astounding. Media monopoly, racial problems and the broadcast media, cable television, computers, dishonest advertising, corporate censorship, telephone rates—Johnson spoke or wrote on practically every area that touched on communications. His dissents, written as Justice Black thought legal decisions should be written—intelligible, stripped of legal mumbo jumbo—were themselves educational tools.

Here, as everywhere else, Johnson made it clear that he believed he was serving "on a commission whose standards are no standards, whose administrative policies are the non-policies of avoidance and deference, and whose members are quite frozen into public-interest timidity by their long years of see-no-evil, hear-no-evil, speak-no-evil decision-making." And here, as nowhere else, those who called Johnson overwrought, overemotional, only had to go to the court records to see how often his had been the judicious decision.

WHEN THE FCC VOTED 4 TO 3 to approve a merger between ABC and ITT, Johnson filed his first opinion, an eighty-five-page dissent laced with an anger rarely found in legal briefs. "The majority treatment of this case," he wrote, "in my judgment makes a mockery of the public responsibility of a regulatory commission that is perhaps unparalleled in the history of the administrative process." The Justice Department itself finally filed suit against the merger and ITT backed down.

Decision after decision, time after time, Johnson and his staff filed their lengthy dissents. He sat in the commission hearing rooms listening to the story of how WLBT in Jackson, Mississippi, had outraged the black citizens who make up 40 percent of that community's population, ignoring their problems, blacking out a *Today Show* episode of whites attacking black civil rights demonstrators, cutting away from a network interview with an NAACP leader. Here was as outrageous a misuse of a broadcasting license as had been heard before the FCC, and yet the commission twice voted to let WLBT keep its license. Eventually, the Court of Appeals reversed the and took the license away, a mark decision. The courts t other FCC decisions around. chastising the majority, and Jo continued to prod.

"Nick accomplished what n has ever accomplished before,' Al Kramer of the Citizens Co nications Center, a public-in group. "He took an institu problem, and he made it into a way political issue." Johnson with foundation heads and l leaders, and he was extraordi effective in convincing them o importance of television. He privately with Kramer and Nader and other consumerists had soon become as much a vocate of consumerism as the commissioners were of the broa ing establishment.

To build a public constituen had to couch his issues dramati and simply, so when he calle FCC "corrupt" the professional took it personally and began to him. Then, in December 197 gave a speech in London in w he implied that Dean Burch, the FCC chairman, was part of a N Administration strategy to co the press, a speech rich in detail anecdote, strung together by in do. Burch, the only commissi who equaled Johnson in intellig and energy, and a man whose servatism was by no means a word for reaction, was infuri Burch could no longer stand to l to him, and at commission meet when Johnson went on and on in Movement drawl of his. Burch w interrupt, call him "childish." tell him to stop repeating him

NICHOLAS JOHNSON had m outside the system. Many yo professors, journalists, foreign vice officers, and lawyers revo during the late 1960s but mos them understood the elegant pas deux of dissent, dancing to suc past their more stolid conten raries. They meant what they s surely, but they understood the rameters, the gossamer edge of priety.

Johnson unfortunately had a of metaphor, of deadly satire tha employed with abandon in sparring, chastising and ridicu

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the commission. His staff tri prune the invective from speeches, but frequently he wo off in his own words. He ca thrive on applause, on attentio more so than most politicians. he went up to the Hill to testi was a delight, a showman, witt ironic and eminently quotable was constantly experimenting his style, tinkering around, fi what would work best before the est audience. In this he was li many of the 1960s pundits wh not or could not distinguish bet propagation and thought, ultin failing both as propagators ar thinkers.

There was an ironic and in able logic to Johnson's career he decided that the media wou his ultimate weapon; much as i antiwar movement, each fai each setback, each frustration escalated his rhetoric. Johnson to build a broad movement, but Reich and Hoffman—and to a l extent, the McCarthy and McGo activists—he felt an implacable tility toward the unsaved and the knowing.

In the capital, politicians of stance have their personal wo quickly cauterized and sewn Johnson was not like that; his sonal life lapped over into his fessional life. He knew that enough, and he gave in to it. grasped at youth. He left his wife took a simple apartment. He be cooking his own food and bikin work and he stopped buying clot He grew his hair long, covering bald spot. He laced his speeches rock lyrics—he even wrote some ics himself, though he did not o have time to listen to rock music

Johnson believed in this new g eration, and in the spring of 197 all came together in his speech Yale, "The Careening of America How to Talk Back to Your Corpor State." Charles Reich—also a professor and a former law cl with Justice Black—had just writ *The Greening of America.*

"At my office I was surrounded only by machinery—copying chines, electric typewriters, dictat machines, and so forth—but also people paid to operate them for answer my telephone, and bring coffee," he told the two hundred Y students in Strathcona Hall t spring evening in 1971. "I had,

taken very nearly all my life-
rt activities—'my life'—and
nem up into bits and pieces
I parceled out to individuals,
rations, and machines around
he upshot was there was very
of it left for me to live." John-
ent on to tell the students how
should manage their lives. "If
art looking around for simplifi-
, ways to make you less posses-
ound and give you more
e to participate in your life, the
tunities are endless. . . . Bread
e toasted in the broiler of the
Carving knives and tooth-
es really need not be electrical-
wered. Put fruit and vegetable
in a compost heap instead of
an electric disposal. I took up
ng with a blade, brush, and
ng soap. It's kind of bloody, but
ore fun."

E LAW REMAINED the hard cen-
r of Johnson's intellect, but he
rapped about it scraps of ideas
Erich Fromm, Paul Goodman,
nall McLuhan and Rollo May,
rt Rimmer and Alvin Toffler,
e Packard and Thomas Wolfe,
s from Hesse and Ou Yang
and Rilke and Adelle Davis and
eau, until his intellect risked be-
ng like a cheap, imported base-
perfect in appearance but soon
ing apart spilling rag stuffing
cross the playing field.
ck Johnson had taken the dog-
the truisms of youth and used
as the driving engine of his
tion. He had rock music playing
s outer office, but those who
close to him realized that his
ssional life had changed very
He believed in this new ethic,
counterculture, counter-Amer-
ut he believed in accomplish-
as well. He believed in open-
in letting it all hang out, in
h and life-style, but he was the
candid of men.
March 1972, Johnson went out
wa to decide if he should run
he Senate. He announced his
ion from the backyard of the
y house in Iowa City, first rag-
against the war in Vietnam,
st pollution, against corporate
ption, saying what an honor it
hat so many Iowans had asked
o run, and then concluding that
decadent state of big-money
ol of government is so rampant

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...ay that efforts to work from within the system may be as futile as they are demoralizing . . . it is basically unfair to have to fight a campaign against such enormous amounts of money and the odds it creates." He had yearning in his voice, for he wanted it both ways; he wanted the laurels of the Establishment and the moral purity of the reformer, and he returned to Washington to serve his final two years at the FCC.

Johnson had become a truth-monger. He had said everything he had to say about television, and he had said it a hundred times. He still testified on the Hill, but they had heard it all before. Johnson had his quotes, his ideas, written on three-by-five cards, and the cards were worn and yellowing. He was repeating himself and he knew it. He jogged, he exercised at dawn, he rode his bike to the office, he was in fine condition, but, underneath the layers of energy and drive, he was exhausted. He had been touted as a college president or a law school dean, but the whole youth thing was fading, and he was no longer a prime candidate. He got an agent for books, another for speeches, and he went out looking for foundation money to finance a national public-interest broadcast group, but most of the major foundations were not interested. He had no end of people who wanted to use him—hustlers looking for grants, *Gallery* magazine wanting him to do a column—but he had no one whose advice he trusted.

Even some of those within the FCC who over the years were critical of the way he went about reform were saddened by his leaving, for they realized that once he left, the FCC would become even more overtly a captive of the industry. "I don't understand what has been happening to him," one administrator said. "Nick has been effective. His ideas have achieved a great credibility. Perhaps, once your ideas have become institutionalized, more is expected of you. Perhaps you have to become kookier and kookier, and perhaps in the end no matter what you do the media aren't interested."

The young lawyers working with consumer groups to change television understood more than anyone what Johnson had accomplished. "No one has done more than Nick," Al Kramer said. "In an ideal world I don't know what I would have him do now, but I do know that he ... ing to be punished for doing th... he was supposed to do. And I ... pose that's a horrible comme... on our society that a man like ... Johnson may well have no fut...

TO WASHINGTON'S POLITICA... tablishment this was all an o... lesson. One of the capital's ... powerful lawyers, an adviser to ... idents, loyal to the laws of powe... of party, a man who has wor... hard currency of his wealth hi... by his knowledge of Washingto... its ways, spoke of Johnson be... the shield of "not for attribut... He patronized Johnson with a ... tleness that could as easily be ... ited to disdain as to symp... "Many people would rather hav... issue. They'd rather be the advoc... He probably tried to get these iss... but the process of change is on... compromise toward constru... ends. That's not Nick's style. As... his future—a college preside... Never. No, I suppose he can wo... a public-interest law firm."

When I last talked to Johnson ... fore he left the FCC, he sat bare... in his office rocking chair readin... article about to appear in *The ... Law Journal*. One aide had gon... vacation to Michigan, another ... Caribbean cruise, boxes cluttered ... of the rooms, and it seemed as if ... rooms themselves were turning ... into the somnolent quarters ... graced the rest of the FCC. He ... there among souvenirs—a geisha ... in a glass box, Japanese pri... awards on the wall. I asked him ... he had said nothing against ... Vietnam war until President Jo... son left office, and Nick Johnson w... on and on justifying himself far m... than he had any need to. I asked ... about his future, and he went ... and on detailing opportunities ... saying it did not matter anyhow ... that I would be doing myself and ... magazine a disservice if I specula... on his future. He said that he did ... feel under any pressure to do a... thing in particular after he left, ... he pulled his pocket watch out ... his pocket after twenty minutes or... and said I would have to finish ... And as I was leaving he remind... me that he would like the right ... respond to any critical comme... about him. Of course, I said. ... course.

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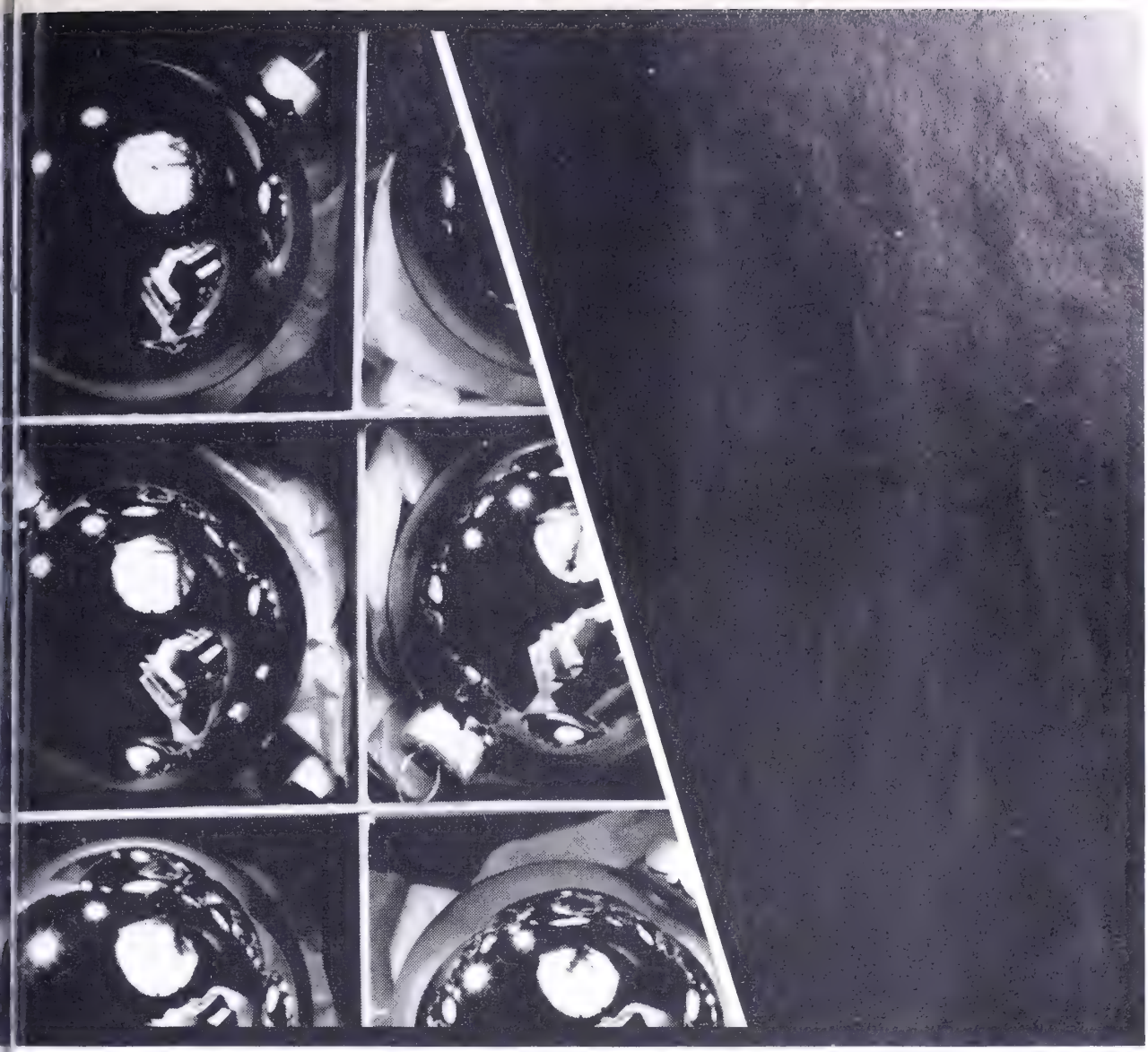
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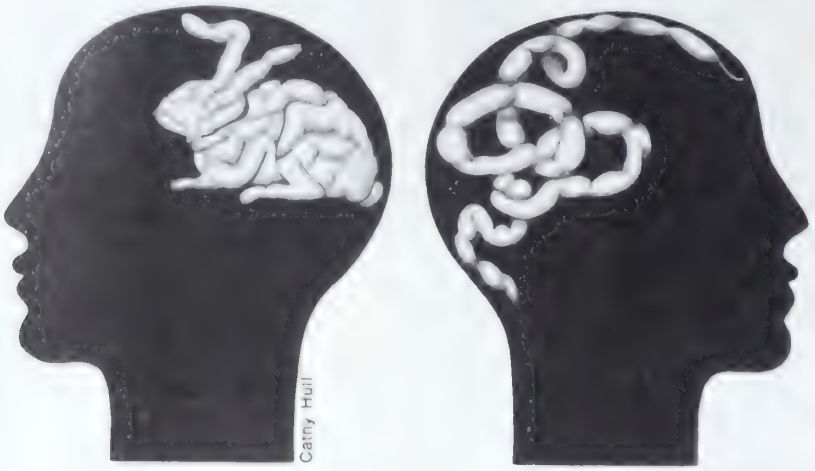
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Nicholas Bethell

A POISONED RUSSIAN KING

The psychological state of an ex-chess champion



ON JULY 14, at the end of the European Championships in Bath, England, Boris Spassky came to dinner with me in London and afterward played chess against us. Of course it was quite ludicrous of us to take him on, like taking a swing at Muhammad Ali in a public bar. And to make our humiliation complete Spassky decided to lead with the chin. In one game he made a series of appalling moves, leaving his defenses wide open. We rushed into the attack only to be astoundingly checkmated with a short, sharp blow. Spassky then demonstrated how we *should* have played the situation, how with a little foresight we could easily have beaten him.

In another game he began by moving his king straight into the middle of the board, which is chess madness, and within a few moves we had chances to checkmate him. At first these were difficult problems, three- or four-move combinations, and every time we missed them Spassky moved a piece back and showed us what we should have done. He managed to make the task easier and easier until finally we got it and we had mated the ex-world champion. Everyone's eyes lit up, ours with a sort of perverse triumph, his with the simple pleasure of having made us happy.

It was a relaxed, self-confident Spassky, very different from the one I met in Reykjavik last year just after he had suffered one of the most publicized defeats in the history of sport. Then there was the same humor and modesty, the same gentlemanly, old-fashioned politeness, but there was also a frightening degree of stress and worry. His head was so full of the match that he kept losing his train of thought. For days after his final resignation on the morning of September 1 the match had dominated his thoughts and dreams. "Two of the mistakes I made were the sort which would not be made by a fifth-class player," he told me. "It's been like playing a movie through backward. Why did I play P-B3 in game fourteen? Why did I play Kt-Q2 in game eight?"

Most games involve speed, pain, and exertion, and are over in two hours, but chess is slow and the world championship lasted two *months*. There was nothing physical to divert or numb the players' worrying brains. In such a situation psychology becomes very important. Spassky told me, "In a match like this one, chess skill is probably less than half the battle. The main element is nervous energy." Anyone who has played chess seriously knows how the mind can be almost paralyzed by a strenuous five-hour session, but I had always imagined that in the end skill must triumph. Not always so, apparently. A blow to your opponent's ego, on or off the board, can be more valuable than a pawn.

Nicholas, Lord Bethell, is a dramatist, translator, book reviewer, and poker player.

At first it seemed that Fischer lose this off-the-board battle. S his tantrums would affect his Spassky was already in Reyk seemingly cool, keeping hims with afternoons of tennis. He that Fischer had yet again mis flight from New York, he sa think he is lying in his bath gaz the ceiling and thinking of me waiting for him." He did not r that these displays, far from ex ing the American, were buildin up toward a peak of creative tivity.

In the end it was Spassky's that suffered. When Fischer fail appear at the opening cerer Spassky was faced with a terrib cision: should he play the mat all? "I would have been fully my rights to leave Iceland, an had done this all chess players have understood me. I could gone home and remained champ The Soviet chess authorities their decades of supremacy have been tempted by the idea taining the title so easily, if onl a technicality. Spassky was awa such feelings. They influenced confused him.

So already Fischer had an a tage. Spassky could retain the but only by looking as if he afraid to meet his challenger. is usually a gentle game, but her this wild American behaving s ratically and with such rudenes the match was going to becor

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duel to the psychological death, a mental shoot-out. Whatever happened, one of the two was going to be broken.

Spassky was made to continue by other, equally exhausting, personal feelings: "I decided that my main job was to meet Fischer and play him, because the whole chess world wanted the match to take place. Also I had this idea—maybe it's a bit naïve and silly—but I thought that if this match collapses, when I come to the end of my life, when I know I'm going to die, I may think to myself, 'What a fool I was to refuse to play because of some quarrel over formalities, because I wanted to show that I was in the right.' It was going to be the most interesting match of my career, and it was this that made me decide to play, because if I'd gone home the match would be lost. Whether I was in the right or not, at the end of the day no one would be the winner."

It is here that Spassky feels he dissipated his nervous energy. For months he had been preparing for this moment with a program of strenuous exercise, physical as well as mental, and suddenly here was a problem which knocked him quite off balance. He feels this is one reason why he played so badly in the first ten games. He says that there were moments, usually after an hour of play, when he felt quite unable to concentrate. It never happened to him before and is still a mystery to him. Expert chess analysts have confirmed this, that in the middle of several games Spassky seemed to lose concentration. Either he made some terrible mistake and lost, or else he gave up a winning position and had to settle for a draw. It became so bad that some Soviet chess officials began to claim that Spassky was being drugged. He himself said that Fischer was "hypnotizing" him, though by this he meant nothing more than that Fischer had somehow disturbed him, and that this was affecting his play.

AT THIS POINT Spassky conceived the idea that he was "a rabbit paralyzed by a snake"—an image he has referred to several times in the past year. And this is what the Fischer/Spassky duel is all about, who is the snake and who the rabbit. Until now there has been no doubt about the answer. As Spassky himself says, "In several games it got to the stage where Bobby was just sitting there, fooling around, scratching his face, making moves that were almost insulting, waiting for me to make a mistake. Then he really began to concentrate. He stopped playing around and became completely calm." The Russian player would feel the coils begin to tighten around him and would know that there was only one possible outcome: Fischer was going to eat him.

At the end of the match Spassky said: "I wish there was some machine that measured human stress. Then I could have taken regular readings and compared them with my results. As it was, I did what I could to keep a check. I took my pulse regularly, but it didn't vary, it was always around 68 or 70. They took my blood pressure. It was normal. I didn't feel the need to take any pills or medicines. As far as any doctor could tell I was fine." But he knew that he was not fine and was still looking for something to explain those "fifth-class" mistakes.

In those days which followed surrender there was no question of his being able to relax. Most of the nights he spent analyzing and worrying. The days were mercifully taken up with the ordinary problems of getting his wife Larissa and himself home to Moscow. And then there were the journalists. Somehow they had got the idea that he was frightened of returning to Russia and would be staying in the West. One or two of them actually asked him directly if this was true. It was totally false, but such rumors can cause Soviet citizens intense worry or even harm. Others built up exaggerated notions of the fate that awaited him. If he was not actually exiled to the frozen wastes of Siberia, it was suggested, he would certainly be punished severely for the "crime" of losing a title which the Soviet Union had come to accept as naturally hers.

Westerners saw him and his wife arrive at Moscow Airport. There were no officials to meet them and they drove away in a private car. The Soviet grandmaster Kotov wrote in the official newspaper *Pravda* that Spassky had played "passively and without sufficient accuracy." He was also criticized by the great player Botvinnik in the chess journal *Sixty-Four*. A few weeks later there were tournaments in San Antonio, Texas, and in Majorca, Spain. Spassky had journalists that he would be pl in these, and when he did n pear they were ready to assum he was in disgrace and would play chess abroad again.

In fact Spassky's future dep on his potential for regainin title, not on any futile need fo cial retribution. And this pot could not be evaluated until h regained his mental balance. soon now I'll begin to suffer acute depression. It'll last abou or three months," he said to quite calmly, the evening befo left for home on September thought to myself that he had in plenty to be depressed about, was misunderstanding him. "It the same three years ago, afte match against Petrosian." This when he became world cham the moment of his greatest triu

"The brain works itself up climax at the end of two mont solid chess. Then suddenly the m is over. The brain has nothing t It's more than the organism stand. Something has to break went on. I realized that Fischer Spassky were like two mothers had just given birth. Fischer won, Spassky had lost, but post depression is normal whether child is healthy or stillborn. Fis too was going to have his probl The two men were flying to opp ends of the world, but into the emptiness and loneliness for other. For months they would each other and, in a sense, the m battle would continue. The wi would be the one who came bes of the black mood.

At first the battle seemed over war at an end. At the concluding quet, Fischer was presented wi laurel wreath, a gold medal, a large check. Flushed with vict he told Spassky he thought the t ty-four-game championship was short, not a stern enough test of s ina. If he had his way, he said, t would be a forty-eight-game m thon spread over four months. very thought was enough to m Spassky turn pale, for when he in 1969 he announced that his m feeling on becoming world champ was one of tiredness and that impossible to play in this exhaus system." Fischer's extraordinary gestion may have been yet anot off-the-board gambit. But it may h

genuine, because at the mo- ischer, a man of up and down , was on top of the world, so so that he actually gave Spass- esent, a small camera. Spassky It was kind of him. I thought ng him a present back, but in d I didn't. After all, I had al- given him happiness."

THE SPARRING HAD BEGUN, only o days after the last match was passky countered Fischer's in- nd rudeness by announcing, to ne's utter amazement, that he *liked* Fischer: "He is a great man of art, a worthy cham- He pointed out that even his ng behavior had its positive He wants to make chess as big ey-spinner as football or box- is the chess player's most ef- trade union boss. He has done han anyone else to up our ' Spassky actually feels close to as a friend: "It's not a pose. *do* like him. You see, I have him, otherwise I'd never get w him. And if I don't know won't beat him."

has a large photograph of , he told me, which he has and hung in his flat in Vyes- reet, Moscow. I reminded him General Montgomery hung a of Rommel in his headquar- the North African desert. thy enemy," I said. "Know ther," Spassky corrected me: t to make him my best friend, shkin and Rogozhin." He was g to two characters in *The* y Dostoevsky, his favorite In the book Myshkin makes usiness to make friends with in, his rival. Only thus can he t him.

sky is therefore professionally , though personally sad, to Fischer's present torpor and ty. Last autumn he prophe- leak future for the new cham- e knew from his own experi- at Fischer would be "a very an" for the next three years. hampion had a bad effect on chess because it added more ogical burdens to those which ass player carries in any case. natch he played was a "grand tation" with an opponent tooth and nail, longing to champion. He found it hard- harder to relax. The record

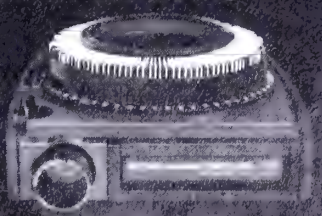


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Of course, being a civilized car, the 164's interior provides other civilities. Such as 10-outlet air-conditioning for when you are hot, a heated driver's seat for when you are cold, power steering, and about the same legroom and trunk space of some of the largest luxury sedans made.

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shows that during 1970-71 his results deteriorated.

The world champion also has administrative work. He is an ex officio member of the World Chess Federation's "central committee." Spassky found this work boring and suspects that Fischer will find it intolerable. "I was tormented by all the duties and responsibilities. Now I can just play. That's another reason why I'm in a better position than Bobby. Being champion occupies part of your time and part of your mind. If we play again the position will be the reverse of 1972. He'll have had three years of troubles and I'll have had three years of chess."

There is also the unknown factor of Fischer's mental state. Unlike Spassky, Fischer has an obsession with chess which excludes most of the joys and good things of life. He had a consuming ambition to be world champion, and achieving it was bound to make him happy. But now that the speeches are over and the match has vanished from the newspapers, Fischer finds he has nothing more to achieve. Money-making, for instance, was something that seemed to interest him, and last autumn he may have thought that here was some new, exciting thing he could do well, some new way of winning. But he is not world champion of the money game and his efforts to make millions, successful at first, have ended badly.

He is not used to such failure and seems confused about how he should exploit his position. Spassky says, "I said this a long time ago, that Bobby was going to be a very unhappy man. He has terrible problems. He is afraid of people, he thinks they're trying to get at him. And he has this need to be admired and worshiped. All this, with the normal after-the-match depression and the problem of being champion, makes a strong cocktail. He is now *afraid* to play chess. He hasn't played seriously for a year and from what I hear it'll be some time before he's able to pull himself together. Meanwhile he's like a laid-up ship gathering barnacles."

Spassky himself has had a better year since he returned to a cool reception and an uncertain future. He has now analyzed the Reykjavik games in detail as well as the psychological situation, and is fairly confident he can beat Fischer if they play again. But he remembers ruefully that was "100 percent sure" he wo beat him in Iceland. One proble the age difference between them. years ago a player was reckone reach his peak about the age of fo two. Since then the peak age dropped steadily until, according Spassky, it is about thirty-five thirty-six. "That is a statistical fa he says. The trouble is that he thirty-six in January, while Fis has seven more years before he gins to worry about decline. And h ever much he explains his defeat, fact remains that some chess exp consider him quite simply the we er player.

IT WAS A DEPRESSING WINTER Spassky. He was upset at not be able to play in San Antonio and M jorca. "They thought I was ti that I might play badly. Maybe th right, but I'm not afraid of play badly. I was bound to after a ma like that. I just wanted to keep pl ing. That's what a chess player to do." He played at a tournament Tallin, Estonia, and finished thi It was not very impressive. At las June he was allowed to go abroad a play in Dortmund, West Germany saw him there and asked him ab the chances of a quick return ma with Fischer.

Now he excludes any chance o replay before the next world cha pionship at the end of 1975. He sa "Our chess authorities in Russia against it. And they're right. In first place to play Fischer I wo have to be showing top results. I I'm not. I'm not at all happy with t quality of my game. I'll just have play it out of my system. The oth thing is that I know that my b chance of beating Fischer is by goi through the qualifying rounds li the other challengers. There'll eight of us, and of course I may n win, but if I do I'll have the rig impetus and morale. To beat a wor champion you have to be in the rig spirit. You have to be sure insi yourself that you've beaten all t others and that now is the time knock the eagle off his perch."

Spassky has several more tour ments before this struggle beg with the quarterfinals in January. the late spring the four winners w have their semifinals, and in the f there will be the final which will d

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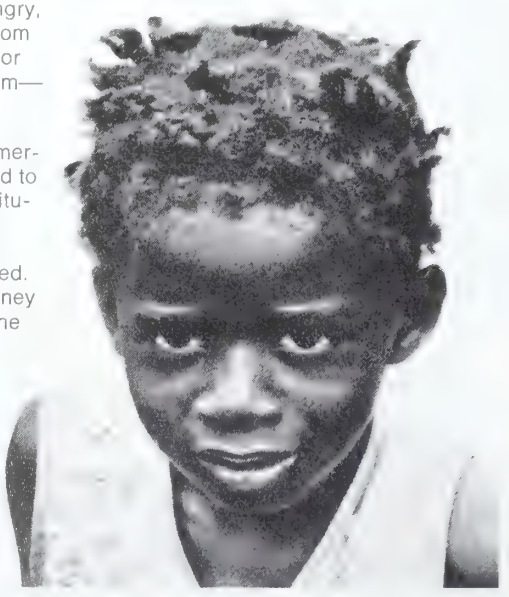
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A new era

It is clear that we are in a new era characterized by what Alvin Toffler called "future shock." Its basic element, in Toffler's phrase is "accelerative thrust."

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A new dilemma

The dilemma is this: any sane executive knows that he must have the answers to questions and have them fast if he and his company are to survive. Yet every executive knows that *time*—thinking time, deciding time, selling time, implementing time—cannot and should not be frittered away.

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"Any sane executive knows that if he spends valuable working hours digging out information, he's committing career suicide."

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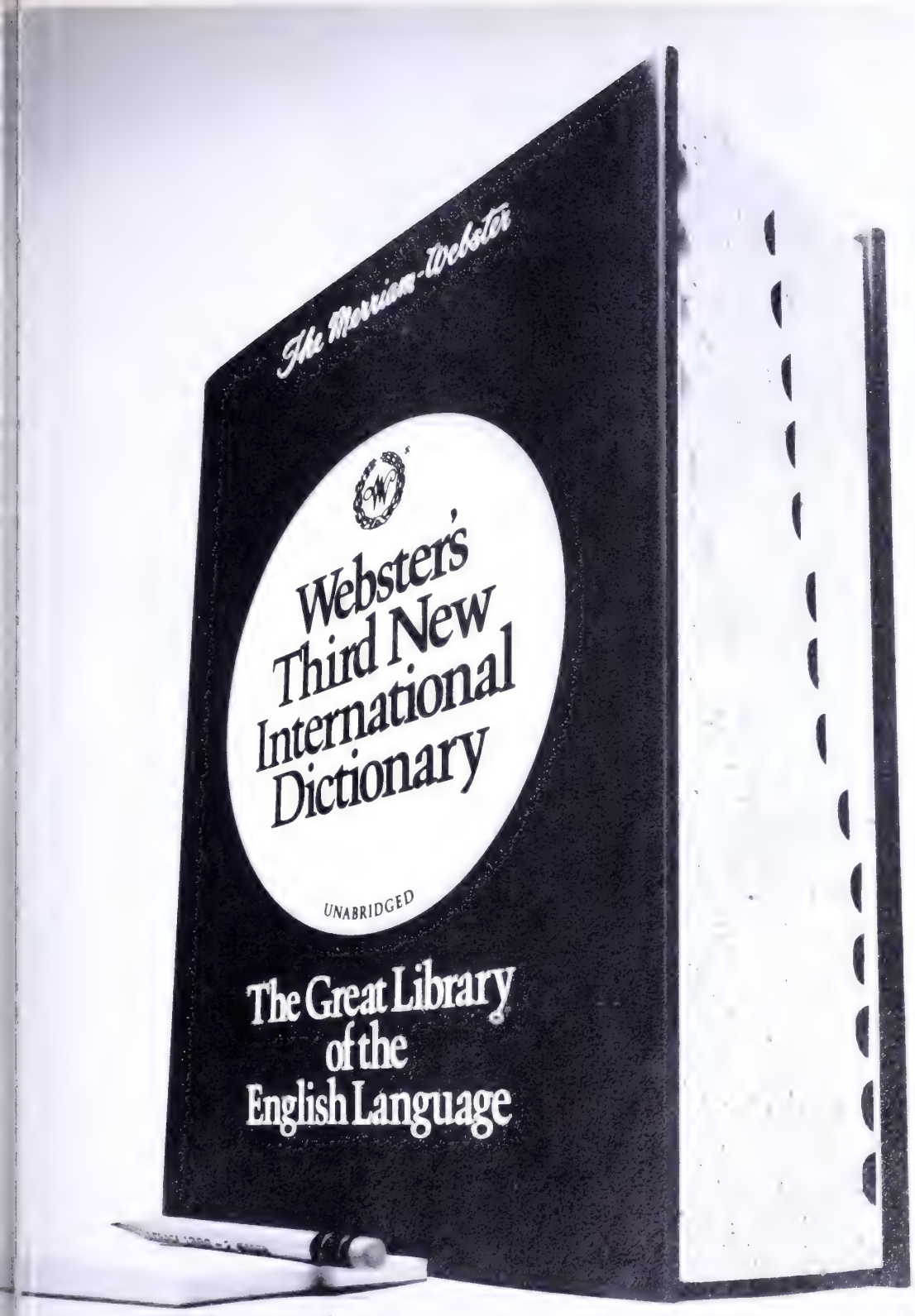


cide who has the right to play
er for the world title a year l
July Spassky told me, "The S
shares are going up on the
stock exchange. For the pa
months I've been like a steam
with a hole in the boiler. I'v
making steam all right, but
been leaking out, it hasn't be
ting me anywhere. Now I reall
I'm on the mend. I have to l
to turn that steam into energy

So, in spite of his exhaustic
disappointments, Spassky is
setting out on the killing cha
ship track. If he does well
mean two unimaginable year
year of cutthroat games agai
seven "eagles," who are mainl
sian, and another of preparati
the great revenge. Such a m
could be the most exciting in
history, though there are many
in the way of it, not the least
the problem of how to brin
champion up to scratch. Rece
figure of $1 million was ment
to Fischer as the sort of sun
might be offered in 1975. "Wl
$10 million?" was Fischer's on
swer.

Meanwhile, says Spassky, "
is like a snake which has swal
a rabbit. He is lying on a warm
having a long sleep." He says
as an afterthought, "I am the ral
He calls Fischer "my dear cann
almost affectionately, as if he
the thought of being swallowe
such a genius. What really c
him, though, is the thought that
be Fischer swallowed him only
cost of poisoning himself. F
chess player knows the beauty o
ing one's opponent a piece in ord
obtain a checkmate a few moves
He may hope that his defeat in R
javik will turn out to be the
imaginative sacrifice of his ca
that he managed to turn himself
a "poisoned king," which Fis
took only at the cost of destro
his chances at the next meeting.

Spassky lost the Battle of Icel
but the war continues, and the lo
Fischer remains a recluse, the b
chance Spassky has of beating
The thought of 1975 brings Spa
to a mood of cool, ruthless cont
plation. He said to me, "If we
the result will depend on how
both feel when we sit down for
first game. I'll look across the b
at him and then I'll *know*, befo
move my first pawn."



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THE CIRCLE OF REVOLUTION

Seven letters from the land and life of Pancho Villa

Doroteo Arango, who lived most of his life as Francisco Villa, was assassinated on July 20, 1923, in the town of Hidalgo del Parral, Mexico. He was forty-five years old. Although he was unable to write and he could not read without saying the words aloud, he had won two revolutions and lost a great civil war. The only invasion of the continental United States in the twentieth century was made by troops under his command.

The details of Villa's life have been obscured by fable or calumny; depending upon the politics of the writer, Villa is either a drunken bandit or a drunken hero. His Mexican admirers make a Spanish gentleman of him; a British historian recently announced that Villa was a mulatto; Hollywood made him into Wallace Beery. He is almost always described as boisterous, foulmouthed, and stupid.

In reality, Villa was a teetotaler. He rarely smoked. He so distrusted militarism that he wore his uniform only on great occasions, preferring a rumpled business suit, a soft felt hat, and a shirt without a collar. His grins were saved for photographers; he was mystical, Indian, moody, bemused by the complexities of power and politics, married to paranoia by the conditions of his life. One senses the man lingering in the country, a sorrowful ghost, the last great rebel in a line that began with Cuauhtémoc, the defender of Tenochtitlán.

Hidalgo del Parral, Chihuahua

ON COOL DAYS the *campesinos* and the old people who come to the center of Hidalgo del Parral sit on the benches in the plaza in front of the cathedral. If they have money, they eat ices saturated with artificial flavoring or roasted ears of corn or



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sticks of pastry made of gnarls of sugar glaze. If they have no money, they sit there nevertheless, pretending that they are neither hungry nor thirsty; they are careful not to look at those who have the money to comfort themselves with sweets. The etiquette of country poverty is a plan for maintaining one's dignity while enduring a rain of indignities, a means to lie away the world and be human in spite of it, the wisdom of pretense. The poorest therefore do not beg and those who have failed most in the worldly accounting have the most to say about how to live.

The hero of the plaza and the subject of much of the conversati is Gen. Francisco Villa. Those wh re- member him argue about the ace where his car stopped; was it the rec that is now marked with a pl que and ringed with cement or was i ten or fifteen yards up the street?

"I remember."

"I stayed here in the Hotel Ben- tes when he was the owner."

"He was light-skinned."

"He was red."

"I saw the troops marching through."

"But I knew the Casas wo n; she told me everything."

"My father and I tried to ve Contreras, who had been wou e seven times and had his intestin in his hands."

There is also agreement: on the morning of July 20, 1923, V 's closest companions picked him u at the house of a woman named Ca s by whom he had a six-year-old s n. They drove past the Plaza Juárez nd made a right turn. A vendor, st d- ing in the plaza, shouted "Viva il la!" to identify him to a grou of assassins who waited in a one-s y white house just around the cor r. Each of the eight or nine men in house fired at least a dozen shots o the 1915 Dodge touring car. V was shot through the head and ch t. His body and the bodies of the m who died with him were carried hotel room, where the body of V was stripped down to its undersh s and put on display. Photographs the mutilated body were publishe evidence of his death.

The assassins escaped, running the street to a corral where th horses were waiting, saddled loaded with provisions and wa The ammunition used in the kill was government issue; however, connection between the governm and the lunatic who claimed resp

Earl Shorris, a contributing editor of Harper's, *is writing a novel based on the life of Pancho Villa.*

for the assassination was ever . Three years after his death, grave was opened and his vas stolen. It has never been red.

nany Indian cultures it is said dismembered body does not peace. Of course, that is not eptable reason for the stealing a's head, even to the philoso- who come from the mountains in the plaza in front of the ca- l. "I don't believe this," one n said, leaning close and whis- , "but the *campesinos* say that ad a compact with *el chamuco* devil."

Chihuahua, Chihuahua

CORRAL, widow of Villa, valks on bent legs, supporting f with a stick. She is old and a caretaker of disputed glories. mb has been prepared, a dank with earthen walls beneath a shrine. When she is dead, the ss body of her husband will be ed and they will be buried to- in the Park of the Revolution. Luz will be the only one of five wives to be so honored. as won him by her tenacity, out these fifty years since his on nothing more than the pro- of his memory.

has made a museum of the d grandest of Villa's houses in ahua. Tourists may buy Tara- ra dolls or Navaho bracelets the showcases near the patio; a will summon Doña Luz to pose otographs; the automobile in Villa was riding when he was inated is displayed in a glass

white walls of the patio mirror n. Before noon the heat begins ade the display rooms, the dust ers in the plush chairs, the r holsters anticipate another , the stocks of the Mausers and esters dry, the photographs nother day. Across the patio in ller room a woman combs the black hair of a small girl. Bees among the flowers. The last ness of the night steams away. d the main house there is an- courtyard and a honeycomb of ments in which the relatives of Luz have hung out the wash rned to cooking. A slight young brown and barefoot, dressed in



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rose-colored slip, crosses the courtyard carrying a pan of water. The sun casts its silence over the house.

Doña Luz sits in her easy chair beside an old wooden desk and reads the newspaper. She collects donations from the tourists and unlocks the glass doors of the bookcases to sell them books about Pancho Villa. She has written no books about him. They knew each other so little. Luz Corral, his blondie, sewed curtains for the headquarters car of his train and married him in a church. There were other women, other wives, but it was the revolution that was his home; he danced best and dreamed deepest before he went into battle.

How well she knew him, how much he spoke to her, cannot be known. He lived among men for all but a few days of his life; he knew horses, bulls, fighting cocks, the intricacies of mountains. What could he have said to a wife in the slow evening before bed? Lesser men took their women with them to those wars, bedded them beside the railroad tracks and ate the tortillas they cooked over tiny fires on the tops of boxcars. Villa's railroad car was a meeting place for generals.

Doña Luz tells the revolution from a textbook written by a Villista, without detail, making his life as lean as a myth. The bibliophile of Chihuahua stands in his store, which is filled with popular books and hidden mementos of the revolution, and disputes whatever she tells. The guns she displays were not Villa's, he says; she sells them and replaces them with others from the same epoch. The car she displays is the fourth 1915 Dodge that has been in the glass case. And the knife—he smiles and shrugs—well, Villa did not carry a knife. His clerk sits behind him while he speaks. The bibliophile wears a beret and remembers the time when he saw a motion-picture photographer following Villa out of the city hall. The clerk chews gum and blows pink bubbles. He nods agreement at the calumniation of the widow of Pancho Villa—as if it mattered, as if history were not invention.

The walls that Villa built here in Chihuahua are unmarked, the beef that he butchered was as perishable as the people who ate it. On the back of the stone marker that celebrates the founding of the city in 1708 there is now a hurriedly stenciled portrait of Che Guevara. Villa is dead. His soldier[s] longer run the powerhous[e] to the sanitation problems [o] of Chihuahua.

They are spraying kerose[ne] mesquite in the great fields [of] the city; when the mesquite [is] will be grass for grazing an[d] fields of figs and peaches w[ill] Chihuahua is a state of fores[ts] and great ranches now [are] farms. The Terrazas and C[a]ings against which Villa r[e]run more scientifically now [but] still belong to the same fam[ilies] descendants of Don Luis [Te]have no need to make mu[ch] invent history; they can dev[ote] selves to the killing of mes[quite] the marketing of figs.

For the Tarahumaras, t[he] Indians of the high mount[ains] incredible canyons, there [has] even less change. When [the] children, they sing and p[lay] game of soccer with a bone-c[ar]ved heavy ball, they run like no[rth] in the Americas, and then t[hey] into the same deprivaton t[hey] always known, remaining t[o] to learn Spanish, too proud [to] too hungry to avoid the ci[ty]. walk down to Chihuahua [from] mountains, make their trade [in] the plaza, and return to t[he] tains. They did not fight w[ith] they had nothing, they have [not] Catholic missionaries defe[nd] from the mestizos and starv[e] to one defends them from the [ir] aries. They are the wound[ed] cents, these men in white c[lo]women in heavy skirts wit[h] slung on their backs and d[ec]adorning their thick black h[air]. live by myths and die at the [h]the city or the mountain.

When Villa first came to [Ch]hua he was almost as innoc[ent] Tarahumara, but the abus[e] innocence produced rage in[to] meekness; he had become [a] After years in the mountains, [he] down to Chihuahua to work in[a] trying again the life of othe[rs] his class. When his foot h[ad] crushed in an accident and [he] no longer work, he sold hi[s] and his rifle to pay a doc[tor] abandoned him when the m[on]out. Another doctor offered [to] putate the leg, but Villa gave [in] instead into the care of two[In]dian women who cured h[im]

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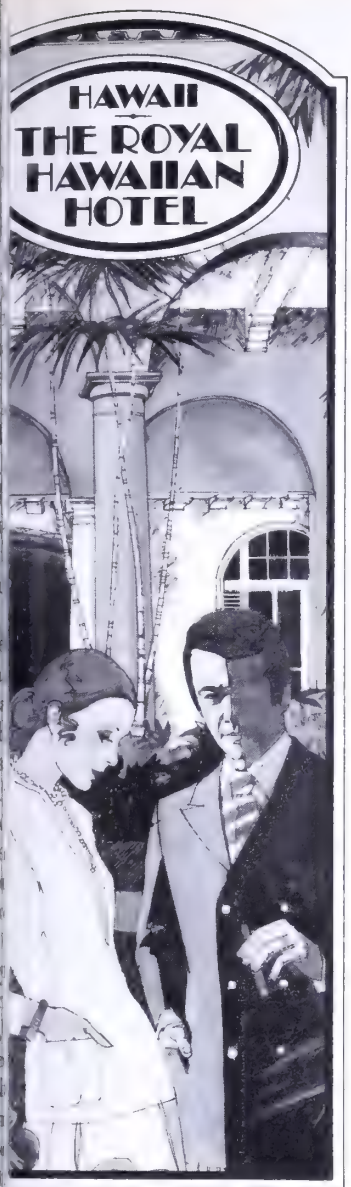
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roots and herbs. He worked again, fled to the mountains when he heard that the federal rural police were coming for him, lived again as a bandit, and then again returned to town, the last time as a butcher and seller of beef that had been rustled from the Terrazas ranches.

It was Villa the owner of a butcher shop who was taken to see Don Abraham Gonzales, a Freemason and political reformer and the first literate man with whom Villa had ever conversed. Historians say that Villa became a revolutionary during that meeting. It is unlikely; he was more than thirty years old, he had been to the mines and the fields and the prisons of Mexico under Diaz. It is more likely that Villa, the revolutionary without a program, went to the house of Gonzales and accepted the first plan he had ever heard. For Villa there was flattery in the meeting and there was also a connection between the atavistic dream that was born with him and the possibility that had finally been spelled out for him in the written world.

It was not a miraculous conversion; Villa knew of the killing of striking miners; he had seen the life of the peon and the *campesino*; his father had died when he was seven years old, if that man was his father; and he knew the rumors about Yaqui Indians sold into slavery on the henequen plantations of Yucatán and the hellish tobacco fields of Central Mexico. All of the classic conditions for revolution existed: he took the first hope and went to war.

Later, he carried the bones of the murdered Don Abraham through the city. His beloved artilleryman, General Felipe Ángeles, Villa's choice for president of Mexico, died there too, executed by a firing squad. Chihuahua is a rich town, promising in the contrast of the rich and the people who live and hunger in the unstuccoed adobe houses, good ground for revolution.

There is talk again of revolution here, but it is confined mainly to the students. In the cantinas, the men drink at the bar and cross the room to urinate in the trough along the opposite wall. Mariachis play; the markets are filled with fruit, corn, and meat, while the poor sit outside the shady and sweet-smelling sheds and squat on the broken sidewalk to share a pot of corn gruel. Great trucks bring onions, melons, and corn

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or the sheds, and even the stink of their diesel engines cannot obscure the earthy romance. Burros and horses come too, drawing tiny wagons on bald rubber tires stolen from abandoned cars: they are like ancient singing in the morning streets; poverty can be the charm of another time floating by in parade.

At evening, the contrasts fade, the television programs cover all. In the rows of broken houses, the doors are open, the lights are dim; there is an empty quart of beer, a plastic table, a torn couch, curtains separating a bedroom and stove, the blue light of television. A breeze stirs the dust, an old woman scolds a dusty child, and then at the same instant laughter comes from every house in the city of Chihuahua. It is after the revolution.

Canutillo, Durango

THE RANCH MUST have been a kind of paradise in the late summer after the rains had come, for then that part of Durango turns green and the little river that separates Canutillo from Las Nieves runs fast and cold over its stony bottom, feeding the fruit trees and gardens of the Hacienda de Canutillo. The summer is not hot at that altitude; the cattle grow fat and the meat is juicy, corn as its adolescence and wheat is born, beans and chick-peas grow, the grass is sweet, and no gardeners are needed to make the flowers bloom.

When Villa no longer believed in war, he accepted the ranch as a settlement from the government and came here to see what he could make of peace. He had been to Las Nieves and Canutillo before; once to see to the execution of his old friend Tomás Urbina, who had stolen money belonging to the revolution. When he settled here in 1920, it was to build a model farm for himself and his *dorados*. He rebuilt the church and the great house, and constructed long rows of apartments for his people. For his entertainment he built a handball court, and for his politics he built a school and started a bank that offered low-cost loans to those who were too poor to get money from any other bank.

Photographs taken at Canutillo show Villa fattening like a steer in summer, supervising the granary, watching the children at his school, and walking behind a plow. He studied the campaigns of Nap and the geography of Mexico. I dered tractors from the United and he tried to read Dante. came to dinners presided ov Austreberta Renteria, his newest There was peace, comfort, and suit of reflective delights. There harvests, dances, and children ing. A provincial elegance was formed; cigar smoke mingled fruit blossoms in the gardens.

Now it is all a ruin. Pigs ro the broken rooms of the great h the church is padlocked, the ga that was beyond the stables is grown, chaotic. The trees that sha the front of the house have chopped down for firewood, garb that has been picked over by the lies on the hard ground where famous horse, Siete Leguas (Se Leagues), was stabled. There is way to restore adobe buildings; sun-baked clay and straw bec dust.

An old man stands in the st that leads up from the river to hacienda. The houses that line street are crumbling, the store is with flies and empty Pepsi-Cola tles. "Villa was a big man," he sa "well reddened by the sun. He very serious, a man of great temeri This was his land. And here on t street, these were all the houses his generals, the escort of Panc Villa."

The house of a *curande*

THERE ARE TWO FAMOUS *cura deros* (healers, medicine men) this part of the Sierra Madre Occ dental; one is an ancient Indian wh lives in the mountains in a nearl inaccessible place; the other is hi disciple, known as the *curandero* o the spirit of Pancho Villa. They prac tice three kinds of medicine; herb alism, cures through the use of psy chedelic drugs, and spiritualism. Th herbs they use are those that can b found in any Mexican market o Sunday morning; the psychedeli drugs are peyote, jimson weed, an the root of gold (*raiz de oro*); an the spiritualism involves Catholicism and communication with the dead.

The Spanish-speaking *curanderos* of Mexico are victims of a broke culture. They lack the art and ele gance of Navaho or Huichol med

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men; like Carlos Castaneda's , don Juan, they are transi- people rather than true repre- ves of a non-Western culture, sers of homey mystical phil- y and psychedelic drugs to peo- o have lost or never knew the ex mythical world by which ive medicine works. Beauty en replaced by the bizarre, the ble circular world has given mere weirdness.

the other hand, the bilingual ine man, lacking a firm cultur- e upon which to build, must be her as well as a healer; his cure be preceded by the establish- of his own credibility and that method and all of its parts; he ed with proving a pantheon be- e can call upon it for help. The is difficult, the pay is poor, and are many competitors: physi- handle most physical problems nough, priests are willing ad- , traveling gypsies are charm- nd the evangelical religions are ning to win converts in Mexico. nlucky *curandero* may be left a practice composed entirely of otics, drug addicts, and anthro- ists.

ese are hard years for the *cu- ro* of the spirit of Pancho Villa. ess is bad, he is disturbed by uilding of a house of cement in his village, and he has not well: for several days he has bedridden, feverish, and with- ensation in his legs. A white le has grown on his face, his shirt is stained, the sun causes o feel chilled. These are natural s, he says, incurable signs of ge, like the loss of his teeth and iling tone of the muscles in his arms. He sighs and smokes, g on the adobe fence in front s house. His right eye is sight- turned off to the side, partially ed by a thick yellow cataract; uints the other eye in the sun. , docile as a pet, stands beside

ide his house it is cool and dark. ir of sunglasses, a safety razor, a bar of soap lie on the gray et that covers his narrow bed. ts on the bed, puts on his sun- es, and invites his guest to sit e chair beside him. He speaks hoarse voice; the slow song of ern Mexico is not in his speech, ives the words. The man is like oom of his house; the adobe

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walls are bare, the floor is hard dirt, the door is raised a foot above the ...ed the ground, distrustful of the rains.

The *curandero* leads me to a small room attached to the back of the house. It is like an airless box, four feet wide, eight feet long, and five feet high. There are no windows. The only source of light is an electric light bulb fixed to the wall above the chair in which the *curandero* sits.

Beside him is an altar made of stucco, pale green, like the walls and the ceiling. Framed pictures in a photographically unreal style decorate the altar. A benign, pastel Jesus looks out at the patient. Crucifixes and deerskin pouches are affixed to the wall above the altar. On the wall to the left of the *curandero* is a photograph of Pancho Villa leading a cavalry troop. Behind the chair in which the patient sits is a portrait of Villa and a small Mexican flag.

The *curandero* and his patient face each other across the narrowness of the room, each in his wooden chair with a caved-in upholstered seat. The lower part of the *curandero*'s chair is draped with unbleached cotton cloth that reaches to the floor; the patient's chair is unsteady, the rungs have lost their paint, the wood is gray.

We smoke, filling the room with the palest blue. He wears sunglasses, he smiles; his undershirt shifts, revealing the fragility of his yellowing old man's skin; his teeth are staggers of brown and yellow, his hands are thick and bending, the fingernails are funereal. The smoke stings.

The *curandero* begins the litany of the life of Pancho Villa with the birth of Doroteo Arango at La Coyotada. An ordered, accurate history emerges, neither said nor sung, but recited, as all long-known truths are told, formally, in rhythms of certainty and sanctification. But the verification of the powers of Pancho Villa is not for me. I have come for information: What kind of man was he? Did you know him? Did he dream? Did he laugh? I know his history, I seek his character.

A moment cracked, a system trembled, he breathed and rubbed his dying thigh. "Pancho Villa was a very serious man. He did not drink or smoke or use bad language. He used the root to learn that his spirit was a small bird."

"What root? Peyote?"

"Peyote is not a root. He used the root of gold (*raiz de oro*) to see (*ver*)."

"To see what? Visions? To see as in dreams?"

"No. To see."

"The future?"

"No. To see. When a man uses this *raiz de oro*, he sleeps for two or three minutes. Then he wakes up and he sees clearly."

We looked at each other blankly. There is no Spanish word for insight. "How do you know he used this root?"

"Because of the spirit of the small bird," he said, and then he began again to tell the history of Villa. While he spoke, I concentrated on his face and his words. In the periphery of the field of vision of my right eye a small black bird appeared. The *curandero* seemed to know, for he changed the direction of his speech; the history eased over into the mystical experience. "You can speak to Pancho Villa. His is the greatest power. Well, the greatest power after the power of Our Lord. He will speak through you, the power of him will be in you."

The bird was there, as real as the room, still, black, larger than a crow. I saw its head, its eye, the gleam and the crackling mechanical moves of it. The sealed green room had been entered by the spirit of Pancho Villa, there could be no doubt about it. The picture over my head was a symbol of the position of Villa, he would speak through me.

The old man spoke, too. He had removed the sunglasses, his blind crooked eye was turned up in my direction, raised above the cataract, looking at me. "Villa's spirit will come through you. He will speak from your mouth. It will be expensive. The spirit of Pancho Villa must be paid. Do you have money?"

"Yes, yes, how much?"

"He will tell you."

Everything I saw was true, yet I could not believe it, as I do not truly believe that airplanes fly above the clouds or that men have walked on the moon.

We negotiated. We talked of art and insight and the spirit of Pancho Villa. I insisted upon consciousness, he spoke of the world beyond knowing. I watched his crooked eye and his brown teeth. The painting of Christ glowed, the deerskin bags hung heavy with secrets, the pastel-colored photograph of Villa on Siete L... achieved dimension. The bird ... gone.

The opportunity had disappe... How had I allowed it to escape... The eye stared, the man spoke ... I thought only of the spirit of Pa... Villa. Major men do not have ... failures. Literature belongs to ... quick. Other failures passed bet... my eyes and the eye of the *cr... dero*: novels written too soon, e... written too late, summer girls o... olescence lost in a phrase. The ... eye was now unbearable; I c... sense the texture of the cataract... inevitability with which it cra... across his eye. And what was his... ness? He coughed, his face was da... typhoid had been reported in n... ern Mexico.

"We are good Catholics," he s... "We believe in God. God permits ... to eat whatever is on this earth. ... not a sin to use peyote or *raiz ... oro*." On and on went the argum... the same one I had heard from pe... tists in South Dakota, Montana, ... ifornia, and Arizona. I was the bo... victim of my own skepticism, h... ing learned too late that credulity ... a virtue of heroes. Villa, Villa, Vi... what he might have said; the pho... graph was smiling as if the bird w... now saved from revealing its secr... to me.

Stingy fool! If only I had agre... to pay. The gods of Mexico are in... tiable. This one wanted only mone... Huitzilopochtli would have asked ... the flesh of my heart. My eyes fe... I could not hear, I watched the fe... of the *curandero*, the toes as tou... as hooves, the skin the color of t... servant of the sun. Behind the fe... the cloth moved. And there was t... bird, the spirit of Pancho Villa, cage... in cloth beneath an old man's cha... I gave the *curandero* a handful ... pesos and went away laughing, know... ing again that myth is either there ... it is not; the best inventions have ... structure no deeper than smoke.

Irapuato, Guanajuat...

SHE RIDES THE BUS to Mexico City ... stinking of bean farts and sweat... "I am an old woman," she says... "Some people think I am rich be... cause I am fat. They say that i... Irapuato where I live, but it is no... so. I don't want rich clothes. I only... want to have beans and tortillas fo...



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tomorrow. We leave this world as we came into it, with nothing. True?"

When she thinks about Pancho Villa, she asks, "Why did the Americans help him?"

"For the oil. Díaz was giving the contracts to the English and the Rockefellers wanted them."

"So the Americans did help Villa! But they helped Carranza more."

"Yes, yes, in the end the Americans defeated Villa; they would not allow him to buy ammunition in America and they allowed Carranza to move his troops from one part of the border to another on American trains in American territory."

"But why?"

"For the oil."

"So the revolution was lost."

"Perhaps."

She thinks for a while, looking around at her fellow passengers. She is the poorest of them, and they are all poor. "The government is worse now than before the revolution," she says.

"Then the people should do something about it."

"The people are lazy now, too lazy to fight the government."

"Perhaps not."

"We are too poor."

"How can anyone be too poor to want justice?"

"It cannot be explained on this short ride to La Capital."

San Juan del Río, Durango

TIME SLEEPS in San Juan del Río; the old woman, much widowed, lives behind high walls, fearing the hot counting of the sun. If the streets are widened or windows replace the hinged shutters that are held open by a stick, the old woman will open her eyes to the rhythms of the world and be separated into dying and borning days; then the dead will be missed and the living will become anxious and have to write their dreams in copybooks; Pancho Villa will become a legend instead of a man; and it will be necessary to make a revolution to replace the one that failed.

Doroteo Arango was born here, just outside the town in a place called El Coyote. He came into a mean and grueling life, the son of a doomed sharecropper, destined for peonage; he even carried a name that belonged more to a woman than a man. His hopes were groundless, his courage was foolishness; there is no motivation for his strength; he cannot have been a man of his own making

mysticism and machismo do not challenge the order of the universe; he was the dream of his time; the child of the old woman behind the walls who thinks in her sleep of the golden age of her own youth.

Fate is in the other face of his patroness; twice he should have died here in San Juan, another vaguely human casualty of the Mexican system of killing prisoners as "fugitives from the law." Once he was saved by the municipal president (perhaps his true father or one of the lovers of his mother), and another time he escaped from the local jail.

It is difficult to understand how he escaped. The walls of the room in which he was imprisoned are fifteen feet high and made of thick adobe. There is one window near the ceiling, and it is small and barred. The jailer and the sheriff use that room for an office now. They have hung Mauser rifles and branding irons on the wall, souvenirs of the time of Villa. It is a casual jail, as it must have been in Villa's time; the main gate is held by a dime-store padlock and an iron bolt that is worked from the inside. Local boys sit in a large room without a roof, eating corn mush from a communal pot. At night, the prisoners retire to the row of cells to sleep on their mats and blankets. The jailer, who is a long man with blue eyes, walks easily among the prisoners; he sells them Coca-Cola from the cooler in his office.

The sheriff considers himself a relative of Pancho Villa, for they have the same godfather. Although he is only sixty years old, he speaks as if he and Villa were contemporaries. "During the revolution," he says, "Villa used to come to my grandmother's house to eat. She liked him; he was quiet and respectful. But she said he was a strange guest; he carried his own eating utensils in the breast pocket of his coat and he refused to eat with any others."

Villa, his grandmother, the revolution; they fill him with sighs. He inflates his fat brown cheeks and blows out resignation. The pistol on his hip and the straw hat so perfectly curled are not signs of the absolute acceptance of authority even though he is the authority of the town. He is not a soldier; he belongs to the people of San Juan, he cannot distinguis[h] self from them.

"It is worse now than bef[ore] revolution," he says. "The lan[d] tion has never been resolve[d] system of distributing the land [a]nd the poor is a failure. And it w[as] worst under Cárdenas; our 'r[ev]' president was in cahoots wi[th] thieves. You see what they did, [he] gave the land to the people, bu[t] didn't give them the money t[o] seed or fertilizer or cattle or [a]. They couldn't do anything w[ith] After two years, they were sta[rv]. Then the rich came to them an[d] them they would buy the land [a] for a few pesos, whatever [t]hey deigned to pay. The people h[ad] sell. Before the revolution, if [a] needed something, they cou[ld] least go to the *patrón*. Now, they [have] nothing and no one to turn to."

He makes the obvious connec[tion] the conditions that gave rise t[o] revolution are changed only in [that] they are worse. It was a revol[ution] on paper. There are radicals i[n] countryside again and student[s] being shot in the streets: four l[ast] last week in Puebla, six *campe[sinos]* executed in Guerrero the week[be]fore, tanks rolling in the stree[ts] Mexico City. What will happen?

The old woman remains in [the] shade, where she has been since [the] Mexica dominated the land from [the] island city of Tenochtitlán. Sh[e] sleeping. Her eyes are dark. She [is] circle.

Mexico, D[.F.]

A RADICAL STUDENT dresses in [the] fashion of Benito Juárez: ski[rt] the long summer, hair cut in a[ll] circle below his ears, the cast of in[tel]cence over parabolic eyes. He stu[dies] newspapers, comparing the soc[ial] pages of 1910 and 1972, conclud[es] that the family names are the sa[me] the boys still go off to study in P[aris] or Philadelphia, the faces of forei[gn]ers wear the same indulgent smi[le] and the brides are the granddau[gh]ters of the brides of 1910. "Th[ere] was no revolution," he says. "It [is] an illusion."

"And the dead?"

"Life is not a fact in Mexico."

"Then what is real?"

"Hunger and domination."

"Why do the people permit it?"

"We expect to die."



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CONSCIENCE AND CONGRESS: THE DILEMMAS OF OBEDIENCE

n this month's lead article ("The ils of Obedience," page 62), social chologist Stanley Milgram con- is some of our worst suspicions ut human behavior. Milgram set an experiment to determine how ordinary, decent people will go in owing orders to inflict pain on er ordinary, decent people. His re- s suggest that all of us can per- e torture as necessary and even eficial. All we need to interpret cruelty as nobility is a higher au- rity that we can obey without lms because it grants us the re- ds (praise, status, self-esteem) of ving a cause greater than our- es. Such are the roots of man's umanity to man.

f Milgram's article merely rein- es our cynicism about human ure, we overlook its invitation to onsider the old dilemmas of con- ence *v.* authority. The problem is t obedience is infinitely easier than obedience; and when we grow up h little or no training in the im- atives of conscience, as most of us now, we have trouble distinguish- between the kinds of authority we uld obey and the kinds we should . It is a problem that might seem levant and luxurious to people ng under dictatorships throughout st of the world. But to the extent t Americans are unconcerned, one y predict the demise of constitu- nal government in favor of blind wer riding on blind obedience.

Perhaps we should be grateful to chard Nixon for his unwitting but unfailing instruction in these matters. That the President takes an expedient view of the Constitution appears to have been proved beyond all measure of reasonable doubt. Despite his training as a lawyer, the man has no use for legality except as a convenience. If the law happens to coincide with his purpose, then he seizes the opportunity for a fine speech celebrating the honorable traditions of the Republic; if the law does not agree with his purpose, he ignores or subverts it. This technique presumably reflects Nixon's fascination with the unbridled intrigues of foreign policy, and he no doubt places himself in the line of imperial succession that descends through the historical sequence of triumphant but murderous kings. It is a technique that has little to do with a government of laws or with what Mr. Nixon must consider the petty squabbling of alarmed and uninformed citizens who fail to understand the necessities of power. He apparently looks upon the Congress in the same way that he looks upon the North Vietnamese—a disorganized rabble with whom he nevertheless must appear to negotiate peace with honor.

The treaty may be difficult to arrange. As this issue went to press, President Nixon had managed to fire Archibald Cox, the special Watergate prosecutor who in every sense embodied the only kind of authority that the Founding Fathers believed worthy of respect and obedience. That authority is the rule of law—the idea that all men are equal before the law, and that no man (Presidents not excepted) stands above the law. Nixon appears to hold to a contrary belief—that the office of the Presidency confers upon the President the power to act in any manner he chooses, that only the President can know what is best for the country, and if a man like Cox asks too many impertinent questions, then, for the good of the state, Cox must be dismissed. In a world-weary sense Nixon has a point: men like Cox become tiresome defenders of abstract ideals that seldom coincide with political reality. Even judges fail to defend the rule of law: courts can be bought and sold, somebody can always bribe a governor, and certain defendants (cf. Spiro Agnew) receive a more lenient interpretation of the law than other defendants.

But if men like Cox can refuse to go along with the customary deals, and if they can be supported in their refusal by men like Elliot Richardson and William Ruckelshaus, then we have ground for at least faint hope that the patent shabbiness of the Nixon Administration may have forced a great many other people in the country to reconsider the question of what constitutes the peril of obedience. That hope now rests with several hundred ordinarily timid Congressmen who may or may not summon the collective courage to impeach a President who scorns the laws he is sworn to uphold. Whom, or what, will they choose to obey? R.S.

Stanley Milgram

THE PERILS OF OBEDIENCE

A social psychologist's experiments show that most people will hurt their fellow rather than disobey an authority

Stanley Milgram is a social psychologist who carried out experiments on obedience to authority while teaching at Yale University. He is currently professor of psychology at the Graduate Center of the City University of New York.

Adapted from Obedience to Authority, by *Stanley Milgram, to be published in January by Harper & Row.*

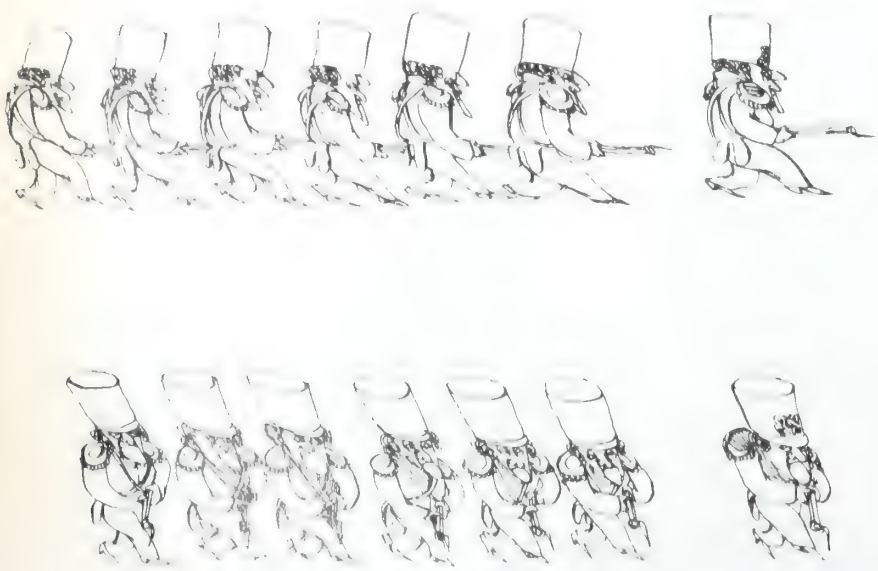
OBEDIENCE IS AS BASIC AN ELEMENT in the structure of social life as one can point to. Some system of authority is a requirement of all communal living, and it is only the person dwelling in isolation who is not forced to respond, with defiance or submission, to the commands of others. For many people, obedience is a deeply ingrained behavior tendency, indeed a potent impulse overriding training in ethics, sympathy, and moral conduct.

The dilemma inherent in submission to authority is ancient, as old as the story of Abraham, and the question of whether one should obey when commands conflict with conscience has been argued by Plato, dramatized in *Antigone*, and treated to philosophic analysis in almost every historical epoch. Conservative philosophers argue that the very fabric of society is threatened by disobedience, while humar stress the primacy of the individual conscie

The legal and philosophic aspects of ob ence are of enormous import, but they say v little about how most people behave in conc situations. I set up a simple experiment at Y University to test how much pain an ordin citizen would inflict on another person sim because he was ordered to by an experim tal scientist. Stark authority was pitted aga the subjects' strongest moral imperatives aga hurting others, and, with the subjects' ears ri ing with the screams of the victims, autho won more often than not. The extreme willi ness of adults to go to almost any lengths on command of an authority constitutes the ch finding of the study and the fact most urger demanding explanation.

In the basic experimental design, two peo come to a psychology laboratory to take p in a study of memory and learning. One of th is designated as a "teacher" and the othe "learner." The experimenter explains that study is concerned with the effects of puni ment on learning. The learner is conducted i a room, seated in a kind of miniature elect chair; his arms are strapped to prevent excessi movement, and an electrode is attached to wrist. He is told that he will be read lists simple word pairs, and that he will then be test on his ability to remember the second word o pair when he hears the first one again. Whe ever he makes an error, he will receive electr shocks of increasing intensity.

The real focus of the experiment is the tea er. After watching the learner being strapp into place, he is seated before an impressi shock generator. The instrument panel consi



Hans-Georg Rauch

rty lever switches set in a horizontal line. switch is clearly labeled with a voltage ation ranging from 15 to 450 volts. The ing designations are clearly indicated for s of four switches, going from left to right: Shock, Moderate Shock, Strong Shock, Strong Shock, Intense Shock, Extreme In- Shock, Danger: Severe Shock. (Two es after this last designation are simply ed XXX.)

en a switch is depressed, a pilot light ponding to each switch is illuminated in red; an electric buzzing is heard; a blue labeled "voltage energizer," flashes; the n the voltage meter swings to the right; arious relay clicks sound off.

upper left-hand corner of the generator led SHOCK GENERATOR, TYPE ZLB, DYSON UMENT COMPANY, WALTHAM, MASS. OUT- 5 VOLTS–450 VOLTS.

h subject is given a sample 45-volt shock the generator before his run as teacher, he jolt strengthens his belief in the au- city of the machine.

teacher is a genuinely naive subject who me to the laboratory for the experiment. arner, or victim, is actually an actor who es no shock at all. The point of the exper- is to see how far a person will proceed oncrete and measurable situation in which ordered to inflict increasing pain on a pro- victim.

flict arises when the man receiving the begins to show that he is experiencing nfort. At 75 volts, he grunts: at 120 volts, mplains loudly: at 150, he demands to be ed from the experiment. As the voltage ses, his protests become more vehement motional. At 285 volts, his response can scribed only as an agonized scream. Soon fter, he makes no sound at all.

the teacher, the situation quickly becomes one of gripping tension. It is not a game for him; conflict is intense and obvious. The manifest suffering of the learner presses him to quit; but each time he hesitates to administer a shock, the experimenter orders him to continue. To extricate himself from this plight, the subject must make a clear break with authority.*

THE SUBJECT, GRETCHEN BRANDT,** is an attractive thirty-one-year-old medical technician who works at the Yale Medical School. She had emigrated from Germany five years before.

On several occasions when the learner complains, she turns to the experimenter coolly and inquires, "Shall I continue?" She promptly returns to her task when the experimenter asks her to do so. At the administration of 210 volts, she turns to the experimenter, remarking firmly, "Well, I'm sorry, I don't think we should continue."

EXPERIMENTER: The experiment requires that you go on until he has learned all the word pairs correctly.

BRANDT: He has a heart condition, I'm sorry. He told you that before.

EXPERIMENTER: The shocks may be painful but they are not dangerous.

BRANDT: Well, I'm sorry, I think when shocks continue like this, they *are* dangerous. You ask him if he wants to get out. It's his free will.

EXPERIMENTER: It is absolutely essential that we continue. . . .

BRANDT: I'd like you to a-sk him.We came here of our free will. If he wants to continue I'll go

* The ethical problems of carrying out an experiment of this sort are too complex to be dealt with here, but they receive extended treatment in the book from which this article is adapted.

** Names of subjects described in this piece have been changed.

Hum... colo... compla... the bound... of evil ... closer to the truth than one might dare imagine."



Stanley Milgram

THE PERILS OF OBEDIENCE

ahead. He told you he had a heart condition. I'm sorry. I don't want to be responsible for anything happening to him. I wouldn't like it for me either.

EXPERIMENTER: You have no other choice.

BRANDT: I think we are here on our own free will. I don't want to be responsible if anything happens to him. Please understand that.

She refuses to go further and the experiment is terminated.



The woman is firm and resolute thro
She indicates in the interview that she
no way tense or nervous, and this corr
to her controlled appearance during the
ment. She feels that the last shock she
istered to the learner was extremely pain
reiterates that she "did not want to be
sible for any harm to him."

The woman's straightforward, courte
havior in the experiment, lack of tensio
total control of her own action seem to
disobedience a simple and rational deed.
havior is the very embodiment of what
sioned would be true for almost all subje

An unexpected ou

BEFORE THE EXPERIMENTS, I sought
tions about the outcome from various
of people—psychiatrists, college sopho
middle-class adults, graduate students ar
ulty in the behavioral sciences. With rema
similarity, they predicted that virtually a
jects would refuse to obey the experimente
psychiatrists, specifically, predicted that
subjects would not go beyond 150 volts,
the victim makes his first explicit demand
freed. They expected that only 4 percent
reach 300 volts, and that only a patho
fringe of about one in a thousand wou
minister the highest shock on the board.

These predictions were unequivocally v
Of the forty subjects in the first experi
twenty-five obeyed the orders of the exper
er to the end, punishing the victim unti
reached the most potent shock available
generator. After 450 volts were admini
three times, the experimenter called a halt
session. Many obedient subjects then h
sighs of relief, mopped their brows, rubbed
fingers over their eyes, or nervously fu
cigarettes. Others displayed only minimal
of tension from beginning to end.

When the very first experiments were
ried out, Yale undergraduates were used a
jects, and about 60 percent of them were
obedient. A colleague of mine immediatel
missed these findings as having no relevan
"ordinary" people, asserting that Yale u
graduates are a highly aggressive, compe
bunch who step on each other's necks o
slightest provocation. He assured me that
"ordinary" people were tested, the r
would be quite different. As we moved fro
pilot studies to the regular experimental s
people drawn from every stratum of New H
life came to be employed in the experi
professionals, white-collar workers, unemp
persons, and industrial workers. *The experi
tal outcome was the same as we had obs
among the students.*

eover, when the experiments were re- in Princeton, Munich, Rome, South and Australia, the level of obedience variably somewhat *higher* than found in estigation reported in this article. Thus entist in Munich found 85 percent of his s obedient.

D PROZI'S REACTIONS, if more dramatic most, illuminate the conflicts experi- by others in less visible form. About fifty ld and unemployed at the time of the ex- nt, he has a good-natured, if slightly dis- appearance, and he strikes people as a ordinary fellow. He begins the session but becomes tense as it proceeds. After ing the 180-volt shock, he pivots around chair and, shaking his head, addresses perimenter in agitated tones:

I can't stand it. I'm not going to kill that there. You hear him hollering?

MENTER: As I told you before, the shocks painful, but . . .

But he's hollering. He can't stand it. going to happen to him?

MENTER (his voice is patient, matter-of- The experiment requires that you con- Teacher.

Aaah, but, unh, I'm not going to get an sick in there—know what I mean?

IMENTER: Whether the learner likes it or must go on, through all the word pairs.

I refuse to take the responsibility. He's e hollering!

IMENTER: It's absolutely essential that ntinue, Prozi.

(indicating the unused questions): too many left here, I mean, Jeez, if he em wrong, there's too many of them mean, who's going to take the respon- if anything happens to that gentleman?

EXPERIMENTER: I'm responsible for anything that happens to him. Continue, please.

PROZI: All right. (Consults list of words.) The next one's "Slow—walk, truck, dance, music." Answer, please. (A buzzing sound indicates the learner has signaled his answer.) Wrong. A hundred and ninety-five volts. "Dance." (Zzumph!)

LEARNER (yelling): Let me out of here! My heart's bothering me! (Teacher looks at experimenter.)

EXPERIMENTER: Continue, please.

LEARNER (screaming): Let me out of here! You have no right to keep me here! Let me out of here, my heart's bothering me, let me out!

PROZI (shakes head, pats the table nervously): You see, he's hollering. Hear that? Gee, I don't know.

EXPERIMENTER: The experiment requires . . .

PROZI (interrupting): I know it does, sir, but I mean—hunh! He don't know what he's getting in for. He's up to 195 volts! (Experiment continues, through 210 volts, 225 volts, 240 volts, 255 volts, 270 volts, at which point Prozi, with evident relief, runs out of word-pair questions.)

EXPERIMENTER: You'll have to go back to the beginning of that page and go through them again until he's learned them all correctly.

PROZI: Aw, no. I'm not going to kill that man. You mean I've got to keep going up with the scale? No sir. He's hollering in there. I'm not going to give him 450 volts.

EXPERIMENTER: The experiment requires that you go on.

LEARNER: Ohhh. I absolutely refuse to answer anymore. (Shouting urgently now.) Let me out of here! You can't hold me here! Get me out. Get-me-out-of-here!

EXPERIMENTER: Continue. The next word is "Green," please.

PROZI: "Green—grass, hat, ink, apple." (Noth-

"[illegible] behavior by saying that the responsibility belonged to the man who actually pulled the switch."



ing happens. No answering buzz. Just gloomy silence.)

PROZI: I don't think he is going to answer.

EXPERIMENTER: If the learner doesn't answer in a reasonable time, about four or five seconds, consider the answer wrong. And follow the same procedures you have been doing for wrong answers. Say, "Wrong," tell him the number of volts, give him the punishment, read him the correct answer. Continue, please.

PROZI: "Green—grass, hat, ink, apple." Answer, please. (More silence. Subject just sits there.)

EXPERIMENTER: Go on with the procedure, please.

PROZI: Three hundred and fifteen volts. The answer is "ink." (Zzumph!)

LEARNER: Ohh. Ooohh.

PROZI (relieved to hear response): Next one . . .

LEARNER: I absolutely refuse to answer.

PROZI: You got to. You get a shock if you don't answer. (Experiment continues with learner refusing to answer, and, finally, failing even to grunt or groan. At 375 volts, the subject stands up.)

PROZI: I think something's happened to that fellow in there. I don't get no answer. He was hollering at less voltage. Can't you check in and see if he's all right, please?

EXPERIMENTER (with same detached calm): Not once we've started. Please continue, Teacher.

PROZI (sits down, sighs deeply): "Cool—day, shade, water, paint." Answer, please. Are you all right in there? Are you all right?

EXPERIMENTER: Please continue, Teacher. Continue, please. (Subject pushes lever. Zzumph!)

PROZI (swiveling around in his chair): Something's happened to that man in there. (Swiveling back.) Next one. "Low—dollar, necklace, moon, paint." (Turning around again.) Something's happened to that man in there. You better check in on him, sir. He won't answer or nothing.

EXPERIMENTER: Continue. Go on, please.

PROZI: You accept all responsibility?

EXPERIMENTER: The responsibility is mine. Correct. Please go on. (Subject returns to his list, starts running through words as rapidly as he can read them, works through to 450 volts.)

PROZI: That's that.

EXPERIMENTER: Continue using the 450 switch for each wrong answer. Continue, please.

PROZI: But I don't get anything!

EXPERIMENTER: Please continue. The next word is "white."

PROZI: Don't you think you should look in on him, please?

EXPERIMENTER: Not once we've started the experiment.

PROZI: What if he's dead in there? (Gestures toward the room with the electric chair.) I mean, he told me he can't stand the shock, sir. I... mean to be rude, but I think you should l... on him. All you have to do is look in or... All you have to do is look in the door. I... get no answer, no noise. Something migh... happened to the gentleman in there, sir.

EXPERIMENTER: We must continue. G... please.

PROZI: You mean keep giving him what? ... hundred-fifty volts, what he's got now?

EXPERIMENTER: That's correct. Continue ... next word is "white."

PROZI (now at a furious pace): "Wh... cloud, horse, rock, house." Answer, please ... answer is "horse." Four hundred and fifty ... (Zzumph!) Next word, "Bag—paint, n... clown, girl." The answer is "paint." Four... dred and fifty volts. (Zzumph!) Next wo... "Short—sentence, movie . . ."

EXPERIMENTER: Excuse me, Teacher. We'll ... to discontinue the experiment.

Peculiar react...

MORRIS BRAVERMAN, ANOTHER SUBJECT, ... thirty-nine-year-old social worker. He l... older than his years because of his bald ... and serious demeanor. His brow is furrowe... if all the world's burdens were carried on... face. He appears intelligent and concerned.

When the learner refuses to answer and ... experimenter instructs Braverman to treat ... absence of an answer as equivalent to a wr... answer, he takes his instruction to heart. Be... administering 300 volts he asserts officio... to the victim, "Mr. Wallace, your silence ha... be considered as a wrong answer." Then ... administers the shock. He offers halfheart... to change places with the learner, then asks ... experimenter, "Do I have to follow these inst... tions literally?" He is satisfied with the exp... menter's answer that he does. His very refi... and authoritative manner of speaking is ... creasingly broken up by wheezing laughter.

The experimenter's notes on Mr. Braver... at the last few shocks are:

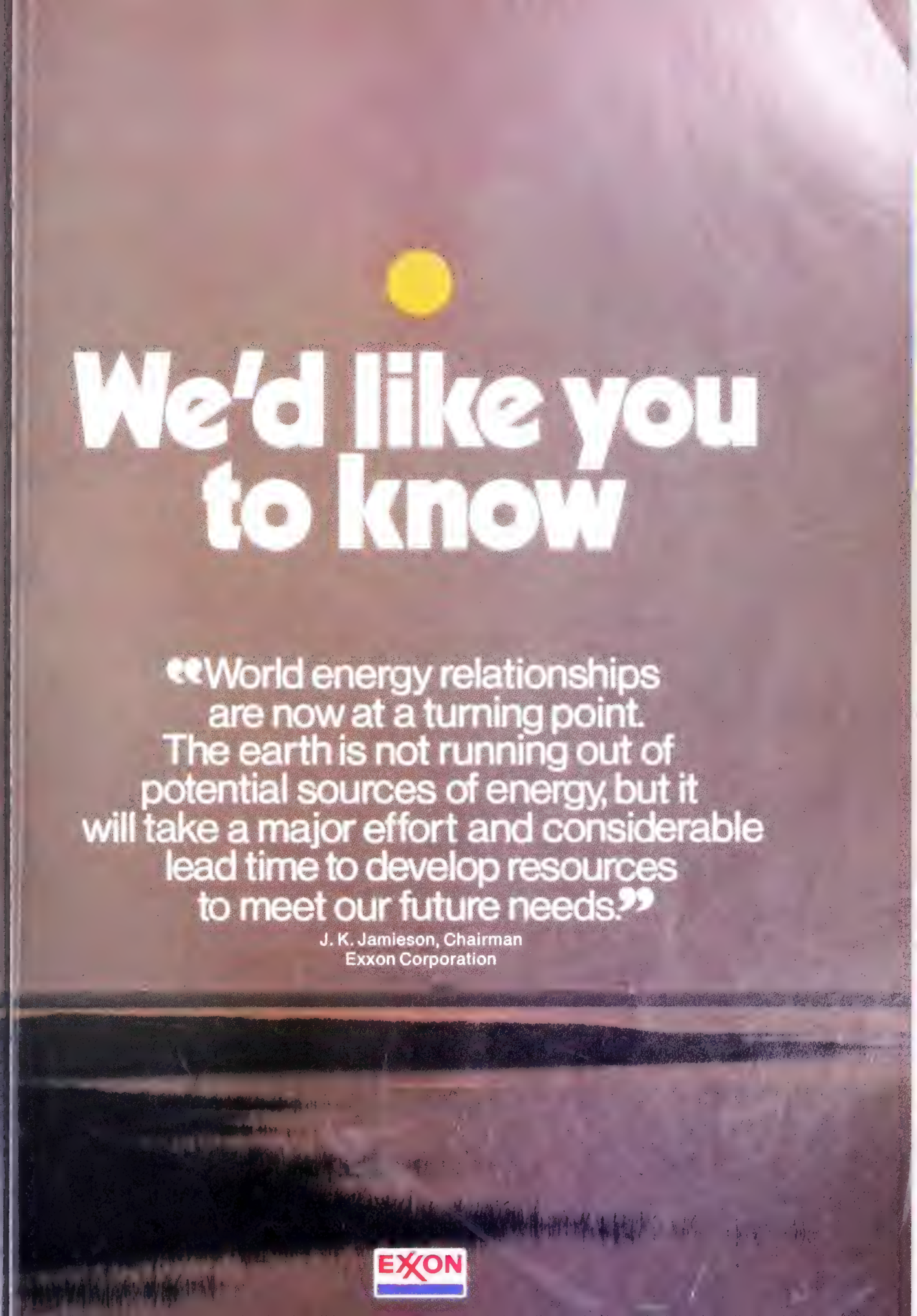
Almost breaking up now each time g... shock. Rubbing face to hide laughter.

Squinting, trying to hide face with ha... still laughing.

Cannot control his laughter at this point ... matter what he does.

Clenching fist, pushing it onto table.

In an interview after the session, Mr. Brav... man summarizes the experiment with impr... sive fluency and intelligence. He feels the exp... ment may have been designed also to "test t... effects on the teacher of being in an essentia... sadistic role, as well as the reactions of a st... dent to a learning situation that was authorit... tive and punitive." (*Continued on page 7*...


We'd like you to know
"World energy relationships are now at a turning point. The earth is not running out of potential sources of energy, but it will take a major effort and considerable lead time to develop resources to meet our future needs."
J. K. Jamieson, Chairman
Exxon Corporation
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This Exxon refinery at Baytown, Texas is being expanded to boost production of gasoline and other products by 13 million gallons a day. Smaller expansion programs will take place at several of Exxon's other refineries in the United States and abroad.

Almost every American is aware that our country is facing a serious energy problem. But the fact is, the problem is not ours alone—it involves the entire world.

It is not easy to explain in brief how the situation came about. Complex factors are involved—ranging from increasing consumption to disappointing discoveries to environmental considerations to world political relationships. And solutions are not around the corner.

One thing is sure. The earth is not running out of potential sources of energy. But it will take a major effort and considerable lead time to develop resources to meet future needs.

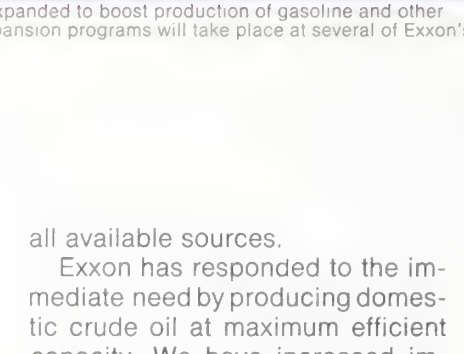
On the following pages we review the energy situation, and tell what Exxon is doing both short-term and long-term to meet the needs of its customers.

We need all the energy we can get.

Looking first at the current supply-demand situation in the United States, it is clear that this country needs all the energy it can get from all available sources.

Exxon has responded to the immediate need by producing domestic crude oil at maximum efficient capacity. We have increased imports of crude oil and petroleum products, and have kept our refineries running at an all-out pace.

Exxon has a major refinery expansion program under way that will increase Exxon's U.S. capacity by almost 15 million gallons a day, or about 30 percent. A small part of the increase will be available soon, and the full amount by 1976.



Every day the average man, woman and child in the U.S. uses nearly four gallons of oil, 300 cubic feet of natural gas, 15 pounds of coal and smaller amounts of other energy. This is substantially more than the average of other industrial countries and eight times as much as the world average.

Until new domestic refi capacity is brought on stream, stantial volumes of imported p leum products will be require meet the needs of U.S. consu Even with the refinery expan that Exxon and others have s announced, it is not certain tha rapidly increasing demand a pated for the next few years ca satisfied.

Raising U.S. refinery capac adequate levels on a basis that isfies environmental requirem will not in itself end U.S. en supply problems. Worldwide, c oil supplies will be tight in rela to the high demand now foreca

Demand rising 7% a year

Oil and gas now account about 65 percent of total w energy consumption, and their ative position is still increas Supplies of other fuels have grown as fast as energy dema and oil has been called upo make up the difference. As a re world petroleum demand, now ing at an annual rate of about 7 cent, could double by 1985.

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s looking for oil on land and off the coasts of more than 40 countries
the world. This platform is located in the North Sea where frequent
bring 75-mile-an-hour winds and 65-foot waves.



On Alaska's North Slope the temperature may plummet to minus 60°
in the winter. Industry production from the Slope is expected to total
about 2 million barrels (84 million gallons) of oil a day.

e United States will remain the
t oil-consuming country dur-
is period, and will become in-
ingly dependent on imported
scoveries in the U.S. have not
up with consumption for some
and production is now actu-
eclining.

An enormous goal.

sent and future demand for
massive. To meet the ex-
d growth, the industry would
to add about 4 million barrels
of producing capacity each
To produce this much oil, the
try would have to find about
lion barrels a year—the equiv-
of two fields the size of
a's Prudhoe Bay. By 1980, the
red amount could be 30 billion
ls a year.

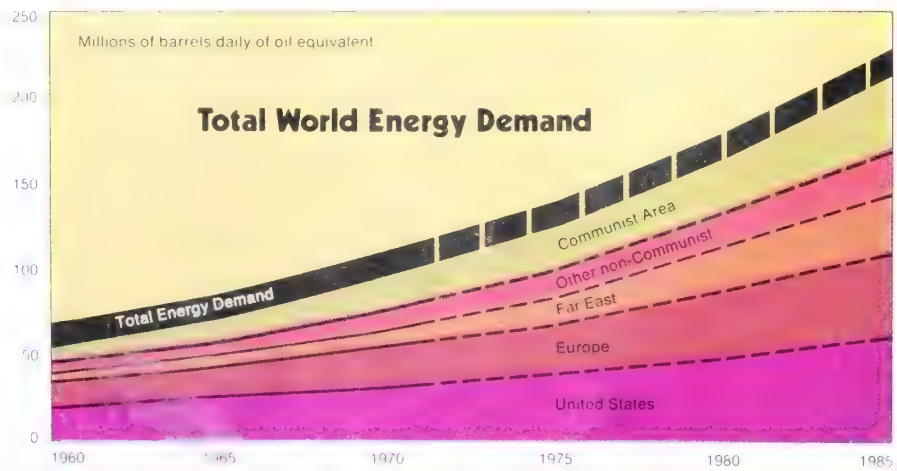
e physical and financial chal-
e of finding and producing
much new oil each year is
nous.

the present time, about two-
s of the world's known oil re-
s are in the Middle East and
Africa. About half of total re-
s are in the countries border-
ing the Persian—or Arabian—Gulf.

Despite the fact that significant recent discoveries have been made in the North Sea and other areas, they are small in relation to demand. Therefore the world will necessarily be dependent on the Middle East for an increasing share of its oil supplies for some years to come. Raising Middle East production at an adequate rate will require an all-out effort.

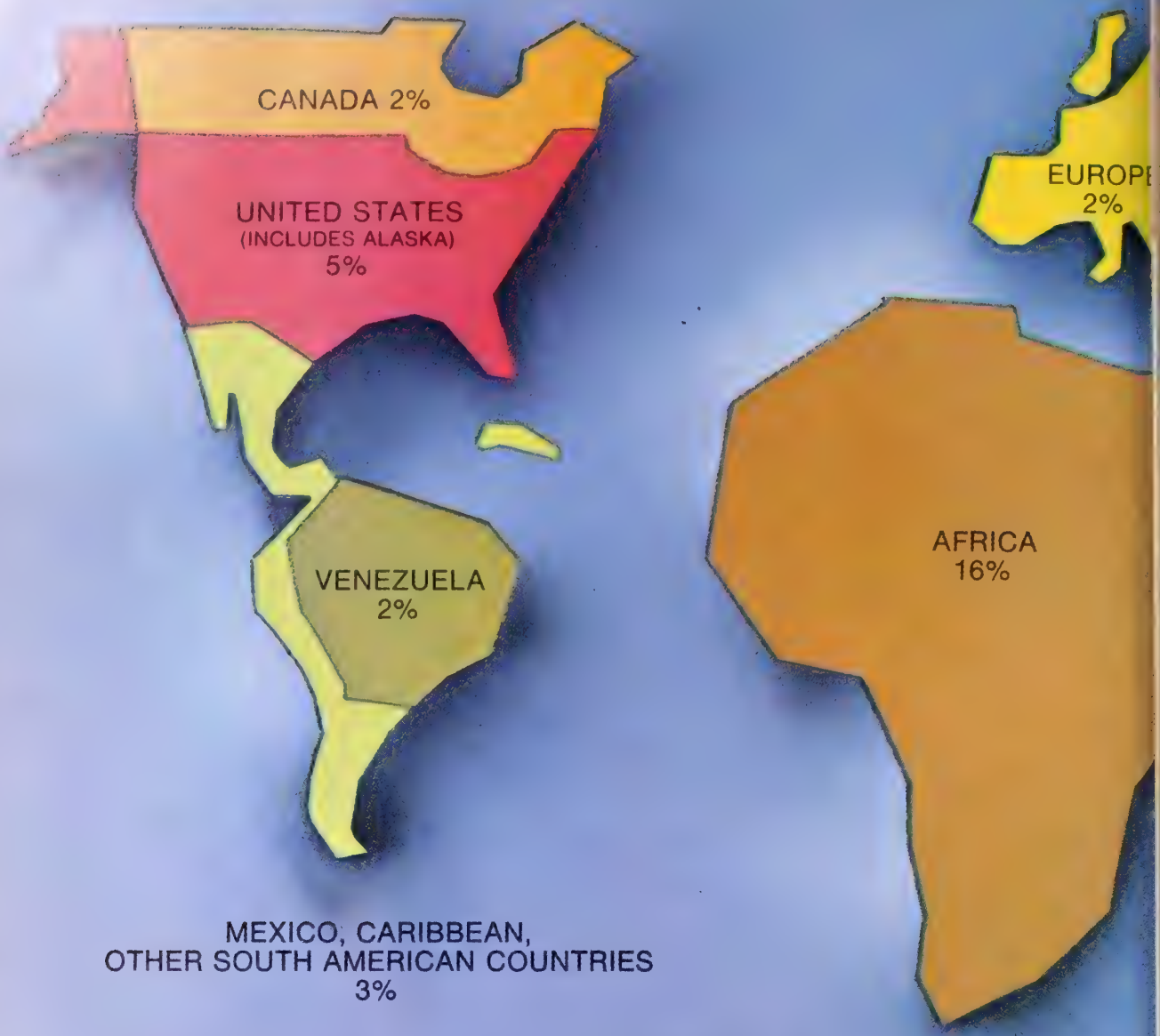
Even Middle East supplies are not limitless, and Middle East governments can be expected to watch closely the rate at which their resources are depleted. Furthermore, continued expansion in the Middle East could be affected by the concern of some Middle Eastern countries over their ability to invest additional income gained from increased oil production.

It is important then to continue our efforts to find oil in all parts of the world. Although the industry



Demand has been growing steadily. Assuming no significant limitations in available supply, the outlook is for sustained growth, almost doubling world consumption by 1985

EXXON

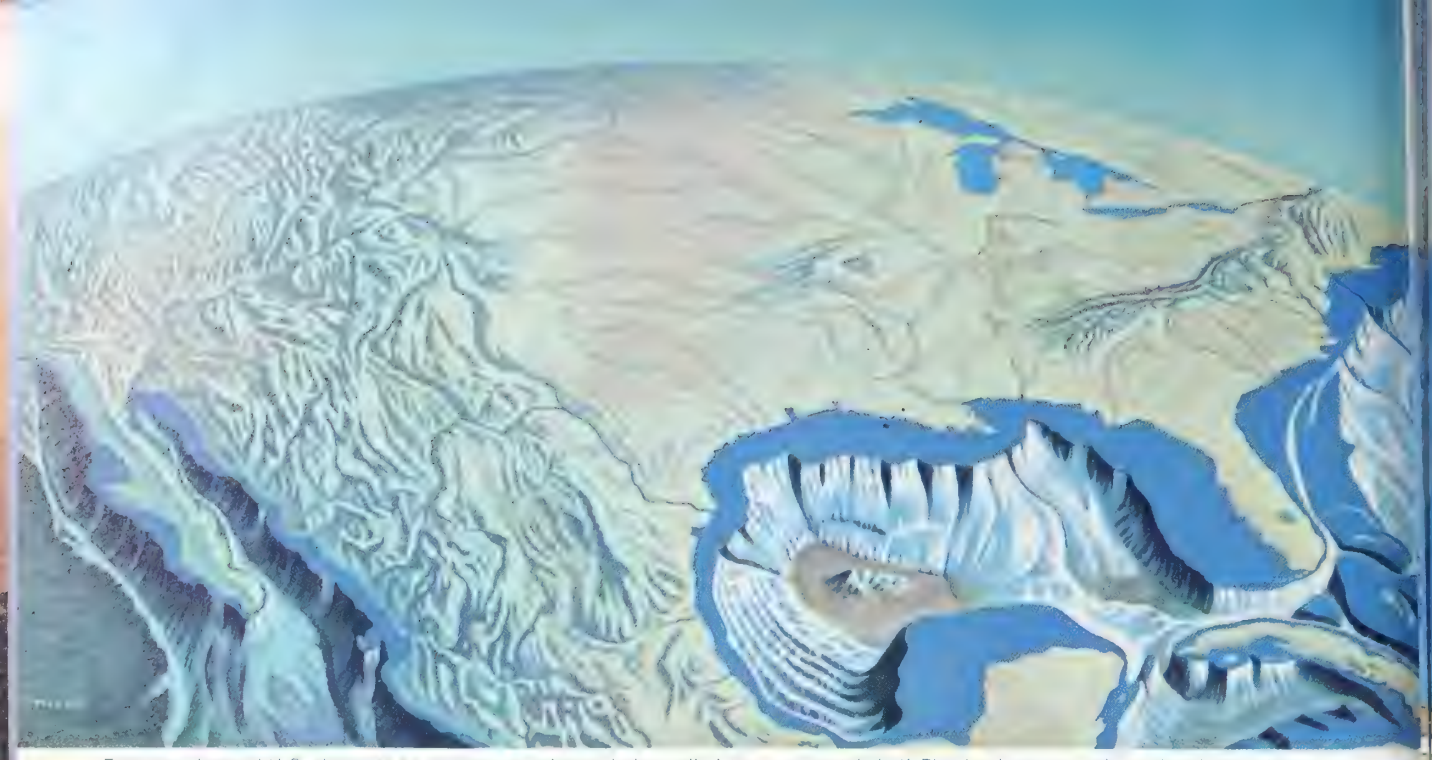


The world of known oil reserves.

Percentages are shares of the world's known, extractable oil reserves in each area.

SOURCE: *Oil & Gas Journal*—December 25, 1972


RUSSIA AND OTHER COMMUNIST COUNTRIES
15%
INDONESIA
2%
MIDDLE EAST
53%



Extending beyond U.S. shores is an enormous undersea ledge called the continental shelf. This land mass is rich in oil and natural gas deposits. Some geologists estimate there may be nearly as much oil under this shelf as has ever been found onshore in the history of the U.S. To date there has been active exploration and production only off the coasts of Louisiana, Texas and California.

may find itself with a modest surplus from time to time, consumers will probably have to live with the fact that surges in demand, delays in planned oil-producing capacity, unexpected restrictions by governments of producing countries, or any other major supply disruption could lead to shortages in the U.S. and other world markets.

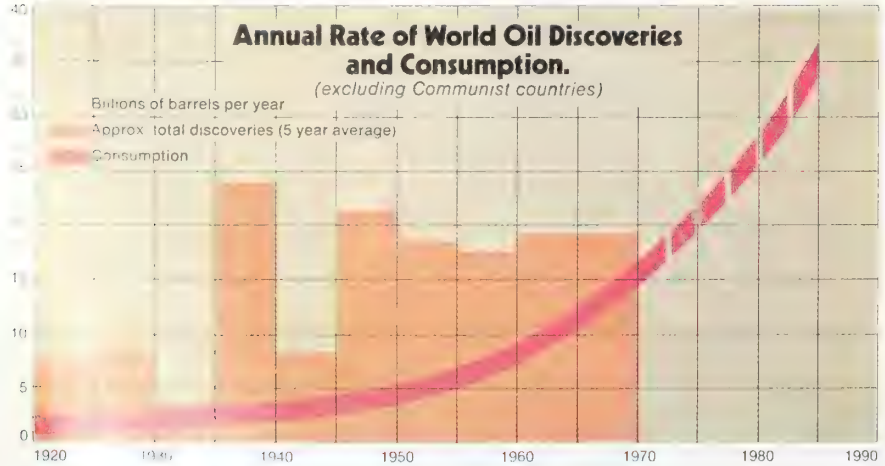
Why it's harder to find oil.

The effort to find new oil has been accelerating in recent years, but it's not as easy as it used to be. Our industry has to search in increasingly difficult environments such as the Arctic and North Sea.

Despite the industry's best efforts, oil findings (See chart below) have held at a fairly constant rate in recent years.

The very large fields of the Middle East represent discoveries whose size is unmatched in the history of oil. It is hard to foresee any other prospective area that could make such a contribution in the future.

It would thus seem imprudent to plan the world's energy supplies on the assumption that it would be possible to accelerate discoveries of crude oil to parallel the rising consumption. Even if demand growth is moderated—as we believe it must be—we need to face the fact that the world's conventional oil resources will not indefinitely support increases in production.



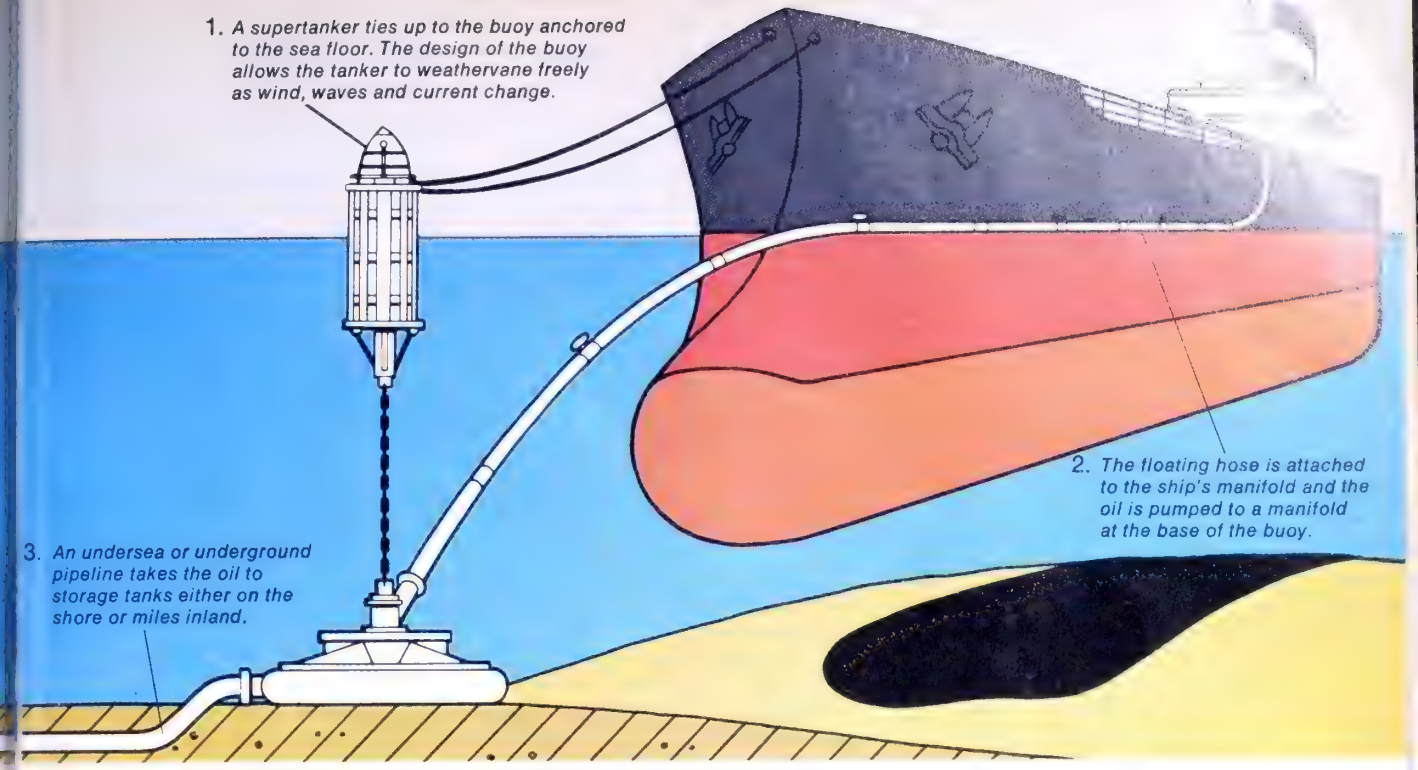
Oil discoveries until now have exceeded consumption. Most experts agree that future discoveries are unlikely to keep pace with consumption.

Two important things we must all do.

To prepare for such a situation, and for an orderly transition into a new energy era, every consuming nation must create a political and economic environment that will encourage energy conservation and speed the development of other conventional and nonconventional energy sources.

The U.S. has wider choices than many other nations because of the scale of our basic energy resources. We have such options as these:

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A epwater terminal allows supertankers to load or unload miles from shore. There are over 100 deepwater terminals ar nd the world. They permit countries that have no deepwater ports to take advantage of the economies of supertankers Be use the U.S. has no deepwater ports, this system is being proposed for sections of the East and Gulf Coasts

■ Use more coal, both directly and a a source of synthetic oil and g s. America has perhaps a third c he world's coal supply.

■ Speed the pace of nuclear power p nt construction. Increase re- s rch on more advanced nuclear t hnology and the direct recovery c solar energy.

■ mplement government programs t advance the commercial devel- c ment of shale oil. Large deposits e st, but there are long-term tech- l ogical and environmental prob- l ns to be solved.

■ Reduce gasoline consumption t ough the use of lighter, more e icient automobiles; car pools; b ter vehicle operation and main- t ance; and auto emission con- t ls and other devices designed w h fuel economy in mind.

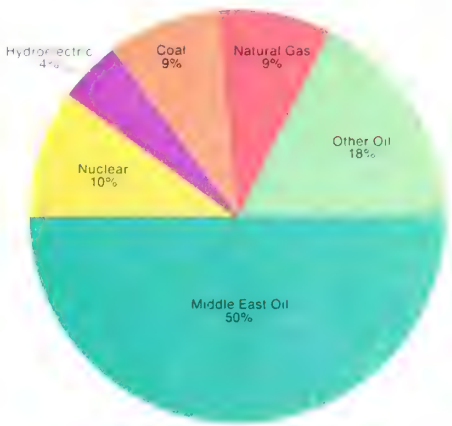
■ mprove rail and bus systems for s ort to moderate length interurban t nsportation, to provide a better b lance with auto and air travel.

■ Rewrite residential and commer- c l building standards to save e ergy used for heating, air condi- t ning and lighting.

■ Develop new ways to generate power more efficiently, controlling air pollution and energy consumption at the same time.

■ Resolve conflicts between environmental goals and energy resource development through appropriate government processes

There is no time to waste if the United States and other major energy-consuming countries are to



W ere the increase in the non-Communist world's energy supply might come from between now and 1976

These figures reflect economic, safety and environmental restrictions on the production and use of coal; reserve and transportation limitations on natural gas; and continued delays in nuclear power development.

adjust to the changed situation that lies ahead. Government leadership will be essential in setting goals and policies. In the United States a start on an energy program has been made.

In this context, the President has directed the council on Environmental Quality to prepare within one year environmental impact statements for exploration and development in the Atlantic and Gulf of Alaska outer continental shelf areas. This is a useful step even though significant production cannot be obtained from these areas in this decade.

This country also needs deepwater terminals to handle—with greater safety and efficiency than existing facilities—increasing amounts of imported crude and heavy fuel oil.

It may be necessary for both American industry and citizens to alter some of the ways they work and live.

In our desire to achieve rapid economic growth and higher standards of living, we Americans have been prodigal with resources that

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Pellets of enriched uranium (left) and fuel assemblies (right) are made by Exxon Nuclear Company. The pellets are inserted into rods, and the rods are grouped to form assemblies which make up the core or "furnace" of a nuclear reactor. An assembly, like the one shown, can generate enough electricity to run 16,000 average homes a year.

once seemed limitless. Recent developments have made us all more conscious that energy resources, as well as air, water and usable space, are finite.

With new attitudes on these matters, it should be possible to achieve coordinated goals and a balanced, more satisfying way of life—without having to choose between running out of fuel or running out of clean air and water.

What Exxon is doing today for tomorrow.

We have already pointed out what Exxon is doing to increase its output of gasoline and other products for the next several years. Our efforts are also directed at developing alternate forms of energy and synthetic energy sources for the future. To highlight a few of those efforts:

■ Exxon is exploring for uranium in the U.S. and abroad. From our mine in Wyoming, we are extracting 2800 tons of uranium ore a day.

Exxon Nuclear Company is a major supplier of uranium and plutonium fission reactor fuels. We are providing finished fuel and services to ten nuclear plants in the U.S. and to three in Europe.

■ To date we have invested over $20 million in research aimed at converting coal into synthetic fuels. One process turns coal into a gas which can be upgraded to a fuel comparable to natural gas. Work at our pilot plant indicates that this process may be less complex and less expensive than other gasification processes being developed.

Another Exxon process turns coal into low-sulfur fuel oil or synthetic crude oil. This may be applicable to low- and high-sulfur coal.

It will take several years and over $150 million in development costs before either Exxon process is available for commercial use.

■ Exxon is also developing processes that would allow utility companies to use the high-sulfur coal that our country has in abundance. When high-sulfur coal is burned today, it produces sulfur oxides which can pollute our air.

One process, being developed for the U.S. Government, would reduce the formation of sulfur oxides as the coal is burned. The oth process, being developed with major power plant builder and se eral electric utilities, would remo most sulfur oxides from the flue g —after combustion but before t gas escapes from the stack.

Again, both processes lo promising, and one of them—fl gas desulfurization—is ready to demonstrated commercially.

These are some of the thin Exxon is doing to help expand o nation's energy supplies. We w continue to work on new ener technology and look for more ef cient systems for the use of energ

And we will be cooperating fu with the government and the pub in this country, and in all the cou tries in which we do business, help build a better economic a human environment.

EXXON

We'd like you to know

If you would like more information, write: Energy, Exxon Corporation, 1251 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 1

n asked how painful the last few shocks ad-
stered to the learner were, he indicates that
nost extreme category on the scale is not
uate (it read EXTREMELY PAINFUL) and
s his mark at the edge of the scale with an
v carrying it beyond the scale.

is almost impossible to convey the great-
laxed, sedate quality of his conversation in
interview. In the most relaxed terms, he
ks about his severe inner tension.

RIMENTER: At what point were you most
or nervous?

BRAVERMAN: Well, when he first began to
ut in pain, and I realized this was hurting
This got worse when he just blocked and
ed to answer. There was I. I'm a nice per-
I think, hurting somebody, and caught up
hat seemed a mad situation . . . and in the
est of science, one goes through with it.

hen the interviewer pursues the general
tion of tension, Mr. Braverman spontane-
mentions his laughter.

My reactions were awfully peculiar. I don't
if you were watching me, but my reac-
were giggly, and trying to stifle laughter.
isn't the way I usually am. This was a
reaction to a totally impossible situation.
my reaction was to the situation of having
urt somebody. And being totally helpless
caught up in a set of circumstances where I
couldn't deviate and I couldn't try to help.
is what got me."

r. Braverman, like all subjects, was told the
l nature and purpose of the experiment,
a year later he affirmed in a questionnaire
he had learned something of personal im-
nce: "What appalled me was that I could
ss this capacity for obedience and com-
ce to a central idea, i.e., the value of a
ory experiment, even after it became clear
continued adherence to this value was at
xpense of violation of another value, i.e.,
hurt someone who is helpless and not hurt-
ou. As my wife said, 'You can call your-
Eichmann.' I hope I deal more effectively
any future conflicts of values I encounter."

The etiquette of submission

NE THEORETICAL INTERPRETATION of this
behavior holds that all people harbor deep-
gressive instincts continually pressing for
ession, and that the experiment provides
utional justification for the release of these
lses. According to this view, if a person is
d in a situation in which he has complete
r over another individual, whom he may
sh as much as he likes, all that is sadistic
bestial in man comes to the fore. The im-
to shock the victim is seen to flow from
otent aggressive tendencies, which are part of the motivational life of the individual, and the experiment, because it provides social legitimacy, simply opens the door to their expression.

It becomes vital, therefore, to compare the subject's performance when he is under orders and when he is allowed to choose the shock level.

The procedure was identical to our standard experiment, except that the teacher was told that he was free to select any shock level on any of the trials. (The experimenter took pains to point out that the teacher could use the highest levels on the generator, the lowest, any in between, or any combination of levels.) Each subject proceeded for thirty critical trials. The learner's protests were coordinated to standard shock levels, his first grunt coming at 75 volts, his first vehement protest at 150 volts.

The average shock used during the thirty critical trials was less than 60 volts—lower than the point at which the victim showed the first signs of discomfort. Three of the forty subjects did not go beyond the very lowest level on the board, twenty-eight went no higher than 75 volts, and thirty-eight did not go beyond the first loud protest at 150 volts. Two subjects provided the exception, administering up to 325 and 450 volts, but the overall result was that the great majority of people delivered very low, usually painless, shocks when the choice was explicitly up to them.

This condition of the experiment undermines another commonly offered explanation of the subjects' behavior—that those who shocked the victim at the most severe levels came only from the sadistic fringe of society. If one considers that almost two-thirds of the participants fall into the category of "obedient" subjects, and that they represented ordinary people drawn from working, managerial, and professional classes, the argument becomes very shaky. Indeed, it is highly reminiscent of the issue that arose in connection with Hannah Arendt's 1963 book, *Eichmann in Jerusalem*. Arendt contended that the prosecution's effort to depict Eichmann as a sadistic monster was fundamentally wrong, that he came closer to being an uninspired bureaucrat who simply sat at his desk and did his job. For asserting her views, Arendt became the object of considerable scorn, even calumny. Somehow, it was felt that the monstrous deeds carried out by Eichmann required a brutal, twisted personality, evil incarnate. After witnessing hundreds of ordinary persons submit to the authority in our own experiments, I must conclude that Arendt's conception of the banality of evil comes closer to the truth than one might dare imagine. The ordinary person who shocked the victim did so out of a sense of obligation—an impression of his duties as a subject—and not from any peculiarly aggressive tendencies.

This is, perhaps, the most fundamental les-

"The [illegible] not derive satisfaction from inflicting pain, but they often like the feeling they get from pleasing the experimenter. They are proud of doing a good job."

son of our study: ordinary people, simply doing their jobs, and without any particular hostility on their part, can become agents in a terrible destructive process. Moreover, even when the destructive effects of their work become patently clear, and they are asked to carry out actions incompatible with fundamental standards of morality, relatively few people have the resources needed to resist authority.

Many of the people were in some sense against what they did to the learner, and many protested even while they obeyed. Some were totally convinced of the wrongness of their actions but could not bring themselves to make an open break with authority. They often derived satisfaction from their thoughts and felt that—within themselves, at least—they had been on the side of the angels. They tried to reduce strain by obeying the experimenter but "only slightly," encouraging the learner, touching the generator switches gingerly. When interviewed, such a subject would stress that he had "asserted my humanity" by administering the briefest shock possible. Handling the conflict in this manner was easier than defiance.

The situation is constructed so that there is no way the subject can stop shocking the learner without violating the experimenter's definitions of his own competence. The subject fears that he will appear arrogant, untoward, and rude if he breaks off. Although these inhibiting emotions appear small in scope alongside the violence being done to the learner, they suffuse the mind and feelings of the subject, who is miserable at the prospect of having to repudiate the authority to his face. (When the experiment was altered so that the experimenter gave his instructions by telephone instead of in person, only a third as many people were fully obedient through 450 volts.) It is a curious thing that a measure of compassion on the part of the subject—an unwillingness to "hurt" the experimenter's feelings—is part of those binding forces inhibiting his disobedience. The withdrawal of such deference may be as painful to the subject as to the authority he defies.

Duty without conflict

THE SUBJECTS DO NOT derive satisfaction from inflicting pain, but they often like the feeling they get from pleasing the experimenter. They are proud of doing a good job, obeying the experimenter under difficult circumstances. While the subjects administered only mild shocks on their own initiative, one experimental variation showed that, under orders, 30 percent of them were willing to deliver 450 volts even when they had to forcibly push the learner's hand down on the electrode.

Bruno Batta is a thirty-seven-year-old welder who took part in the variation requiring the us of force. He was born in New Haven, his parent in Italy. He has a rough-hewn face that conve a conspicuous lack of alertness. He has som difficulty in mastering the experimental proc dure and needs to be corrected by the expe imenter several times. He shows appreciatio for the help and willingness to do what is re quired. After the 150-volt level, Batta has t force the learner's hand down on the shoc plate, since the learner himself refuses to touch i When the learner first complains, Mr. Batt pays no attention to him. His face remains in passive, as if to dissociate himself from th learner's disruptive behavior. When the expe imenter instructs him to force the learner's han down, he adopts a rigid, mechanical procedur He tests the generator switch. When it fails t function, he immediately forces the learner hand onto the shock plate. All the while h maintains the same rigid mask. The learne seated alongside him, begs him to stop, bu with robotic impassivity he continues the pro cedure.

What is extraordinary is his apparent tota indifference to the learner; he hardly takes cog nizance of him as a human being. Meanwhil he relates to the experimenter in a submissiv and courteous fashion.

At the 330-volt level, the learner refuses no only to touch the shock plate but also to provid any answers. Annoyed, Batta turns to him, an chastises him: "You better answer and get i over with. We can't stay here all night." Thes are the only words he directs to the learner in the course of an hour. Never again does h speak to him. The scene is brutal and depres ing, his hard, impassive face showing total in difference as he subdues the screaming learne and gives him shocks. He seems to derive no pleasure from the act itself, only quiet satisfac tion at doing his job properly.

When he administers 450 volts, he turns t the experimenter and asks, "Where do we go from here, Professor?" His tone is deferential and expresses his willingness to be a cooperative subject, in contrast to the learner's obstinacy.

At the end of the session he tells the experi menter how honored he has been to help him and in a moment of contrition, remarks, "Sir, sorry it couldn't have been a full experiment."

He has done his honest best. It is only the deficient behavior of the learner that has denied the experimenter full satisfaction.

THE ESSENCE OF OBEDIENCE is that a perso comes to view himself as the instrument fo carrying out another person's wishes, and he therefore no longer regards himself as respon sible for his actions. Once this critical shift of viewpoint has occurred, all of the essential

ures of obedience follow. The most far-reach-
consequence is that the person feels respon-
to the authority directing him but feels no
onsibility *for* the content of the actions that
uthority prescribes. Morality does not dis-
ar—it acquires a radically different focus:
subordinate person feels shame or pride
nding on how adequately he has performed
actions called for by authority.

anguage provides numerous terms to pin-
t this type of morality: *loyalty*, *duty*, *disci-*
all are terms heavily saturated with moral
ning and refer to the degree to which a
on fulfills his obligations to authority. They
not to the "goodness" of the person per
it to the adequacy with which a subordinate
lls his socially defined role. The most fre-
nt defense of the individual who has per-
ed a heinous act under command of au-
ity is that he has simply done his duty. In
ting this defense, the individual is not in-
ucing an alibi concocted for the moment
is reporting honestly on the psychological
de induced by submission to authority.

or a person to feel responsible for his ac-
, he must sense that the behavior has flowed
"the self." In the situation we have studied,
ects have precisely the opposite view of
actions—namely, they see them as origina-
in the motives of some other person. Sub-
in the experiment frequently said, "If it
up to me, I would not have administered
ks to the learner."

nce authority has been isolated as the cause
e subject's behavior, it is legitimate to in-
into the necessary elements of authority
how it must be perceived in order to gain
ompliance. We conducted some investiga-
into the kinds of changes that would cause
xperimenter to lose his power and to be dis-
ed by the subject. Some of the variations
aled that:

The experimenter's physical presence has a ed impact on his authority. As cited ear- obedience dropped off sharply when orders given by telephone. The experimenter l often induce a disobedient subject to go on eturning to the laboratory.

Conflicting authority severely paralyzes ac- When two experimenters of equal status, seated at the command desk, gave incom- le orders, no shocks were delivered past oint of their disagreement.

The rebellious action of others severely un- ines authority. In one variation, three ers (two actors and a real subject) admin- d a test and shocks. When the two act- eyed the experimenter and refused to go nd a certain shock level, thirty-six of forty ects joined their disobedient peers and re- l as well.

though the experimenter's authority was fragile in some respects, it is also true that he had almost none of the tools used in ordinary command structures. For example, the experimenter did not threaten the subjects with punishment—such as loss of income, community ostracism, or jail—for failure to obey. Neither could he offer incentives. Indeed, we should expect the experimenter's authority to be much less than that of someone like a general, since the experimenter has no power to enforce his imperatives, and since participation in a psychological experiment scarcely evokes the sense of urgency and dedication found in warfare. Despite these limitations, he still managed to command a dismaying degree of obedience.

I WILL CITE ONE FINAL VARIATION of the experiment that depicts a dilemma that is more common in everyday life. The subject was not ordered to pull the lever that shocked the victim, but merely to perform a subsidiary task (administering the word-pair test) while another person administered the shock. In this situation, thirty-seven of forty adults continued to the highest level on the shock generator. Predictably, they excused their behavior by saying that the responsibility belonged to the man who actually pulled the switch. This may illustrate a dangerously typical arrangement in a complex society: it is easy to ignore responsibility when one is only an intermediate link in a chain of action.

The problem of obedience is not wholly psychological. The form and shape of society and the way it is developing have much to do with it. There was a time, perhaps, when people were able to give a fully human response to any situation because they were fully absorbed in it as human beings. But as soon as there was a division of labor things changed. Beyond a certain point, the breaking up of society into people carrying out narrow and very special jobs takes away from the human quality of work and life. A person does not get to see the whole situation but only a small part of it, and is thus unable to act without some kind of overall direction. He yields to authority but in doing so is alienated from his own actions.

Even Eichmann was sickened when he toured the concentration camps, but he had only to sit at a desk and shuffle papers. At the same time the man in the camp who actually dropped Cyclon-b into the gas chambers was able to justify *his* behavior on the ground that he was only following orders from above. Thus there is a fragmentation of the total human act; no one is confronted with the consequences of his decision to carry out the evil act. The person who assumes responsibility has evaporated. Perhaps this is the most common characteristic of socially organized evil in modern society. □

only a pa... logical frig... about one in ... thousand would administer the highest shock on the board."

Barry Commoner

TRAINS INTO FLOWERS

An argument for the nationalization of American railroads

FOR MORE THAN A HUNDRED YEARS the nation's railroads have been operated on the sound American principle of exacting as much profit as possible from whatever the traffic will bear. The recent failure of that principle has been so obvious and so enormous that it no longer remains plausible if trains cannot run at a profit. Then presumably we have no choice but to nationalize the railroads, and by an unintended coincidence the legal means to do just that lie readily at hand in the National Environmental Policy Act. A single paragraph of that act, a paragraph written with an entirely different objective in view, provides the basis for what otherwise might be considered a purely political argument.

The argument requires a certain amount of preliminary reasoning that follows from the bankruptcy engulfing the Penn Central Railroad. The misfortunes of that company ha been widely advertised, and the full extent of t wreckage still remains undetermined. But so the courts have made it clear that unless t Penn Central trustees come up with a plan resolve the bankruptcy they will be ordered stop operating and to liquidate the railroa The Department of Transportation, the Interst Commerce Commission, and the Congress have proposed plans to avoid a catastroph shutdown of the railroad. The solution propos by the Nixon Administration is contained in draft bill beginning with the assertion that "n tionalization of rail freight services is undesi able." To forestall a federal takeover, or even partial subsidy, the bill authorizes a reorganiz tion plan, which, in one form or another, a pears in all the present proposals. The pla would relinquish half the trackage of the Pen



tral and of five other bankrupt railroads in Northeast. By discarding the rail lines that at a loss, this reorganization presumably ld leave a remnant sufficiently profitable to ict a private entrepreneur.

robably the biggest obstacle in the way of plan is paragraph 102(2)(C) of the Nal Environmental Policy Act of 1970. Be-e of that paragraph, the Department of nsportation was required to attach to the ninistration's bill an Environmental Impact ement, which is supposed to detail the im-: of the proposed action on the environment, neate its long-term effects on natural re-ces, and, most portentously, discuss "alter-ves to the proposed action." The power of paragraph is only that of disclosure; the ernment is not required to do the ecological-ound thing. Nevertheless the disclosures that law demands—like the disrobing of the peror—reveal enough unhappy truths to eaten the long-standing political taboo inst nationalization.

or years, U.S. railroads have failed to pro-e the service to society that the system claims lo so well. Yet, the railroads have remained nune to the fundamental criticism: they fail ause they are operated for profit. That rail-ds ought to be run under public ownership the public good rather than for private fit is not a revolutionary idea. In most of the jor nonsocialist countries of the world—for mple, England, France, Germany, Holland, y, and Japan—the railroads are nationalized. , somehow, it never occurs to the New Haven mmuter sweating in a stalled passenger train, to the farmer whose grain lies heaped on the und because the railroads have run out of ight cars during the harvest season, to won-whether the railroads should be taken away m their apparently inept owners. The ques-n of social ownership of the railroads has seemed to be as firmly protected from public discussion in the U.S. as was the question of sex in Victorian England. That is, until the advent of the environmental crisis.

An obsolete investment

THE DOMINANT MEANS of transportation throughout most of the nineteenth century, the railroad eventually was overtaken by the invention of the internal combustion engine. After World War II, automobiles and airplanes took over nearly all the passenger traffic, and planes and trucks made big inroads on freight. Meanwhile, as a defense against the greedy ways in which the railroads had used their earlier monopolies, they were hemmed in by a web of government regulations that controlled rate structures and financial policies.

All this had a calamitous effect on the railroads as private enterprises. According to a recent ICC report, in 1960 U.S. railroads yielded a 2.6 percent return annually on the investors' equity; by comparison, truck lines yielded 4.9 percent, bus lines 11 percent, and pipelines 15.7 percent. The railroads managed to increase their yield to a peak of 5.0 percent in 1966, but four years later the yield had fallen to a 4 percent return, and in 1971 it reached a neat zero.

The saga of the Penn Central Railroad is remarkable in the history of U.S. private enterprise. A company with $4.6 billion in assets loses over $500 million in two years; the merger that creates the Penn Central—which supposedly combines the talents of two experienced railroad managements—bogs down in bickering over whether to use the Central's name for the last car on a freight train ("caboose") or the Pennsy's more dignified one ("cabin car"); with all its executives and computers on the alert, the Penn Central manages to have 277



Jacqueline Chwast

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freight cars stolen from its tracks, some of which are later sold back to the railroad; in the period preceding the railroad's financial collapse, fifteen Penn Central executives, according to *The Wall Street Journal*, "took action that was to save them substantial sums as the company's stock price plummeted in succeeding months."

THE END CAME IN JUNE 1970, when the Penn Central disaster became the largest bankruptcy in U.S. history, inaugurating legal proceedings likely to involve about a thousand lawyers who will receive fees of about fifty million dollars. Before environmentalism, the arguments about what to do with a bankrupt railroad would have been based solely on economic considerations: stockholders' equity, labor costs, rate structures, and taxation. Now, however, under the NEPA requirement for an informative Environmental Impact Statement, the discussion takes on the air of a class in ecology.

The impact statement filed by the DOT is a masterpiece of nondisclosure. Although essentially devoid of hard data, the statement claims that communities deprived of rail service by the proposed reorganization could readily shift their freight business to trucks; that such shifts would have an "overall beneficial effect"; that the network of rail corridors—irreplaceable once abandoned—would be retained by a provision allowing other railroads to purchase them (not a likely event since the abandoned lines are guaranteed to be unprofitable).

The requirements of paragraph 102 are clear, however, and the DOT statement and others like it are certain to be judged inadequate by the courts. To bring such a statement into line with these requirements, the courts will need to consider just how the proposed reorganization would influence the quality of the environment, and then take up the merits of other ways to resolve the Northeast railroad crisis.

To begin with, in keeping with the rules of good ecological discourse, the guidelines call for a clear statement of the proposed action. The DOT gives no details about how it plans to assemble a useful railroad out of the wreck of the Penn Central. This oversight contradicts the stated purpose of the Environmental Impact Statement—to examine proposed actions by *ecological* rather than purely economic criteria. That, after all, is what the environmental crisis is all about: it is a debt to nature, blindly incurred because our economic system treats environmental degradation as an "externality"—a cost that does not enter into the conventional arithmetic that determines how we use our resources. In contrast, the ecological approach recognizes the reality of such costs to society as a whole. Translating these abstractions into the specific terms of the DOT plan for the Penn Central we get the following picture: [illegible] proposes to abandon a considerable part of the railroad's trackage, and eventually of the [illegible] of-way itself. Leaving out for the moment the role of passenger traffic (which accounts for [illegible] than 1 percent of the Penn Central's revenue), this means that the freight no longer carried on abandoned rail lines would need to be hauled in some other way; over nearly all routes, intercity trucks offer the only alternative.

The task, then, is to determine the environmental impact of shifting a given amount of freight from the Penn Central Railroad to trucks. How much environmental degradation takes place when a ton of steel is shipped, let us say, from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, to New York City by rail, as compared to the environmental cost of shipping it by truck, given that the resultant social good—transferring the steel from one place to another—is the same in both instances?

Environmental profit and [illegible]

TO BEGIN WITH, SOME BASIC FACTS about rail and truck freight: in 1970 U.S. railroads carried about twice as much freight as intercity trucks (808 billion ton-miles,* compared to 419 billion ton-miles); the average train, however, carried about 1,800 tons of freight as compared to about 12 tons for the average truck. As a result, freight trains traveled far less to deliver their freight than trucks (448 million miles compared to 34,900 million miles). To carry this freight, railroads used about 365,000 miles of track; the highway mileage can be gauged from the length of the federally supported highway system: about 900,000 miles. Thus, compared to freight trains, trucks make more numerous, faster trips, carrying considerably less weight per trip. This reflects the chief economic advantage of truck freight: it will arrive sooner and in smaller, often more convenient, units than railroad freight.

There are big differences between the effects of trains and trucks on the environment. Here are some relevant figures: per ton-mile of freight carried, trucks use four to six times as much fuel as the railroads, and produce about ten times much more air pollution. Although the levels of noise generated by trains and trucks are about the same, since trucks travel much more than trains to carry equal loads of freight, trucks are probably responsible for about ten times more noise, overall, than freight trains, for each movement of freight.

Next, the environmental effects of maintaining

* The conventional unit of freight haulage is the ton-mile, which means one ton of freight carried one mile.



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ing and constructing the rail lines and highways need to be compared. Although railroads could handle two to three times their present freight traffic without clogging up, most truck-bearing highways operate close to capacity. This means that the proposed shift of freight in the Northeast from trains to trucks would require some new highway construction, with considerable impact on the environment. For example, highways capable of carrying trucks take up about 51,000 square miles. About 28 percent of highway construction is needed to accommodate trucks; truck freight involves about 14,000 square miles of land use, or about 34 square miles per billion ton-miles of annual truck freight. (In comparison, freight-carrying rail lines occupy about 3,800 square miles, or about 4.7 square miles per billion ton-miles of annual freight.) Similarly, because cement-making uses a great deal of heat, the energy needed to construct a highway is large—about four times that needed for the same length of railroad track.

ALTHOUGH THE FOREGOING is not a complete analysis of the relative environmental impacts of truck and rail freight, it probably covers the chief points of difference between them. With such information in hand, we can estimate the environmental consequence of abandoning rail trackage, as proposed by the DOT. The plan calls for abandonment of about one-half the rail lines, which now carry about 20 percent of the Penn Central freight. This means a shift of about 14 billion ton-miles of freight, annually, from railroads to trucks—which now haul about 46 billion ton-miles in the Northeast region. This amounts to a 25 percent increase in regional truck freight. Accordingly, any environmental measurement depending on ton-miles of truck freight (such as air pollution) would increase proportionally. The proposed shift of freight haulage would result in the consumption of 420 million extra gallons of fuel annually. This would increase the total amount of fuel consumed in hauling freight in the U.S. by 3.5 percent and add about 80,000 tons of pollutants to the air.

Nor do matters end there, for in keeping with the ecological rule that "everything is connected to everything else," the impact of the DOT plan on environmental quality spreads out into the community. Consider, for example, a factory located at the edge of a small city, adjacent to a branch rail line that DOT proposes to abandon. Rail freight moving to and from the factory has little impact on city streets. But if the branch rail line were abandoned, the factory would ship its goods by truck on the nearest highway—probably some distance from the factory. Abandonment of the railroad is likely to send a stream of trucks through city streets in and near populated areas, intensifying local pollution, noise, the risk of pedestrian and vehicular accidents, damage to streets, and disruption of neighborhoods and community life.

Another indirect but serious consequence of the DOT plan follows from the eventual abandonment of the railroad rights-of-way. The most important effect would be the long-term loss of opportunities to expand rail service, for both freight and passengers. And, despite recent trends, it is now certain that the U.S. will need to *expand* rail services sharply—if we are to survive the energy crisis.

The facts are now well known: at the present rate of consumption, petroleum resources available to the U.S. are likely to be depleted in the next twenty-five to thirty years, but coal supplies are expected to hold out for about four hundred years. This means, first, that the efficiency with which fuel is used, especially in transportation (which accounts for about 24 percent of total fuel consumption) will have to be improved. Secondly, it means that modes of transportation dependent on petroleum products will need to be displaced by those that can use coal.

On both scores it is obvious that railroads will need to recapture a large part of the freight and passenger traffic lost to trucks, automobiles and airplanes. The advantages in fuel efficiency are considerable: as already noted, railroads use far less fuel than trucks for the same amount of freight hauled; they are about four times more efficient in fuel used per passenger-mile than automobiles, and five to ten times more efficient than airplanes, and they are the mode of intercity transportation best suited to the use of coal as a fuel. Against this background, any proposal that would destroy even part of the rail network in the Northeast must be condemned as irresponsible. Once abandoned to the schemes of developers, these precious, irreplaceable corridors would be rapidly overgrown with the chaotic and expensive architecture of the Northeast megalopolis. Restoring the rail corridors would be enormously costly and slow.

Save railroads, save energy

WHAT DOES ALL THIS HAVE TO DO with nationalization? A great deal. NEPA's no-nonsense enunciation of the environmental imperative requires us to confront the issue. Paragraph 102(2)(C) of NEPA requires that every Environmental Impact Statement rigorously examine alternatives to the proposed actions and a lesser known but equally important paragraph 102(2)(D), requires that all federal agencies describe appropriate alternatives to any recommended courses of action.

This mandate has a direct bearing on the Northeast railroad reorganization plan. There

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arly an unresolved conflict between the plan to dismember the Penn Central the five other bankrupt railroads, and n's admonition to the heads of federal ies, in June 1973, to "review the demands ur energy resources and determine how nd can be reduced." There is a marvelous in Nixon's urging that the country achieve ercent reduction in fuel consumption while urges a plan for the Northeast railroads would *increase* fuel used for transportation early as much. In this impasse, an obvious native would be to relinquish the goal of te profitability in favor of that of energy ency. This means that the DOT proposal to ate the bankrupt railroads as a private enise must be accompanied by an equally led consideration of the alternative—nalization. The government is required to usly consider whether the railroads can effectively "encourage productive and enble harmony between man and his environ:" (to quote from the preamble of the 'A) as a government-owned or as a profiting enterprise.

ne DOT impact statement makes an effort neet this requirement by claiming that onalization would be unsound, under the 'A criteria, because "experiences elsere have made it abundantly clear that nalization only means increasing subsidies declining resource efficiency." The only ence offered in support of this claim is a e showing that all of the nationalized rails of Europe and Japan lose money, while U.S. railroads as a whole and the single Can privately owned railroad operate at a it. This table was taken by DOT from a ey of world railway operations prepared the Union Pacific Railroad in 1971 and ated in 1973. Fortunately the report also vides detailed statistical comparisons of the rations of U.S. and foreign railroads. The al data tell a story quite different from the that the Union Pacific and DOT would have elieve. There is no doubt that the national railroads of Britain, France, Italy, Germa- Holland, and Japan all operate at a deficit. lso is true that the measure of efficiency ssed by DOT—revenue produced per emyee—is better under private ownership than er nationalization. Thus, U.S. railroads ned an average of $23,200 per employee, le earnings of the nationalized railroads ged from $4,000 to $9,500 per employee. the trouble with the statistics is that they ore important differences in the priorities erent in the U.S. and European economies. hereas the privately owned railroads derive y little of their revenue from passenger traf- (about 3 percent in the case of U.S. rails), among the nationalized railroads the values range from about 80 percent, for Japanese National Railways, to 25 percent, for German Federal Railways. In other words, in contrast with the U.S. railways, the nationalized railways are very much in the business of providing passenger service; and, for reasons familiar to every commuter, it simply takes more railroad employees to deal with passengers than with freight. (After all, no one collects tickets from each crate of freight.) Even more to the point, the nationalized railways offer bargain rates for passenger traffic (the revenue per passenger mile received by the Japanese National Railways is just half of that received by U.S. railways). Not only are the nationalized railways willingly in the business of carrying passengers, they also do it cheaply.

of the rail... likely to... stream of ... through pop... ulated areas, intensifying air pollution, noise, the risk of accidents, and disruption of neighborhoods and community life."

THUS, THE DEFICITS of the nationalized railways do not prove that they operate with poor "resource efficiency." Rather, the deficits reflect a deliberate choice to provide, at low cost, the most labor-intensive and therefore expensive form of rail service: passenger traffic. For years the U.S. railroads have complained about losses incurred by passenger services, and their deliberate efforts to degrade and eliminate such services make a particularly sordid episode in their sad history. If, despite the recognized unprofitability of passenger services, nationalized railroads choose to provide them, no one—least of all U.S. railroad operators—should be surprised that they lose money.

Another important difference between U.S. railroads and the nationalized lines, which also goes unmentioned in the DOT analysis, has to do with the average length of freight hauls (longer lengths are likely to be hauled at less cost per mile, because of the relatively high cost of terminal operations). Again, it turns out that the nationalized railroads have taken on the more difficult and costly task: their average lengths of haul range from 71 to 203 miles, while the U.S. railroads' average length of haul is 532 miles (in 1971).

What about the *actual* "resource efficiency" —the cost of railroad operations to the environment and natural resources—of nationalized as compared with U.S. railroads? With respect to pollution, the nationalized railroads come out well ahead because they are much more highly electrified than U.S. railroads; less than 1 percent of U.S. locomotives are electrified while, on the average, on the nationalized railroads of Europe and Japan, about 37 percent of the locomotives are electrified. Electrified locomotives produce no pollution themselves; the power plants that drive electrified systems produce much less carbon monoxide and fewer nitrogen oxides and hydrocarbons than diesel locomotives (per unit of fuel consumed), but more

sulfur dioxide and particulates—both of which can be readily controlled at the smokestack.

While it would be helpful to have much more evidence about the actual resource efficiency of U.S. and nationalized railroads (for example, ton-miles hauled per amount of fuel consumed), there is at this time simply no evidence at all to support the DOT claim that

> *the inefficiency of resource use resulting from any form of nationalization must be considered detrimental from an environmental viewpoint as well as from the economic view.*

Sparse as they are, these data provide some useful clues that help explain what is really going on in the U.S. railroads. These data on railroad operation, both private and nationalized, suggest that in a modern economy it is probably impossible to run a railroad, especially if it undertakes to carry passengers, at a profit. The apologists for private ownership would have us believe that the unprofitability of the nationalized railroads is a result of their "inefficiency." What the evidence really shows, however, is that U.S. railroads—or at least some of them—run at a profit because they have refused to provide unprofitable passenger services.

THIS SIMPLE EXPEDIENT explains the fact that some U.S. railroads—excluding the Penn Central and its Northeast neighbors—do run at a profit (as did the Penn Central itself, for a while). If running a railroad has become inherently unprofitable, then a railroad that *does* show a profit has got to be taking it from somewhere (the ecological rule that "everything has to go somewhere" can also be stated as "everything has to come from somewhere"). A very handy fact-filled yearbook published by the Association of American Railroads tells us where. The yearbook gives us the following general picture: for U.S. railroads as a whole, in the past ten years or so, wages have gone up (about 50 percent); capital expenditures have varied from year to year, but overall have remained about the same; and dividends have increased (about 10 percent). What has gone *down* sharply is the working capital (computed as the difference between assets and liabilities): between 1960 and 1965, the working capital of the U.S. railroads averaged about $600 million; in 1966, the figure began to drop sharply, reaching $21 million in 1972.

In order to meet their financial obligations —operating expenses, and dividends paid to stockholders—the railroads have dipped so far into their working capital as to nearly exhaust it. The missing working capital is badly needed; although U.S. railroads now spend about $1.2 billion for equipment and road improvements annually, according to the yearbook, this amount is "small in relation to capital needs, now mated at $3 billion to $4 billion annually." interesting to note that the cash dividends out by U.S. railroads from their profits s 1965 have amounted to about $3.2 billion other words, if the U.S. railroads had *not* at a profit they would have been able to m tain their working capital and to provide m of the money needed for capital expenditu

All of which means that the U.S. railr have maintained their profits only at the pense of the capital needed to operate e tively. Other evidence, unfortunately, sugg that the actual efficiency of operation has only failed to improve, but has deteriora Apart from anecdotal evidence, such as w spread complaints about freight-car shorta especially for grain shipments, and the pe nial frustrations of commuters, there is the happy trend in railroad accidents. Between 1 and 1961, although ton-miles of freight car increased significantly, the number of railr accidents remained constant at about 4,000 year. Between 1961 and 1968 the annual *doubled*, although freight increased only percent and passenger operations declined. some respects U.S. railroad operation cle has become more inefficient.

Thus, the logic of ecology, together with s simple financial statistics, establishes two fun mental facts about the railroads: the railro are so much more efficient than their competit in moving freight and people at minimum c to the environment and to the dwindling supp of fuel that we shall have to rely heavily u them to find our way out of the growing vironmental and energy crisis. At the same t it is equally true that no railroad, anywhere the world, has been able to provide all of th services to society at a cost sufficiently comp tive to support profitable operation. The cho is clear: if we insist on privately owned, pro making railroads, then their present, inadequ services will be curtailed, and the systems beginning with the bankrupt Penn Central will be dismembered, worsening fuel shorta and environmental pollution and destroying ture opportunities to restore the railroads a reverse these trends. If we give up the dema for profitable operation, which means that t railroads become publicly owned, then they c be rebuilt to provide the country with envir mentally clean, energetically thrifty transpor tion. The choice is between social and priv profit.

So, step by step, the way signposted by s tistics on fuel consumption, air pollution, freig and passenger traffic, profit and loss, the journ that begins in the flowery innocence of ecolo ends up before the most frightening specter the demonology of private enterprise: natio alization.

ory by Donald Barthelme

ND THEN

HE PART OF THE STORY that came next was uddenly missing, I couldn't think of it, so I t into the next room and drank a glass of r (my "and then" still hanging in the fran- e air) as if this were the most natural thing ne world to do at that point, thinking that I ld "make up" something, while in the other n, to put in place of that part of the anec- that had fallen out of my mind, to keep light glittering in his cautious eyes. And in I was getting a little angry with him now, fiercely angry but slightly *désabusé*, because ad been standing very close to me, closer I really like people to stand, the rims of his s touching the rims of my shoes, our belt les not four inches distant, a completely un- anted impingement upon my personal e. And so I went, as I say, into the next n and drank a glass of water, trying to re- ber who he was and why I was talking to , not that he wasn't friendly, if by "friend- you mean standing aggressively close to le with an attentive air and smiling teeth, 's not what I mean by "friendly," and it was t then that I decided to lie to him, although t I had been telling him previously was , to the best of my knowledge and belief. faced now with this "gap" in the story, I ded to offer him a good-quality lie in place ne part I couldn't remember, a better strat- I felt, than simply stopping, leaving him a maimed, not-whole anecdote, violating asic trust, simple faith, or personhood even, ll I knew. But the lie had to be a good one, use if your lie is badly done it makes every- feel wretched, liar and lied-to alike plunged the deepest lackadaisy, and everyone just like going into the other room and drink- a glass of water, or whatever is available e, whereas if you can lie really well then get dynamite results, 35 percent report in- sed intellectual understanding, awareness, ght, 40 percent report more tolerance, ac- ance of others, liking for self, 29 percent rt they receive more personal and more idential information from people and that rs become more warm and supportive to- l them—all in consequence of a finely or- chestrated, carefully developed untruth. And while I was thinking about this, counting my options, I noticed that he was a policeman, had in fact a dark blue uniform, black shoes, a badge and a gun, a policeman's hat, and I noticed also that my testicles were aching, as they sometimes do if you sit too long in an uncomfortable or strained position, but I had been standing, and then I understood, in a flash, that what he wanted from me was not to hear the "next" part of my story, or anecdote, but that I give my harpsichord to his wife as a present.

Now, my harpsichord has been out of tune for five years, some of the keys don't function, and there are drink rings on top of it where people have set their drinks down carelessly, at parties and the like, still it is mine and I didn't particularly want to give it to his wife, I believe her name is Cynthia, and although I may have drunkenly promised to give it to her in a fit of generosity or inadvertence, or undue respect for the possible pleasures of distant others, still it was and is my harpsichord and what was his wife giving me? I hadn't in mind sexual favors or anything of that kind, I had in mind real property of equivalent value. So I went into the other room and drank a glass of water, or rather vodka, thinking to stall him with the missing "part" of the trivial anecdote I had been telling him, to keep his mind off what he wanted, the harpsichord, but the problem was, what kind of lie would he like? I could tell him about "the time I went to Hyde Park for a drink with the President," but he could look at me and know I was too young to have done that, and then the failed lie would exist between us like a bathtub filled with ruinous impotent nonsense, he would simply seize the harpsichord and make off with it (did I say that he was a sergeant? with three light blue chevrons sewn to the darker blue of his right and left sleeves?). Who knows the kinds of lies that sergeants like, something that would confirm their already existing life-attitudes, I supposed, and I tried to check back mentally and remember what these last might be, drawing upon my (very slight) knowledge of the sociology of authority, something in the area of child abuse perhaps, if I could fit a

Donald Barthelme is the author of several collections of short stories, the most recent of which is Sadness.

child-abuse part to the structure already extant, which I was beginning to forget, something to do with walking at night, if I could spot-weld a child-abuse extension to what was already there, my partial anecdote, that might do the trick.

SO I WENT INTO THE NEXT ROOM and had a glass of something, I think I said, "Excuse me," but maybe I didn't, and it had to be a fabrication that would grammatically follow the words "and then" without too much of a seam showing, of course I could always, upon reentering the first room, where the sergeant stood, begin the sentence anew, with some horrific instance of child abuse, of which I have several in the old memory bank, and we could agree that it was terrible, terrible, what people did, and he would forget about the harpsichord, and we could part with mutual regard, generated by the fact (indisputable) that neither of us were child abusers, however much we might have liked to be, having children of our own. Or, to get away from the distasteful subject of hurting children, I might tack, to the flawed corpus of the original anecdote, something about walking at night in the city, a declaration of my own lack of leftness—there's not a radical bone in my body, all I want is ease and bliss, not a thing in t world do I desire other than ease and bliss think he might empathize with that (did mention that he had the flap on his holster buttoned and his left hand resting on the butt his weapon, and the rim of his black sh touching the rim of my brown boots?). T might ring a bell.

Or I could, as if struck by a sudden thoug ask him if he was a "real" policeman. He wo probably answer truthfully. He would probal say either, "Yes, I am a real policeman," "No, I am not a real policeman." A third pos bility: "What do you mean by 'real,' in this stance?" Because even among policemen w are "real," that is, bona fide, duly appoint officers of the law, there are degrees of realn and vivacity, they say of one another, "Fred's *real* policeman," or announce a finding co trary to this finding, I don't know this of n own knowledge but am extrapolating from m knowledge (very slight) of the cant of oth professions. But if I asked him this question, a dodge or subterfuge to cover up the fact of t missing "part" of the original, extremely uni teresting, anecdote, there would be an excelle chance that he would take umbrage, and th his colleagues (did I neglect to say that the



two of his colleagues, in uniform, holding to the handles of their bicycles, standing be- d him, stalwartly, in the other room, and he himself, the sergeant, is holding on to handle of his bicycle, stalwartly, with the d that is not resting on the butt of his .38, -handled I believe, from the brief glance that uck at it, when I was in the other room?) uld take umbrage also. Goals incapable of at- ment have driven many a man to despair, but pair is easier to get to than that—one need ely look out of the window, for example. But at we are trying to do is to get away from de- ir and over to ease and bliss, and that can er be attained with three policemen, with bi- les, standing alertly in your other room. They , as we know, make our lives more miserable n they are already if we arouse their ire, ch must be kept slumbering, by telling them ies, for example, such as the story of the r bears, known to us all from childhood (al- ugh not everyone knows about the fourth r) and it is clear that *they can't lay their ycles down* and sit, which would be the nor- l thing, no, they must stand there at more-or- parade rest, some departmental ruling that on't know about, but of course it irritates m, it even irritates me, and I am not standing re holding up a bicycle, I am in the other m having a glass of beef broth with a twist lemon, perhaps you don't believe me about policemen but there they are, pictures lie words don't, unless one is lying on purpose, h an end in view, such as to get three police- n with bicycles out of your other room while aining your harpsichord (probably the de- tmental regulations state that the bicycles st never be laid down in a civilian space, h as my other room, probably the sergeant ught his colleagues to help him haul away harpsichord, which has three legs, and al- ugh the sight of three policemen on bicycles, h holding aloft one leg of a harpsichord, ing smoothly through the garment district, ght seem ludicrous to you, who knows how eems to them? entirely right and proper, no bt) which he, the sergeant, considers I mised to his wife as a wedding present, and is true that I was at the wedding, but y to raise my voice and object when the min- r came to that part of the ceremony where routinely asks for objections, "*Yes!*" I shout- "*she's my mother! And although she is a ow, and legally free, she belongs to me in ams!*" but I was quickly hushed up by a rtet of plainclothesmen, and the ceremony ceeded. But what is the good of a mother if is another man's wife, as they mostly are, not around in the morning to fix your buck- eat cakes or Rice Krispies, as the case may and in the evening to argue with you about r vegetables, and in the middle of the day to iron your shirts and clean up your rooms, and at all times to provide intimations of ease and bliss (however misleading and ill-founded), but instead insists on hauling your harpsichord away (did I note that Mother, too, is in the other room, with the three policemen, she is standing with the top half of her bent over the instrument, her arms around it, at its widest point—the keyboard end)? So, standing with the glass in my hand, the glass of herb tea with sour cream in it, I wondered what kind of useful prosthesis I could attach to the original anecdote I was telling all these people in my other room—those who seem so satisfied with their tableau, the three peelers posing with their bicycles, my mother hugging the harpsichord with a mother's strangle—what kind of "and then" I could contrive which might satisfy all the particulars of the case, which might redeliver to me my mother, retain to me my harpsichord, and rid me of these others, in their uniforms.

despair is easier to get to than that—one need merely look out of the window, for example."

I COULD TELL THEM THE STORY of the (indeterminate number of) bears, twisting it a bit to fit my deeper designs, so that the fourth bear enters (from left) and says, "I don't care who's been sleeping in my bed just so long as it is not a sergeant of police," and the fifth bear comes in (from right) and says, "Harpsichords wither and warp when their soundboards are exposed to the stress of bicycle transport," and the sixth bear strides right down to the footlights, center stage (from a hole in the back of the theater, or a hole in the back of the anecdote), and says, "Dearly beloved upholders, enforcers, rush, rush away and enter the six-year bicycle race that is even now awaiting the starter's gun at the corner of Elsewhere and Not-Here," and the seventh bear descends from the flies on a nylon rope and cries, "*Mother! Come home!*" and the eighth bear

But bears are not the answer. Bears are for children. Why am I thinking about bears when I should be thinking about some horribly beautiful "way out" of this tense scene, which has reduced me to a rag, just contemplating it here in the other room with this glass of chicken livers *flambé* in my hand—

Wait.

I will reenter the first room, cheerfully, confidently, even gaily, and throw chicken livers *flambé* all over the predicament, the flaming chicken livers clinging like incindergel to Mother, policemen, bicycles, harpsichord, and my file of the *National Review* from its founding to the present time. That will "open up" the situation successfully. I will resolve these terrible contradictions with flaming chicken parts and then sing the song of how I contrived the ruin of my father. □

VERSE

A WINTER JOURNEY

by James Martin

By radio, more careful, sheer,
Than winter's face, the sounds press here

Of Schubert's playing, not surrealist,
But in my heart, which never missed

A careful, slipping beat of his
Heart, his heart called *Winterreise*:

The Ice Travels. With drifting heart
He sat and wrote and touched that part

Of snow in snow's heart, as snow burned
Through the hothouse, rose, and spilled

Him. And froze in the last of his hearing.
He heard the wedding band playing

On your finger from across the room,
Or death, as it searched for his room.

Life was a thin coat over style:
No tears at Beethoven's funeral

Were from *him.* You said you meant yours.
As snow slipped off your curveless face,

It must have burned that face. Your friends
Group and weep long rooms of friends,

And I unearth the heart I tried
To steal from you before you died,

The fears of flying, writing, cold,
That only now seem meaningless.

And through this, snow has had a sound,
A ringing, you said snow rang. Yes.

DAILY BREAD MANNA

by Samuel Menashe

I knead the dough
Whose oven you stoke
We consume each loaf
Wrapped in smoke

Open your mouth
To feed that flesh
Your teeth have bled
Tongue us out
Bone by bone
Do not allow
Man to be fed
By bread alone

And He afflicted thee, and suffered thee to hunger, and fed thee with manna, which thou knewest not, neither did thy fathers know; that He might make thee know that man doth not live by bread alone, but by everything that proceedeth from the mouth of the Lord doth man live.

—Deuteronomy 8:3



John Diele

EXPOSURE

by Arlene Stone

Three known cases of typhoid.

It meant
getting in line for vaccine
behind hundreds
to whom time was the blue-eyed god,
delayed ten centuries,
while the first poem in a week,
emergency on a stretcher,
lay on the typewriter roller,
and she stood,
her mordant lines
bleaching
in the rebozo of the sun,
that sluggish mother.

It meant
Blessed Jesus,
a kaffeeklatsch!
The roasted bean faces,
the black avocado eyes
of children eating her,
being eaten—
She who had learned to comply
only with clock hands
swinging wide
as the skirts of a priest,
She who was still not used
to skeletal dogs
falling like pick-up sticks
in the street.

It meant
she was willing to lie,
A friend of mine is ill,
Looked straight at the doctor's
stained tie
Madam, there are
one thousand
who have waited here eight hours.
What use
to say she had been *exposed,*
that a new poem was given
to a premature light,
must be tenderly incubated—

It meant
starting
where they arranged themselves
first in potluck rows,
seeds of pomegranate
red as an epidemic,
then edging in
with the filthy skirts,
with hairs picked out by lice,
and old women
whose nails hung
halfway off from reaching.
It meant hours
after the blood of her poem
had dried,
she might get near
the clinic door among the now
impatient,
jabbing like hypodermics
each time
a crack of light
showed its vial
of serum.

It meant.
and this the worst,
a nurse would finally spot her,
American Express,
and with a sneer and envy
beckon her ahead.
and she would hate
them and herself,
forced to go before them
in her wash-and-dry sundress
and Pepsi-Cola tan.

Stand back, you motherfuckers.
Let the poet pass.

Frank Herbert

LISTENING TO THE LEFT HAND

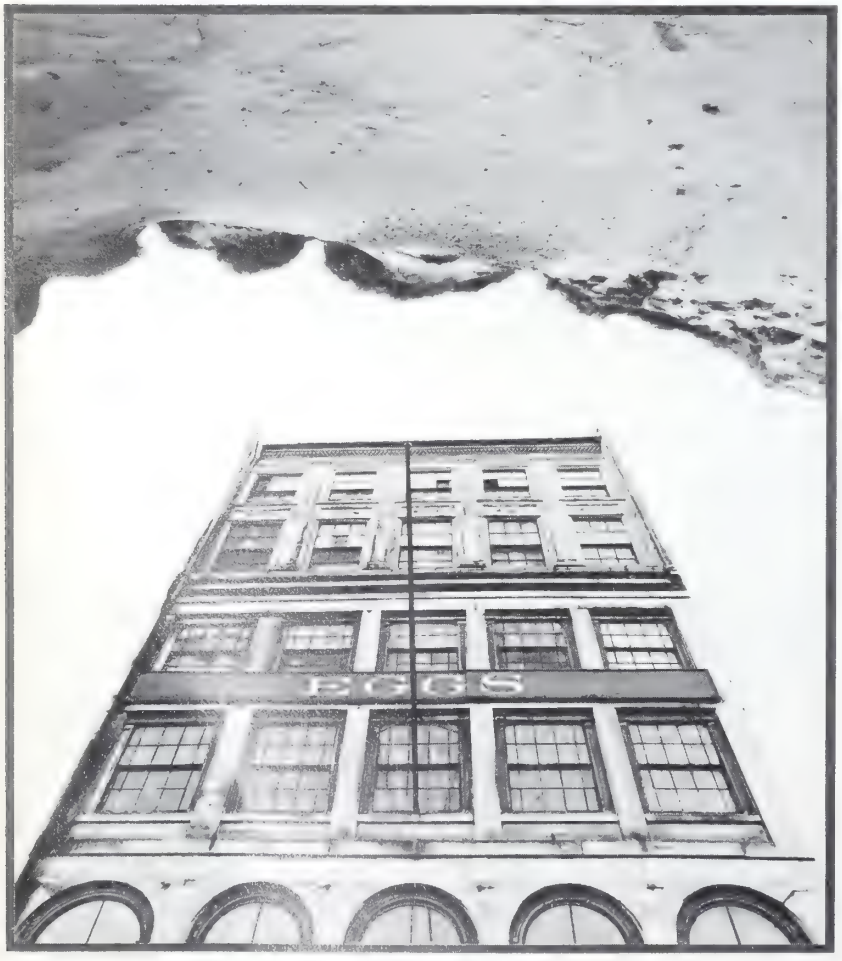
The dangerous business of wishing for absolutes in a relativistic universe

Frank Herbert is the author of several science fiction novels, among them Dune *and* The God Makers.

WHEN I WAS YOUNG and my world was dominated by indestructible adults, I learned an ancient way of thinking that is as dangerous as a rotten board in a stepladder. It told me that the only valuable things were those I could hold unchanged: the love of a wise grandfather, the enticing mystery of the trail through our woodlot into the forest, the feeling of lake water on a hot summer day, the colors (ahh, those colors) when I opened my new pencil box on the first day of school . . .

But the grandfather died, a developer bulldozed the woodlot, loggers clear-cut the forest, the lake is polluted and posted against swimming, smog has deadened my ability to detect subtle odors, and pencil boxes aren't what they used to be.

Neither am I.



There may be a quiet spot in my mind w
nothing moves and the places of my childh
remain unchanged, but everything else m
and changes. There's dangerous temptatio
the nostalgic dream, in the expertise of ye
year. The nameless animal that is all of us
not live in places that no longer exist. I
to address myself to the survival of that na
less animal, looking back without regret
even the best of what was and will neve
again. We should salvage what we can, but
salvaging changes things.

The way of this change is called "proc
and it requires that we be prepared to encou
a multiform reality. Line up three bowls on
ble in front of you. Put ice water in the on
the left, hot water in the one on the right,
lukewarm water in the middle one. Soak
left hand in the ice water and right hand in
hot water for about a minute, then plunge
hands into the bowl of lukewarm water.
left hand will tell you the water of the mi
bowl is warm, your right hand will report c
A small experiment in relativity.

We live in a universe dominated by relati
and change, but our intellects keep demand
fixed absolutes. We make our most strident
mands for absolutes that contain comforting
assurance. We will misread and/or misun
stand almost anything that challenges our
vorite illusions.

It has been noted repeatedly that science
dents (presumably selected for open-mind
ness) encounter a basic difficulty when learn
to read X-ray plates. Almost universally, t
demonstrate an inability to distinguish betwe
what is shown on the plate and what they
lieve will be shown. They see things that
not there. The reaction can be linked direc
to the preset with which they approach the vie
ing of a plate. When confronted by proof
the extent to which preconceptions influenc
their judgment, they tend to react with surpri
anger, and rejection.

We are disposed to perceive things as th
appear, filtering the appearance through
preconceptions and fitting it into the past for
(including all the outright mistakes, illusio
and myths of the past forms). If we allow o
the left hand's message to get through, th
"cold" is the absolute reality to which we cli

f not now, when?



SCOTCH WHISKY · 86 PROOF · GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

When our local reality has attached to it that other message: "This is the way out," then we're dealing with a form of "holy truth." *Cold* becomes a way of life.

False limits

WE MUST BEGIN TO SEE OURSELVES without the old illusions, whatever their character may be. The apparently sound step can drop us from the ladder when we least expect it. Herman Kahn's opus on the year 2000 never mentioned environmental concerns. A Presidential committee appointed in 1933 by Franklin D. Roosevelt to "plot our course" through 1952 had not a word about atomic energy, antibiotics, jet propulsion, or transistors. Such levels of perception are worse than inadequate; they impose deadly false limits. They beguile us with a promise that "we know what we're doing."

The man with broken bones stretched out beneath his ladder doesn't need to look at the rotten step to know what he did wrong. He believed a system that had always worked before would work once more. He had never learned to question the mechanisms and limits imposed by his perceptions.

In questioning those mechanisms and limits on a larger scale we move into an arena dominated by the powerful impositions of genetic heritage and individual experience, the unique influenced by the unique. Here is the conglomerate of behavior-biology, the two so entangled they cannot be separated if we hope to understand their interlocked system. Here is "process."

You and I, while we strive for a one-system view of this process, are at the same time influenced by it and influence it. We peer myopically at it through the screens of "consensus reality," which is a summation of the most popular beliefs of our time. Out of habit/illusion/conservatism, we grapple for something that changes as we touch it.

Must we stop the river's motion to understand *riverness*? Can you understand *riverness* if you are a particle in its currents? Try this:

Think of our human world as a single organism. This organism has characteristics of a person: internal reaction systems, personality (admittedly fragmented), fixed conceptualizations, regular communications lines (analogue nerves), guidance systems, and other apparatus unique to an individual. You and I are no more than cells of that organism, solitary cells that often act in disturbing concert for reasons not readily apparent.

Against such a background, much of the total species-organism's behavior may be better understood if we postulate collective aberrations of human consciousness. If the human species can be represented as one organism, maybe we would understand ourselves better if we recognized that the species-organism (all of us) can be neurotic or even psychotic.

It's not that all of us are mad (one plus one plus one, etc.) but that all-of-us-together can go mad. We may even operate out of something like a species ego. We tend to react together with a remarkable degree of similarity across boundaries that are real only to individual cells but remain transparent to the species. We tend to go psychotic together.

Touch one part and all respond.

The totality can learn.

This implies a nonverbal chemistry of species-wide communication whose workings remain largely unknown. It implies that much of our collective behavior may be preplanned for us in the form of mechanisms that override consciousness. Remember that we're looking for patterns. The wild sexuality of combat troops has been remarked by observers throughout recorded history and has usually been passed off as a kind of boys-will-be-boys variation on the male mystique. Not until this century have we begun to question that item of consensus reality (read *The Sexual Cycle of Human Warfare* by N.I.M. Walter). One of the themes in my own science fiction novel, *Dune*, is war as collective orgasm. The idea is coming under discussion in erudite journals such as *The General Systems Yearbook*.

Assume this concept then. In it, the giant species-organism is perpetually involved with a moving surface of many influences where every generative encounter is felt as change throughout the system. Some of the cells (we individuals) feel the changes with the brutal impact of a napalm explosion. To others, the transition from one condition to another comes at such a snail crawl that it's barely noticed. But always the species, involved with its longer and larger career, responds to the changes at whatever pace conditions permit.

The species-organism

UNDERSTANDING THAT PACE and its conditions requires a different approach to the total human system, that nameless animal of a species organism. In this approach you no longer can listen only to the right hand that tells you "this is the cold way it has always been." You listen as well to the left hand saying "warm-warm-warm." Somewhere in between left and right you begin to get a glimmering view of things in process now. That glimmering offers the following observations:

• Something like pheromones (external hormones) interacting between members of the human species to weld groups into collective-ac-



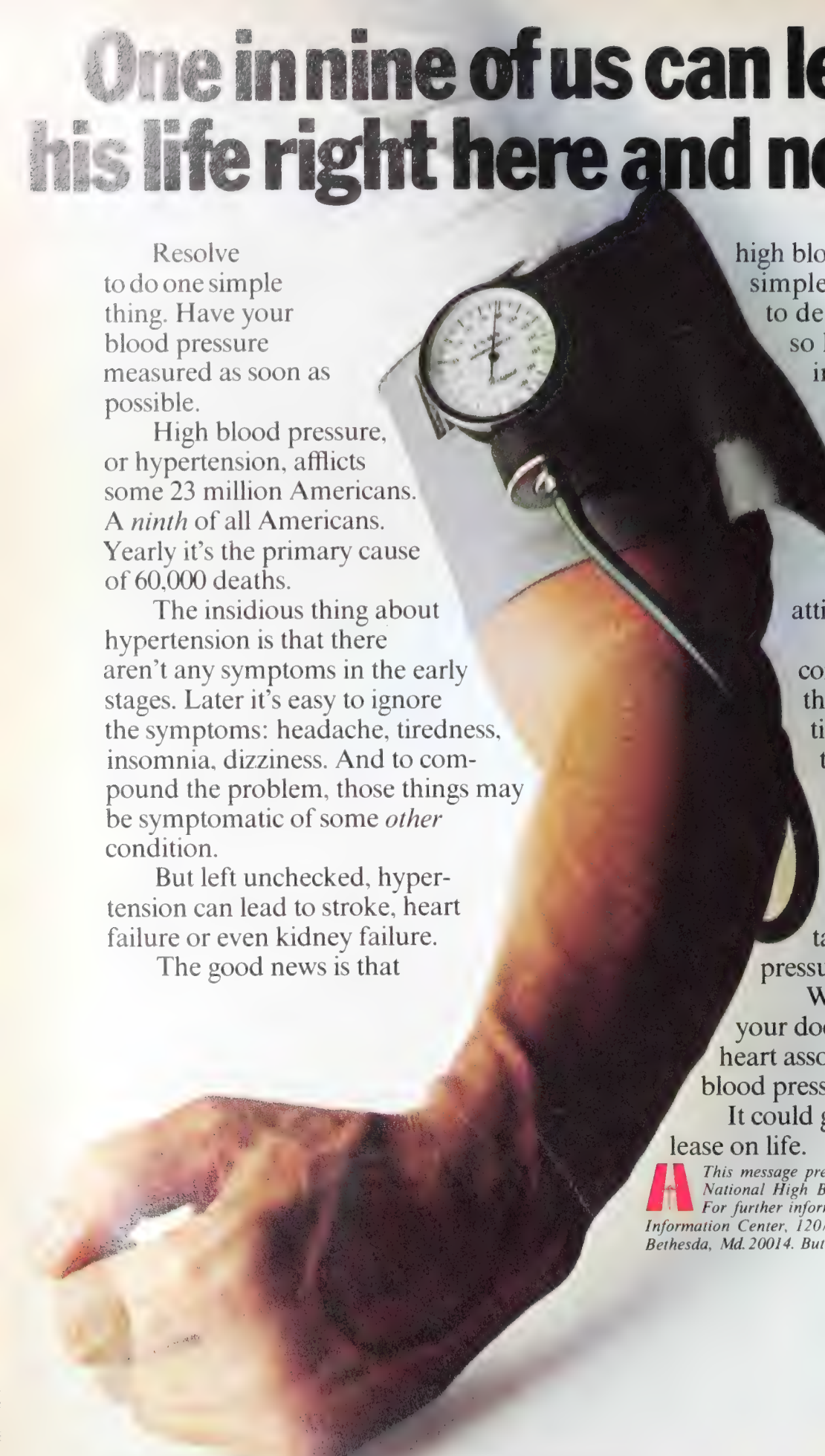
century-old, hand-operated wine press oversees our
nal vineyard in Saratoga, California. It has long since been retired.
it still stands as a symbol of the tradition we have always
wed in making our wines:

Nothing good happens fast.
Paul Masson



© Paul Masson Vineyards, Saratoga, California, since 1852.

One in nine of us can lengthe his life right here and now.



Resolve to do one simple thing. Have your blood pressure measured as soon as possible.

High blood pressure, or hypertension, afflicts some 23 million Americans. A *ninth* of all Americans. Yearly it's the primary cause of 60,000 deaths.

The insidious thing about hypertension is that there aren't any symptoms in the early stages. Later it's easy to ignore the symptoms: headache, tiredness, insomnia, dizziness. And to compound the problem, those things may be symptomatic of some *other* condition.

But left unchecked, hypertension can lead to stroke, heart failure or even kidney failure.

The good news is that high blood pressure is simple and painless to detect. (What's so hard about having your blood pressure taken?) And in most cases it's relatively easy to control with medication, proper diet, attitude and exercise.

Member companies of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association are proud to have helped develop some of the breakthrough medicines that can tame high blood pressure.

We urge you to call your doctor, hospital or heart association and get your blood pressure checked.

It could give you a longer lease on life.

This message prepared in cooperation with the National High Blood Pressure Education Program. For further information write High Blood Pressure Information Center, 120/80 National Institutes of Health, Bethesda, Md. 20014. But take your blood pressure test first.

The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association

gans. (How does a mob unite and hold
)gether?)
)lation cues that separate groups into
able substructures, a system possibly in-
d by diet. (Aside from accent and man-
s, how do members of the British upper
:cognize each other?)
)nflict igniters, possibly sophisticated ab-
)ns of primitive postures and vocal sig-
How do you know that the man coming
you is angry?)
landular responses to changes in territori-
umstances, responses of remarkable sim-
throughout large populations, but with a
:omplex substitution system than implied
st observers. (Why did most of the oc-
s of Chicago's high-rise Lake Shore ghetto
)n it within three years, and what did
(perience do to their life expectancy and
uent behavior?)
ll of the above, you can expect a sup-
)n of group and individual consciousness
amplification of group conformity. But
f you answered each of these deductions
present general satisfaction, you would
ave begun the process of understanding.
t that, too, to change.
)ur culture, when you make this approach
)cess thinking, you immediately raise a
:t over whether we individuals (and the
s we form) are reacting on the basis of
nation. Classical theories of individualism
ee will that underlie consensus reality in
)ciety assume a lawless character for the
:s as a whole. ("Human nature will never
e.") Classical theory assumes that we are
undly different from blind cells, that hu-
individuals are informed, and that their
ons can be ascribed to a rational basis ex-
n cases of accident and madness. To as-
for the species as a whole a response pat-
)artly habituated (and thus unconscious by
tion) threatens belief in *reason*, whose
tuff (information) is assumed to be openly
:ciously) available to all.
t television directors, politicians, the psy-
ic profession, advertising/public relations
, and sales directors are seeking out pre-
mined preferences to exploit mass biases.
very real sense, we already are conducting
rsations (communicating) with the species
organism. For the most part, this commu-
ion is *not* directed at *reason*.
ocess and the species-organism represent a
)lex mixture whose entire matrix can be
ed into new shapes by genius (Einstein) or
ness (Hitler). The course of this process
be misread by an entire species despite
evidence of disaster. To understand this
ix, consider the problems of rat control.
:e learned that a quick-acting poison doesn't
: well in eliminating rat colonies. Grain treated with a fast poison tends to kill only one or two rats from a colony. Rats translate the message "grain-kill" without any need for verbalizing. We can, however, kill off entire colonies with a slow poison such as Warfarin. When one rat must go back to the grain seven or eight times before dying, other members of his colony tend not to make the lifesaving connection.

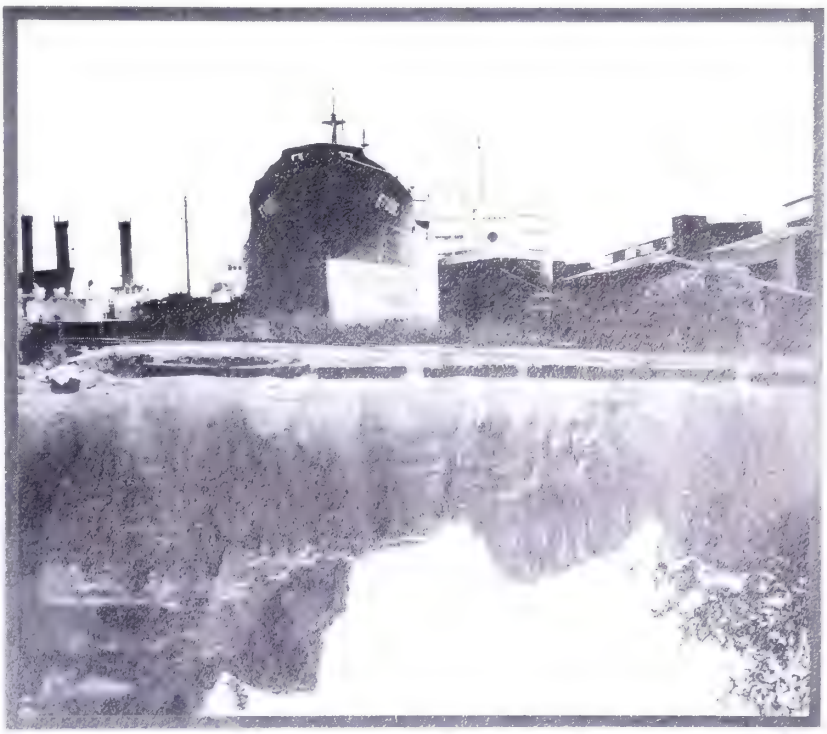
This gives you an idea of what limits may apply to a species' time sense. The presence of a threat may be known, but its context can remain frustratingly diffuse. What is this strange new lethal disease attacking my fellows? It calls up an ancient scenario out of primitive times when our beliefs were geared to living in the presence of an outer darkness that pressed upon us with terrifying force, mysteriously and inescapably painful. How do you placate the angry spirits of the poisoned waters?

"We peer into ... cally throu... ... sensus reality, which is a summation of the most popular beliefs of our time. We grapple for something that changes as we touch it."

The linear habit

MANY THINGS COMPLICATE our ability to recognize threats to the species. Not the least of these many may be contained in the observation of Sören Kierkegaard: "Life can only be understood backward, but it must be lived forward."

This Janus-faced view of life comes right out of the old linear swamp. It carries an attractive sense of reality, but it assumes that our affairs flow with an absolute linearity from way back there to somewhere wa-a-a-ay up front. This allows for no optical illusions in time, no com-



John Diele

pressions or expansions, and it ignores much of our latest computer hardware (ten billion years in a nanosecond) as well as other odd Einsteinian curves and spirals that intrude upon our consensus reality. It's well to recognize the low probability that one lonely cause underlies any event that inflicts itself upon an entire species. Neither Hitler nor Einstein sprang from a spontaneous and singular generating event. Worldwide pollution has no singular origin.

Yet, the linear orientation of our perceptions (1, 2, 3 . . . ; A, B, C . . . ; Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday . . .; January, February, March . . .) makes it extremely difficult to break away from the belief that we occupy a universe where there are straightforward linked cause-and-effect events plus a few other odd events we call accidents. We are habituated to a noncircular, noninclusive way of interpreting a universe whose circularity and all-inclusiveness keep cropping up in the phenomena we investigate. Events of tomorrow *do* change our view of yesterday; an ancient Greek's accident is our better-understood phenomenon. The linear habit remains, however. It dictates that we consign accidents to the unconscious. We keep loading the unconscious with events we do not understand. This burden inflicts itself upon our sense of reality.

Devotion to that linear consensus leads us inexorably into a confrontation with the mathematician who tells us: "We inevitably are led to prove any proposition in terms of unproven propositions." He's telling me that all of my pet beliefs inevitably go back to a moment where I am forced to say: "I believe this because I believe it." Faith!

Mathematics and physics may yet drive the old realities over the brink. For instance, we now can project complex models of human societies through analogue computers and within a few seconds get impressive readouts on the consequences of paper decisions projected for hundreds of years. This is, of course, subject to the omnipresent warning pasted over computers operated by cautious men of science. That warning reads: "Garbage in—garbage out."

In engineering terms, we are looking for *resultants*—sums of social forces through which to examine our world. This often produces a more realistic approach than taking up the components one by one. Any auto mechanic knows there are engine problems for which it's better to make ten adjustments at once. Still, singularity as a belief confounds our attempts to "repair the system."

Technological playthings distort and amplify our performances to the point where we may believe we are *discovering* futures that we invent in the present. This may be the most elemental reality we have ever encountered, but the distortions born of mating our unexamined desires to our technology have tangled future and present almost inextricably. Future/past/prese they remain so interwoven deep in the spe psyche that our day-to-day activities are concealed from us. We put out our own farin, unaware of lethal consequences and getful of where we have hidden it.

Few who examine our planetwide probl doubt that we live in a Warfarin world. thrust of my argument is that we are not ing our awareness to the level demanded b times, we are not making the connections tween poisons and processes—to the despai our species.

Success as fail

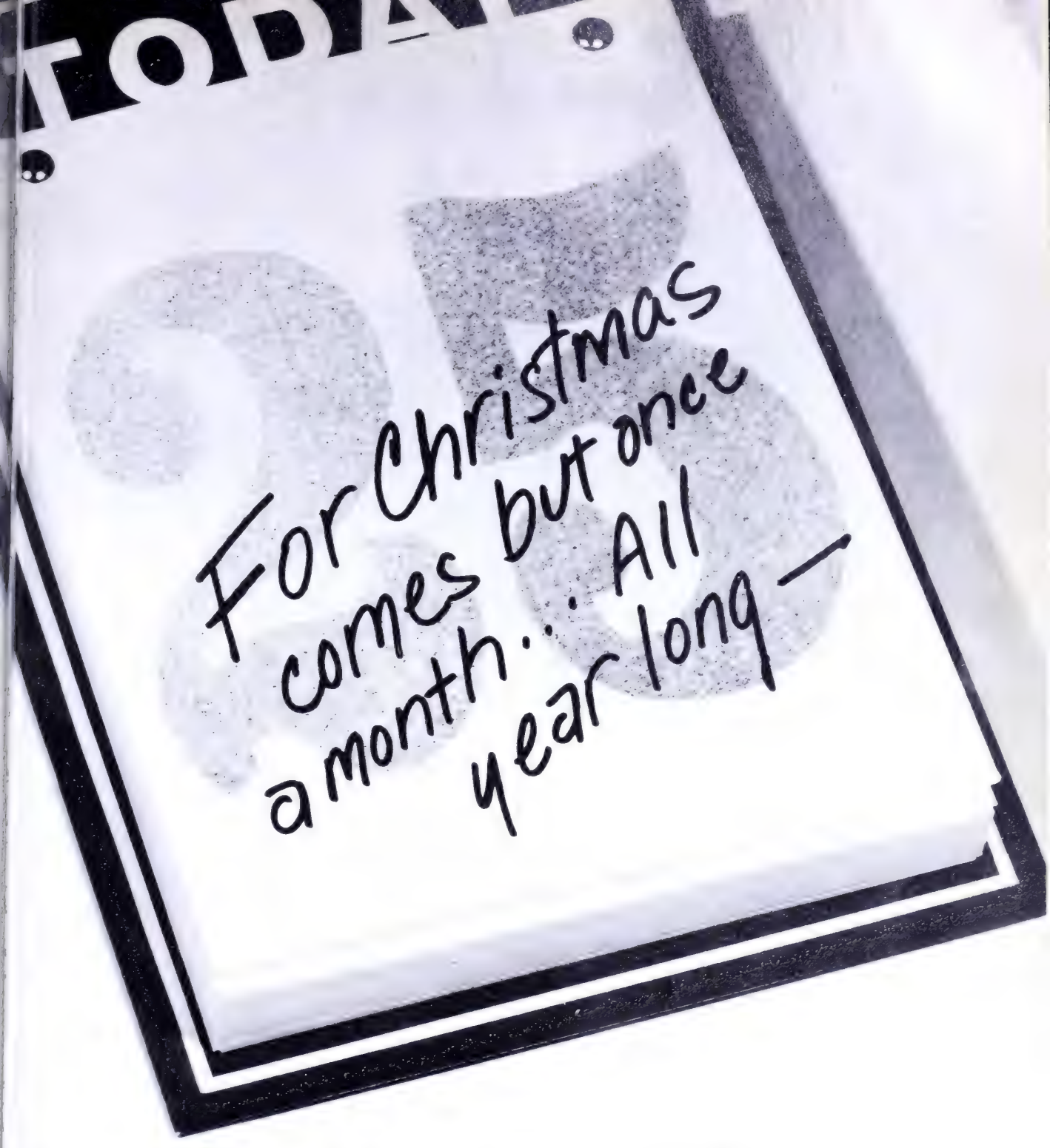
PLANNERS OFTEN APPEAR unwilling to beli that a history of success can produce conditions of disaster. Rather, they believe success measured in current terms is suffic justification for any decision about tomorr (To those who doubt that success can bring to a community, look at the Boeing Corp tion, a study of unusual poignancy in its de onstration of disaster brewed from success.)

You glimpse here a hidden dimension of p erful influence upon our survival. Here are locked-up decisions predicated on capital inv ments and operating costs. Governments, la corporations, and service industries know t must build today according to long-range p jections. Those projections tend to come fr planners who know (unconsciously or oth wise) what the directors want to hear. Conver ly, directors tend not to listen to disquieti projections. (Boeing's directors were being t as far back as the early 1950s that they had diversify and that they should begin explori the potential of rapid transit.)

Planning tends to fall into the absolut traps I've indicated. Warm is better than col we'll listen only to the left hand. The limits u der which powerful private assessments of "t future" are made predict mistakes of gigant lethal magnitude.

If we define futurism as exploration beyon accepted limits, then the nature of limiting sy tems becomes our first object of exploratio That nature lies within ourselves. Some who sa they are talking about "a future" are only talk ing about their own limits. The dominant pa tern in current planning betrays a system o thinking that does *not* want to abandon old a sumptions and that keeps seeking a surprise free future. But if we lock down the future in th present, we deny that such a future has becom the present—and the present has always bee inadequate for the future.

My explanation of this pattern goes partly t where we commonly believe *meaning* is foun —in printed words (such as these), in the noise



hristmas comes but once a month . . . *all year long.*

nany truly thoughtful Christmas gifts can *you* think of that be forgotten by January 15?

nany gifts can *you* think of that give a smile, a frown, a new nt, an agreeing nod, a disagreeing headshake, a laugh, a cry, e, a put-down—and give them every month throughout the

ow many gifts can *you* think of that you can give *without* ng in line, *without* wrapping and tying, *without* dropping a lot ney?

nswer to many of your Christmas shopping problems could rper's.

about it.

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of a speaker, in the reader's or listener's awareness, or in some imaginary thought-land between these. We tend to forget that we human animals evolved in an ecosystem that has demanded constant improvisation from us. In a mirror sense, we reflect this history of mutual influences in all our systems and processes, including the human brain, our consciousness, and our thinking patterns. The virtuosity of our customary speaking response tends to conceal from us how this behavior is dominated by improvisation. This nonawareness carries over into that "talking" with our universe by which we shape it and are shaped by it.

It dismays some people to think that we are in some kind of a jam session with our universe and that our survival demands an ever-increasing virtuosity, an ever-improving mastery of our instruments. Whatever we may retain of logic and reason, however, points in that direction. It indicates that the creation of *human* societies probably should become more of an art form than a plaything of science.

To plan for the future, to attempt to guide ourselves into "the better life" projected by our utopian dreams, we are involving ourselves with profound creative changes and influences. Many of these already are at their work unrecognized around us. Inevitably, we change our frames of reference, our consensus reality. It becomes increasingly apparent that today's changes occur in a relativistic universe. It is demonstrably impossible in such a universe to test the reliability of one expert by requiring him to agree with another expert. This is a clear message from those physicists who demonstrate the most workable understanding of our universe-in-operation. After Einstein, they tell us: *all inertial frames of reference are equivalent.*

This is saying that there is no absolute frame of reference (local reality) within the systems we recognize, no way to be certain you have measured any absolutes. The very act of introducing the concept *absolute* into a question precludes an answer with sensible meaning. (Which hand will you believe, the "cold" hand or the "warm" one?) It serves no purpose to ask whether absolutes exist. Such questions are constructed so as to have no answer *in principle.*

Accordingly, both Pakistan and India could be equally *right* and equally *wrong.* This applies also to Democrats and Republicans, to Left and Right, to Israel and the United Arab Republic, to Irish Protestants and Irish Catholics. Remember: "We inevitably are led to prove any proposition in terms of unproven propositions." We do not like unproven propositions.

If we face up to this consciously, that might cut us away from everything we *want* to believe, from everything that comforts us in a universe of unknowns. We would be forced to the realization that the best logic we can construct for a finite system (which describes our tion at any selected moment) might not in an infinite system. No matter how tig construct our beautiful globes of local no matter how many little Dutch boys semble to apply fingers to any holes tha appear, we still have built nothing more dike, impermanent and essentially fragil

Breaking pa

IT WOULD SEEM THAT A FUTURIST con with our survival and our utopian d needs to listen, to observe, and to develo pertise that fits the problems as they occu that is not the pattern that dominates h behavior today. Instead, we shape our int tations of our problems to fit existing exp This existing expertise defends its local r on the basis of past successes, not on th mands of our most recent observations.

The consequences of such an approac be deadly far beyond the circle in whic planning decisions originate. And in the archical arrangements of human societies ten is just one person who finally makes the found choice for us all. The reasons behind decisions can be perfectly justified by the texts within which they are made. (Have I failed you before?)

In the universe thus described, we are tined forever to find ourselves shocked to a ness on paths that we do not recognize, in p where we do not want to be, in a universe displays no concern over our distress and may have no *center* capable of noticing us. as-an-absolute stays beyond the reach of our initions, beyond our questions, beyond an mands we can articulate. The old pattern thinking, patched together out of primitive munications attempts, continue to hamstrin

Play a game with me, then, and maybe y understand what I am attempting to desc Here's a list of numbers arranged accordin a logical order. The solution to that order page 124) embodies what I mean when I gest we leap out of our conventional limits. numbers: 8, 5, 4, 9, 1, 7, 6, 10, 3, 2.

As you consider how the way we approac question limits our ability to answer, I'd you to reflect upon a short paraphrase of noza, changed only to read "species" where original read "body."

No man has yet determined what are the p ers of the species; none has yet learned from perience what the species may perform by m laws of nature (chemical, genetic or other) what the species may do without rational termination. For nobody has known as yet frame of the species so thoroughly as to expl all of its operations.

ow to Fly, Japanese Style.



nce asked some of our flight guests they liked most about flying with us. prisingly, it wasn't any of the orts or delicacies above.

fact, it wasn't what we did so much w we did it.

ey spoke of being pampered. Of the ur hostesses in kimono smile. all things, of course. But in a world vorships the mammoth, the small way of making up in gleam what s in size.

JAL, we glory in the small things of life. From our first hello to our last *sayonara,* we take the small attentions and courtesies so much for granted, they are our way of life.

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was·sail



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VERSE

by A. R. Ammons

DELIGHT

The angels who in innocent if
not painless intelligence
fly around a lot (sometimes away)

flew down one day
to the pastures of men
and said

"look, this one's a stone
brunted
and there is one turning in himself

like a burnt-over viper
and look, this one's
broader in his eyes than the world"

and the angels grew surprised
with the quantity
of contortion, misplacement, and mischance:

the stone cried
"if I am not to take myself
as I am, by

what means am I to be changed" and the viper
said
"the fountains of myself are a vision

I will not behold" and others grown old in
pain
cried out "who am I"

and the angels said "shall we give advice"
and said "should we
bring water

or bread or should we at least slay
selected ones"
but knowing neither whether to accept

the pastures as they were nor, if not, any
means to change them
veered off again

in broad loops and sweeps through the skies
and out of sight brushed
stars in their going by a-twinkle.

MID-MORNING

Square notch like
a booth or
berth

where the dove
sat on the limb through
last night's

heaping snow:
I can look around
the grove

and
count the doves,
gone now.

LIMITS

Since the
unknown's
truer
than the
known

and since

mystery
can
make a well-known weed
unreal

and since

bent we
break on
time that lets
everything endure
changed

I've
decided to take
liberties
and love
what is not

storm the intangible
for the lore
song's lost in.



THE HERMITS

Artemis and Apollo find a matrix on the coast of Maine

by Clinton Trowbridge

EVEN ON A CALM DAY IN AUGUST, the island is difficult to land on. The sea swell tumbles the popplestones back and forth in muted roars; and when I finally get the dinghy in on one of the lesser waves and jump out to pull her up before the next surge floods her, it is all I can do to keep my feet. It is like climbing up out of a pit full of bowling balls. My ankles are bruised red by the time I have reached the top, but the boat pulls up as easily as over a mound of ball bearings, and I am able to tie its painter to a ramp that extends some ten feet down from the high-water mark on which sits a sixteen-foot dory half full of water. It will be safe there, three-quarters of the way up the beach, until I return and easy enough to push back down again to the incoming tide. But how the hell do they manage this—just the two of them, and in winter?

The path is deep in pine needles, and spongy; but what surprises me is how clear the woods are to either side: a thick grove of maybe twenty-year-old spruces and not a dead branch to be seen, except way up above my head where an occasional streak of brown mars the almost black canopy. In a minute, though, I have passed through this colonnade and the path has turned to grass, the sky is visible overhead, and young trees form a thick, green hedge on both sides. The grass has been mowed, recently it seems, although there are no signs of footsteps. Over a tiny rivulet, a neatly made wooden bridge stretches some three feet; and there is a sturdy, though hardly necessary, handrail that feels as smooth as marble. It is so quiet that I hear my own breathing, and for the first time I wonder about the reception I am likely to get.

They are hermits; that's what everyone calls them, although there are two of them: a [illegible] and his wife who have lived alone out here [illegible] the second world war. Once every six w[illegible] they row ashore for their supplies—three [illegible] each way. Otherwise, no one ever sees t[illegible] One of the local fishermen swears to me tha[illegible] man always keeps his face covered, that s[illegible] disfigurement has driven him to bury hi[illegible] out here. He has seen him rowing, a bag [illegible] his head, holes cut for the eyes; but this is su[illegible] ridiculous. What he saw was probably a [illegible] mask, a balaclava, something to protect [illegible] from the winter winds. Some say that his [illegible] is scarred and a story is told about a labora[illegible] explosion, someone killed, it being his fau[illegible] some indirect way and that he came here to [illegible] not his ugliness but his guilt. The people at[illegible] store where he shops say that all these sto[illegible] are just talk, that he and his wife are very ple[illegible] ant, though shy, and they always pay c[illegible] He's a nervous man, that's all.

People were suspicious at first. There [illegible] some talk of their being Nazi spies. He woul[illegible] let them hunt the deer, even though the isl[illegible] is over a mile long and half a mile wide, [illegible] heavily wooded. He had ordered them off wit[illegible] gun: had appeared suddenly, in front of th[illegible] out of the woods, and they might easily h[illegible] shot him by mistake. So they didn't hunt th[illegible] after that. They guessed he was just differe[illegible] Not unfriendly. They saw him from time [illegible] time when they had to land on the island, wh[illegible] their motors broke down or they had to wait [illegible] a storm, and he always did what he could [illegible] them. He had built himself a nice house, [illegible] men told me. He wouldn't bite my head off [illegible] went to see him.

Clinton Trowbridge, a professor of English at Dowling College on Long Island, has spent nearly every summer of his life exploring the Maine coast. He is the author of The Crow Island Journal *and is now writing a book about the inhabitants of various other Maine islands.*

et I do not wish to come upon them unectedly. The other islands I have visited e all much more open than this. I could be approaching, sometimes from miles away. re was none of this sense that I was sneakup on them. But here the house is buried back in the woods. How am I to let them w there is an intruder in their midst? I might or whistle, I suppose, or cough loudly be- rounding each turn that the path takes; instead, I walk on, as silently as an Indian, ling my breath.

The perfect community

UDDENLY I AM UPON THEM. I stop at the edge of the tiny clearing and look at the se, uncertain what to do. Thirty feet away, almost at ground level, a large plate-glass dow stares at me from under the enormous rhang of the roof. If there is anyone inside, ve already been seen, and I had not counted that. To the right of the window is a door, I walk toward it slowly, and as nonchalant- s possible. I am just a caller, I say to myself. n out here, they must occasionally have m. As I pass the window, I catch a glimpse round, frightened face, and I wave reassurly and smile, but instead of calling out, I nt to the door and try to indicate by my exssion that I would like to come in. Why I do speak, I cannot say. Instinctively, I have proached her as I would a deaf person, or a sant in some country where I know not one rd of the language, or as I might a deer or ne other wild animal that was hurt and that id not want to alarm any further.

Anyway, it works. Her almost perfectly round e, with its high forehead; thin, gray hair tied k in a bun; enormous, defenseless-looking s, relaxes; and she comes over to the door, ens it about halfway, and stands there, as if estioning; a tiny, frail-looking woman in a in gray dress that comes to her ankles. She s the look of a child who has simply grown without being affected in any other way. ay something. What, I don't recall. And then husband approaches and she steps back, ickly and without noise, and I am shaking hand and explaining to him who I am and y I am here. Am I bothering them? No. 'e've just finished lunch and were about to rt *The Forsyte Saga*. It's been some years ce we last read it. Please, come in."

It is as if his voice were used for both of m. It strikes me right away: its strong tim- and already the suggestion of an articulate- ss that goes beyond that of the ordinary per- n. I would guess him to be a college professor, re it not for his hands: the huge, smoothly llused hands of a man who earns his livelihood more with his body than with his mind—a contradiction, as is the hand itself when it takes mine, tender and inquiring in its touch rather than firm. He is a tall, powerfully built man whose slight stoop may be attributable to the low ceiling and tiny doorway and the generally miniature proportions of everything in the one room that is the first floor of their house. His face, as far as I can tell, is unscarred and, if anything, handsome rather than otherwise: fine features, rather piercing eyes, close-cropped strong-looking gray hair; though, somehow, not a face one remembers. But I have not had a chance to look at it closely yet, not full on.

The room absorbs my immediate interest: it is as if the Arthur Rackham illustrations for *The Wind in the Willows* have come alive. Roughly three feet of it is below ground level, which explains the odd positioning of the plate-glass window: cellar, living room, dining room, and kitchen, all in one—a snug, ship's cabin of a room roughly fifteen by twenty feet across, with a stone floor and stone walls halfway up the sides, the rest made of wood. Despite its tininess there is a spacious feeling about it, perhaps because of the many windows, and the fact that there is nothing at all in the very middle of the room, and no clutter. There is a hanging table under the plate-glass window with three chairs pulled up to it; beyond that, in the corner, a large easy chair with a table next to it, a bookcase recessed into the wall, thirty or forty books; along the far wall nothing but windows; and then the kitchen area: stove in the far right corner, a counter of narrow cabinets separating the sink and counter tops along the wall from the rest of the room; against the wall on my right a flight of stairs leading, I presume, to the bedroom; a hanging lamp, a rug that covers most of the floor, and that is all: no clock on the wall, no pictures, no television or phonograph or even radio that I can see; no refrigerator; no fireplace; not even a mirror or a piece of driftwood or a seashell or so much as a bit of sea-smoothed glass on a shelf. Yet the room is cozy as well as spacious; Ratty's house, Badger's; not quite, but in a certain sense, Toad Hall.

It must have been built for her. She fits into it like a mouse. Yet there is also the sense of it being his den, particularly when he is sitting, as he is now, in what is clearly *his* chair. In its simplicity and convenience it is a man's room —bare of all the frills. But it is also as if we are in the blown-up version of a little girl's doll house: a real iron stove that you can cook on, a tiny porcelain sink in which to wash your thimble-small pots and pans and shell-like dishes; the sense of a make-believe childhood world made real.

He and his wife are writing a book about their experiences. They have been working on the last chapter for several years. It is a philo-

to first causes. It is almost like being born again

sophic book, not a day-by-day account of their lives. He has an elaborate theory about how island life mirrors reality in a way that community life does not. He sits in his chair and lays out his ideas on me, looking straight ahead, as if thinking aloud. His wife sits on the staircase and listens intently to every word, her face reflecting the minutest alteration of her thought; but she does not enter into the conversation.

"What are communities?" he says. "They represent the effect of group action which to me is always detrimental. No group is the sum of its parts. The larger it gets, the more the quality of life is leveled down." The perfect community consists of two people, he believes. He does not use the word "intimacy" but this is clearly what he values in human relations. All the rest is manipulation and falsity. His wife nods her head—up and down, up and down—and smiles. She is the moon; he is the sun: Artemis and Apollo. They seem unusually simpatico—as if one person had been divided in half to make them. But *he* does not seek an example, a proof if you will, in Adam and Eve or in anything else. His speech is abstract, deductive. It is what I imagine a conversation with Descartes might be like.

Money is time

ISLAND LIFE, "AS A MODE IN ITSELF," is what interests him. "An island is a matrix into which a person fits," he says. Months later I look up "matrix" in the dictionary and realize that, at the time, I had only partially understood what he meant. "Mother." "The womb." "That within which, or within and from which, something originates, takes form, or develops." "A die or mold for casting or shaping." To live on an island, you must get back to first causes. is almost like being born again. At least that the impression I get. Like Thoreau, or a Bu dhist monk, he preaches: Simplify! Simplify

They do without a refrigerator and as a r ward are relieved of the expense, the bother, an the labor of dealing with bottled gas and repai men. He has a lawn mower, but it is the ol fashioned push kind and he can maintain th himself. The only other machine they own is chain saw, and he admits to being somewh sullied by its possession. Without it, howeve he would have to spend most of his time cuttin wood and it is not part of his purpose to enslav himself to the land. "Simplify" conflicts wit another imperative in this instance of the chai saw: "Have command over your time." That i the greatest advantage to their way of life, h says. The old cliche that time is money is mor true in reverse. Taken that way, no one, h feels, is richer than they are. The tiny stove i the kitchen is their only source of heat, how ever, and he estimates that they burn ten ton of wood a year. He has worked out a time-mon ey calculus. If the chain saw saves him fiv hours for every one he works, and he uses it, say an hour a day, he can afford what it costs hin when it breaks down. Also, he makes his ow lumber with it. He can cut only about seventy feet a day, but even at that he comes out wel ahead when one takes into consideration th money, labor, and time involved in haulin boards here from the mainland.

And there are other imperatives to consider Their hope is that when they die they will leav the island wilder than they found it. "I have only contempt for the idea of man as the lord of the universe," he says. "There is no reason to develop an adversary relationship with na ture. You can coexist." Not only do they not kil the deer; they do not even pick the mussels that



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Wine tasting is a difficult enough business ...nder ideal conditions, and the last thing you ...ed is a smoke screen between you and the wine.

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A good wine list should include a selection ... related wines. They should have something in ...mmon, such as vintage, region, varietal, or brand. ...his gives the palate a better chance to compare ...ne wine with another and it gives the tasting ...theme. Eight to ten wines is about right for a ...good tasting. Any more than this and your ...ste buds start to get confused. Always ...ver the labels when tasting and ...t, don't swallow. Remember, this ...wine tasting, not a drinking bout, ...d if you swallow the wine, your ...ppreciation of the last few wines will ...e anything but clear. A wine cuspidor ...ll-full of sawdust can serve as an ...ve-continuous still serviceable.

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Even the best of wine tasters will ...get a wine's name if he forgets to ...take notes. And by taking notes, we don't mean ...score the date of the vintage, grape composition, ...vintage year, bottler, price, and a description of ...the wine's appearance, bouquet, and taste.

...y to keep your comments brief and to the ...point. Detail is the enemy of memory, ...possible so that later, when you refer to your notes, ...you will be able to recall the wine.

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BODY
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DRY
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FRUITY
FULL BODIED
MELLOW
WOODY

Armed with this information and willing to ...put in several hours a week, you should be able to ...tuck away 25 to 30 wines a year in your memory. ...Considering that there are over 5,000 ...wines in the world, this should keep you busy ...until around the year 3167.

WINE IS LIKE MUSIC.

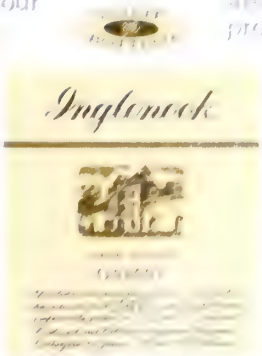
There are two basic differences between ...gulp and wine you taste. Trying to learn wine ...tasting with a gulp wine is like trying to learn ...music theory on a kazoo.

...You can optimize the wine tasting experience ...should be the following:

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B. Napa Valley. The Napa Valley of California ...is, in our opinion, the finest wine producing ...area in the world. Napa Valley ...produces wines worthy of tasting.

C. Vintage dated. ...



INGLENOOK

In Europe, there is ...

In America, there is Inglenook.

cling to the rocks of their shores. *Ahimsa*: reverence for life. The reason I saw no dead branches in the woods is that he will not cut a living tree. Limited to gathering only dead wood for almost a quarter of a century, he has cleaned the forest of its dead growth to a radius of some four hundred yards from the house. At sixty, he cannot hope to clear the whole island, but he will have made a good start.

Island living is an adult experience, he believes. Existing in a community makes it easier to be happy living on an island. If you have simplified your life, become the lord of time and not its slave, and have truly come to think of yourself as coexisting with all the rest of what lives, then a wonderful thing happens. You develop "a companionship with the impersonal. The shores of the island become your own perimeter. I can only refer to it as a crypto-religious experience: to care for something beyond yourself. It took several years for us to begin to experience this, but even when we first came here we knew immediately that although everything was new, nothing was strange. Islands are like people. No two are the same. We looked for a long time until we found ours."

They were brought up in California, where he later worked as an engineer. They had moved from the city to the suburbs to the country, and they always knew that some day they would settle on an island. So they planned their lives accordingly. They could not live on an island and have children. It would be unfair to them. They studied maps and rejected numerous possibilities in Canada as well as the United States. The Thousand Islands were too close to the St. Lawrence waterway. The San Juan Islands, near Seattle, were unsuitable because there was no real winter. "We finally decided on the Maine coast for its beauty, its remoteness, and for the fact that islands were not in demand at that time and we would be able to afford to purchase one should we find it."

Trained as an engineer, he knew that the more complicated anything was the more time and money would be involved in fixing it. Simplify! Simplify! Thus the dory. It was both seaworthy and inexpensive. Yes, they still use it. They plan their departure and arrival around the high tide, which is simple enough; and in winter they take care to pick their day.

There are two small vegetable gardens behind the house, but for most of the year they live on canned food and homemade bread. According to the time-money calculus, it was cheaper to buy vegetables than to clear the land, grow them, and put them up. "Bread. That really is the staff of life," he said; and his wife, speaking for the first time, asked me if I would enjoy some iced tea. I said I would and she went outside to get a jar from where it was cooling in the well.

I SUPPOSE I HAD REGISTERED SURPRISE at a lover of nature could accommodate h to canned foods, for he took it upon him explain in more detail. When he was a man he lived for some time with his uncl farm in the Midwest. It had taught hi there was such a thing as slavery to the It was the same, in fact, as slavery to ti was absurd to think that you could live land and maintain your freedom. To be pendent you had to have some money. No much, much less than most people would a nest egg. So he had worked as an eng and saved for the time when they would enough. How much was enough? I was to ask him, but I didn't feel I could. "Pat and thrift are unfashionable virtues," he

The tea was cool and refreshing. She placed a dish of cookies on the table bet us and suddenly I saw what they were without thinking, burst out, "Hermit cook They both laughed, and he said, "Oh, we'r unsociable. We enjoy seeing people and drop in quite often, during the summer p ularly. In fact, that's another of my theo that an island makes you warmer, as a pe not colder. I've always thought, though, Will Rogers was joking when he said, 'I r met a man I didn't like.' " The atmosphere suddenly changed. The philosopher and his were human beings after all, with a sens humor; I felt I could ask questions now wit appearing to search for chinks in their ar

"What about hermits?" I asked. "Do know any?" I'd been to many islands but never met a hermit, nor even heard of one was still alive.

"Yes," he said. "We had one as a neigh for many years." He named an island a half a mile from theirs and then added th was several years before they met. "He fin came to call on us, was very apologetic for having done so sooner; but he claimed tha just hadn't had the time, that he was at l four years behind in his work."

I laughed. "What an excuse!"

"It seems strange to you that he should h said that?"

"Well, of course," I went on. "What w could he possibly be behind in, and four ye behind at that? You said yourself that the gr thing about this sort of life is that you h so much free time."

"And you saw that as meaning there was work to be done?"

"Only the kind you wanted to do."

"So work is something someone else says y must do, or pays you for doing?"

Naturally, you could set yourself projects said. But that wasn't the same as having thin you had to do.

"I knew immediately what he meant and w

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very pleased he'd taken the trouble to come over. He stayed only a short time. Some years later he died. We used to wave back and forth when we saw each other on the shore. He was perfectly friendly. It was just clear that he liked to live alone."

I said that for me the amazing thing was that a person could live by himself, or even with just one other person, and keep busy enough to be happy. That was surely a feat in itself, one that most people wouldn't be capable of.

"Most people wouldn't be happy doing it," he said. "That's quite true. But the problem is not in thinking up things to do. Even on an island, and living as we do, there are not enough hours in the day. But then we don't really think in terms of days, more of years and seasons. Days don't matter. They drift into one another. You pick up where you left off. Nothing is so urgent that it can't be postponed."

"But then what about your hermit friend?" I said. "Apparently he didn't feel that way if it took so long for him to come over and see you."

"It wasn't his work, that's all. Visiting people, taking time out to be sociable, as we call it, wasn't natural to him. He regarded it as an obligation."

"But isn't it an obligation for you to get in all that wood?"

"No. It's a joy. We love the process of gathering wood. The only time we feel any sense of obligation is when we have to row to the mainland for supplies. That's why we put it off for as long as we can. We do enjoy rowing, though, so even that day is not entirely wasted. You see, we're happy. All the time. Why else would we be here?"

Obligations and evil

IF HIS WIFE'S FACE had now broadened even more, into a smile that almost hurt it was so beautiful to look at; if there had been anything smug or even pleased about the way he had said it, I would have hated or pitied them. We sat in silence there, in this tiny room, until a voice within me insisted on being heard. I think, otherwise, that the three of us might have sat there the rest of the afternoon without exchanging a word; sat there smiling, like lunatics, until the sun went down, until the moon rose, until the night itself dissolved into dawn. Perhaps even longer than that.

In those moments of silence I traveled with them over the island I had not yet really seen. Silently, we moved through the woods, he leading, scouting for wood. The tree, when we found it, had blown over some time ago, he said, and would be dry enough now to burn. There was snow on the ground; broken twigs—black spots on the whiteness—and little footsteps everywhere: the tiny tracks of field mice, the d imprint of birds' feet damasking the p surface; here and there the signs of battle mishings for food, perhaps; scattered fe dark holes in the snow, the blood ma death. Straining at our ropes, we dragg heavy log through the silent, windless she sweeping a narrow path before us wi trailing branches; he and I holding the l tween us on the downhill runs, feelin weight of it in our calves and thighs pulled it over a rise in the track; knowin the next log, the larger half of the tree, wo easier to get back now that a sluice had made for its passage in the foot-deep the crisp coolness of the air burning int lungs, purifying them for the winter's w gathering wood.

NOW, IN MY MIND, it was early spring was by myself, crouched under a le rock where he had placed me, watching t gles. The majesty of their soaring. The glitt eye, the sharp, hooked beak. One of them t field mouse not twenty feet from me: the r his descent, the viselike talon, the pathetic s the heavy tread of wingbeat, the tremor o the tattered matting of palest spring gra side a rock, the squawks that I could barely from the huge nest of branches sixty feet a us at the top of a dead spruce, as the great wheeled toward it. Sounds everywhere dripping of water, the rat-tat-tat of an inv woodpecker, the woods filled with twitte and sharp, bright clarions of song, a black against the sky above a cliff as yet another of the yearly migration broke against the is

Summer: the three of us pausing in the above the western beach to pick a cupf raspberries for dinner; mushrooms in the w on the way home; Indian pipes: I gather for her to see her smile; pea vines trell the garden stockade, he and I pinchin enough for supper without seeming to st all, throwing the swollen pods into her ski she stands holding it out at arm's length b her, smiling.

Yet, the question formed within me u finally burst out: "And what about other pe Have you no obligation to them?"

"I think of it this way," he said, turnin his seat slightly, though still not quite fa me. "When you live with others, you ca avoid doing evil. You do it unintentionally the time. Man is used to evil. It's the na concomitant of acquisitiveness and competi So he invents it if he does not find enough in his surroundings. Medical science can diseases but not disease. On an island non this holds true. I could not do evil to others wished to. So my not doing evil becomes,



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anner of speaking, a positive good. Similarly, ere are no diseases to catch out here. Neither f us has had so much as a cold since we've een here. And most illnesses are mental in rigin. Even the doctors will tell you that. So e do not allow ourselves to think about such ings. The mind itself is a kind of island, you e. It need not allow itself to be invaded. Actuly, you simply can't have fears. It would be ke boring holes in a dam."

"But then what of your power to do good?" said, somewhat sharply, feeling that he had one too far. "Don't we have positive obligaons toward one another?" And then, before he uld answer, I added, unable to hide a trace f bitterness in my voice, "Don't you ever feel uilty owning all this?"

Without responding to my tone, he said, With most of us the evil we do outweighs the ood, and I have no particular talents that would ake me think myself an exception. As for uilt, that feeling is a carry-over from a society at is so overpopulated that it is becoming eurotic on the subject of ownership. We let ople use our beaches. We haven't put up 'No respassing' signs. And yet, in the last few ars we have seen that they will light fires pracally in the woods and not even put them out hen they leave. We cannot allow this to go on. nder those circumstances would you feel guilty icking them off, if you were me?"

No, I had to admit, I would not. He and I ere in agreement, but I saw that his wife was ot. Her words, the first of any length that she d spoken, came out haltingly; she apologized fusely for not being able to make herself ar, but she had become unused to talking, e said. What worried her was the possibility at some young people might come and set camp and refuse to leave. She didn't think e'd be able to force them to go, whether out shyness or principle I could not say.

"What would you do?" he said to me.

"I'd kick them off," I said. "And if they uldn't go, I'd get the sheriff." He nodded and looked less puzzled and more herself again; d it was only I, apparently, who felt the hor- of what I had said. For, if it came to that, if had to defend oneself physically, the joy uld be gone.

"I only worry, sometimes, about others wor- ng about us," she said, and then the last flick- of anxiety left her face. "I wish they wouldn't, you can't stop them."

He explained to me that the only radio they d was a small transistor and that they had liberately not purchased a ship-to-shore be- se, as he said, "That would be like leaving e foot on the mainland." Still, a lobsterman iend of theirs had persuaded them to put up flagpole near where the dory was pulled up the shore, so they could run the flag at half mast if they were in trouble. To please him, more than for any other reason, they had put up the pole, but he admitted that they hadn't yet put up the flag. That was all right, though, and their friend understood. The flag was down there in a box next to the pole. It just meant that when the time came, one of them would be raising instead of lowering it, that was all. It amounted to the same thing.

Meaning and mystery

IT WAS TIME FOR ME TO LEAVE, I told them. I had interrupted their reading and had caused them to waste most of their afternoon. They insisted that this was not so and that it had been a pleasure, and he asked if I would like to walk with him down to the summer house on my way back. "It looks out over the sea," he said. "We often spend a few weeks there in July or August. It makes a nice change. We have no view here, as you see, because we need the protection of the woods in winter. We don't take advantage of the water as much as we might, for we're neither of us sailors; and it's good for us to enlarge our horizons from time to time." Robinson Crusoe, too, had the need for a summer house, I thought as I followed him down a path. A bird that was unfamiliar to me sang in the woods, and I asked him what it was. He said he didn't know and added that neither of them was much on natural history, as a matter of fact. I had taken it for granted that he was a disciple of Thoreau, but he said he'd read *Walden* only once and didn't own a copy. "We have a set of Dickens we read through every year or so. We find we don't need many books."

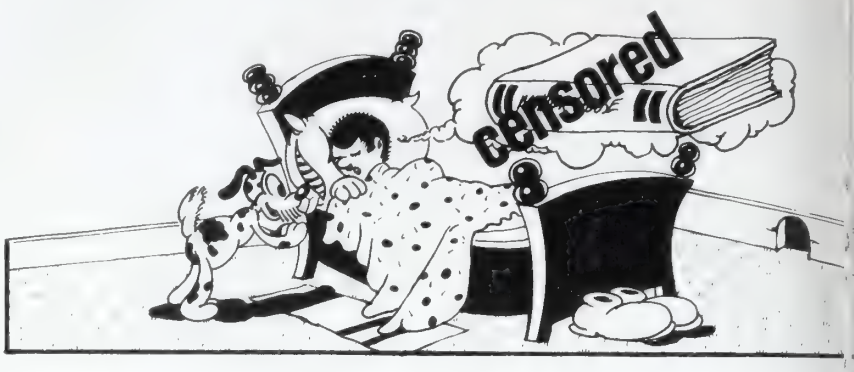
The summer house was a hexagon, not more than ten or twelve feet across, with a stove in the middle, cabinets and sink in one corner, fold-up bunks along the walls next to it, and a desk in the corner that looked out over the Atlantic. He'd made everything himself except the stove and the sink, including the boards, which he'd cut from island trees with his chain saw. There were blinds at each of the front windows and I saw that he had made these, too, whittled out each lattice and connected one to the other with tiny loops of wire. It would have taken him weeks; they were about the nearest thing to a decoration that I had yet seen. He pulled them up and I sat there at his desk for a moment looking out past some small trees to where the sea washed the pebbles of the beach.

Later, when I said goodbye to him, back where I'd left my boat, I tried to look him in the eye to see if there was anything there that would explain all this to me, whether or not he'd found what everyone has always looked for. But all the time he kept his face turned slightly away. □

"I approached [illegible] a peasant [illegible] not one word of the language or as I might a deer or some other animal that was hurt and that I did not want to alarm any further."

COMMENTARY

On hidden pornography and other ills



SAVE THE CHILDREN

It is axiomatic that the art on which one is weaned determines to a large extent the adult one will become. The characters that people the pages of our various Mother Goose compendia, and consequently the innocent minds of our children, exhibit various degrees of sexual and social unhealth and provide little in the way of that wholesome and exemplary behavior so necessary for malleable youth. Indeed, a Mother Goose anthology is nothing more than a cryptic casebook of sexual aberration, abnormal sublimation, and general licentious living—from the obvious Oedipal urge contained in the name given this ribald collection to the clearly unnatural (though apparently mutual) attachment between Mary and her lamb.

The sexual inadequacies of three famous Mother Goose (hereinafter abbreviated as MG) personages evidently stem from obsessive concern with their diminutive size—I refer of course to Little Miss Muffet, Little Jack Horner, and Little Tommy Tucker. The astute reader will note that the stories of all three revolve around eating—from time immemorial a metaphor for the sexual appetite. The first two form companion pieces—both dealing with overt autoeroticism and latent homosexuality. The third offers a variation on the theme, for Tommy's inadequacy stems from impotence, physically and not psychologically induced.

Little Miss Muffet: The tuffet on which Miss Muffet sat is not, as usually assumed, a seat like a hassock or stool, but rather, in keeping with the diminutive motif, a small tuff or "rock composed of the finer kinds of volcanic detritus usually more or less stratified and in various stages of consolidation" (*Webster's Third New International Dictionary*). The young lady in question receives self-induced sexual gratification from being so seated, but she fears the normal channels for such arousal. When the many-legged spider seats himself alongside her, attempting to share in her solitude, his multiple appendages send her scampering in phallic fright.

Little Jack Horner: The male counterpart of Miss Muffet is also an isolate, whose solitary tendencies are heightened by the social nature of the season. Jack Horner (the aptness of his name needs no gloss), apparently at the mercy of an oral fixation, uses his thumb as an eating utensil, thereby "legitimatizing" his secret pleasure. From an artistic point of view, his thumb-sucking is merely a symbolical statement of his masturbation. The closing line erases any doubts, establishing with finality his self-love: "What a good boy am I!"

Little Tommy Tucker: He has a somewhat different problem, one evoking both pity and horror (cf. Aristotle, *The Poetics*) on the part of the reader. Poor Tom's a eunuch, undoubtedly having been castrated to preserve his countertenor range. Hence the relationship between music and sex—"he sang for his supper." His lack of virility finds a reflection in his bland, sterile c white bread and butter, which h not even the strength to bre himself. References to a knife a the fact that he will never round off this paean to impoter

Would that I could stop th this trek through the MG bar but evidence of the evil lurki the pages perused by our pr abounds. Consider Georgie P the classic casebook homosexua his predilection for things fen (pudding and pie); his sadist sire to inflict pain on women ing them cry); and his avers socializing with straight males ning away). In a similar vein w the fine lady upon the white h Banbury Cross. This type of v given to horse*man*ship is well mented in numerous case stud is the satisfaction she derives a the horse. Yet should anyone m point, the versifier makes ever explicit in the opening words, a cock-horse."

True, there are MG figures sexual orientation seems less ing, couples such as Peter a wife, or the King and Que Hearts, who project some sem of harmony and normality. T riest of sleuths, however, se truth beneath this surface di Peter's wife had repeatedly at ed to flee him: "Had a wi couldn't keep her." Why? Giv name, his epithet "pumpkin- and the object in which he dor his wife, the reader can dr own conclusions as to the ab practices the poor woman w strained to engage in.

Nancy E. LaRoche is a teacher and free-lance writer. Martin Krakowski is a consultant who frequently writes and lectures on management and research problems.

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ıe King and Queen of Hearts ran
itable love machine. Clearly the
n (var. quean) is a madam, the
a pimp, and the tarts—well,
lesser writers fail to credit their
ers with any degree of literary
istication at all. The knave (a
of social and not moral rank),
of the few pure-minded lads
d in MG, failed in his attempt to
up the court and its courtesans.
ook the tarts "clean away," but
ved for his zeal only a beating
the king-pimp. Evil triumphs
prostitution flourishes in these
ly fabliaux.

ıe vendress selling hot cross buns
laims her wares as she walks the
ts. It does not require excessive
ination to conjure up what is
g peddled for "one a penny, two
nny" under the counterfeit coin
ıot cross buns." The true horror here comes from the caller's urging parental participation in this procurement: "If you have no daughters,/Give them to your sons."

It seems also probable, though less susceptible of irrefutable proof, that the same theme is being dealt with as Mistress Mary tends her garden of earthly delights. She is contrary, i.e., runs counter to the prevailing moral standards—even those of her subculture, for her brothel is apparently coed, flourishing with both cockle shells and pretty maids.

These "hey diddle diddle" nursery rhymes, these tales of voyeur dogs laughing lewdly at cats with fiddle fetishes, this tripe, this trash, this English-language travesty that goes by the collective name of MG, must, when judged by the average man applying contemporary community standards, be said to appeal to prurient interest. With its doggerel and puerile rhymes, its lack of literary merit is beyond contesting. Moreover, in subject matter it portrays graphically, for anyone with imagination (and children dwell in a world of imagination), acts our various governmental bodies have seen fit to legislate against. Insidiously and invidiously, their guile disguised as ingenuousness, these bawdy poems pervert the minds and morals of our young. Is it any wonder that a generation nursed on ribald rhymes is later lured by the appalling escapades and musings of a Leopold Bloom or a Humbert Humbert?

Concerned, clean-living citizens everywhere should begin their crusade against this pornography of the playroom.

—Nancy E. LaRoche
Hartford, Conn.

TROGENIC AND COGNATE ILLS

ogenic ills" or "iatrogenicity"
been applied of late to morbid
itions attributed to physicians,
itals, and public health services.
ndant surgery, neuroses engen-
d by psychiatrists, and infections
ad by hospitals are among the
nples. "Iatrogeny" is useful in
gnating ills due to the state of the
ical arts as distinguished from
vidual malpractice cases.

ıe third edition of *Webster's Unlged Dictionary* is the first major
o include the entry "iatrogenic."
ances in medical sciences and
ing public concern about the
h industry created a need for
terms: "iatrogeny" has been
ing currency.

deference to the eminence and
rical role of the medical profes-
, some writers use "iatrogeny"
generic term designating misfor-
s induced by those who were
d, trained, or elected to cure, pre-
, or alleviate them. We prefer
e specific terms expressing the
diversity of professional creativ-
The short glossary below will aid
ers concerned with public affairs.

NOMOGENIC: Caused or induced
conomists; there is economogen-
nflation, unemployment, reces-
, unbalanced budget, gold drain,
yet more inflation.

ARCHOGENIC: Brought about by governments, rulers, politicians, civil servants, and policemen; there are archogenic wars, disorders, law-breaking, fiscal and trade imbalances, economic stagnation, etc. Archogenic and economogenic miseries are closely related and often difficult to distinguish. Medical inflation is a joint iatrogenic and archogenic process, as amply documented in studies of Medicare, Medicaid, and kindred examples of official generosity.

TECHNOGENIC: Effected by managers, scientists, engineers, planners, and other technocrats; armament races, air and water pollution, labor unrest, and shortages of various commodities are frequently technogenic.

LOGOGENIC: Originated by orators, advertisers, writers, and journalists. The fear of logogeny is primordial and archogenic censorship goes back to antiquity ("Silence is golden"). Jawboning is both archogenic and logogenic. The relation between archogeny and logogeny is a crucial aspect of any civilization. "Better pointed bullets than pointed speeches" (Bismarck). "The pen is mightier than the sword" (Bulwer-Lytton). "Ideas are much more fatal than guns" (Lenin). Cf. Article I of the Bill of Rights.

CYBERGENIC: Caused directly or indirectly by controllers, especially government officials. The controls are imposed to reverse the consequences of archogenic and economogenic crises.

SCHOLIOGENIC: Due to schools, teachers, and educators; there is scholiogenic ignorance, frustration, infantilism, profligacy, anti-intellectualism, etc. Prominent students claim that all ills enumerated above are essentially scholiogenic.

The omission of other occupations is no mark of disrespect. We encourage the readers to extend our incomplete glossary. E.g., why not introduce "comicogenic boredom" to denote tedium and listlessness caused by comedians, entertainers, and after-dinner speakers?

One can make up a word first and then think of a concept behind it, as is commonly done in advertising and academic discourse. "Demogenic," "exogenic," and "gynogenic" are certainly suggestive. "Anthropogeny" is useful in discussions of pollution in which the specialists and public play complementary roles. In this extended context new terms would not be limited to trades and professions.

—Martin Krakowski
Bethesda, Md.

THE GREATEST WARRIORS

by Michael Howard



De Gaulle, by Brian Crozier. Scribners, $12.50 (January).
Generalissimo Churchill, by R. W. Thompson. Hodder and Stoughton (to be published by Scribners in 1974).

WINSTON CHURCHILL. Charles de Gaulle. No novelist could have invented more appropriate names for the warrior leaders of the two oldest and proudest nation-states in the Western world—names more expressive of what each people would wish to project as its historic national character. *Churchill*: the name in itself an English landscape, its sound resonant as a great bronze bell, its echoes telling of oaken endurance, of mellow strength. *De Gaulle*: a bugle call for reveille, a cock crowing defiance at the invader, a warrior race whose ancestors sleep in the Pass of Roncesvalles and which nurtured and defended the rich culture of Christendom through a thousand years. No wonder each of the bearers of these names saw himself as embodying his nation, felt its past pulsing in his veins; its voice his voice, its will his will. They did not expect to be judged by common standards—nor can they be.

One of the most interesting aspects of both Churchill and de Gaulle is that even the most hard-boiled of their countrymen tend to write about them like this, in the kind of prose more commonly reserved for advertising Scotch whisky or Napoleon brandy. Their charisma must have been nourished by a Jungian national collective subconscious that made it possible, quite unpredictably, for the most unlikely people to accept them as leaders. Churchill in 1939 had been widely written off as an elderly and eccentric failure. Within a year Churchill stood out as incomparably the greatest man his country had ever produced. With de Gaulle the process took longer but the achievement was even greater. In 1940 he was an obscure military-political functionary in a defeated country. By 1944 he was not only the acknowledged leader of his notoriously divided nation, but one of the greatest statesmen in the world.

The explanation for this cannot be found simply in the oratory of the one or the political skill of the other. Leadership on this scale demands on the part of the entire people a massive if silent acceptance of a single man, not simply as their representative nor in any way as their master but as something transcending both: as, in some profound sense, *themselves*. Perhaps it is the capacity to do this at times of crisis that is the distinguishing mark of a nation. The

Michael Howard is the author of The Franco-Prussian War, The Theory and Practice of War, *and* Studies in War and Peace. *He is a fellow of All Souls, Oxford.*



Gerry Gers

results may not always be agreeab
The British never identified the
selves half so completely with Ch
chill, nor the French with de Gaul
as did the German people with Ad
Hitler between 1933 and 1945.

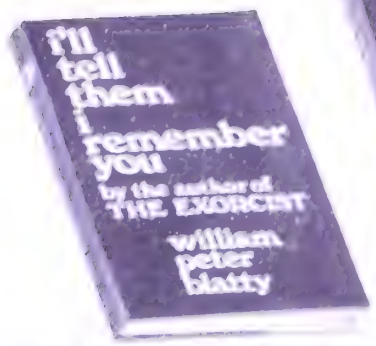
Books about such men often t
us more about their authors, or abo
the age in which they write, than th
do about the subjects themselv
Those by foreigners have the adva
tage that their authors escape t
contagion of violent emotion whi
the charismatic leader arouses in t
breasts of his own countrymen. Y
simply because he escapes that con
gion the foreigner may miss an esse
tial dimension of his subject. Li
the writer of a programmatic an
ysis of a symphony, he may give
no idea of what the music was real
like. Thus Brian Crozier on de Gaul
in spite of his French upbringing a
his total command of the French la
guage, can give us only a cool a
dispassionate account of de Gaulle

...to power who, though it makes...
...shows clearly the General's almost...
...political skill, does not really show...
...why the French people...
...finally overcame...
...question only of a rebel Hero...
...prepared to accept him as a great deal more than a politician. On the other hand, R. W. Thompson's study of Churchill, though in many respects a very fatal book...
...contradictory, captivating, and based on the slenderest selection of secondary sources, manages to convey better than many more accomplished works the feel of what Churchill was like, the love and the hatred he inspired, the deep flaws in the massive grandeur of his character. (American books about Churchill, incidentally, have been almost without exception total disasters.)

CHURCHILL AND DE GAULLE did indeed have a great deal in common. Both were trained as soldiers. But whereas de Gaulle was a thorough professional whom only circumstances turned into a politician, Churchill was a lifelong politician who was enabled by circumstances to indulge his first love of soldiering on the most grandiose scale though without any of the professional expertise needed, as Thompson rightly emphasizes, to conduct the operations of *La Grande Guerre*. Both were natural historians whose deep sense of the past inspired their political judgment. Both were writers and orators of outstanding quality. Both, although they came from conservative social backgrounds, were unplaceable in the political spectrum, often supporting with unexpected vigor radical policies of social change. And both were used by their countries as pilots to weather the storm, to be dropped once the vessel had reached calmer waters and it seemed possible to indulge in a more relaxed conduct of affairs.

Finally, both found themselves in the same basic predicament. They emerged as national leaders in the twilight of their nations' historical greatness, when both Britain and France were becoming dependent for their survival on the apparently unlimited power of the United States. Each handled, and had to handle, the situation in a distinctive way.

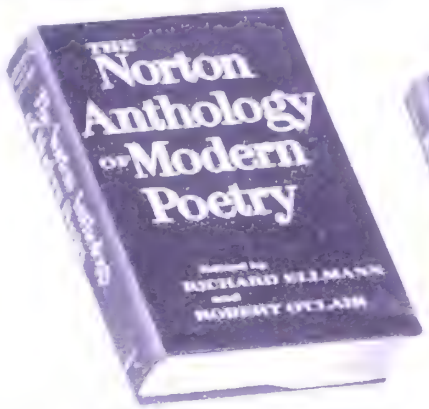
De Gaulle's problem was of course by far the more difficult. Churchill



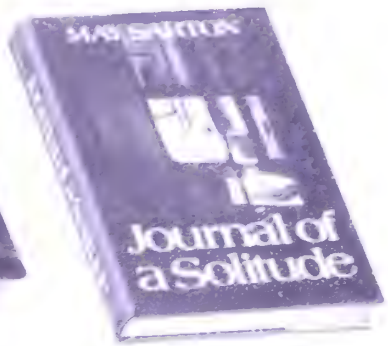
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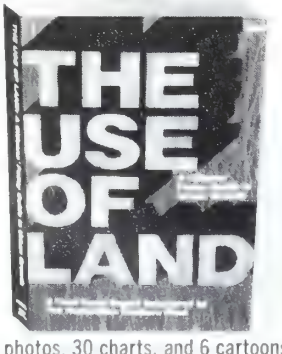
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LORD RICHARD LLEWELYN-DAVIES, Chairman, Center of Environmental Studies, London

was at least universally recognized as the leader of an undefeated, united, and apparently still-powerful nation. De Gaulle, in 1940, had no such advantage. He was the leader of only a tiny minority within the tiny minority of Frenchmen who refused to accept their national defeat. The charismatic leader gratefully accepted by almost the whole of France was de Gaulle's own hero and patron, Marshal Pétain. Even those Frenchmen who had escaped the debacle, either through flight or because they resided or held office in the overseas territories, did not recognize a natural rallying point in this unknown and arrogant brigadier. By no means all the Frenchmen in Britain did, and much of de Gaulle's energy had to be devoted to creating a united party out of a pathetic and bitterly quarrelsome group of refugees. To persuade his own colleagues, to persuade the British, to persuade the French Empire, finally to persuade the French people to accept him at his own valuation—this was the battle de Gaulle had to fight and which justifies the title of the first part of Brian Crozier's book: "The Warrior." It was a battle which certainly called for superlative political flair, but for a great deal more besides. De Gaulle won his fight fundamentally because of his total inner certainty—a conviction of his mission far beyond mere arrogance, a conviction which transcended all argument. He allowed others to argue for him; his was the severe certainty of *le grand chef*. As early as 1922 his instructors at the Staff College had noted "his attitude of a King-in-Exile." That was precisely how he saw himself: a legitimate sovereign who would one day claim his rightful throne.

De Gaulle's struggle was at once personal and national: for recognition of himself as leader of France, but also for recognition of the true France, undefeated and as magnificent as ever, embodied in his own person. The real nation was de Gaulle, even if forty million Frenchmen thought otherwise. The struggle could be won only if de Gaulle behaved as if he *were* the leader of France and as if France *were* still undefeated and as magnificent as ever. Those who were not prepared to accept him at his own valuation naturally found him intolerable; but they tended to overlook the fact that he was a very formidable politician indeed. Those American officials who back Gaulle's opponents in North A like the Communists whom h maneuvered so skillfully in 19 never really knew what hit Roosevelt, who concealed his rance of European affairs bel patronizing jocularity, could n gin to make him out. This l comprehension was to embitte tions between the two great n of the West for a generation to From this bitterness the Briti fered as much as anyone, fo were presented with a choice they would have given much cape.

For with all their spectacul ance of Nazi power, in spite victorious Battle of Britain an stolid endurance of the Bli British in 1940-41 were far defeat than anyone outside a handful of their leaders knew. not just the threat presented *Wehrmacht* which now control entire resources of continent rope. Behind that threat, more ful still, was the harsh econo ality that Britain did not ha capacity to fight on her own fo than another year. She was no as she had been in the Nap Wars, a wealthy and self-su community that could bid d to her neighbors. She was an erished country rapidly appro bankruptcy. If the United Sta not help her economically she be defeated, and unless the States helped her militarily sh not win. The situation was a as that, and no one realized i clearly than Winston Churchi

CHURCHILL WAS THUS litt of a mendicant than de but he played a very different Like de Gaulle he kept up th front of the leader of a prou ant, and independent natio with allies, admittedly without aid the situation would be ver graver, but allies whose aid w a fair return for the sacrifice on their behalf while they we wondering whether to enter th at all. The popular British in the second world war is still a duel between British and Ge Churchill and Hitler, with t sians and the Americans contr a certain amount of belate blundering help. But in his r

Roosevelt, Churchill never con-
l the true situation of British
dence. He never claimed to be
than the President's loyal lieu-
t. He argued with him, but
how far his arguments could
be pressed: and when the occa-
called for it he courted and
ed him quite outrageously. He
ed the deep reserves of Anglo-
ia that existed in the United
behind a superficial front of
raderie, and the need to use
weapon to combat them. It was
o set British policy on a new
e from which it has barely de-
l since: to maintain, at what-
cost, indissolubly close links
Washington, the capital of the
And it has been this policy
nas made it impossible, until
st few years, for Britain and
e to develop that intimacy of
standing on which alone a new
e could be built.

RCHILL'S ATTITUDE toward the
nited States, his abdication of
dership of an alliance to which
peared historically entitled, has
d and annoyed many patriotic
hmen. Mr. Thompson is one of
He has already written one
The Yankee Marlborough,
attempts an explanation, and
neralissimo Churchill he puts
d his thesis again. The trouble
Churchill, he maintains, was
e was only half-English: his
r was American. "His tragedy
his mixed blood. Had he been
an Englishman in the sense
harles de Gaulle was wholly a
man, he might have won the
and found a new and noble
or his country as the corner-
of a new Europe. Instead he
d to reconcile the irreconcilable
self and achieve a union of
glish-speaking peoples, uniting
.S.A. and Britain." Churchill
according to Thompson, to
iate the huge latent power of
tish Empire, and as a result
shed into the arms of Soviet
and the United States with
nt haste."
istory this is nonsense, but it
es what many Englishmen
rather felt, who did not know
tter. But Churchill, with a pre-
al politician's keen nose for
knew a great deal better. The
Empire, as the Chiefs of Staff

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had repeatedly warned before the war, did not have the reserves even to defend itself against all its enemies. With an enormous expenditure of effort it was able to play the leading role in defeating the least of its adversaries, Italy; but in the defeat of Germany and Japan it could play only a very secondary part beside the massive efforts of the Soviet Union and the United States. No amount of strategic skill could have brought an impoverished and dependent Britain out of the war in a more favorable position in relation to the two emerging superpowers. Mr. Thompson shows far greater insight when he makes the point, seldom appreciated by British historians, that Churchill's concentration on the Middle East theater, his outrageous bullying of his generals to secure victories on this secondary and quite undecisive front, arose at least in part from his desire to convince the Americans that the British could stand against the enemy and that investment in British success would not be entirely wasted. Britain must be made to appear, in the German expression, *bündnisfähig* —worthy of being an ally. It is the first lesson in security that a lesser power has to learn, and it was part of Churchill's greatness that he had no false pride about learning it.

The relationship among Roosevelt, Churchill, and de Gaulle was thus to establish a pattern of international politics which is only now, after nearly a third of a century, beginning to change. The first two of the trio were far too busy fighting the war to think in more than the most superficial terms about the postwar world. De Gaulle had more time, and perhaps a truer insight. Alliances, in his philosophy, did not outlive the danger that called them into being. New friends had to be made to meet new enemies. Political ideologies were only passing fashions; the only enduring element was the nation, the only true guide in the turmoil of international relations was the national interest. A German dominance of Europe might be succeeded, not by a Russian, but by an Anglo-Saxon one, no more acceptable to France and no less to be staunchly resisted. History did not stop at the end of wars. One did not live happily ever after. Inescapably, by one means or another the struggle would go on. □

UNDERGROUND STREAMS

by Richard Howard

Diving Into the Wreck, by Adrienne Rich. Norton, $5.95; paper, $1.95.

IN 1951, WHEN ADRIENNE RICH was still a senior at Radcliffe, Auden selected her first manuscript, *A Change of World*, for a volume of the Yale Series of Younger Poets: "The poems a reader will encounter are neatly and modestly dressed, speak quietly but do not mumble, respect their elders but are not cowed by them, and do not tell fibs." In 1955, Adrienne Rich, now married, a mother, much traveled and far less tentative about her conclusions, published her second book, *The Diamond Cutters*, which brought her a good deal of praise.

But when poet Randall Jarrell exulted over her gifts —"She lives nearer to perfection than ordinary poets do"

Adrienne Rich simply moved farther away from perfection, and seven years later published her third book, whose very title—*Snapshots of a Daughter-In-Law* —and caption—*Poems 1954-1962*— already yielded a more casual and hence a readier rejoinder to life. In 1966, *Necessities of Life*, Adrienne Rich's fourth book, was published, tracing the inextricability of death in any trope of life. By now she had created a voice as exact and premonitory as that of any nurse, as entranced as that of any virgin, as erotic as that of any temple prostitute, for all of whom she speaks when she says in this book in which she is most herself: "For us the work undoes itself over and over;/the grass grows back, the dust collects, the scar breaks open." In 1969, *Leaflets* appeared; in it desolations of the private life are pitted against a waste of urban wants and losses—"the clear statement of something missing," the poet calls it. And in 1971 she published her sixth book, *The Will to Change*, its contents no longer discreet poems in any sense, but a single text that must be read through to the end, yielded to, held fast. By the end of this sixth book, Adrienne Rich speaks no longer merely for herself: she speaks *to* herself, certainly, in her recension of a woman's lot—"posterity trembles like a leaf/and we go on making heirs and heirlooms"—but most of all she speaks to others, the "living fall" of notes sustaining the patient humor.

WHEN A POET, for her seventh book, offers, as what she calls "many names for pieces of one whole," the twenty-five scrupulously dated poems of some eighteen months, then we are obliged to assume that something is meant by the delimitation of dates, something more than spiritual journalism

> *Every act of becoming conscious*
> *(it says here in this book)*
> *is an unnatural act*

—something more than a mere record of that determination of the private life by "a wider public life" which George Eliot is here invoked to remind us of; something more than the intention of focused clarity in the account of our damages, political, urban, marital, sexual. What is meant by the composition of such a book may be something unknown to the poet: so disposed, the poems effect a discovery otherwise off the record, beyond the mere sufficiency of writing enough to "make up" another book.

A signal is afforded by the frame, a clue to the tonality in which we should read these severe fragments:

> *these scars bear witness*
> *but whether to repair*
> *or to destruction*
> *I no longer know—*

For the book is framed by two French statements concerned, as she is, with the values of the irrational. In both instances, the speaker is not identified with the "irrational" principle itself, but rather is a man confronted

Richard Howard is a poet and a translator of numerous French works. His Untitled Subjects *won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1970.*

And the poem ends

I dive back to discover you
streaming through the slow
citylight
forest ocean . . .

so that as we read through the book we realize that Adrienne Rich is a kind of Lot's wife who refuses rigidity. She has been "composing the thread inside the spider's body" which will lead her on, lead us all on, "guiding each other over the scarred volcanic rock." The preparation is as much for failure as for finding; the poet accepts, as poets always do, the admonition of dreams:

. . . out of the blurred conjectures
your face clears, a sunken marble
slowly cranked up from
I feel the ropes straining under
their load of despair . . .

But mainly the poems are a testimony to the task, to the digging and div-

and the treasures that prevail.

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LETTERS

A question of slippage

As a teacher, William Sloane Coffin ["Reflections on a Course in Ethics," by Studs Terkel, October] is most particularly to be commended for his patience. Jeb Stuart Magruder's remarks on, *inter alia*, the career value of competent conformism—"within," of course, "ethical and legal limits"—and of uncritical loyalty to the candidate certainly do not reflect a profound understanding of freedom and moral responsibility. But if his self-proclaimed "instinct to rebel" found adequate and apparently final expression when he drove his car across a forbidden area of lawn at Williams College, then what, other than "slippage," could reasonably be expected of him?

Thank you for publishing this discussion among Messrs. Coffin, Terkel, and Magruder. It makes Mr. Magruder's failure, to understand some moral problems comprehensible.

PHILIP N. LAWTON, JR.
South Hadley, Mass.

Genetic pollution

This letter is in response to the implied invitation left dangling by Norman Daniels in "The Smart White Man's Burden" [October]. The article reflects the activities taking place in that indoor game of two variants —"publish or perish" and "don't muck with my grant!"

The deficiencies manifest in both sides of the "nature or nurture" argument are serious—there is only the rudimentary notion that the brain operates via chemical-electrical interactions and only gross assignments can be made for specific brain functions. Clearly this model requires a physical basis. Most persons will admit physical traits to be preordained and even allow that great artistic ability is inherited. . . .

It seems, then, we need a tion of intelligence. The dict offers one: "the capacity to hend facts and propositions an relations and to reason about Perhaps that could be aug by postulating components. P these components are read-on age capacity, read-write stora cle time, buffer and input-out pacity, and central processor zation. Mr. Daniels might have ably enunciated his compon lieu of his sophomoric r Those capacities which involv ical-reaction rates and neur organization could very well ed into the person, the rub b inability to assess how muc person is utilizing his end Furthermore, present tests able to measure these things i that precludes cultural, educ and testing biases.

Mr. Daniels rightly poi some glaring errors in the cu paper tests administered to children; the shabby use of st and that "success" in life dep many factors besides "intell

Parkinson's Law and th Principle provide telling sup the last contention if succes fined as material wealth o visory position.

Buried in the footnote—' programs geared to boost rather than teaching childre thing useful, are a waste of is the most instructive poin article. Whether nature or n only so much mental masturb

The nitty-gritty is that pe here and are not going to b cally altered (if that is the p in a time span relevant to t mous problems at hand. T action is to bail the sinking recognizing that a vast assor children from varying back is packed off to school.

The best, most percepti

ould be encouraged to be the
and diagnosticians in the
ee or four grades. The class
ould be no more than ten to
pupils wherein each child is
rd by a one-on-one basis to
ie present skills, personality,
ps, and personal problems
are interfering). The educa-
rogram would be individual-
ed to bootstrap the child to
le level. "Suitable" being a
word to avoid the sad lack of
hese have never been defined
ty. Into the resulting vacuum
oved the faddists and "suede
ypes. The resulting chaos is
eyond repair.

Daniels should not restrict his
to Jensen and Herrnstein,
the school system sorts the
ith Stanford-Binets, opines
aturity, and gives each one
utes of the prescribed treat-
respective of the need.

ourse, not many find it fun or
le to do the dog work of ele-
teaching when there are
o be written, articles to be
d, conferences to attend, and
ons to be nurtured.

JOHN R. PAYNE
Pleasanton, Calif.

Executive privilege?

l Berger ["The Grand In-
f the Nation," October] has
ie of the most knowledgeable
s ever to appear before our
mittee, which has conducted
t in-depth series of hearings
complex ramifications of so-
executive privilege" that has
ld by any Congressional com-
I was, therefore, particularly
that *Harper's* saw fit to pub-
scholarly, hard-hitting, and
article on this subject.

REP. WILLIAM S. MOORHEAD
nan, Foreign Operations and
Government Information
Subcommittee
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

ERRATUM

"Report on the Smiling Pool
("Commentary," October),
nton Burgess was credited
being the creator of Peter
oit. Our apologies to Beatrix
er. Burgess's character was
Cottontail.

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2 tablespoons minced parsley
1 egg, beaten
Salt and pepper to taste
12 very thin slices prosciutto
2 tablespoons olive oil
2 tablespoons butter
1 large clove garlic
1 large onion, chopped
2 carrots, chopped
1 bay leaf
¾-1 cup dry white wine
1 can (about 2 pounds) plum tomatoes, sieved

Flatten slices of beef as thinly as possible.

Mix ground meats, cheese, butter, breadcrumbs soaked in milk and squeezed dry, parsley and egg. Taste mixture and season with salt and pepper.

Place a slice of prosciutto on each piece of beef, spread with stuffing. Roll slices tightly and tie with string.

Heat oil, butter together in large skillet. Add garlic, onion, carrots and bay leaf, saute few minutes. Add beef rolls and brown well on all sides.

Stir in wine and cook over moderate heat until most of the liquid has evaporated.

Add tomatoes and bring to a boil.

Reduce heat to low and simmer for an hour, or until the beef is fork tender.

Remove beef to a warm platter. Strain pan liquid, return to skillet and cook for a few minutes until thickened to taste. Pour over beef rolls and serve hot.

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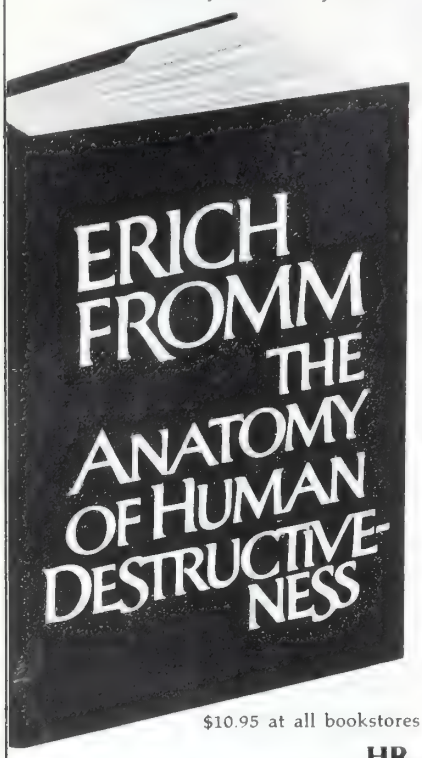




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Skinner

The trouble with Utopia i nobody wants to live there trouble with Dr. Skinner ["S Redux," by Willard Gaylin, ber] is that he knows that would be good for us, so goo we would do well to cast asid dom and dignity and a lot of values that are highly regard Dr. Gaylin and myself and n our contemporaries. The troub Dr. Gaylin and me is that Dr ner's extrapolations from labo findings are so preposterous t are all too ready to send him t the pigeons.

Dr. Gaylin provides a conv proof that control cannot be lished over the interaction of numerable variables which cor any human society. Anyone w watched the simplified society prison knows the obstacles way to Utopia. The distribut positive and negative reinforc in the correctional environm carefully constructed for conti never achieved more than a p ous balance in favor of order. shifts in the most insignifica tingencies result in tragic quences which are understoo in hindsight.

Indeed, so far as I know, t real successes of operant co ing in human affairs have achieved in the back wards of hospitals, where the popula functionally close to pigeons. imagine that an entire socie be transformed along the lin gested by behaviorists exce vision of the most expansive tionary in the history of hum satisfaction. . . .

Nevertheless, the human co may be the better for Dr. Sk headlong plunge into social p phy. Years spent in admini and studying correctional pr have convinced me that our must modify its structure of r and punishments. The stream manity that passes through o and prisons consists mostly and women who have been p in one way or another all the They represent a vastly large class that has suffered defe resignation, not to say apat punishment our society imp failure is crushing. Hardly

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has the resilience to emerge from it for further efforts toward success. . . .

Yet we easily rationalize the six-figure salaries we allow corporation executives by agreeing that they must have such spurs to ambition if their contributions to the economy are to be maximized. No carrot is too nutritious for the boardroom, no stick is too heavy for the poor. The contrast is so obvious that in political discourse it is outrageous demagoguery to call attention to it. Maybe this is why, in the value-free domain of social science, only Dr. Skinner and his followers have had the questionable taste to study rewards and punishments empirically. I think they have only broken the ground; we know a lot about the responses of pigeons, but we still rely on common sense in rewarding and punishing human beings. These commonsense assumptions are in great disarray in all of our public processes. The "reasonable and prudent man" on whom the law depends is not as easily defined as he used to be, nor is the economic man of the economist, or the pain-shunning, pleasure-seeking man of the utilitarians. Under the circumstances we should encourage the behaviorists to get on with their experiments and leave the heady business of cultural design to idlers and conversationalists.

For the transit to Dr. Skinner's Utopia is practical only if we are willing to venture into a social revolution, the kind of cataclysm with which human experience has been consistently terrible. But the use of science for incremental change has conferred great benefits on all of us. A strategy for using Dr. Skinner's findings on smaller but more responsive problems will never lead us to a land of milk and honey, but life could become more meaningful in the society in which we now live.

I think Dr. Gaylin and I can agree with Dr. Skinner's central notion; we must learn how the human environment works. This is the job for the foreseeable future. If cultures can be designed, which I doubt, such designs should not be attempted until the human environment is understood much more firmly than the clues from the laboratory so far allow.

JOHN P. CONRAD
Senior Fellow
The Academy for Contemporary Problems
Columbus, Ohio

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1. Title: Harper's Magazine

2. Date of filing: October 1, 1973

3. Frequency of issue: Monthly

4. Location of known office of public Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.

5. Location of the headquarters or g business offices of the publishers: Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.

6. Names and addresses of publisher, and managing editor:

Publisher: Russell Barnard
Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Editor: Robert Shnayerson
Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Managing Editor: Lewis H. Lapham
Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.

7. Owner: Minneapolis Star and T Company, Minneapolis, Minn. Stockh owning 1 percent or more of the total a of stock are: John Cowles; John Cowle Otto A. Silha; and Howard Mithun, al of Minneapolis Star and Tribune Co Minneapolis, Minn.; Joyce A. Swan, City, S. Dak.; Lyle K. Anderson Tucson, Ariz.; Mrs. Morley Cowles tine, Durango, Colorado; Mrs. Sarah Doering, Cambridge, Mass.; David Kr ier, Des Moines, Iowa; MTC Properties (Clarence J. Mulrooney, nominee), 50 9th Street, Minneapolis, Minn.; Des Register and Tribune Company, Des Iowa; Kingsley H. Murphy, Jr., Clare Mulrooney, and Northwestern National of Minneapolis, as Trustees under th of Kingsley H. Murphy, c/o Trust Northwestern National Bank, Minn Minn.; and Kingsley H. Murphy, Jr., zata, Minn.

8. Known bondholders, mortgages, and security holders owning or holding 1 or more of total amount of bonds, mor or other securities: None

9. Extent and nature of circulation:

	Average no. copies each issue preceding 12 mo.	S i n t d
A. Total no. copies printed (net press run)	404,942	
B. Paid circulation		
1. Sales through dealers, carriers, street vendors and counter sales	38,587	
2. Mail subscriptions	300,383	
C. Total paid circulation	338,970	
D. Free distribution		
1. Samples, complimentary, and other free copies	17,201	
2. Copies distributed to news agents, but not sold	42,938	
E. Total distribution (sum of C & D)	399,109	
F. Office use, leftover, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	5,833	
G. Total (sum of E & F)	404,942	

I certify that the statements made above are correct and complete.

(Signature) Russell Barnard, Pu

TARTING POINTS

What Would You Do at Happened to You?

r opinion to the con-
cessity is not the moth-
ention; she is, at best,
Few people besides
tor, author, or innova-
ly "need" something
e not seen or heard of.
s have to be sold.
roblem is that human
e pragmatic. We learn
ancy that a standard
brings pleasure, acco-
d treats, whereas an un-
onal response yields dis-
nent, disapproval, or
nishment. And this is
it has to be. Ask any-
has housetrained a dog
a child. In 99 percent
n experience, the stan-
sponse is correct and
success and happiness.
nious and creative per-
he one who learns to
e that 1 percent wherein
dard response is unsat-
and to respond in an
ately original manner.
xercises below are de-
stimulate your creative
Give yourself 20 points
workable answer you
ly (every question has
one). A score of 60 or
dicates genuine ingenu-

sample answers appear
down, following the
s.

husband has an 11:00
dental appointment. He
absentminded, pipe-
ing type and will need
reminded of the ap-
ment as the morning
on. Unfortunately, he
o attend a contract re-
starting at 8:00 A.M.
can't disturb him at the
ng. How do you make
that he gets to the den-

have a flat tire in the
le of nowhere. In the
e of getting out the
, you step on the hub-
that contains the five
and they spill down a
drain. What do you do
t going again?

have developed a new
rne automatic antenna
ler. The customer is
ng in for a demonstra-
of the first units. Un-
nately, your principal stockholder would like to attend the meeting to be "helpful." He is a nice guy but very nontechnical, and he tends to ask a lot of questions based on his ownership of a third-class commercial radio operator's license for his private airplane. His questions have a way of irritating the customer. How do you handle this one?

4. You have written a simplified text on the subject of electromagnetic fields and devices which is intended as a refresher for engineers displaced by the changes in government spending on military electronics. Unfortunately, this text is completed at a time when engineering enrollment is dropping and a number of publishers are discontinuing engineering texts. How do you manage to sell the manuscript?

—John A. Kuecken

John A. Kuecken, a consulting engineer and inventor, is the author of Creativity, Invention, & Progress.

ANSWERS:

4. The reader with an ironclad answer to this problem is invited to let me know.

3. You install the antenna counter in the stockholder's airplane and give the customer a live two-way demonstration in the lab.

2. This is an old joke. It happened outside of an insane asylum, and an inmate told the motorist to remove one nut from each of the other wheels, and drive into town, where new ones could be purchased.

The astonished motorist asked, "Why are you in there?"

The inmate replied, "Because I'm crazy, not because I'm stupid!"

1. Put a note in his tobacco pouch. At the end of that dull meeting he will surely knock out his pipe and stoke up.

"Necessity is the mother of futile dodges."
—Alfred North Whitehead
(1861-1947)

Fishing Lessons

The liberal arts people, the so-called elite of American academia, have been trying to teach ingenuity ever since the advent of all those educational reforms that promised so much (and delivered so little) during the 1960s. Originally problem solving in the academy worked on the more-is-more principle: the more you knew, the more you could accomplish. Now, however, it attempts to teach methodology, not facts. "If you give a man a fish, he will have a meal," says the proverb. "If you teach him how to fish, he will have meals forever." In a world where this morning's knowledge will be obsolete this afternoon, it is the less-is-more principle that comes to the fore. The more you know, the less open-minded and inventive you may be in response to changing conditions. The less you know—that is, the less you think about your problem—the more likely you are to unlock whatever ingenuity you have. Albert Einstein said that the theory of relativity came to him in a vision, not in words, and not because he put his knowledge to work looking for a structure on which to peg the world.

The less-is-more principle assumes that you have a good head to start with and that you should just let it do its stuff. Ingenuity may have less to do with going someplace new than with going where others have been before and finding what they have missed. Before Henry Ford altered the face of the earth with the assembly line, it was assumed that to build a wagon, you put the parts together; if you wanted to build two wagons, you put the parts together twice. Mr. Ford ingeniously devised a way to put the parts together in half the time. (By so doing, ironically, he created an activity in which the same motion is repeated over and over with no ingenuity at all. The price of creativity, perhaps.)

At schools as diverse as MIT, Manhattanville, and Hampshire, today's methodology courses, no matter what the rubric, subjectify objective experience by looking at how people think. One catalogue description says, "The lesson carried away is more likely to be how the inquiring mind sets about its work —inferring, defining, organizing, arguing, criticizing— than a body of information as such."

If you want to study social science, observe how social scientists handled Hitler. To learn about the physical sciences, observe Copernicus and how he discovered that Ptolemy was wrong. (Imagine yourself in the 15th century; wouldn't you have thought the Earth was the center of the universe?) The current theory holds that the patently objective experience of solving a problem, discovering how to do something in an effective way, is truly subjective. The answers aren't necessarily in a textbook, a formula, or, for that matter, in a college course. You want to build a house? Architecture would help, but it's probably better to study carpentry. Or to look at the land, decide what you need, and start scribbling. You may end up drawing A-frames, but maybe not. You want to lose weight? Before rushing to the diet books, look at what you eat. Or, as John Lennon says, "It's all in your head, you know."

Can ingenuity be taught, or self-taught? The answer depends on whether you believe an intellectual model exists that can free the mind from self-imposed limiting patterns. The academy, of course, thinks the answer is yes, and, as it has for some time, it keeps on trying.

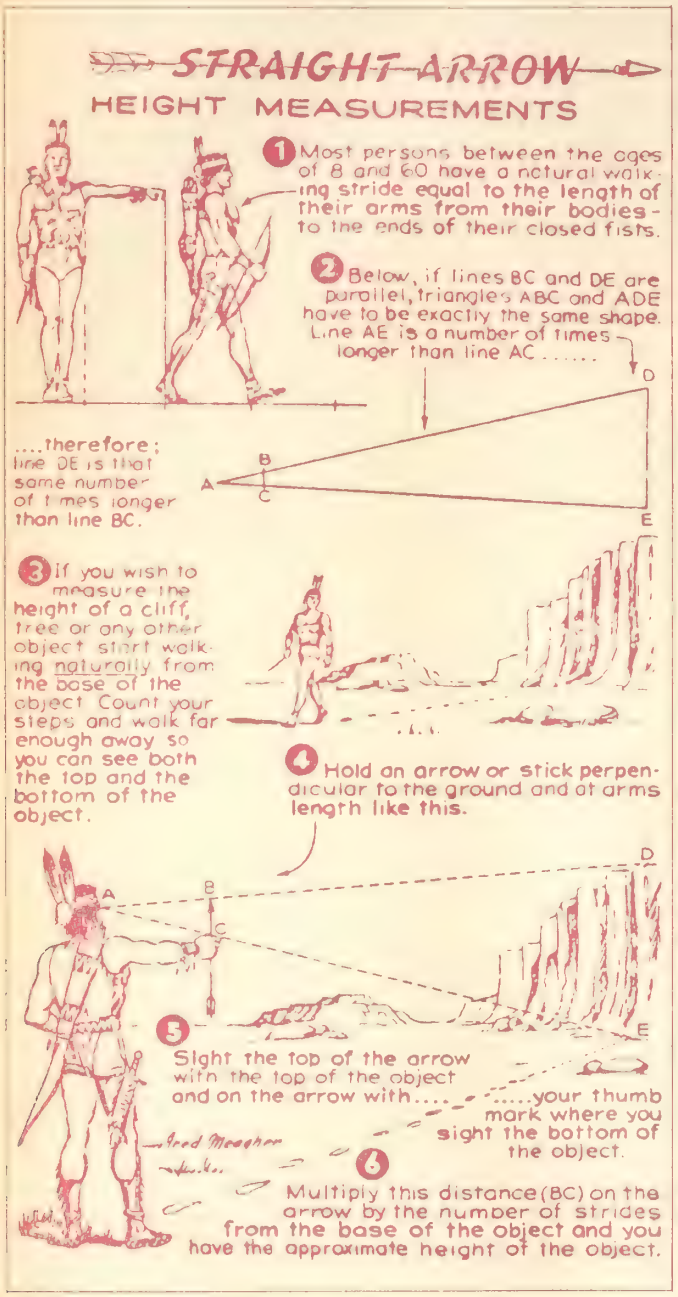
—Robert Nathan

Robert Nathan is an editor and writer now at work on a book about the perils of a middle-class childhood.

HOW TO GET A PATENT

You have just invented a machine (or, for that matter, a "process," a "composition of matter," or a hybrid plant) which, like the safety pin or the Xerox copier, will revolutionize the modern world and change society as we now know it. It is brilliant, effective, and guaranteed to make you a fortune. All that remains is for you to immediately obtain a patent, which will prevent anyone else from cashing in on your brainchild. Every proud and anxious inventor should request a useful booklet entitled *General Information Concerning Patents*, available free from the U.S. Patent Office, Washington, DC. 20231.

ROUND CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12



© *Nabisco, Inc. 1950.*

Remember listening to Straight Arrow on the radio 20 years ago? Or eating Shredded Wheat in the early Fifties? That's when Nabisco used to separate the layers of biscuits with Straight Arrow Injunuity cards, each with a lesson on outdoor living in the Indian tradition.

The cards were prepared by Fred L. Meager, who was identified simply as the Nabisco Indian authority. With the cards you could learn to send smoke signals, trap animals, or make anything from snowshoes to canoes. Although Nabisco once published the cards in collected form as the *Straight Arrow Injun-uity Manuals*, their last supplies were long ago exhausted, as we learned when we tried to arrange to offer copies to **WRAPAROUND** readers. Ingeniously, we asked Nabisco if we could ourselves reproduce copies of 72 cards for our readers, and they kindly agreed to let us. So, if you want to massage your nostalgia, improve your witmanship, or show your kids the kind of nourishment that used to come in breakfast-cereal boxes, send us $2 and we'll send you a set.

Special Effects

Movies are magic. Since the beginning of this century, when Georges Méliès made trick films in which people were taken apart and put back together again, the photographed image has allowed for all manner of manipulation. To see a wide variety of technical feats performed today, you can turn to the work of Alfred Hitchcock.

Back projection and transparencies. The shot in *Psycho* (1960) in which Milton Arbogast seems to almost float down the stairs after being stabbed was accomplished by first making a dolly shot down the stairs and then projecting it in back of Martin Balsam as he sat in a chair waving his arms. When you watch the wreck of the carousel in *Strangers on a Train* (1951) what you are seeing is a miniature enlarged on a big screen with live people in front of it.

Miniatures. The Lady Vanishes (1938) starts with the camera high over a small European village. As the camera moves over and down we see a train blocked by snow, a detailed village, a car moving through it; then the scene dissolves to a hotel lobby where the action proper begins. All this was done with tabletop-size miniatures. The house and the road leading up to it in *Rebecca* (1940) are miniatures too. And *Number Seventeen* (1932) has a chase scene for half the film using only miniature models of cars and trains. (The most famous miniature of all, of course, was the movie monster King Kong, actually a mere 18 inches tall. The Merian Cooper-Ernest Schoesdack film *King Kong* [1933] was a collaboration that can profitably be studied for its numerous and imaginative uses of special effects.)

Lighting. To get the audience to concentrate on the sinister glass of milk Cary Grant was bringing to his wife in *Suspicion* (1941), Hitchcock put a light inside it.

Tracking out and zooming in. In *Vertigo* (1958) Hitchcock was the first to use tracking out (moving the
away from the scene) co
with zooming in (rapid n
ical magnification) to
distortion. He later us
effect in *Marnie* (1964)

Hitchcock's films are
ucation in film techniq
more information, consul
cock, by François Truff
mon and Schuster, $3.75

Another master of tec
Buster Keaton, did not u
projection or miniatur
technical skill was dev
the full-scale and the r
his images are equally
and fantastic. *The Pla*
a 1921 short, offers
and soft-shoe acts consis
tirely of Buster Keator
ton's cameraman, Elgin
had to roll the film ba
times, then run it throug
while Keaton timed hi
precisely. In the featur
Chances (1925) Buster
to a car in the city.
doesn't move as the bac
dissolves to a rural sce
ter then gets out and v
to a cottage. This beau
fect was obtained by
graphing the car in the
ferent locations, using s
instruments to keep it
same position and the s
tance from the camera.
most astonishing film, a
nically one of the fin
ever made, is *Sherl*
(1924), in which Bus
movie projectionist wh
of walking up the aisl
theater and entering t
Largely by means of
Keaton constructed a se
precisely like a projec
and then walked into
camera then moved up
this screen the one
watching and the fan
came the reality.

Like Hitchcock's fil
ton's display a marvelo
of technique that serve
tegrated narrative fo
best summary so far
ton's accomplishments
Keaton, by David Robin
versity of Indiana Press

—Stephen

*Stephen W. Soule is a stud
history.*

**"The whole difference between construction and creatio
actly this: that a thing constructed can only be loved a
constructed; but a thing created is loved before it exists**
—G. K. Chesterton (18

SOURCES OUNDWRAP

:OVERIES

edding of creativity and
gy has mythic origins.
the marriage of Venus,
of love and fecundity,
ned Vulcan, from whose
me, among other mar-
ss houses and golden
r the gods, handmaid-
rought of gold and en-
with intelligence, and
es enabling celestial
ride the wind. It is
hose roots that we al-
m to be searching for
t of how new ideas and
nter the world.

n, Machines, and Mod-
es (MIT Press, $1.95),
Morison explores "how
ler what conditions a
is received in the mind
nnovator and by what
and in what circum-
t is translated to a wid-
ence." Combining the
detail of case histories
soned generalizations in
lly urbane prose, Mori-
rs thinking on the sub-
t amounts to nothing
wisdom.

of the most turbulent
ile areas of innovation
overy are reviewed by
Bernstein, a physicist
ites well, in *A Compre-*
World: On Modern
and Its Origins (Ran-
ouse, $7.95). Ranging
eutrinos to cosmology
n one astonishing men-
o another, Bernstein
s to convey a good sense
it must feel like to be
ost caught up in the
y, bafflement, and head-
discovery.

quick survey of the chal-
hat scientific discovery
human ingenuity, read
Gabor's *Innovations* (Ox-
niversity Press, $1.95).
won the 1971 Nobel
physics for his inven-
holography, the system
e-dimensional photogra-
Here, he assesses the
ts for controlled fusion,
e television screens, home
and other innovations—
s well as technological—
uld be with us soon.

ng ubiquitous and recent
ons, perhaps none has
ore influential than the
er. For an insight into
e modern computer was
ped, look at *The Com-*
rom Pascal to Von Neu-
mann by Herman Goldstine (Princeton University Press, $12.50). This is a rambling book, but at times it is surprisingly exciting—as when Goldstine describes the assembling of the first electronic computer.

Long before that early computer began to operate, the first lighter-than-air craft was engineered and flown in Perth Amboy, New Jersey, in 1863. Ever since then, "lighter-than-air" has tantalized aeronautical engineers. In *The Deltoid Pumpkin Seed* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6.95), John McPhee has beautifully chronicled the latest development of the LTA passion: a privately financed, computer-designed "pumpkin-seed"-shaped ship that, if successful, could revolutionize the world.

To do a really ingenious creation justice, sometimes mere words won't suffice. Photographs (and text) commemorating various awe-inspiring concoctions designed to meet problems fast appear in *Adhocism: The Case for Improvisation*, by Charles Jencks and Nathan Silver (Doubleday, $4.95). For awe-inspiring concoctions designed not just to meet problems, but to create them as well, consult the illustrated *Rube Goldberg vs. The Machine Age*, "a retrospective exhibition of his work with memoirs and annotations," edited by Clark Kinnaird (Hastings House, $8.95), and/or *Rube Goldberg: His Life and Work*, by Peter C. Marzio (Harper & Row, $10 through December 31; $12.50 thereafter).

A similarly enjoyable offspring of the union of imagination and gadgetry is science fiction. The best science fiction writers, held in thrall by their love of and hatred for machines, must have a good grasp of the principles of technology as well as a gift for extrapolation. Probably the best short story collection in this galaxy (or any other one) is *Science Fiction Hall of Fame*, chosen by the members of the Science Fiction Writers of America and edited by Robert Silverberg (Avon, $1.50).

If you wish to order any of the books mentioned in this section through us, please follow the instructions on the Tools for Living pages.

Catalogues: Where to Go, What to Learn

Reading choice is peculiar. Do you ever know in advance what book will have an impact on you, will make you glad that you didn't miss out on it and envious of people who have not yet had the pleasure? It seems to me that, despite best-sellers, cult books, and campus favorites, it's a matter of chance and a willingness to try. If you live near a reasonably well-stocked bookstore (or library), you can go in with a reading list from a course catalogue, with rave notices from friends or reviewers, with an inclination toward a particular field, with the real need to learn something. Or you can go randomly, as a browser, looking at covers, subject, content. *The Whole Earth Catalog*'s method of grouping books by category, reviewing them briefly, and giving a flavor of the book through either reproduced text or illustration, seems to me an excellent way of simulating the browsing experience at home, where, unpressured by time, you can think clearly about what may be a choice with life-changing dimensions. The progeny of the *Whole Earth Catalog* have perceptively followed its lead, and so we have *real time 2* (a Doubleday Anchor original, $3.95).

Real time 2 reviews and presents 108 post-Marx/Darwin/Freud (or Leary/Lorenz/McLuhan) books and periodicals in the categories of communication, human systems, mind, science and technology, and trends. Remember that all books presented reflect current ways of viewing the world and "an interdisciplinary view of new models and metaphors of reality." Beyond that, the critical faculty has been exercised (by John Brockman and Ed Rosenfeld, the editors) simply by selection, so the reviews are short and straightforward, with no attempt to elaborate objections or express profound opinions. Each review is followed by several pages from the work.

All the books can be ordered through *real time 2*, and *real time 2* can be ordered through **WRAPAROUND.** (*Real time 1*, *real time 2* explains, is a victim of the culture lag the project is out to overcome: because of distribution problems, it has not yet appeared.)

Somewhere Else (Swallow Press, $3.00) is a "learning-living catalog" (edited by the Center for Curriculum Design, with a foreword by John Holt) that divides its information into two sorts: centers, or places to go for instruction; and networks, or places to go for information about instruction. The underlying theory is that, beyond traditional, competitive, accredited institutions, places do exist where learning and growing can be happily accomplished by both adults and children, and once the information about these places is compiled, seeker can meet teacher and learn. In all *Somewhere Else* lists and describes over 400 places. What is remarkable is that there is no one place in the country without its own learning resource, nor is there one place with more than its share.

The book provides access to information about ideology (political/spiritual) and information about skill. The skills—from crafts such as bookbinding, vegetable dyeing, and potting, to blacksmithing and Renaissance woodwind playing, to sailing and wilderness living—are varied and exciting. The descriptions of alternate-learning ideologies, however, are hard to get through. At times I felt as though I were witnessing a new (flop) Broadway musical, done in short takes: "how to be happily unmarried," "culture shock as an immunization against 'future shock,'" "crisis prevention emphasis," experiences in "the void, doing nothing, wilderness tripping."

Despite the vocabulary of some of its contributors (the kind of learning being considered is not easy to pin down in words), *Somewhere Else* is an invaluable tool for those who want to search for "new tracks" toward living, learning, and playing. You can use it as an "alternative" door opener, but if you want your door opened so much and no more, it is equally practical and valuable as a guide to specific areas that touch on one's own latent inclinations.

—Suzanne Mantell

Suzanne Mantell will be reviewing books of special interest to WRAPAROUND readers every month.

TOOLS FOR LIVING

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

As products proliferate it's getting harder and harder to separate the true items of value—those that do what they promise for a useful period of time at a reasonable cost—from the general chaff. Tools for Living is simply an attempt to make information available on those goods and services worth knowing about. Furthermore, since everyone we know gets busier and busier, we felt it made sense to extend the information service to its logical conclusion: you can buy most of these products through us if that's the easiest way for you to get them.

Tools for Living is not a product testing service. If we feature something here, it's because we like it. There are no best buys, no check-rated items, no guarantees or warranties. Our items are not selected by an organized process; somewhere along the line one of you or one of us has run across that particular product, used it, and found it to be functional and worth its price.

If you decide to order any of these items through *Harper's*, just follow the instructions on the next page. Postage and handling charges are on us.



LIFT THAT LOG TOTE THAT MAIL

When one of our staff members moved from a country house to a Manhattan apartment, the only piece of fireplace equipment he kept was a sisal log carrier. He then suggested that it be included in these columns as a Tool. It seems that this log carrier is an ample 18"x32" expanse of durable sisal with riveted leather handles strong enough to carry a whole blaze-worth of logs in from the log pile. But, as our new city-dweller discovered, it is also great for carrying bundles of newspapers to the recycling center, stacks of Christmas cards from the mailbox, and dirty clothes to the laundromat, to say nothing of bricks, forsythia, sacks of potting soil, and anything else that doesn't spill.

Log carriers can be found near fireplace equipment in hardware and department stores or may be ordered from us for

HOW'S THIS FOR OPENERS?

Ever since the first Tools for Living section way back in January, we seem to have featured one item after another that opens something or aids in this often frustrating task. For every stuck lid a different solution seems to exist. This month we were told about two openers and, at long last, a closer.

"Gilhoolie," wrote Millicent Schuker, a reader from Forest Hills, New York. "The very sound of it makes you laugh. But when a woman discovers the Gilhoolie, what it is and what it does and how it works, she doesn't just laugh. She chortles with glee and crows in triumph —triumph over muscled male chauvinists. Any tight-lidded jar, any bottle, yields to a twist of the wrist the moment the gadget is positioned on it. It's the best whatchamacallit that a female who lives alone or an independent housewife can flourish. Farewell to knife-handle tapping and under-breath dammits. When my thoughtful son-in-law gave me a Gilhoolie for a birthday gift, it was my Declaration of Independence."



We cannot top Mrs. Schuker on the Gilhoolie, so we'll just tell you that it is difficult to find in even the best housewares departments, but easily obtainable from us by mail for $2.95 postpaid.

The mail that brought us Mrs. Schuker's letter also contained a note from Eloise Parman of Cheyenne, Oklahoma. It was attached to the empty box of the Everything-Tool. She said, "It is really all that it claims: nut, shellfish, and ice cracker; bottle and jar opener, wrench, tongs, a hammer, a screwdriver. It easily squeezes lemons and removes corks. It is a very handsome chrome tool, and will open the most stubborn caps, from those on small extract bottles to those on wide-mouth jars. Indispensable in kitchen, shop, or camp. I have used mine for over a year now and would panic at the thought of having to do without it."



The Everything-Tool is available in hardware stores and kitchen departments or by mail from us for $3.95 postpaid.

And in *closing* . . . One of our WRAPAROUND staff members found an item that is a boon to painters of houses or canvases. It is the Pour-Ezee Snap-on Paint Can Cover, which fits all standard one-gallon paint cans. The spout is drip-proof, and the attached spout cap enables you to seal the can airtight between applications. Much tidier, we think, than prying off those gummy paint can lids.

Pour-Ezee covers are available in paint stores or by mail from us, five covers for $2.95 postpaid.

January



EAT JANUARY—1974

When the WRAPAROUN staff opened a box and fou that title staring us in the fa we didn't know *what* to expe We carefully opened the en lope and discovered that J January is the 1974 recycli calendar from the Resou Planning Associates, a consu ing firm dealing with envir mental engineering and pol tion management. The calen is neither a timetable telli you when to recycle nor straight record-all-your-acti ties-only planner. Rather, it a different approach to envir mental education.

Each colorful page is design to be reusable. April is a t tile page and can be turned i a pattern. May is a recycli game whose aim is a basic preciation of the process. N vember is printed on gift w and can be used to wrap pa ages. January, referred to in snappy title, is printed w vegetable inks on cellulose st (not edible, but the closest th to an edible paper) and acce organic recycling. We think t this calendar is most wor while and informative. It available in bookstores and s tionery shops or by mail fr us for $5 postpaid. Just thi twelve reusable months.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO...

Kathy Stefan, a reader fr Mobile, Alabama, wants know where to find th "handy toy carpet sweepers t really work." She writes, "Ou which cost about $2, gave after five years of use, and have been unable to replace Perfect tool for a once-over when you don't feel like luggi out the vacuum for spot cle ing."

Do you know where th sweepers can be found?

WRAPAROUNDWRAP

'ISTOL-PACKIN MAMA .AY THAT GLUE GUN DOWN

We have no clue as to what lorman Dolph of New York ity was sticking up with his lue gun when he wrote to us bout it. To quote Mr. Dolph, Do-wee! If you want to stick me things together so that ey stay stuck, you should in-st $17.95 in a Thermogrip" ot Melt Electric Glue Gun t. It's made by the United noe Machinery Company and available in hardware stores d lumberyards.

"The gun has a pistol grip d a heating coil in the barrel. [illegible] of chalk are inserted in the back of the barrel and pressed forward by the trigger control. The glue is heated until it melts and is squirted out the nozzle—how much and how fast depends on the amount of pressure you exert on the trigger. The kit includes three interchangeable nozzles to allow a variation in the size of glue bead to be applied, making it easier to reach hard-to-get-at places.

"You have about 15 seconds of working time, and then the [illegible] Have to work faster, I guess."

The Thermogrip® Glue Gun Kit with its trio of nozzles and [illegible] mail postpaid. We might add that this glue bonds wood, canvas, tile, leather, ceramics, metals, and plastics.



OSITIVE REACTION O A NEGATIVE PROBLEM

If you use your camera as uch as Sophie Rivera, a read- in New York City, you'll ab several of the Pater-n Negative Files she recom-nded for your own mush-oming piles of negatives. "By e time anyone has learned to e a camera with ease," Miss vera told us, "he's bound to ve accumulated several shoe-xes full of negatives curling t of their glassine sleeves. ne of the major problems for ofessionals has been in de-loping a system for safe and derly storage of the negatives. e tried boxes with card files d notes inked on the glass- sleeves, and ended up mis-cing the negative I needed, ly to find it months too late. "A photography teacher in-duced me to the Paterson gative File. It is The Answer. is file is a ringed binder with glassine pages, each holding e complete spool of 35 mm atives. Each sheet accommo-tes up to 42 exposures, a great advantage to those who load their own film. The negatives slip easily into pockets, where they are kept flat and safe from dust and damage. The binder's spine is engineered in such a way that the pages lie flat and are not caught in the rings when you open or close the cover.

"Three numbered index sheets are included with the file for indexing, but my favorite feature of the system is Self-Adhesive Strips. These strips are punched to fit the two center rings of the binder so you can file the contact print directly in front of its page of negatives. It becomes a visual filing system. This is the quickest method of indexing for me. All I have to do is glance at the contact sheet and reach behind it to find just the negative I need."

Camera shops have the Paterson Negative File and Self-Adhesive Strips, or you may order a set of both from us for $10.95 postpaid.



ALOE OUT THERE

Somewhere in our files we have a glowing testimonial from a reader about aloe bath brushes, but since we've misplaced that letter we can't quote it. However, on the strength of memory we ferreted out some of these invigorating scrubbers.

The natural fibers of the aloe plant, which grows in Africa and Southeast Asia, are woven and knitted to form a bath glove or a strap for brisk bac[illegible] forthing. Their deep-pile bristles have an unforgettabl[illegible] deep-cleansing and scrubbing [illegible]

These aloe brushes are [illegible] able in some health food stores and in bath shops or from us postpaid. When ordering by [illegible] the strap ($8.50).



YOU GET THE IDEA

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READERS WRAPAROUND

Caring About Corruption

In many thoughtful and provocative mail received in response to our September WRAPAROUND on Corruption that we could hardly have hoped we'd do better, many with real substance. We announce below our all-time record for the month but we hope to return to the topic in the near future, and we'll be glad to hear from more of you when it is the occasion.

A young native living in a small Canadian city, I cannot claim to have Washington credentials, but my example may interest in the Short business of political activism.

I have a social daughter and one young son, who, while still living in the world of Marvel and all that has followed, has taken a liking to Kennedy. On Show occasions when our daughter's social or just plain activities prevent her from participating, I placate her by getting my Kennedy out for myself.

I've asked her several times how her teachers stand on the issues, which are anyway far more complex in the lack of will. But now she's older, and her tips and leads have my fingers in perforation for a full presentation.

So this week a new package from her has been put on my proper desk. I have to a very large house in which many would mind I am a relative but even their years. Still, mellow. In fact this one purports to open an impressive city that she has left for the weekend, but would begin her morning to go. Pre-business. Here is another be-millions in paid for the Short Short as the mostly most pretty to a degree. Does make the point talking with reference to businessmen.

A wide publicity exhibition itself. A two-week period of parking is followed by five days of equally shoddy little rag-tag which in turn is followed by another, we could be engaged in a clash of loyalties, but good efforts towards understanding outweighing by my experience. She is hungry and pleased to a point because there's no real issues, and I, her father, am the stereotypical politician.

—George Ross
London, Ontario

If we have serious problems enough, and to the point clearly enough, we will see the corruption in us all. I see my area with a private and local [illegible] reasoning but responsible in "The Good Things Only." I put out my concerns to an editor proclaiming the merits of Vicky Metcalf, a Canadian lady whose old views would surprise all Central Ellison. Many other permissive but solid [illegible]. With just a bit help our native publish as Ellison, Ellenbogen, Hutchison, & Co. "Out to Sea" a century ago.

Subscribed. I will all but no more!

The trouble with a society of "individual [illegible]" prompted by the whole passive attitude of not of the use of our government is that it just belongs to the world and it is what sometimes is unfortunate even, but in terms of its corruption [illegible]. Many society [illegible] of what those [illegible] is being a Mercury [illegible] a free western country. In the Ford Motor Company, where under the same general heading as mining a body and person, something's wrong. What a lot it has I believe to say the morning play of exploiting and finding alternatives in other fields. Many interesting [illegible] of corruption, such [illegible] processes, with our [illegible] in it. The interest in news is enjoyed enough again to read stories. What all are really here is sufficient that in the free enterprise, for most [illegible] responsibility has never been developed.

—Nancy L. Lathrop
Fairfield, Conn.

After reading "The Many Faces of Corruption" I felt that the essential issues in the realm of corruption [illegible] in this issue should reach as many readers as possible. Consequently I took the magazine to the local [illegible] where I had lunch and left it.

—A Minneapolis reader

Hendrik Hertzberg's note about the subtle bribing of college newspaper editors in 1944 [illegible] of a number of articles in contemporary popular media attacking [illegible] and plugging of military academy [illegible]. His work as a full-time psychiatrist and part-time college professor has made the [illegible] of such studies and has caused me to be [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and

WRAPAROUND INFORM

Mr. President . . . Yes,
Ir. Dean?
he hell can we break in
nd not be seen?
he one to fool the most
: snoopy, pesky *Post*.
e one we must convince
iat we are clean.
Ir. Haldeman . . . Yes,
Ir. Dean?
ust cover up what might
e found obscene.
and order must prevail.
our men stay out of
ail.
utely, Mr. President?
vely, Mr. Dean!

—Felix DeCola
Hollywood, Calif.

not yet been able to ac-
: automatic "How are
rom people at work or
:e who pass by without
aring the automatic re-
of "Fine." Sometimes
"Fine" before you say,
re you?"
corruption lies in the
ss of this greeting which
sed to indicate that one
is genuinely interested in

preference is "Hi" or
or "Good Morning."
st two greetings in par-
represent more honest
nication than "How are
and "Fine."

—Milton Nobel
New York, N.Y.

scene, which took place
outdoor dining area of
linavian hotel. was wit-
by my mother, a con-
us librarian, on her re-
uropean tour. A middle-
oman who was seated at
at table expressed great
in the chinaware, espe-
he cream and sugar set.
g around with a dramatic
conspiracy, the waiter
l them, wrapped them in
in, and stuffed them into
man's shopping bag with-
word. Both items, of
appeared on her bill, at
prices. Let us hope that
tactice does not extend
United States. If the maid
Holiday Inn suggests you
color television set with
ware! It may be the be-
of a whole new era in
sychology!

—Tina Simms
Montezuma, Ga.

My concern presently focuses on Boy Scouts—young people who are swiftly moving into "real life" and learning to be a part of it. What must be their confusion as they look at their leaders and heroes. Should they conform and learn how to fit in to the current system, or turn it upside down and start over?

Consider these examples: a scout reporting for his troop at Jamboree East last summer unearthed this truth. A balloonist was supposedly making a trip from Jamboree West in Idaho to Jamboree East in Pennsylvania in five days. In actuality, man and balloon traveled by jet plane most of the way; only the last one hundred miles or so were traveled in traditional balloon manner. This is a case of the end (giving the scouts some excitement) justifying the means. Hooray for the leaders.

Consider this: I took a carload of scouts to an appointment with a pro football team for picture-taking. Upon our arrival two handsome, athletic young men turned us away, saying that they were hired by the ball club to let *no one* in that area. They "checked" with the chief of admissions who "said there was no such appointment." They did not check because the chief did have a record of our appointment, and in fact a half hour later 40 other scouts had their pictures taken with the team. The end (keeping everyone out as the boss had ordered) justified the means of pretending to check with the chief of admissions and lying about it. So much for emulating sports heroes.

Young people are quick to pick up the way people *really* get things done. Deception as a means of accomplishing ends seems much too common in everyday life. We *must* show disgust and outrage every time we find it, or it will perpetuate itself in the next generation. Either that or the young people will get a bellyful of disgust and repudiate the whole system to start something new.

—Christine Hildner
Miami Shores, Fla.

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How the war was lost but the wine was w



Long, long ago, when knights were bold and kingdoms were personal property, a 15-year-old girl named Eleanor was married to Louis VII, King of France. What she lacked in maturity she made up in her dowry. She was heiress to Aquitaine, an area equal to almost one-quarter of modern France. But even that didn't help, and the marriage was dissolved by the Pope in 1152.

Because she retained her property, Eleanor was very popular and she soon accepted the proposal of Henri Plantaganet, Duke of Anjou. Being a Plantaganet and a descendant of William the Conqueror, it came to pass that Henri became Henry II, King of England.

So, Eleanor, who had been Queen of France at 15, found herself Queen of England at 30. This marriage was successful to the tune of ten children, two of whom became kings. One was Richard the Lion Hearted, of Crusader fame. The other was King John and his best claim to fame was that he was forced to sign the Magna Carta.

Meanwhile, the proud French resented having so large a part of their country being held as personal property of a Queen of England. Especially since Eleanor's lands included the thriving seaport of Bordeaux and all the Bordeaux wine region as well.

Finally, after mulling it over for 100 years, the French started the Hundred Years War to get it back. In a last great battle at Castignon in 1453, the English were forced to leave the Continent . . . never to return.



But, all was not lost.

Before the English evacuated they made sure they "liberated" wines maturing in the casks at D'Issan.



Today, the Chateau is occupi Cruse family. And the velvety that bears their name is still wor for. It is a unique wine, made fr that grow well in the gravelly s back to a stone age river bed.

Most of the Cruse wines, incl superb Chateau D'Issan, are av America.

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Every Cruse wine has its own story to tell... it begins when you open the bottle.

E HARPER'S GAME

HAIKU by Selma Glasser, Brooklyn, N.Y.

enturies, the Japanese have been addicted to
iat delightfully (and deceptively) simple verse
ented by ancient Zen Buddhist monks to boggle
l and illuminate reality. The poems always con-
iree unrhymed lines, with five, seven, and five
respectively. They usually refer to seasons of the
the form can easily be adapted to any subject—
hat could and should make haiku one of Japan's
hanting exports to the United States.
nple:

A worker who is
A clock watcher will remain
Just one of the hands.

It has been observed
That a company is known
By the men it keeps.

This month we invite readers to add to this ever-growing art form and send one example to "Hip Haiku," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be postmarked no later than December 10 and become the property of *Harper's Magazine*. Winning entries will be published in the February 1974 issue. Decision of the editors is final.

First Prize: *Civilisation* by Kenneth Clark (Harper & Row).

Runners-Up: A Bookworm.

When egotists meet
Their talk develops into
An I for an I.

People who jaywalk
May sometimes find themselves with
A rundown feeling.

rs of "The Advertising
the October game that asked
to write enticing advertise-
or improbable business enter-
ire:

'rize
ıy folding bicycle:

econd spot for radio and TV
LIDDY, HUNT & McCORD PRIVATE
VE AGENCY
To fit fifty-word restriction.
ıended singing group:
Silent Majority.

e to Teach the World to Sing."
ze to teach the world

ct secrecy.

ze to sell the world

ep you company.

latest thing—
, Hunt & McCord,
ack of your phone.
, Hunt & McCord,
latest thing!
—Jeanne M. Carpenter
Birmingham. Mich.

s-up
vertising Man by Jack Dillon
's Magazine Press):

E: Custom-built white house
ly furnished; suitable for
e life-style; breathtaking pan-
occupied only 4½ years;
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—Gary Fong
San Leandro, Calif.

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—Teresa Gerbers
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